

Odes on Several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects. (1746, dated 1747)

William Collins.

Note: this [Renascence Editions](#) text was transcribed by R.S. Bear, December 2000, from the 1926 Noel Douglas Replicas facsimile. The copy text is that of the British Museum. Any errors that have crept into the transcription are the fault of the present publisher. The original footnotes have been changed to linked endnotes. The text is in the public domain. Content unique to this presentation is copyright © 2000 The University of Oregon. For nonprofit and educational uses only. Send comments and corrections to the Publisher, rbear at uoregon.edu.

O D E S
ON SEVERAL
Descriptive and Allegoric
S U B J E C T S.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.

Εἰρη
Εὐρησιεπης αναγειδαι
Προσφορος εν Μοισαυ Διφρω •
Τολμα δε και αμφιλαφης Δυναμης
Εσποισο. — Πυδαρ. Ολυμπ.



L O N D O N:
Printed for A. M I L L A R, in the *Strand*.
M.DCC.XLVII.
(Price One Shilling.)

C O N T E N T S.

ODE	<u>I.</u>	To P I T Y.	p.1
	<u>II.</u>	To FEAR.	5
	<u>III.</u>	To SIMPLICITY.	10
	<u>IV.</u>	On the POETICAL CHARACTER.	14
	<u>V.</u>	Written in the beginning of the Year 1746.	19
	<u>VI.</u>	To MERCY.	20
	<u>VII.</u>	To LIBERTY.	22
	<u>VIII.</u>	To a Lady on the Death of Colonel R O S S in the action of Fontenoy.	32
	<u>IX.</u>	To EVENING.	36

<u>X.</u> To PEACE.	39
<u>XI.</u> The MANNERS.	41
<u>XII.</u> The PASSIONS, <i>an Ode for Music.</i>	46

E R R A T A.

Page 11. Line 4. For *Love-born*, read *Love-lorn*.

Page 43. Line 1. For *Alluring him from*, read *Alluring from*.

O D E S
O N
Several Descriptive and Allegoric
SUBJECTS.

O D E to P I T Y.

O THOU, the Friend of Man assign'd,
With balmy Hands his Wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic Woe:
When first *Distress* with Dagger keen
Broke forth to waste his destin'd Scene,
His wild unsated Foe!

2.

By *Pella's* Bard, a magic Name,
By all the Griefs his Thoughts could frame,
Receiue my humble Rite:
Long, *Pity*, let the Nations view
Thy sky-worn Robes of tend'rest Blue,
And Eyes of dewy Light!

3.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old *Ilissus'* distant Side,
Deserted Stream, and mute?
Wild *Arun* too has heard thy Strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native Plains,
Been sooth'd by *Pity's* Lute.

4.

There first the Wren thy Myrtles shed
On gentlest *Otway's* infant Head,
To Him thy Cell was shown;
And while He sung the Female heart,
With Youth's soft Notes unspoil'd by Art,
Thy Turtles mix'd their own.

5.

Come, *Pity*, come, by Fancy's Aid,
Ev'n now my Thoughts, relenting Maid,
Thy Temple's Pride design:
Its Southern Site, its Truth compleat
Shall raise a wild Enthusiast Heat,
In all who view the Shrine.

6.

There Picture's Toils shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
O'er mortal Bliss prevail:
The Buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender Hand,
With each disastrous Tale.

7.

There let me oft, retir'd by Day,
In Dreams of Pasion melt away,
Allow'd with Thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful Lamp of Night,
Till, Virgin, Thou again delight
To hear a *British* shell!

O D E to F E A R.

THOU, to whom the World unknown
With all its shadowy Shapes is shown;
Who see'st appall'd th'unreal Scene,
While Fancy lifts the Veil between:
 Ah *Fear!* Ah frantic *Fear!*
I see, I see Thee near.
I know thy hurried Step, thy haggard Eye!
Like Thee I start, like Thee disorder'd fly,
For lo what *Monsters* in thy Train appear!
Danger, whose Limbs of Giant Mold
What mortal Eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his Round, an hideous Form,
Howling amidst the Midnight Storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy Steep
Of some loose hanging Rock to sleep:
And with him thousand Phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to Deeds accurs'd the Mind:
And those, the Fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's Wounds, and Wrecks preside;
Whilst *Vengeance*, in the lurid Air,
Lifts her red Arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that rav'ning Brood of Fate,
Who lap the Blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, *Fear*, this ghastly Train can see,
And look not madly wild, like Thee?

