

O D E T O P E A C E,

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And fought'st thy native skies :
 When War, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bad his storms arise !

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His fullen shrines to burn :
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return !

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind,
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train :
 The British lion, goddess sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,

But come to grace thy western isle,

By warlike Honour led!

And, while around her ports rejoice,

While all her sons adore thy choice,

With him for ever wed!

O D E T O M E R C Y.

BY THE SAME.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who sit'st a smiling bride

By Valour's arm'd and awful side,

Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:

Who oft with songs, divine to hear,

Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,

And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!

Thou who, amidst the deathful field,

By godlike chiefs alone beheld,

Oft with thy bosom bare art found,

Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:

See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,

Before thy shrine my country's Genius stands,

And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound!