



O D E
T O T H E
T I B E R.
W R I T T E N A B R O A D.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI,
MDCCCLV.

I.

HAIL sacred Stream, whose waters roll
Immortal thro' the classic page !
To Thee the Muse-devoted soul,
Tho' destin'd to a later age
And less indulgent clime, to Thee,
Nor thou disdain, in runic lays
Weak mimic of true harmony,
His grateful homage pays.
Far other strains thine elder ear
With pleas'd attention wont to hear,
When he, who strung the Latian lyre,
And he, who led th' Aonian quire

C 3

From

From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,
 Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.
 Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene,
 This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,
 Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,
 And Desolation spreads her torpid reign?
 In this the scene where Freedom breath'd,
 Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,
 And Health at opening day
 Bade all her roseate breezes fly,
 To wake the sons of Industry,
 And make their fields more gay?

II.

Where is the villa's rural pride,
 The swelling dome's imperial gleam,
 Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,
 And tremble in thy golden stream?
 Where are the bold, the busy throngs,
 That rush'd impatient to the war,
 Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,
 And hail'd the passing car?
 Along the solitary * road,
 Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,
 We muse, and mark the sad decays
 Of mighty works, and mighty days!
 For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?

* *The Flaminian way.*

Did

Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,
 The musing shepherd from Soracte's height
 See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,
 And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?
 They did. For this deserted plain
 The Hero strove, nor strove in vain:
 And here the shepherd saw
 Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,
 While Rome majestic rear'd her head,
 And gave the nations law.

III.

Yes, Thou and Latium once were great.
 And still, ye first of human things,
 Beyond the grasp of time or fate
 Her fame and thine triumphant springs.
 What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,
 And strow the desert earth beneath,
 Tho' ivy round each nodding wall
 Entwine its fatal wreath,
 Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast
 The numerous glories thou hast lost?
 Can ev'n Euphrates' palmy shore,
 Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,
 Produce from old records of genuine fame
 Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?
 Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;
 From every ruin's formidable shade
 Eternal Music breathes on Fancy's ear,

And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead,
 Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,
 The great, the virtuous, and the wise,
 In solemn state advance !

They fix the philosophic eye,
 Or trail the robe, or lift on high
 The light'ning of the lance.

IV.

But chief that humbler happier train
 Who knew those virtues to reward
 Beyond the reach of chance or pain
 Secure, th' historian and the bard.
 By them the hero's generous rage
 Still warm in youth immortal lives ;
 And in their adamant page
 Thy glory still survives.

Thro' deep Savannas wild and vast,
 Unheard, unknown thro' ages past,
 Beneath the sun's director beams
 What copious torrents pour their streams !
 No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,
 No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.
 Whilst Thou, with Rome's exalted genius joins,
 Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brac'd,
 Can't tell the waves, can't tell the passing wind
 Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.
 Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North
 Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,

Yet

Yet still thy laurels bloom :
One deathless glory still remains,
Thy stream *has* roll'd thro' LATIAN plains,
Has wash'd the walls of ROME.



E L E G I E S.

By the Same.

E L E G Y I.

Written at the CONVENT of HAUT VILLERS in
CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

SILENT and clear, thro' yonder peaceful vale,
While Marne's flow waters weave their mazy way,
See, to th' exulting fun, and soft'ring gale,
What boundless treasures his rich banks display !

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,
The lowing herds thro' living pastures rove ;
Wide -waving harvests crown the rising space ;
And still superior nods the viny grove.

High