E P O D E.

In earliest *Grece* to Thee with partial Choice,
 The Grief-full Muse address her infant Tongue;
The Maids and Matrons, on her awful Voice,
 Silent and pale in wild Amazement hung.

Yet he the Bard who first invok'd thy Name,
 Disdain'd in *Marathon* its Pow'r to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the Poet's flame,
 But reach'd from Virtue's Hand the Patriot's Steel.

But who is He whom later Garlands grace,

Who left a-while o'er *Hybla's* Dews to rove,
With trembling Eyes thy dreary Steps to trace,
Where Thou and *Furies* shar'd the baleful Grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy Veil th' *Incestuous Queen*
Sigh'd the sad Call her Son and Husband hear'd,
When once alone it broke the silent Scene,
And He the Wretch of *Thebes* no more appear'd.

O *Fear*, I know Thee by my throbbing Heart,
Thy with'ring Pow'r inspir'd each mournful Line,
Tho' gentle *Pity* claim her mingled Part,
Yet all the Thunders of the Scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary Length hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted Cell,
Where gloomy *Rape* and *Murder* dwell?
Or in some hollow'd Seat,
'Gainst which the big Waves beat,
Hear drowning Sea-men's Cries in Tempests brought!
Dark Pow'r, with shudd'ring meek submitted Thought
Be mine, to read the Visions old,
Which thy awak'ning Bards have told:
And lest thou meet my blasted View,
Hold each strange Tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by Thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd Eve abroad,
When Ghosts, as Cottage-Maids believe,
Their pebbled Beds permitted leave,
And *Goblins* haunt from Fire, or Fen,
Or Mine, or Flood, the Walks of Men!

O Thou whose Spirit most possest
The sacred Seat of *Shakespear's* Breast!
By all that from thy Prophet broke,
In thy Divine Emotions spoke:
Hither again thy Fury deal,
Teach me but once like Him to feel:
His *Cypress Wreath* my Meed decree,
And I, O *Fear*, will dwell with *Thee*!

O D E *to* SIMPLICITY.

1.

O THOU by *Nature* taught,
To breathe her genuine Thought,
In Numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on Mountains wild,
In *Fancy* loveliest Child,
Thy Babe, or *Pleasure's*, nurs'd the Pow'rs of Song!

2.

Thou, who with Hermit Heart
Disdain'st the Wealth of Art,
And Gauds, and pageant Weeds, and trailing Pall:
But com'st a decent Maid
In *Attic* Robe array'd,
O chaste unboastful Nymph, to Thee I call!

3.

By all the honey'd Store
On *Hybla's* Thymy Shore,
By all her Blooms, and mingled Murmurs dear,
By Her, whose Love-[l]orn Woe
In ev'ning Musings slow
Sooth'd sweetly sad *Electra's* Poet's Ear:

4.

By old *Cephisus* deep,
Who spread his wavy Sweep
In warbled Wand'rings round thy green Retreat,
On whose enamel'd Side
When holy *Freedom* died
No equal Haunt allur'd thy future Feet.

5.

O sister meek of Truth,

To my admiring Youth,
Thy sober Aid and native Charms infuse!
The Flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Tho' Beauty cull'd the Wreath,
Still ask thy Hand to range their order'd Hues.

6.

While *Rome* could none esteem
But Virtue's Patriot Theme,
You lov'd her Hills, and led her Laureate Band:
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd Throne,
And turn'd thy Face, and fled her alter'd Land.

7.

No more, in Hall or Bow'r,
The Passions own thy Pow'r,
Love, only Love her forceless Numbers mean:
For Thou hast left her Shrine,
Nor Olive more, nor Vine,
Shall gain thy Feet to bless the servile Scene.

8.

Tho' Taste, tho Genius bless,
To some divine Excess,
Faints the cold Work till Thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our Eye,
Thou, only Thou can'st raise the meeting Soul!

9.

Of These let others ask,
To aid some mighty Task,
I only seek to find thy temp'rate Vale:
Where oft my Reed might sound
To Maids and Shepherds round,
And all thy Sons, O *Nature*, learn my Tale.

O D E *on the* POETICAL CHARACTER.

