

Wak'd into voice, it pours its tuneful strains,
And harmony divine enchants the plains.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo tuum est— HOR.

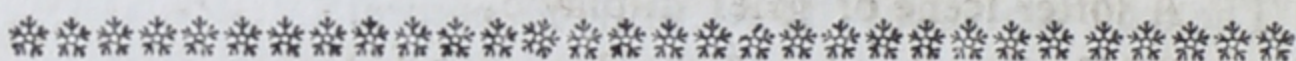
On the Birth-Day of SHAKESPEAR. A CENTO.
Taken from his Works.

By the Same.

*Naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi
quodam di-vino spiritu afflari.* CICERO.

— P E A C E to this meeting,
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes!
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met,
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal *Shakespear* to this favour'd isle,
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest nature! how thyself thou blazon'ft
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time,
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So voluble is his discourse——Gentle
As Zephyr blowing underneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head——yet as rough,
(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to th' vale. — 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame him
 To Royalty, unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen in other; knowledge
 That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
 How noble in faculty! infinite in reason!
 A combination and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal.
 Heav'n has him now — yet let our idolatrous fancy
 Still sanctify his relicts; and this day
 Stand aye distinguish'd in the kalendar
 To the last syllable of recorded time:
 For if we take him but for all in all
 We ne'er shall look upon his like again.



AN ODE TO SCULPTURE.

LED by the Muse, my step pervades
 The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,
 Where *Art* and *Sculpture* reign:
 I see, I see, at their command,
 The living stones in order stand,
 And marble breathe through ev'ry vein!
Time breaks his hostile scythe; he sighs
 To find his pow'r malignant fled;
 "And what avails my dart, he cried,
 "Since these can animate the dead?
 "Since wak'd to mimic life, again in stone
 "The patriot seems to speak, the heroe frown?"