Shall bid, emblaz'd in purest strains,

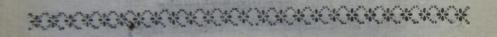
To the bold arch of heaven ascend:

And whilst the golden numbers slow,

Where all the graces all their influence breathe;

Fair Fame with never-fading wreath

Shall deck his laurell'd brow.



ODE TO AMBITION.

BY THE SAME.

O'ER midnight glass, or by the fair
In dalliance soft carest;
Without a thought, without a care
To discompose their rest,
The meaner herd exulting pant to rove
The flowery paths of Pleasure's fairy grove:

While more determin'd bosoms glow
With high Ambition's fires;
Source of whate'er is great below,
The grave of mean defires:
Adieu for them the pleasure-winged hour,
Adieu the bed of ease, the Paphian bower!

Their steps no toils dismay;
Ambition aids the generous aim,
And smooths the rugged way:
With all its lustre bids bright Virtue shine,
And into action wakes the big design.

What breaks th' aspiring statesman's rest?

What gives the Muse to sing?

Ambition wakes his anxious breast,

And plumes her towering wing:

Instructs the seeble Monarch how to bear

The crown, and all the thorns that sasten there.

The General's wakeful bosom sires,

And guards the jealous camp;

The Scholar's flattering hope inspires,

And trims the midnight lamp;

The pride of arts from fair Ambition springs,

And blooms secure beneath her fostering wings,

Oft, Goddess, as thy genial ray

Pervades the feeling heart,

Love trembling quits his fensual sway,

And drops his feeble dart:

The flowers, that in the Paphian garden grow,

Fade in the wreath that rounds the hero's brow.

Pleafure

Pleasure retreats with wanton smiles,

And Strength-unnerving eyes;

Hoping in vain by Parthian wiles

To conquer as she slies:

Sloth with reluctance quits her soul embrace,

Rough Care and manly Toil assume her place.

Virtue with firm quaternion band

His eager steps precedes;

A flambleau grasping in her hand,

To light to glorious deeds:

The sister-train his toils with glory crown,

And point the arduous paths to fair renown.

By these inspir'd young Scipio trod

To Fame th' adventurous way;

"By Love, he cry'd, let Paphos' god

The softer soul betray;

A nobler quarry lures the hero's eye:"

He spoke, and bade th' unconquer'd eagle sty.

Hence then, ye Slaves, whom Ease delights,
To you lone cloyster stray,
Where monkish apathy invites
To dose tame life away:
True Worth, that spurns the hermit's sluggard cell,
In Glory's active courts delights to dwell.