AS once, if not with light Regard,
 I read aright that gifted Bard,
 (Him whose School above the rest
 His loveliest *Elfin* Queen has blest.)
 One, only One, unrival'd Fair,
 Might hope the magic Girdle wear,
 At solemn Turney hung on high,
 The Wish of each love-darting Eye;

Lo! to each other Nymph in turn applied,
 As if, in Air unseen, some hov'ring Hand,
 Some chaste and Angel-Friend to Virgin-Fame,
 With whisper'd Spell had burst the starting Band,
 It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd Side;
 Happier hopeless Fair, if never
 Her baffled Hand with vain Endeavour
 Had touch'd that fatal Zone to her denied!
 Young *Fancy* thus, to me Divinest Name,
 To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in Heav'n,
 The Cest of amplest Pow'r is giv'n:
 To few the God-like Gift assigns,
 To gird their blest prophetic Loins,
 And gaze her Visions wild, and feel unmix'd her Flame!

2.

The Band, as Fairy Legends say,
 Was wove on that creating Day,
 When He, who call'd with Thought to Birth
 Yon tented Sky, this laughing Earth,
 And drest with Springs, and Forests tall,
 And pour'd the Main engirting all,
 Long by the lov'd *Enthusiast* woo'd,
 Himself in some Diviner Mood,
 Retiring, sate with her alone,
 And plac'd her on his Sapphire Throne,
 The whiles, the vaulted Shrine around,
 Seraphic Wires were heard to sound
 Now sublimest Triumph swelling,
 Now on Love and Mercy dwelling;
 And she, from out the veiling Cloud,

Breath'd her magic Notes aloud:
And Thou, Thou rich-haired Youth of Morn,
And all thy subject Life was born!
The dang'rous Passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing Woof:
But near it sate Ecstatic *Wonder*,
List'ning the deep applauding Thunder:
And *Truth*, in sunny Vest array'd,
By whose the Tarsel's Eyes were made;
All the shad'wy Tribes of *Mind*,
In braided Dance their Murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted *Pow'rs*,
Who feed on Heav'n's ambrosial Flow'rs.
Where is the Bard, whose Soul can now
Its high presuming Hopes avow?
Where He who thinks, with Rapture blind,
This hallow'd Work for Him design'd?

3.

High on some Cliff, to Heav'n up-pil'd,
Of rude Access, of Prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous Steep,
Strange Shades o'erbrow the Valleys deep,
And holy *Genii* guard the Rock,
Its Gloomes embrown, its Springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious Head,
An *Eden*, like his own, lies spread.
I view that Oak, the fancied Glades among,
By which as *Milton* lay, His Ev'ning Ear,
From many a Cloud that drop'd Ethereal Dew,
Nigh spher'd in Heav'n its native Strains could hear:
On which that ancient Trump he reach'd was hung;
 Thither oft his Glory greeting,
 From *Waller's* Myrtle Shades retreating,
With many a Vow from Hope's aspiring Tongue,
My trembling Feet his guiding Steps pursue;
 In vain— Such Blis to One alone,
 Of all the Sons of Soul was known,
 And Heav'n, and *Fancy*, kindred *Pow'rs*,
 Have now o'erturn'd th'inspiring *Bow'rs*,
Or curtain'd close such Scenes from ev'ry future View.

O D E,
Written in the beginning of the Year 1746.

HOW sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest!
When *Spring*, with dewy Fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd Mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter Sod,
Than *Fancy's* Feet have ever trod.

2.

By Fairy Hands their Knell is rung,
By Forms unseen their Dirge is sung;
There *Honour* comes, a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay,
And *Freedom* shall a-while repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there!

O D E *to* M E R C Y.

S T R O P H E.

O THOU, who sit'st a smiling Bride
By *Valour's* arm'd and awful Side,
Gentlest of Sky-born Forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with Songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal Grasp the Spear,
And hid'st in Wreaths of Flow'rs his bloodless Sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful Field,
By Godlike Chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy Bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the Youth who sinks to Ground:
See, *Mercy*, see, with pure and loaded Hands,
Before thy Shrine my Country's Genius stands,
And decks thy Altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a Wound!

A N T I S T R O P H E.

When he whom ev'n our Joys provoke,
The *Fiend of Nature* join'd his Yoke,

And rush'd in Wrath to make our Isle his Prey,
Thy Form, from out thy sweet Abode,
O'ertook Him on his blasted Road,
And stop'd his Wheels, and look'd his Rage away.
I see recoil his sable Steeds,
That bore Him swift to Salvage Deeds,
Thy tender melting Eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy Love to *Britain* shown,
Where *Justice* bars her Iron Tow'r,
To Thee we build a roseate Bow'r,
Thou, Thou shalt rule our Queen, and share our Monarch's Throne!

