

ODE TO THE MUSE.

BY THE SAME.

I. 1.

**Y**ET once more, sweetest Queen of Song,  
 Thy humble suppliant lead along,  
 Thro' Fancy's flowery 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 lap it in Elysian airs ;  
 While quick as thought at thy divine command  
 The realms of Grace and Harmony expand.

I. 2.

And lo ! 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 fierce desires,  
 Thou God of Raptures, God of Fires !)  
 I hear Anacreon's honey'd tongue  
 To Love and Wine repeat the song ;

His



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-enchancing 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 flow,  
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 sight,  
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. 2. Yet



## II. 2.

Yet some there are with power endow'd  
 To soar above the groveling croud ;  
 By thee, fair 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 few, whose happier birth  
 The Muse beheld, and bad your due feet climb  
 Fame's slippery hill, and paths sublime,  
 Untrod by vulgar sons of earth !  
 When Virtue droops, all sick and pale,  
 In bleak Misfortune's desert 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 flowers.  
 Then bind with Dædal art such wreaths divine,  
 As bloom secure on Truth's immortal shrine,

## III. 1.

Haste then!—for soft Etesian gales  
 Supply the <sup>1</sup> pilot's welcome sails,

<sup>1</sup> Pl. d.



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 sons, who tread  
 Unweary'd Danger's thorny maze ;  
 Who tear fresh laurels from War's ghastly brow,  
 Or steer the steadfast 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,  
 Fulfil your charge, not too profuse of praise  
 Embalm, with her immortal lays,  
 The carrion corps of Pride, or Power !  
 Let Dulness her vain favours shed  
 On smiling Folly's kindred head ;

Or



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.

T O U R A N I A.

BY THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

LET others travel, with incessant pain,  
 The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;  
 Then with fond hopes caress the precious bane;  
 In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor,

But soon, too soon, 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,

Let