

On thy still bosom let me rest,
Far from the clang of war;
Where stern Oppression's bloody chains
Precede the victor's car:

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,
Where Albion's happy plains
Exulting tell the nations round,
A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,
Here view each day's decline;
Be Fame and Sway my Sovereign's lot,
Be Peace and Freedom mine.

O D E T O M A Y.

BY THE SAME.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely May;
While thy vivid skies appear,
Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery--painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green;
Thine, with infant-harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.
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Friend

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithsome near the yellow broom,
While his flock, that careles strays,
Seeks the wild thyme's sweet perfume.

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymphs, appear;
While I sing in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear.

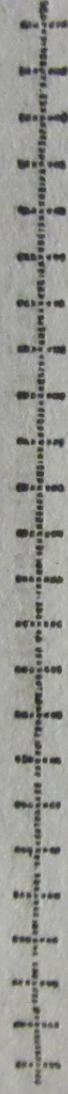
I had never skill to raise
Peans from the vocal strings,
To the god-like Hero's praise,
To the pageant pomp of Kings,

Stranger to the hostile plains,
Where the brazen trumpets sound;
Life's purple stream the verdure stains,
And heaps promiscuous press the ground:

Where the murderous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains;
Thee I woo, my gentle May,
Tune for thee my native strains.

Blooming groves, and wandering rills,
Soothe thy vacant poet's dreams,
Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
All her unexalted themes.



T H E P R A I S E S O F I S I S ;
A P P O E M.

W R I T T E N M D C C L V.

E Y C H A R L E S E M I L Y, E S Q.

C A S T A L I A N goddess, come; nor slight the call
Of simplest bard; auspicious come, and prompt
The flowing numbers; so may Isis lend
Attentive ear well-pleas'd, nor with disdain
Reject the wreath of freshest flowrets cull'd
From Pindus' hill to deck her lovely brow.—
Begin; what Muse to Isis shall deny
The votive song? for Isis loves the Muse.—
Thee, fairest Naiad, oft at early dawn
I meditate, till Evening, matron staid,
Her tresses dripping with ambrosial dew

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Advance