O D E *to* L I B E R T Y .

S T R O P H E .

WHO shall wake the *Spartan* Fife,
And call in solemn Sounds to Life,
The Youths, whose Locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal Hyacinths in sullen Hue,
At once the Breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,
Applauding *Freedom*, lov'd of old to view?
What New *Alcæus*, Fancy-blest,
Shall sing the Sword, in Myrtles drest,
At *Wisdom's* Shrine a-while its Flame concealing,
(What Place so fit to seal a Deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest Lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in Glory forth, and dealt her prompted Wound!
O Goddess, in that feeling Hour,
When most its Sounds would court thy Ears,
Let not my Shell's misguided Pow'r,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful Tears.
No, *Freedom*, no, I will not tell,
How *Rome*, before thy weeping Face,
With heaviest Sound, a Giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless Race,
From off its wide ambitious Base,
When Time his Northern Sons of Spoil awoke,
And all the blended Work of Strength and Grace,
With many a rude repeated Stroke,
And many a barb'rous Yell, to thousand Fragments broke.

E P O D E.

2.

Yet ev'n, where'er the least appear'd,
 Th'admiring World thy Hand rever'd;
 Still 'midst the scatter'd States around,
 Some Remnants of Her Strength were found;
 They saw by what escap'd the Storm,
 How wond'rous rose her perfect Form;
 How in the great the labour'd Whole,
 Each mighty Master pour'd his Soul!
 For sunny *Florence*, Seat of Art,
 Beneath her Vines preserv'd a part,
 Till They, whom Science lov'd to name,
 (O who could fear it?) quench'd her Flame.
 And lo, an humbler Relick laid
 In jealous *Pisa's* Olive Shade.
 See small *Marino* joins the Theme,
 Tho' least, not last in thy Esteem:
 Strike, louder strike th'ennobling Strings
 To those, whose Merchant Sons were Kings;
 To Him, who deck'd with pearly Pride,
 In *Adria* weds his green-hair'd Bride;
 Hail Port of Glory, Wealth, and Pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this *Lydian* Measure:
 Nor e'er her former Pride relate,
 To sad *Liguria's* bleeding State.
 Ah no! more pleas'd thy Haunts I seek,
 On wild *Helvetia's* Mountains bleak:
 (Where, when the favor'd of thy Choice,
 The daring Archer heard thy Voice;
 Forth from his Eyrie rous'd in Dread,
 The rav'ning *Eagle* northward fled.)
 Or dwell in willow'd Meads more near,
 With Those to whom thy Stork is dear:
 Those whom the Rod of *Alva* bruis'd.
 Whose Crown a *British Queen* refus'd!
 The Magic works, Thou feel'st the Strains,
 One holier Name alone remains;
 The perfect Spell shall then avail,
 Hail Nymph, ador'd by *Britain*, Hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the Measure vast of Thought,
The Works, the Wizzard *Time* has Wrought!
The *Gaul*, 'tis held of antique Story,
Saw *Britain* lin'd to his now adverse Strand,
No Sea between, nor Cliff sulime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet Feet thro' all our Land.
To the blown *Baltic* then, they say,
The wild Waves found another way,
Where *Orcas* howls, his wolfish Mountains rounding,
Till all the banded West at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild Storm ev'n Nature's self confounding,
With'ring her Giant Sons with strange uncouth Surprise.
This pillar'd Earth so firm and wide,
By Winds and inward Labors torn,
In Thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the should'ring Billows born.
And see, like Gems, her laughing Train,
The little Isles on ev'ry side,
Mona, once hid from those who search the Main'
Where thousand Elfin Shapes abide,
And *Wight* who checks the west'ring Tide,
For Thee consenting Heav'n has each bestow'd,
A fair Attendant on her sov'reign Pride:
To Thee this blest Divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her Vales thy lov'd, thy last Abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary Pile,
'midst the green Navel of our Isle,
Thy Shrine in some religious Wood,
O Soul-enforcing Goddess stood!
There oft the painted Native's Feet,
Were wont thy Form celestial meet:
Tho' now with hopeless Toil we trace
Time's backward Rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed *Dane*,
Or *Roman's* self o'erturn'd the Fane,
Or in what Heav'n-left Age it fell,
[']Twere hard for modern Song to tell.
Yet still, if Truth those Beams infuse,

Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided Cloudes that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd Sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd Plains,
The beauteous *Model* still remains.
There happier than in Islands blest,
Or Bow'rs by Spring or *Hebe* drest;
The Chiefs who fill our *Albion's* Story,
In warlike Weeds, retir'd in Glory,
Hear their consorted *Druids* sing
Their Triumphs to th'immortal String.

