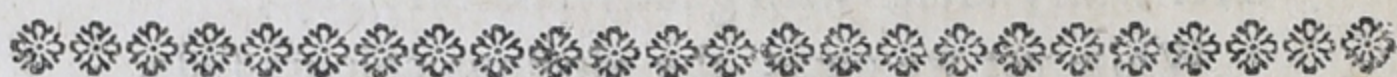


Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
 By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
 From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
 He free'd the earth : thro' her he gain'd the skies.
 'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
 Crown'd with eternal youth; among the Gods, a God.



An O D E.

T O T H E

People of GREAT BRITAIN.

In Imitation of the Sixth ODE of the Third Book
 of HORACE.

Written in 1746.

I.

BRITON! the thunder of the wrath divine, [thine,
 Due to thy fathers crimes, and long with-held from
 Shall burst with tenfold rage on thy devoted head;
 Unless with conscious terrors aw'd,
 By meek, heart-struck repentance led,
 Suppliant thou fall before th' offended God:
 If haply yet thou may'st avert his ire;
 And stay his arm out-stretch'd to launce the avenging fire.

II. Did

II.

Did not high God of old ordain,
 When to thy grasp he gave the scepter of the main,
 That empire in this favour'd land,
 Fix'd on religion's solid base should stand ?
 When from thy struggling neck he broke
 Th' inglorious, galling, papal yoke,
 Humbled the pride of haughty Spain,
 And free'd thee by a woman-hero's hand ;
 He then confirm'd the strong degree :
 " Briton, be virtuous and be free ;
 " Be truth, be sanctity thy guide :
 " Be humble: fear thy God ; and fear thou none beside."

III.

Oft has th' offended Pow'r his rising anger shown :
 Led on by his avenging hand
 Rebellion triumphs in the land: [thrown.
 Twice have her barbarous sons our war-train'd hosts o'er-
 They fell a cheap inglorious prey ;
 Th' ambitious victor's boast was half suppress'd,
 While heav'n-bred fear, and wild dismay,
 Unman'd the warrior's heart, and reign'd in every breast.

IV.

Her arms to foreign lands Britannia bore ;
 Her arms, auspicious now no more !
 With frequent conquests where the fires were crown'd ;
 The sons ill-fated fell, and bit the hostile ground :

The tame, war-trading Belgian fled,
 While in his cause the Briton bled :
 The Gaul stood wond'ring at his own success ;
 Oft did his hardiest bands their wonted fears confess,
 Struck with dismay, and meditating flight ;
 While the brave foe still urg'd th' unequal fight,
 While WILLIAM, with his Father's ardour fir'd,
 Through all th' undaunted host the generous flame inspir'd !

V.

But heavier far the weight of shame
 That sunk Britannia's naval fame :
 In vain she spreads her once-victorious sails ;
 Or fear, or rashness, in her chiefs prevails ;
 And wildly these prevent, those basely shun the fight ;
 Content with humble praise, the foe
 Avoids the long impending blow ;
 Improves the kind escape, and triumphs in his flight.

VI.

The monstrous age, which still increasing years debase,
 Which teems with unknown crimes, and genders new disgrace,
 First, unrestrained by honour, faith, or shame,
 Confounding every sacred name,
 The hallow'd nuptial bed with lawless lust profan'd :
 Deriv'd from this polluted source
 The dire corruption held its course
 Through the whole canker'd race, and tainted all the land.

VII. The

VII.

The rip'ning maid is vers'd in every dangerous art,
 That ill adorns the form while it corrupts the heart :
 Practis'd to dress, to dance, to play,
 In wanton mask to lead the way,
 To move the pliant limbs, to roll the luring eye ;
 With folly's gayest partizans to vye
 In empty noise and vain expence ;
 To celebrate with flaunting air
 The midnight revels of the fair ;
 Studios of ev'ry praise, but virtue, truth, and sense.

VIII.

Thus lesson'd in intrigue her early thought improves,
 Nor meditates in vain forbidden loves :
 Soon the gay nymph in Cyprus' train shall rove
 Free and at large amidst th' Idalian grove ;
 Or haply jealous of the voice of fame,
 Mask'd in the matron's sober name,
 With many a well-dissembled wile
 The kind, convenient husband's care beguile :
 More deeply vers'd in Venus' mystic lore,
 Yet for such meaner arts too lofty and sublime,
 The proud, high-born, patrician whore,
 Bears unabash'd her front ; and glories in her crime.

IX.

Hither from city and from court
 The votaries of love resort ;

The rich, the great, the gay, and the severe;
 The pension'd architect of laws;
 The patriot, loud in virtue's cause;
 Proud of imputed worth, the peer:
 Regardless of his faith, his country, or his name,
 He pawns his honour and estate;
 Nor reckons at how dear a rate
 He purchases disease, and servitude, and shame.

X.

Not from such dastard fires, to every virtue lost,
 Sprung the brave youth which Britain once could boast;
 Who curb'd the Gaul's usurping sway,
 Who swept th' unnumber'd hosts away,
 In Agincourt, and Cressy's glorious plain;
 Who dy'd the seas with Spanish blood,
 Their vainly-vaunted fleets subdu'd,
 And spread the mighty wreck o'er all the vanquish'd main.

XI.

No;—'twas a generous race, by worth transmissive known;
 In their bold breast their fathers spirit glow'd:
 In their pure veins rheir mothers virtue flow'd:
 They made hereditary praise their own.
 The fire his emulous offspring led
 The rougher paths of fame to tread;
 The matron train'd their spotless youth
 In honour, sanctity, and truth;
 Form'd by th' united parents care,
 The sons, tho' bold, were wise; the daughters chaste, tho' fair.

XII. How

XII.

How Time, all-wasting, ev'n the worst impairs,
 And each foul age to dregs still fouler runs !
 Our fires, more vicious ev'n than theirs,
 Left us, still more degenerate heirs,
 To spawn a baser brood of monster-breeding sons.



P S Y C H E: or the
 GREAT METAMORPHOSIS.

A POEM, written in Imitation of SPENSER,

I.

WHERE early Phœbus sheds his milder beams,
 The happy gardens of Adonis lay :
 There Time, well pleas'd to wonne, a youth beseems.
 Ne yet his wings were fledg'd, ne locks were grey ;
 Round him in sweet accord the Seasons play
 With fruits and blossoms meint, in goodly gree ;
 And dancing hand in hand rejoice the lea.
 Sick gardens now no mortal wight can see,
 Ne mote they in my simple verse descriven be.

II.

The temper'd clime full many a tree affords ;
 Those many trees blush forth with ripen'd fruit ;
 The blushing fruit to feast invites the birds ;
 The birds with plenteous feasts their strength recruite ;