ODE TO THE MUSE.

BY THE SAME.

I. I.

Thy humble suppliant lead along,
Thro' Fancy's slowery plains:
Oh bear me to th' ideal grove,
Where hand in hand the Graces rove,
And sooth me with seraphic strains!
'Tis thine, harmonious maid, to cull
Delicious balm to heal our cares;
'Tis thine to take the prison'd soul,
And sap it in Elysian airs;
ile quick as thought at thy divine command

While quick as thought at thy divine command.

The realms of Grace and Harmony expand.

I. 2.

And so! before my ravish'd eyes
The visionary scenes arise!
I hear the tender lute complain,
While Sappho breathes her amorous pain;
(O guard me from such sierce desires,
Thou God of Raptures, God of Fires!)
I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue
To Love and Wine repeat the song;

His flight sublime the Theban swan prepares,
And louder music wakes the wondering spheres.

I. 3.

But hark! how sweet the numbers swell,

While Homer waves his soul-enchanting wand!

Entranc'd the listening Passions stand,
Charm'd with the magic of his shell.

Whether to arms his trump resounds,
The heart with martial ardor bounds;
Or sprightly themes his hand employ,
Instant we catch the spreading joy;
Or when in notes majestic, deep, and slow,
He bids the solemn streams of Sorrow slow,
Amaz'd we hear the sadly-pleasing strain,
While tender anguish steals thro' every vein.

II. 1.

Father of Verse, whose eagle flight
Fatigues the gazer's aching fight,
And strains th' aspiring mind:
Teach me thy wonderous heights to view,
With trembling wings thy steps pursue,
And leave the lessening world behind.
Fond, foolish wish!—Can human eyes
The rapid arrow's track descry?
Can gross Mortality arise,

And spring beyond the vaulted sky?

Lost is the momentary path, and bound

By cumbrous chains we creep along the ground!

II. z. Yet

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. II. 2.

Yet some there are with power endow'd
To soar above the groveling croud;
By thee, sair Fancy, rapturous maid,
By thee, O sweet enthusiast, led,
Sublime beyond the milky way
With strong seraphic plumes they stray;
Or pierce within the sacred shade,
Where Nature's plastic forms are laid;
Then strike with daring hand the magic strings,
And warm to life a new creation springs.

II. 3.

Hail chosen sew, whose happier birth

The Muse beheld, and bad your due seet climb
Fame's slippery hill, and paths sublime,
Untrod by vulgar sons of earth!

When Virtue droops, all sick and pale,
In bleak Missortune's desart vale,
'Tis yours to steal away her care,
And softly sooth the pensive fair:

'Tis yours to cull from Fancy's fairy stores,
The brightest gems, and sweetest-breathing slowers.
Then bind with Dædal art such wreaths divine,
As bloom secure on Truth's immortal shrine.

III. I.

Haste then!—for fost Etesian gales Supply the 1 pilot's welcome fails,

Pi.d.

And

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And waft him o'er the main : And gentle showers, the daughters fair Of pregnant clouds, and balmy air, Rejoice the faint, and thirsty plain: O haste, your sweetest numbers shed. Fraught with the genial dew of praise, On Glory's favourite fons, who tread Unweary'd Danger's thorny maze; Who tear fresh laurels from War's ghastly brow, Or steer the stedfast bark, tho' tides of Faction flow.

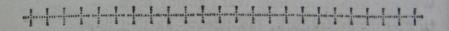
III. 2.

But, O ye delegates of Jove, Sent from the starry realms above To guard the clime, with dragon eyes, When all the Muse's treasures rise, Should Gothic Ignorance invade With lawless foot the virgin shade, And too incontinent presume Rashly to pluck the golden bloom; Wide wave the flaming sword, and send, O send Your brightest shafts to quell the Stygian fiend!

III. 3. With holy dread, ye guardians of her store, whole seads Fulfil your charge, not too profuse of praise would the Embalm, with her immortal lays, The carrion corps of Pride, or Power! Let Dulness her vain favours shed On smiling Folly's kindred head;

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Or Vice, in tinsel trappings drest,
Promote the wretch who flatters best;
Disdain the crew!—and in some distant grove,
To Worth afflicted, friendless, raise your voice;
So shall the Muse your honest songs approve,
And deathless Fame reward your uncorrupted choice!



THE WISH: AN ELEGY.

TO URANIA.

BY THOMAS BLAC LOCK, D.D.

ET others travel, with incessant pain,

The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;

Then with fond hopes cares the precious bane;

In grandeur abject, and in assume poor,

But foon, too foon, in Fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread;
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.