How may the Poet now unfold,
What never Tongue or Numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What Hands unknown that Fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now before his favor'd Eyes,
In *Gothic* Pride it seems to rise!
Yet *Græcia's* graceful Orders join,
Majestic thro' the mix'd Design;
The secret Builder knew to chuse,
Each sphere-found Gem of richest Hues:
Whate'er Heav'n's purer Mold contains,
When nearer Suns emblaze its Veins;
There on the Walls the *Patriot's* Sight,
May ever hang with fresh Delight,
And, grav'd with some Prophetic Rage,
Read *Albion's* Fame thro' ev'ry Age.

Ye Forms Divine, ye Laureate Band,
That near her inmost Altar stand!
Now Sooth Her, to her blissful Train
Blithe *Concord's* social Form to gain:
Concord, whose Myrtle Wand can steep
Ev'n *Anger's* blood-shot Eyes in Sleep:
Before whose breathing Bosom'd Balm,
Rage drops his Steel, and Storms grow calm;
Here let our Sires and Matrons hoar
Welcome to *Britain's* ravag'd Shore.
Our Youths, enamour'd of the Fair,
Play with the Tangles of her Hair,
Till in one loud applauding Sound,
The Nations shout to Her around,
O how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, Lady, Thou shalt rule the West!

O D E, *To a Lady on the Death of Colonel R O S S in the action of Fontenoy.*

1.

W H I L E, lost to all his former Mirth,
Britannia's Genius bends to Earth,
And mourns the fatal Day:
While stain's with Blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his Sea-green Hair
The Wreaths of chearful *May*:

2.

The Thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful Hours attend:
Still Fancy to Herself unkind,
Awakes to Grief the soften'd Mind,
And points the bleeding Friend.

3.

By rapid *Scheld's* descending Wave
His Country's Vows shall bless the Grave,
Where'er the Youth is laid:
That sacred Spot the Village Hind
With ev'ry sweetest Turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the Shade.

4.

Blest Youth, regardful of thy Doom,
Aërial Hands shall build thy Tomb,
With shadowy Trophies crown'd:
Whilst *Honor* bath'd in Tears shall rove
To sigh thy Name thro' ev'ry Grove,
And call his Heros round.

5.

The warlike Dead of ev'ry Age,
Who fill the fair recording Page,

Shall leave their sainted Rest:
And, half-reclining on his Spear,
Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming Guest.

6.

Old *Edward's* Sons, unknown to yield,
Shall croud from *Cressy's* laurell'd Field,
And gaze with fix'd Delight:
Again for *Britain's* Wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy Steel,
And wish th'avenging Fight.

7.

But lo where, sunk in deep Despair,
Her Garments torn, her Bosom bare,
Impatient *Freedom* lies!
Her matted Tresses madly spread,
To ev'ry Sod, which warps the Dead,
She turns her joyless Eyes.

8.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly Ground
Till Notes of Triumph bursting round
Proclaim her Reign restor'd:
Till *William* seek the sad Retreat,
And bleeding at her sacred Feet,
Present the sated Sword.

9.

If, weak to sooth so soft an Heart,
These pictur'd Glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant Tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant Eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild War insulting near:

10.

Where'er from Time Thou court'st Relief.

The Muse shall still, with social Grief,
Her gentlest Promise keep:
Ev'n humble *Harting's* cottag'd Vale
Shall learn the sad repeated Tale,
And bid her Shepherds weep.

O D E *to* E V E N I N G.

