

ODE AGAINST DESPAIR.

BY THE SAME.

Farewell thou dimpled cherub Joy,
 Thou rose-crown'd, ever-smiling boy,
 Wont thy sister Hope to lead
 To dance along the primrose mead!
 No more, bereft of happy hours,
 I seek thy lute-resounding bowers,
 But to yon ruin'd tower repair,
 To meet the God of groans, Despair;
 Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
 Still takes at eve his silent round,
 Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
 Where lies a frantic Suicide:
 While labouring sighs my heart-strings break,
 Thus to the sullen Power I speak:

“ Haste, with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
 “ To pierce this sorrow-laden breast;
 “ Or lead me at the dead of night,
 “ To some sea-beat mountain's height,
 “ Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
 “ To the dark bosom of the deep;

Or

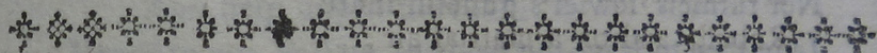
" Or shew me far from human eye,
 " Some cave to muse in, starve, and die,
 " No weeping friend or brother near,
 " My last fond, faltering words to hear?"

'Twas thus with weight of woes oppress'd,
 I sought to ease my bruised breast :
 When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
 And lo ! a tall majestic maid !
 Her limbs, not delicately fair,
 Robust, and of a martial air ;
 She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
 Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
 Th' Athenian ^a martyr smiling stand,
 The baleful goblet in his hand ;
 Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
 And Patience was the seraph's name ;
 Sternly she look'd, and stern began—
 " Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
 " Rouse thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
 " Soon are the clouds of sadness gone ;
 " Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
 " Where grievly fiends around you stalk,
 " Beyond, a blissful city lies,
 " Far from whose gates each anguish flies :
 " Take thou this shield, which once of yore
 " Ulysses and Alcides wore,

^a Socrates.

" And

“ And which in later days I gave
 “ To Regulus and Raleigh brave ;
 “ In exile or in dungeon drear
 “ Their mighty minds could banish fear ;
 “ Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
 “ ’Twas Virtue temper’d the rough steel,
 “ And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
 “ To me the precious present brought.”



ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, that to the moon-light vale
 Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
 What time the village murmurs cease,
 And the still eye is hush’d to peace,
 When now no busy sound is heard,
 Contemplation’s favourite bird !

Chauntress of Night, whose amorous song
 First heard the tufted groves among,
 Warns wanton Mabba to begin
 Her revels on the circled green,
 Whene’er by meditation led,
 I nightly seek some distant mead,

A Short