

Next Cori hides his head, and must impart  
 What wanton fair-one smote his hand so bold.  
 He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;  
 For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his heart.

Stay, I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,  
 Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,  
 Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss;  
 Will Eurus stern the charms of beauty spare?  
 No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,  
 If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,  
 Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear;  
 The mountain ash may stand tho' stripp'd of shade,  
 But at the slightest wound the silken flowers will fade.

O D E T O L I B E R T Y.

BY DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Goddess, on whose steps attend  
 Pleasure and laughter-loving Health,  
 White-mantled Peace with olive-wand,  
 Young Joy, and diamond-scepter'd Wealth,  
 Bliſſe Plenty, with her loaded horn,  
 With Science bright-ey'd as the morn,



In Britain, which for ages past  
Has been thy choicest darling care,  
Who mad'tt her wife, and strong, and fair,  
May thy best blessings ever last.

For thee, the pining prisoner mourns,  
Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light ;  
For thee pale slaves to galleys chain'd,  
That ply tough oars from morn to night ;  
Thee the proud Sultan's beauteous train,  
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,  
Tearing the roses from their locks ;  
And Guinea's captive kings lament,  
By Christian lords to labour sent,  
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond Nature's cries,  
Stern Brutus, when Rome's Genius loudly spoke,  
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,  
Nor turn'd, nor trembled at the deathful stroke !  
And he of later age, but equal fame,  
Dar'd stab the tyrant, tho' he lov'd the friend.  
How burn the Spartan with warm patriot-flame,  
In thy great cause his valorous life to end !  
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine !  
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

Leonidas,

When



When heaven to all thy joys bestows,  
 And graves upon our hearts—Be free—  
 Shall coward man those joys resign,  
 And dare reverse this great decree ?  
 Submit him to some idol-king,  
 Some selfish, passion-guided thing,  
 Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,  
 Around whose throne stands trembling Doubt,  
 Whose jealous eyes still rowl about,  
 And Murder with his reeking sword ?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate  
 And black Revenge gigantic goes :  
 Hark, how the dying infants shriek,  
 How hopeless Age is sunk in woes !  
 Fly, mortals, from that fated land,  
 Tho' rivers roll o'er golden sand :  
 Tho' birds in shades of Cassia sing,  
 Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,  
 No storms disturb the smiling skies,  
 And each soft breeze rich odours bring.

Britannia, watch !—remember peerless Rome,  
 Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the ground ;  
 Remember, Freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,  
 Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound :  
 May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and downs,  
 (Fame, Virtue, Courage, Poverty, forgot)



Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,  
 Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot ;  
 On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,  
 Long as the furge shall lash thy sea-encircled land.

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

WRITTEN ON A RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

BY THE SAME.

**O** Whether with laborious clowns  
 In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,  
 In noisy merchant-crouded towns,  
 Or in the temperate Brachman's cell ;  
 Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,  
 Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food ;

In Bath, or in Montpellier's plains,  
 Or rich Bermudas' balmy isle,  
 Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains  
 Ne'er saw the purple Autumn smile,  
 Who over Alps of snow, and desarts drear,  
 By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer ;

O lovely