IF ought of Oaten Stop, or Pastoral Song,
May hope, O pensive *Eve*, to sooth thine Ear,
Like thy own brawling Springs,
Thy Springs, and dying Gales,
O *Nymph* reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western Tent, whose cloudy Skirts[,]
With Brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy Bed:
Now Air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd Bat,
With short shrill Shriek flits by on leathern Wing,
Or where the Beetle winds
His small but sullen Horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight Path,
Against the Pilgrim born in heedless Hum:
Now teach me, *Maid* compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd Strain,
Whose Numbers stealing thro' thy darkning Vale,
May not unseemly with its Stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd Return!
For when thy folding Star arising shews
His paly Circket, at his warning Lamp
The fragrant *Hours*, and *Elves*
Who slept in Buds the Day,
And many a *Nymph* who wreaths her Brows with Sedge,
And sheds the fresh'ning Dew, and lovelier still,
The *Pensive Pleasures* sweet
Prepare thy shadowy Car.
Then let me rove some wild and healthy Scene,
Or find some Ruin 'midst its dreary Dells,
Whose Walls more awful nod
By thy reigious Gleams.
Or if chill blustring Winds, or driving Rain,
Prevent my willing Feet, be mine the Hut,

That from the Mountain's Side,
Views Wilds, and swelling Floods,
And Hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd Spires,
And hears their simple Bell, and marks o'er all
Thy Dewy Fingers draw
The gradual dusky Veil.
While *Spring* shall pour his Show'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing Tresses, meekest *Eve!*
While *Summer* loves to sport,
Beneath thy ling'ring Light:
While sallow *Autumn* fills thy Lap with Leaves,
Or *Winter* yelling thro' the troublous Air,
Affrights thy shrinking Train,
And rudely rends thy Robes.
So long regardful of thy quiet Rule,
Shall *Fancy*, *Friendship*, *Science*, smiling *Peace*,
Thy gentlest Influence own,
And love thy fav'rite Name!

O D E *to* P E A C E.

O Thou, who bad'st thy Turtles bear
Swift from his Grasp thy golden Hair.
and sought'st thy native Skies:
When *War*, by Vultures drawn from far,
To *Britain* bent his Iron Car,
And bad his Storms arise!

2.

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic Sway,
Our Youth shall fix some festive Day,
His sullen Shrines to burn:
But Thou who hear'st the turning Spheres,
What Sounds may charm thy partial Ears,
And gain thy blest Return!

3.

O *Peace*, thy injur'd Robes up-bind,
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy Train:

The *British* Lion, Goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on Earth to kiss thy Feet,
And own thy holier Reign.

4.

Let others court thy transient Smile,
But come to grace thy western Isle,
By warlike *Honour* led!
And, while around her Ports rejoice,
While all her Sons adore thy Choice,
With Him for ever wed!

The MANNERS. An ODE.

FAREWELL, for clearer Ken design'd,
The dim-discover'd Tracts of Mind:
Truths which, from Action's Paths retir'd,
My silent Search in vain requir'd!
No more my Sail that Deep explores,
No more I search those magic Shores,
What Regions part the World of Soul,
Or whence thy Streams, *Opinion*, roll:
If e'er I round such Rairy Field,
Some Pow'r impart the Spear and Shield,
At which the Wizzard *Passions* fly,
By which the giant *Follies* die!
Farewell the Porch, whose Roof is seen,
Arch'd with th'enlivening Olive's Green:
Where *Science*, prank'd in tissued Vest,
By *Reason*, *Pride*, and *Fancy* drest,
Comes like a Bride so trim array'd,
To wed with *Doubt* in *Plato's* Shade!
Youth of the quick uncheated Sight,
Thy Walks, *Observance*, more invite!
O Thou, who lov'st that ampler Range,
Where Life's wide Prospects round thee change,
And with her mingling Sons ally'd,
Throw'st the prattling Page aside:
To me in Converse sweet impart,
To read in Man the native Heart,
To learn, where Science sure is found,

From Nature as she lives around:
And gazing oft her Mirror true,
By turns each shifting Image view!
Till meddling *Art's* officious Lore,
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring [him] from a safer Rule,
To dream in her enchanted School;
Thou Heav'n, whate'er of Great we boast,
Hast blest this social Science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtful Cell,
As *Fancy* breathes her potent Spell,
Not vain she finds the charming Task,
In Pageant quaint, in motley Mask,
Behold before her musing Eyes,
The countless *Manners* round her rise;
While ever varying as they pass,
To some *Contempt* applies her Glass:
With these the *white-rob'd Maids* combine,
And those the laughing *Satyrs* join!
But who is He whom now she views,
In Robe of wild contending Hues?
Thou by the Passions nurs'd, I greet
The comic Sock that binds thy Feet!
O *Humour*, Thou whose Name is known,
To *Britain's* favor'd Isle alone:
Me too amidst thy Band admit,
There where the young-eyed healthful *Wit*,
(Whose Jewels in his crisped Hair
Are plac'd each other's Beams to share,
Whom no Delights from Thee divide)
In Laughter loos'd attends thy Side!

