



ODE to FANCY.

By the Same.

O Parent of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fat'ling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O Nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magick wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 'Mid chearless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.

O lover

O lover of the desert, hail!
 Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
 Or on what hoary mountain's side,
 'Mid fall of waters you reside,
 'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
 With green and grassy dales between,
 'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
 Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
 Where never human art appear'd,
 Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cott was rear'd,
 Where NATURE seems to sit alone,
 Majestick on a craggy throne;
 Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
 To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
 Where woodbines cluster round the door,
 Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
 And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
 Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
 Some nightingale still builds her nest,
 Each evening warbling thee to rest:
 There lay me by the haunted stream,
 Rapt in some wild, poetick dream,
 In converse while methinks I rove
 With SPENSER thro' a fairy grove;
 Till suddenly awoke, I hear
 Strange whisper'd musick in my ear,
 And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
 By the sweetly-soothing sound!

Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-rob'd PEACE resort,
 And VENUS keeps her festive court,
 Where MIRTH and YOUTH each evening meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
 Where LAUGHTER rose-lip'd HEBE leads;
 Where ECHO walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song;
 Yet not these flowery fields of joy
 Can long my pensive mind employ,
 Haste, FANCY, from these scenes of folly
 To meet the matron MELANCHOLY,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To Gothick churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
 Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 While whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
 For my heart glows with martial fire,
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat ;
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 Lo! the base GALLIC squadrons fly ;
 Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
 To battle hurries me away ?
 'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war,
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where Tumult and Destruction reign ;
 Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead :
 Where giant Terror stalks around,
 With fullen joy surveys the ground,
 And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield !

O guide me from this horrid scene
 To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
 Which lovely LAURA seeks, to shun
 The fervors of the mid-day sun ;
 The pangs of absence, O remove,
 For thou can'st place me near my love,
 Can'st fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss,

While

While her ruby lips dispense
 Luscious nectar's quintessence !
 When young-ey'd SPRING profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose,
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To SUMMER tells her tender tale,
 To AUTUMN cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks,
 When WINTER, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold,
 At every season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, FANCY, hear.
 O warm, enthusiastick maid,
 Without thy powerful, vital aid,
 That breathes an energy divine,
 That gives a soul to every line,
 Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
 To utter an unhallow'd strain,
 Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
 Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
 O hear our prayer, O hither come
 From thy lamented SHAKESPEAR'S tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling's grave ;
 O queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly smite the sounding lyre,

May rise above the rhyming throng,
 Who with some new, unequall'd song
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
 O deign t' attend his evening walk,
 With him in groves and grottos talk:
 Teach him to scorn with frigid art
 Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
 Like lightning, let his mighty verse
 The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
 With native beauties win applause,
 Beyond cold criticks' studied laws:
 O let each muse's fame increase,
 O bid BRITANNIA rival GREECE!

