

O D E VI.

On the Absence of the Poetic
Inclination.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Why, why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Why thus forfok my widow'd breast,
 With dark infeebling damps oppress'd?
 Where is the bold prophetic heat,
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted shades and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my Genius to divinest themes?

Say, can the purple charms of wine,
 Or young DIONE'S form divine,
 Or flatt'ring scenes of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?

Have

Have soft, melodious airs the pow'r
 To give one free, poetic hour?
 Or, from amid th' Elysian train,
 The soul of MILTON shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some cœlestial strain?

O mighty mind! O sacred flame!
 My spirit kindles at his name;
 Again my lab'ring bosom burns;
 The Muse, th' inspiring Muse returns!
 Such on the banks of TYNE confest,
 I hail'd the bright, ethereal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own,
 Made all her blisful treasures known,
 And bad me swear to follow HER alone.