By old *Miletus* who so long
Has ceas'd his Love-inwoven Song:
By all you taught the *Tuscan* Maids,
In chang'd *Italia's* modern Shades:
By Him, whose *Knight's* distinguish'd Name
Refin'd a Nation's Lust of Fame;
Whose Tales ev'n now, with Echos sweet,
Castilia's Moorish Hills repeat:
Or Him, whome *Seine's* blue Nymphs deplore,
In watchet Weeds on *Gallia's* Shore,
Who drew the sad *Sicilian* Maid,
By Virtues in her Sire betray'd:

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful Thought, each prompted Deed;
If but from Thee I hope to feel,
On all my Heart imprint thy Seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find,
Those oft-turn'd Scrolls I leave behind,
The *Sports* and I this Hour agree,
To rove thy Scene-full World with Thee!

The P A S S I O N S.
An O D E for Music.

WHEN Music, Heav'nly Maid, was young,
While yet in early *Greece* she sung,
The Passions oft to hear her Shell,
Throng'd around her magic Cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's Painting;
By turns they felt the glowing Mind,
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with Fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting Myrtles round,
They snatch'd her Instruments of Sound,
And as they oft had heard a-part
Sweet Lessons of her forceful Art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the Hour,
Would prouè his own expressive Pow'r.

First *Fear* his Hand, its Skill to try,
Amid the Chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Ev'n at the Sound himself had made.

Next *Anger* rush'd, his Eyes on fire,
In Lightnings own'd his secret Stings,
In one rude Clash he struck the Lyre,
And swept with hurried Hand the Strings.

With woful Measures wan *Despair*
Low sullen Sounds his Grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled Air,

'Twas sad by Fits, by Starts 'twas wild.

But Thou, O *Hope*, with Eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful Measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd Pleasure,
And bad the lovely Scenes at distance hail!

Still would Her Touch the Strain prolong,
And from the Rocks, the Woods, the Vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the Song;
And where Her sweetest Theme She chose,
A soft responsive Voice was heard at ev'ry Close,
And *Hope* enchanted smil'd, and wav'd Her golden Hair.

And longer had She sung,— but with a Frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd Sword in Thunder down,
And with a with'ring Look,
The War-denouncing Trumpet took,
And blew a Blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er Prophetic Sounds so full of Woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling Drum with furious Heat;
And tho' sometimes each dreary Pause between,
Dejected *Pity* at his Side,
Her Soul-subduing Voice applied,
Yet still He kept his wild unalter'd Mien,
While each strain'd Ball of Sight seem'd bursting from his Head.
Thy Numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fix'd,
Sad Proof of thy distressful State,
Of diff'ring Themes the veering Song was mix'd,
And now it courted *Love*, now raving call'd on *Hate*.

With Eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale *Melancholy* sate retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd Seat,
In Notes by Distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow *Horn* her pensive Soul:
And dashing soft from Rocks around,
Bubbling Runnels join'd the Sound;
Thro' Glades and Glooms the mingled Measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted Stream with fond Delay,
Round an holy Calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely Musing,

In hollow Murmurs died away.
But O how alter'd was its sprightlier Tone!
When *Chearfulness*, a Nymph of healthiest Hue,
Hew Bow a-cross her Shoulder flung,
Her Buskins gem'd with Morning Dew,
Blew an inspiring Air, that Dale and Thicket rung,
The Hunter's Call to *Faun* and *Dryad* known!
The Oak-crown'd *Sisters*, and their chast-eye'd *Queen*,
Satyrs and sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their Alleys green;
Brown *Exercise* rejoic'd to hear,
And *Sport* leapt up, and seiz'd his Beechen Spear.

Last came *Joy's* Ecstatic Trial,
He with viny Crown advancing,
First to the liuely Pipe his Hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning Viol,
Whose sweet entrancing Voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought who heard the Strain,
They saw in *Tempe's* Vale her native Maids.
Amidst the festal sounding Shades,
To some unwearied Minstrel dancing,
While as his flying Fingers kiss'd the Strings,
L O V E fram'd with *Mirth*, a gay fantastic Round,
Loose were Her Tresses, seen, her Zone unbound,
And He amidst his frolic Play,
As if he would the charming Air repay,
Shook thousand Odours from his dewy Wings.

