

ODE ON BEAUTY.

To \* \* \* \* \*

BY THE SAME.

I.

**A**ND wilt thou, Romeo, still maintain  
That Beauty holds a boundless reign,  
Soft power, by all confest!  
See'st thou the coward and the brave,  
The free-born Briton and the slave,  
With equal rapture blest?

II.

The gods indulgent to mankind  
The tenderest passions of the mind  
With frugal hands dispense:  
For faithless I can ne'er believe,  
That rude untutor'd hearts perceive  
The finer joys of sense.

III.

Mark but the ruthless Indian's soul,  
Which no ingenuous thoughts controul,  
Where Pity never dwelt:  
By Beauty, Fancy's loveliest child,  
Mid lorn Savannas waste and wild,  
With human feelings melt!

IV. Behold

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Behold the powerful charm assuage  
The hoary lion's lawless rage:  
He owns the wanton fire;  
And lordly roaming o'er the plain  
Singles the fairest of his train  
To feed the loose desire!

V.

But would'st thou feel a purer flame  
Than ev'n the warmest wish can frame,  
By much too fine to cloy;  
Far, far beyond that aking breast,  
With which the village-hind's oppress,  
Who idly terms it joy?

VI.

Has heaven indulgent to thy make  
Form'd thee to every sense awake,  
Blithe hope, or frantic fear?  
Can human miseries steal a sigh,  
Or from thy soft consenting eye  
Can pity draw the tear?

VII.

Canst thou with wild Othello glow  
In all his maddening jealous woe,  
By Love's dark doubts distressed?  
With treacherous Jaffier dost thou feel  
Th' impending tortures of the wheel,  
That wound his guilty breast?

VIII. Tell

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Tell me, can Pindar's lofty strain,  
Luxuriant Fancy's fruitful vein,  
The noblest thoughts infuse?  
Say, do you taste his generous fire,  
Or canst thou feelingly expire  
To Sappho's plaintive muse?

IX.

See'st thou the warmth, the grace divine,  
That breathes thro' mild Correggio's line,  
By heaven's peculiar care:  
Does Guido wrap thee in delight?  
Can Titian's colours charm thy sight?  
Or Julio's godlike air?

X.

Say, does thy heart with rapture spring,  
When Handel strikes the magic string,  
With transport do you hear?  
Or dost thou languish into pain  
When soft Corelli's tender strain  
Subdues the ravish'd ear?

XI.

Canst thou with Freedom's sons rejoice  
To hear th' Athenian <sup>d</sup> patriot's voice  
'Mid tyrants undismay'd;  
But fails his bolder fire—O say,  
Can Tully charm each sense away,  
And baffle reason's aid?

<sup>d</sup> Demosthenes.

XII. Canst

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Canst thou with pity mov'd bewail  
The simple Emma's hapless tale  
And fond believing heart?  
Or say, does Eloisa's line,  
Where learning, taste, and love combine,  
A nobler flame impart?

XIII.

The Muse in mild melodious lays  
Instruction's awful voice conveys,  
And each wild wish disarms:  
While picture's arts alone can trace  
Each soften'd line, each secret grace,  
And add to Beauty's charms.

XIV.

Should Hope her lenient aid refuse,  
Tho' each disastrous day renews  
One sadden'd scene of woe,  
From pleasing symphony of sound,  
When melting notes dissolve around,  
Unnumber'd raptures flow.

XV.

Music her sister arts may aid,  
And Poetry o'er light and shade  
Reflect her mutual fire;  
Meek suppliants all at Beauty's shrine  
In one united there shall join  
The Pencil, Muse, and Lyre.