

Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign;  
 Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,  
 And guard with lion-ramp their native land:  
 Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the subject main!  
 So shall bright Victory o'er thy laurel'd head  
 Her eagle-pennons spread;  
 Whilst soft-ey'd Peace, quitting at thy command  
 Her radiant orb in yon empyreal plain,  
 Waves o'er the willing world her myrtle wand:  
 So shall the Muse her Doric oar disdain,  
 And touch'd with sphere-born Rapture's hallow'd fire,  
 Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.

O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY J. H. B. ESQ.

COME, rosy Health, celestial maid,  
 On Zephyr's silken wing convey'd,  
 In smiles thy heavenly features drest,  
 Descend, thou sweet enchanting guest  
 All charming, whether you appear  
 In STAMER's lovely form and air,  
 Or her's who yonder shines from far  
 Fair as the morning's silver star,

O A

In

Reign

In youth's soft prime and beauty's pride,  
 On Shannon's flower-enamell'd side,  
 By shepherds, in each amorous tale,  
 Yclept the s Lily of the vale.

Bright daughter of the blushing dawn,  
 Nymph of the woods, and daisied lawn,  
 Who fliest the busy, full resorts  
 Of peopled cities, revelling courts,  
 But, clad in russet, lov'st to dwell  
 With Temperance in the rural cell,  
 Attend the sheep-boy at his stand,  
 Or ploughman o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Or wait, at spring of fragrant morn,  
 The opening hound, and cheering horn;

Ever cheerful, ever gay,

Hither come and chase away,

Sorrow of dejected eye,

The plaintive tear, the struggling sigh,

Disease with sickly yellow spread,

And Pain that holds the hanging head;

And in their stead conduct along,

Fantastic Dance, and airy Song,

Wit, of taste correct and fine,

Frolic Mirth, that waits on wine,

Hope that fans the lover's fires,

Pleasing Follies, gay Desires,

For these are thine, a sprightly train,

Without thee lifeless, joyless, vain.

'Tis you who pour o'er Beauty's face  
 The artless bloom, the native grace;  
 You robb'd the bashful rose, and shed  
 Its soft, refin'd, delicious red  
 On WALLER's cheek; 'tis you bestow  
 On MANSEL's lips the ripening glow,  
 With quickening spirits you supply  
 The trembling lustre of her eye.

Through every form of mystic birth,  
 The swarming air, the teeming earth,  
 Through all the fruitful deep contains,  
 Thy sovereign vital influence reigns,  
 Mixes, ferments, inspires the whole,  
 Pours the glad warmth, the genial soul,  
 Breathes in the breeze, diffills in showers,  
 Swells the young bud, and wakes the flowers:  
 With livelier green the herbage springs,  
 The violet blows, the linnet sings,  
 Its richest colouring Nature wears,  
 And Pleasure leads the wanton years.

Oh! see I pine distress'd, forlorn,  
 And seek in vain thy wish'd return:  
 Return then, Goddess, heavenly mild,  
 Indulgent now as once you smil'd,  
 In golden Youth's propitious May,  
 When jocund danc'd my hours away,  
 With love, and joy, and rapture blest,  
 And thou wast there to crown the rest.

Then,

Then, as around the Seasons range,  
And years in sweet succession change,  
On Shannon's silver-flowing stream,  
I'll sing, and thou shalt be my theme;  
Rich in my verse, thy charms shall shine,  
And HAROLD'S beauties yield to thine.

S W E E T N E S S : A N O D E .

I N S C R I B E D T O C L E O R A .

B Y M R . R O B E R T S O N .

— *Frons mitior aspici,*

*Inubique nitens ore meridies,*

CASIM. lib. I. od. xvi.

**O**F damask cheeks, and radiant eyes,  
Let other poets tell;  
Within the bosom of the fair,  
Superior beauties dwell.

There all the sprightly powers of wit  
In blithe assemblage play;  
There every social virtue sheds  
Its intellectual ray.

But