O *Music*, Sphere-descended Main,
Friend of Pleasure, *Wisdom's* Aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us deny'd?
Lay'st Thou thy antient Lyre aside?
As in that lov'd *Athenian* Bow'r,
You learn'd an all-commanding Pow'r,
Thy mimic Soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple Heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise as in that elder Time,
Warm, Energic, Chaste, Sublime!
Thy wonders in that God-like Age,
Fill thy recording *Sister's* Page—
'Tis said, and I believe the Tale,

Thy humblest *Reed* could more prevail,
Had more of Strength, diviner Rage,
Than all which charms this laggard Age,
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cæcilia's mingled World of Sound—
O bid our vain Endeavors cease,
Revive the just Designs of *Greece*,
Return in all thy simple State!
Confirm the Tales Her Sons relate!

F I N I S.

Euripides, of whom *Aristotle* pronounces, on a Comparison of him with *Sophocles*, That he was the greater Master of the tender Passions,

ἢ τραγικώτερος.

The River *Arun* runs by the Village in *Sussex*, where *Otway* had his Birth.

Alluding to the

Κωνας αΦυκτες

of *Sophocles*. See the E L E C T R A.

Æschylus.

Jocasta.

—υδ' ετ' ἱρωει βειη

Ην μιν Σιωπη; φθιγμα δ' εζαιφνης τιπος

Θουξεν αυλον, ωστε παντας ορθιας

Σηηται φοβω δεισανιας εξαιφνης Τριχας.

See the *Œdip. Colon.* of *Sophocles*.

The

αηδων,

or *Nightingale*, for which *Sophocle[s]*
seems to have entertain'd a peculiar Fondness.

Florimel. See *Spenser Leg.* 4th.

Alluding to that beautiful Fragment of *Alcæus*.

Ἐν Μυρτῷ κλαδί το ξιφος φορησῶ,
Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Φιλίανθ' Ἀρμόδι ἐπὼ Τεθύηκας,
Νησοῖς δ' ἐν Μακκαρῶν Σε Φασιν εἶναι ·
Ἐν μυρτῷ κλαδί το ξιφος φορησῶ,
Ὡσπερ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν θυσιαῖς,
Ἄνδρα Τυραυνοῦ ἐπιπαρχοῦ ἐκαίειν.
Ἄει Σφῶν κλεος ἐσσεῖται κατ' αἰῶν,
Φιλίανθ' Ἀρμόδι', καὶ Ἀριστογείτων.

Μη μὴ ταυτὰ λεγωμεν, αἶ Δακρυοὺν ἤγαγε Δηοί.

Callimach.

Υμνος εἰς Δημήτρα.

The Family of the *Medici*.

The little Republic of *San Marino*.

The *Venetians*.

The Doge of *Venice*.

Genoa.

Switzerland.

The *Dutch*, amongst whom there are very severe Penalties for those who are convicted of killing this Bird. They are kept tame in almost all their Towns, and particularly at the *Hague*, of the Arms of which they make a Part. The common People of *Holland* are said to entertain a superstitious Sentiment, That if the whole Species of them should become extinct, they should lose their Liberties.

Queen *Elizabeth*.

This Tradition is mention'd by several of our old Historians. Some Naturalists too have endeavour'd to support the Probability of the Fact, by Arguments drawn from the correspondent Disposition of the two opposite Coasts. I don't remember that any Poetical Use has been hitherto made of it.

There is a tradition in the Isle of *Man*, that a Mermaid becoming enamour'd of a young Man of extraordinary Beauty, took an Opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the Shore, and

open'd her Passion to him, but was receiv'd with a Coldness, occasion'd by his Horror and Surprize at her Appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the Sea-Lady, that in revenge for his Treatment of her, she punish'd the whole Island, by covering it with a Mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any Commerce with it, either never arriv'd at it, but wander'd up and down the Sea, or were on a sudden wreck'd upon its Cliffs.

Alluding to the *Milesian* Tales, some of the earliest Romances.

Cervantes.

Monsieur *Le Sage*, Author of the incomparable Adventures of *Gil Blas de Santillane*, who died in *Paris* in the Year 1745.

