



O D E O N E N V Y.

BY THE SAME.

I.

BENEATH yon chain of barren rocks,
Where niggard Nature ne'er unlocks
One hoard of chearful green;
The brown yew forms a gloomy shade,
The blasted oak erects its head,
A dreary wasteful scene.
O haste, O fly th' accursed cell,
Where Envy's fiendly faction dwell!
Else shall her glance, malignant cast,
The fairest shoots of Merit blast:
He risks his ease, who ventures nigh
The baleful witchcraft of her eye.

II.

Ev'n now from her infernal dark abyfs,
At Merit's name she lifts her head,
At Merit's name prepar'd to shed
Their influence all her snaky tresses hiss.
Ev'n now the languid mind oppress'd,
Droops under horrors damp and chill,
Whilst heaves the sigh from the distended breast,
Slow winds the tide of life along each azure rill.

Arise,

Arise, my Muse, the chorded shell prepare,
Awake the drowsy string;
For thou canst lull the gathering storms of Care,
Thou canst disarm dire Envy of her sting,
And smooth the haggard brow of fell Despair.

III.

Ah strange reverse of honest joys!

The pale-ey'd fiend elate

Smiles, if Adversity annoys

Her neighbour's hapless state.

Yet Spleen oppressive marrs her cheer,

And signs the bitter day :

For Envy drops the scalding tear,

When all the world is gay.

The tenant of some narrow mind,

She bids Suspicion launch the dart;

Whilst all her secret powers combin'd

Excite the poignant smart.

Slow halts Ill-nature in the rear,

That poisons as she probes the wound,

And Rumour's noisome breath is near,

To waft the poison round.

I. 1.

Say, Theron, yet shall torpid Fear

Obstruct thy virtue's high career,

Shall Envy's menace wrest

Thy merit's well-directed aim,

And quench the noble thirst of fame

That warms thy youthful breast?

O no! pursue the glorious road
 A Bacon, Hide, and Osborne trod:
 Her snaky head tho' Envy rear,
 Fame's eagle wing thy name shall bear
 O'er black Oblivion's frozen sea,
 Rank'd with great chiefs of old in immortality.



O D E T O H E A L T H.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE meagre pale Disease,
 From the crude banquets of Intemperance bred;
 Nurs'd in the sluggard bed,
 And folded in the arms of pamper'd Ease:
 Hence to Bœotian bogs;
 Whence humid Auster on his dropping wings
 Gross exhalations brings,
 Where rank effluvia from the marshy brake,
 Or murky stagnate lake
 Pregnant with ills arise in misty fogs.
 And come, Hygeia, bland and fair,
 Flush'd with the glow of morning air;
 With coral lip and sparkling eye,
 Complexion of ensanguin'd dye;

With