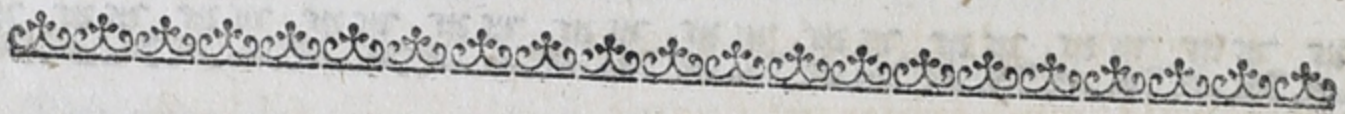


## II.

But when I view the radiant queen,  
 Who form'd this fair enchanting scene;  
 Pardon ye grotts! ye crystal floods!  
 Ye breathing flow'rs! ye shady woods!

Your coolness now no more invites;  
 No more your murmuring stream delights;  
 Your sweets decay, your verdure's flown;  
 My soul's intent on her alone.



ODE to a FRIEND wounded in a Duel.

**H**OW long shall tyrant Custom bind  
 In slavish chains the human mind?  
 How long shall false fantastic Honour draw  
 The vengeful sword, with fury fell,  
 And ranc'rous Malice dark as hell,  
 In spite of Reason's rule, and Nature's eldest law?

Too many gallant youths have bled;  
 Too much of British blood been shed  
 By Britons' swords, and that foul monster's laws:  
 Youths that might else have nobly dar'd;  
 More glorious wounds and dangers shar'd  
 For Britain's just defence, and virtue's injur'd cause.

So when the fierce Cadmean youth  
 Sprung from the dragon's venom'd tooth,  
 Each chief arose in shining armour drest :  
 With rage inspir'd, the furious band  
 Soon found a ready foe at hand,  
 And plung'd the pointed steel each in a brother's breast.

Has Britain then no other foes,  
 That thus her sons their lives expose  
 To private war, and feuds, and civil fray?  
 Does Spain insult her flag no more?  
 Does Lewis yet his thoughts give o'er,  
 Of univ'rsal rule, and arbitrary sway?

'Tis Britons' to support the law ;  
 'Tis theirs ambitious kings to awe,  
 And equal rights of empire to maintain.  
 For this our fathers, brave and stout,  
 At Agincourt and Cressy fought,  
 And heap'd fam'd Blenheim's field with mountains of the slain.

How will the Gallic monarch smile,  
 To see the sons of Albion's isle  
 Their country's blood with ruthless weapons drain !  
 Themselves avenge the glorious day  
 When Marlborough swept whole hosts away,  
 And sent the frighted Danube purple to the main !

O say,

O say, in this inglorious strife  
 Thy arm had robb'd thy friend of life,  
 What pangs, what anguish had thy bosom prov'd ?  
 How hadst thou curs'd the cruel deed,  
 That caus'd the gallant youth to bleed,  
 Pierc'd by thy guilty sword, and slain by him he lov'd ?

How did the fair Maria blame  
 Thy high-bred spirit's eager flame,  
 That courting danger slighted her soft love ?  
 Far other wreaths for thee she twin'd ;  
 Far other cares for thee design'd ;  
 And for the laurel crown, the myrtle chaplet wove.

If not for her's, for Britain's sake,  
 Forbear thy precious life to stake ;  
 Nor taint thy honour with so foul a deed.  
 One day thy country may require  
 Thy gallant arm and martial fire :  
 Then may'st thou bravely conquer, or as bravely bleed.