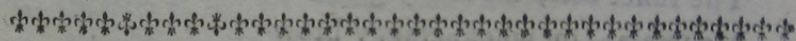


Bring too thy soft, enchanting dreams,
Such as enamour'd Petrarch knew,
When stretcht by Sorgia's gentle streams,
Fair Laura's form his fancy drew :
Oh see he woos the soul-dissolving maid,
And grasps with eager arms the visionary shade.
At morn he sung the tender tale,
He sung his Laura's matchless charms,
And every tree, in Clausa's vale,
Attentive breath'd Love's soft alarms ;
Even hoary monks full many a careless bead
Have dropt, and left their aves half unsaid.



O D E O N P L E A S U R E.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

HENCE from my sight, unfeeling sage,
Hence, to thy lonely hermitage! —
There far remov'd from joy, and pain,
Supinely slumber life away;
Act o'er dull yesterday again,
And be thy morrow like to-day.

VOL. II.



Ref

Rest to thy bones !—While to the gale
Happier I spread my festive wing,
And like the wandering bee exhale
Fresh odours from Life's honey'd spring ;
From bloom to bloom in pleasing rapture stray,
Where Mirth invites, and Pleasure points the way.

I. 2.

Hail, heaven-born virgin, fair and free,
Of language mild, of aspect gay,
Whose voice the fullen family
Of Care and Discontent obey !
By thee inspir'd, the simplest scenes,
The russet cots, the lowly glens,
Mountains, on whose craggy brow
Nature's lawless tenants feed,
Bushy dells, and streams, that flow
Thro' the violet-purple mead,
Delight ; thy breath exalts the rich perfumes,
That brooding o'er embalm the bean-flower field,
Beyond Sabea sweets, and all the gums
The spicy desarts of Arabia yield.

I. 3.

When the Attic bird complains
From the fill, attentive grove,
Or the linnet breathes his strains,
Taught by Nature and by Love ;

§ ————— ετιθημ' εγω

Ζῆν τέλειον, ἀλλ' ἐμφυχὸν ἡγῆμαι νεκρὸν. Soph.

Do thou approve the dulcet airs,
 And Harmony's soft, filken chain,
 In willing bondage leads our cares,
 And binds the giant-sense of Pain :
 Untun'd by thee, how coarse the long drawn note,
 Spun from the labouring Eunuch's tortur'd throat !
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' Farinelli sings ;
 Harsh are the sounds, tho' Handel wakes the strings :
 Untouch'd by thee, see senseless Florio sits,
 And stares, and gapes, and nods, and yawns by fits.

II. 1.

Oh Pleasure come !—and far, far hence
 Expel that nun, Indifference !—
 Where'er she waves her ebon wand,
 Drencht in the dull Lethæan deep,
 Behold the marble Passions stand
 Absorb'd in everlasting sleep !
 Then from the waste and barren mind
 The Muse's fairy-phantoms fly ;
 They fly, nor leave a wreck behind
 Of heaven-descended Poesy :
 Love's thrilling tumults then are felt no more,
 Quencht is the generous heat, the rapturous throbs are o'er !

II. 2.

'Twas thou, O nymph, that ledd'st along
 The fair Dione's wanton choir,
 While to thy blitheest, softest song,
 Ten thousand Cupids strung the lyre ;

Aloft in air the cherubs play'd,
 What time, in Cypria's myrtle-shade,
 Young Adonis slumbering lay
 On a bed of blushing flowers,
 Call'd to life by early May,
 And the rosy-bosomed Hours :

The Queen of love beheld her darling boy,
 In amorous mood she nestled to his side,
 And thus, to melt his frozen breast to joy,
 Her wanton art she gayly-smiling try'd.

II. 3.

From the musk-rose, wet with dew,
 And the lilly's opening bell,
 From fresh eglantine she drew
 Sweets of aromatic smell :

Part of that honey next she took,
 Which [§] Cupid too adventurous stole,
 When stung his throbbing hand he shook,
 And felt the anguish to his soul ;

His mother laught to hear the elf complain,
 Yet still she pity'd, and reliev'd his pain ;
 She dress'd the wound with balm of sovereign might,
 And bath'd him in the well of dear delight :

Ah who would fear to be so bath'd in bliss,
 ore agonizing smart, and deeper wounds than this ?

§ Theocr.

Her

III. 1.

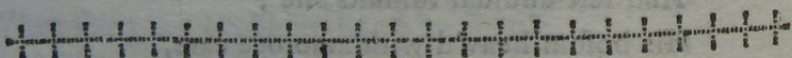
Her magic zone she next unbound,
 And wav'd it in the air around :
 Then cull'd from ever-frolic smiles,
 That live in Beauty's dimpled cheek,
 Such sweetness as the heart beguiles,
 And turns the mighty strong to weak :
 To these ambrosial dew she join'd,
 And o'er the flame of warm desire,
 Fann'd by soft sighs, Love's gentlest wind,
 Dissolv'd, and made the charm entire ;
 O'er her moist lips, that blush'd with heavenly red,
 The Graces' friendly hand the blest ingredients spread.

III. 2.

Adonis wak'd—he saw the fair,
 And felt unusual tumults rise ;
 His bosom heav'd with amorous care,
 And humid languor veil'd his eyes !
 Driven by some strong impulsive power,
 He sought the most sequester'd bower,
 Where diffus'd on Venus' breast,
 First he felt extatic bliss,
 First her balmy lips he prest,
 And devour'd the new-made Kiss :
 But, O my Muse, thy tattling tongue restrain,
 Her sacred rites what mortal dares to tell ?
 She crowns the silent, leads the blabbing swain
 To doubts, desires, and fears, the feverish lover's hell.

III. 3.

Change then, sweetest nymph of nine,
 Change the song, and fraught with pleasures,
 String anew thy silver twine,
 To the softest, Lydian measures !
 My Cynthia calls, whose natal hour
 Th' assistant Graces saw, and smil'd ;
 Then deign'd this Cyprian charm to pour
 With lavish bounty o'er the child :
 Sithence where'er the Siren moves along,
 In pleasing wonder chain'd is every tongue ;
 Love's soft effusion dims the aching eyes,
 Love's subtlest flame thro' every artery flies :
 Our trembling limbs th' unequal pulse betray,
 We gaze in transport lost—then faint, and die away,



O D E O N D E S P A I R.

BY THE SAME.

S A V E me !—What means yon grisly shade,
 Her stony eye-balls staring wide ;
 In foul, and tatter'd patches clad,
 With dirt, and gore, and venom dy'd ?

A burning