Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud, that rides the blaſt, ſhall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON,
OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

O Thou that glad'ſt my loneſome hours
With many a wildly warbled ſong,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her ſullen ſtorms along;
When fell Adverſity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickneſs, Want, Remorſe, and Pain,
With all her hoſt of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human ſoul,
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul.

Sweet ſoother of my miſery, ſay,
Why doſt thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why doſt thou pour that artleſs lay?
How canſt thou, little priſoner, ſing?

Haſt

Haſt thou not cauſe to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou ſhould'ſt, as well as he, receive?
The power to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build where inſtinct points; where chance directs, to rove.

Perchance, unconſcious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'ſt to join thy mate,
Nor wiſheſt to be unconfin'd;
Then how relentleſs he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave ſuch innocence
Of life's beſt bleſſing, Liberty!
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous ſnare,
To live a tuneful ſlave, and diſſipate his care.

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy maſter thou art bleſt:
Art thou not free?—Yes; calm Content,
With olive ſceptre, ſways thy breaſt:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon with inſatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,
Shall ne'er thy deſtiny contrive:
And every tabby foe ſhall mew in vain,
While penſively demure ſhe hears thy melting ſtrain.

Nor ſhall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement aſſail;
Theſe, theſe ſhall be my conſtant care,
The limpid fount, and temperate meal:
And when the blooming Spring
In checquer'd livery robes the fields,
The faireſt flowrets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling ſhall entwine,
And Flora's freſheſt gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine.

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muſe ſhall wreſt thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave——
This meed ſhe knows thy merits claim;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to diſpenſe
The tide of bland Benevolence,
And Melody's ſoft aid impart;
Is ready ſtill to prompt the magic lay,
Which huſhes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile when brooding o'er my ſoul
Frown'd the black dæmons of Deſpair,
Did not thy voice that power controul,
And oft ſuppreſs the riſing tear?
If Fortune ſhould be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm bleſt,
I'll often ſeek ſome friend diſtreſt,
And when the weeping wretch I find,

Then,

Then, tuneful moraliſt, I'll copy thee,
And ſolace all his woes with ſocial ſympathy.

ELEGY ON A HUMMING-BIRD.

WRITTEN IN A FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY ——.

A Humming-Bird, by Nature led,
On Nature's bounteous honey fed;
In every flower beheld a feaſt,
And every ſip her charms increas'd:

Her plumage various, gaudy, bright,
Surpaſs'd Aurora's radiant light;
Tho' burniſh'd o'er with golden rays,
As dreſt in Arioſto's lays.

O had you ſeen her glowing breaſt,
Which every tint by turns expreſt,
Succeeding tints the paſt renewing,
You had wiſh'd to be for ever viewing.

But, ſweet inconſtant! ſhe would fly
From flower to flower, and foil the eye;
Each motion giving ſomething new,
No ſooner ſeen than vaniſh'd too.

Oft