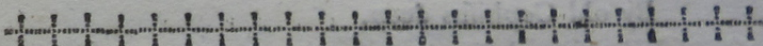


There Picture's toils shall well relate,  
How chance, or hard involving fate,  
O'er mortal bliss prevail :  
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,  
And sighing prompt her tender hand,  
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,  
In dreams of passion melt away,  
Allow'd with thee to dwell :  
There waste the mournful lamp of night,  
'Till, Virgin, thou again delight  
To hear a British shell !



ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou by Nature taught,  
To breathe her genuine thought,  
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :  
Who first on mountains wild,  
In Fancy, loveliest child,  
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song !

Thou, who with hermit heart  
 Disdain'st the wealth of Art,  
 And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:  
 But com'st a decent maid,  
 In Attic robe array'd,  
 O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store  
 On Hybla's thymy shore,  
 By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear;  
 By her, whose love-lorn woe,  
 In evening musings flow,  
 Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephifus deep,  
 Who spread his wavy sweep  
 In warbled wanderings round the green retreat,  
 On whose enamel'd side,  
 When holy Freedom died,  
 No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,  
 To my admiring youth,  
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!  
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,  
 Tho' Beauty cull'd the wreath,  
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,  
But Virtue's patriot theme,  
You lov'd her hills, and led the laureat band :  
But staid to sing alone  
To one distinguish'd throne,  
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,  
The passions own thy power,  
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean :  
For thou hast left her shrine,  
Nor olive more, nor vine,  
Shall gain thy feet to bless the fervile scene.

Tho' Taste, tho' Genius bless  
To some divine excess,  
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole ;  
What each, what all supply,  
May court, may charm your eye,  
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask,  
To aid some mighty task,  
I only seek to find thy temperate vale :  
Where oft my reed might sound  
To maids and shepherds round,  
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.