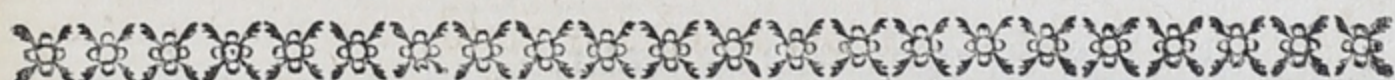


How oft' his godship had been drunk;
What melting maids he had undone;
How oft' by night had storm'd a punk,
Or bravely beat a faucy dun.

He swore, drank, whor'd, fung, danc'd with spirit,
And o'er each pleasing topic ran;
'Till Phyllis sigh'd, and own'd his merit,
The Captain's sure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verse let Phœbus doat,
Ye shepherds, leave your pipes to Pan,
Nor verse nor pipe will Phyllis note.
The Captain is the charming man.



O D E on Ambition.

By the Same.

THE mariner, when first he sails,
While his bold oars the sparkling surface sweep,
With new delight, transported hails
The blue expanded skies, and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearless aim,
Pleas'd with the gorgeous scene of wealth and power,
In the gay morn of early fame,
Nor thinks of evening storm, and gloomy hour.

Life's

Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wish, and fan the youthful fire.

But woes unknown those charms conceal,
And fair illusions cheat our fierce desire.

There Envy shows her sullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate :

There Malice stabs, with rage serene ;
In deadly silence, treacherous Friendships wait.

High on a mountain's lofty brow,
'Mid clouds and storms, has Glory fix'd her seat ;
Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow,
The lightnings blast it, and the tempests beat.

Within the sun-gilt vale beneath,
More moderate Hope with sweet Contentment dwells,
While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells.

To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his share,
Man quits the path by heaven design'd,
To search for bliss among the thorns of care.

Our native powers we scorn to know ;
With steadfast error still the wrong pursue ;
Instruct our forward ills to grow ;
While sad successes but our pain renew.

In vain heaven tempers life with sweet,
With flowers the way, that leads us home, bestrews,
If dupes to passion, and deceit,
We drink the bitter, and the rugged chuse.

Few can on Grandeur's stage appear,
Each lofty part with true applause sustain,
No common virtue safe can steer,
Where rocks unnumber'd lurk beneath the main.

Then happiest he, whose timely hand
To cool Discretion has the helm resign'd;
Enjoys the calm, in sight of land,
From changing tides secure, and trustless wind.



ODE to FANCY.

By the Same.

I

GILDING with brighter beams the vernal skies,
Now hastes the car of day to rise.
Youth, and Mirth, and Beauty leads
In golden reins the sprightly steeds,
With wanton Love that rolls his sparkling eyes.

Morpheus,