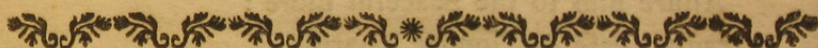


So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light  
 Thy tiny footsteps lead  
 To some new region of delight,  
 Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd  
 With heav'ns ambrosial dew ;  
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,  
 That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,  
 I'll pass in sober ease ;  
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,  
 Content but half to please.



ODE on the Duke of YORK's second De-  
 parture from England, as REARADMIRAL.

By the Author of the SHIPWRECK.

**A** G A I N the royal streamers play !  
 To glory Edward hastes away :  
 Adieu ye happy sylvan bowers  
 Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await !  
 Ye domes where regal grandeur towers  
 In purple ornaments of state !

Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain  
 Bids the tragic Muse complain!  
 Where Satire treads the comic stage,  
 To scourge and mend a venal age:  
 Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,  
 And melting symphonies congenial play!  
 Ye silken sons of ease, who dwell  
 In flowery vales of peace, farewell!  
 In vain the Goddess of the myrtle grove  
 Her charms ineffable displays;  
 In vain she calls to happier realms of love,  
 Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:  
 In vain her living roses blow,  
 And ever-vernal pleasures grow;  
 The gentle sports of youth no more  
 Allure him to the peaceful shore:  
 Arcadian ease no longer charms,  
 For war and fame alone can please.  
 His glowing bosom beats to arms,  
 To war the hero moves, thro' storms and wint'ry seas.

Tho' danger's hostile train appears  
 To thwart the course that honor steers;  
 Despising peril and dismay,  
 Our royal sailor hastes away:  
 His country calls; to guard her laws,  
 Lo! ev'ry joy the gallant youth resigns;  
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,  
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:  
 Hark! his sprightly clarions play,  
 Follow where he leads the way;

The shrill-ton'd fife, the thundering drum,  
Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son  
The thorny course of virtue run,  
When, taught by her unerring voice,  
He made the glorious choice:  
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,  
Youth's genial ardors to subdue:  
For Pleasure Cytherea's form assum'd,  
Her glowing charms divinely bright,  
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,  
And struck his ravish'd sight.

Transfix'd, amaz'd,  
Alcides gaz'd

O'er every angel-grace  
Of that all-lovely face;  
While deepening blushes soon confess  
The alternate passions in his breast.  
Her lips of coral hue,  
Young Spring embalm'd with nectar-dew:  
That swelling bosom half-reveal'd,  
Those eyes that sparkle heavenly light,  
His breast with tender tumults fill'd,  
And wak'd his soul to soft delight.  
Her limbs, that amorous filks enfold,  
Were cast in nature's finest mould;  
Persuasion's sweetest language hung  
In melting accents on her tongue:

Deep in his heart, th' enchanting tale  
 Imprest her pleasing power,  
 She points along the daified vale,  
 And shews th' Elyfian bower :  
 Her hand, that trembling ardors move,  
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove,  
 That sweet recess of dying love !  
 Ah! see o'erpower'd by beauty's arms,  
 And won by love's resistless charms,  
 The captive youth obeys the strong alarms !

And will no guardian power above  
 From ruin save the son of Jove ?  
 Ah! shall that soft delicious chain  
 The godlike victim thus enslave ;  
 Kind heaven his sinking soul sustain,  
 And from perdition snatch the brave !—  
 By heavenly mandate Virtue came,  
 To wake the slumbering sparks of fame,  
 To kindle and arouse the dying flame.  
 Swift as the quivering needle wheels,  
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels ;  
     Imprest with filial awe,  
     The wondering hero saw  
     Her form transcendent shine  
     With majesty divine ;  
 And while he view'd the holy maid,  
 His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :  
 His eyes with eager tumult roll,  
 As on each rival-nymph they bend,  
 Whilst love, regret, and hope divide his soul  
 By turns, and with conflicting anguish rend.

But soon he felt fair Virtue's voice compose  
 The painful struggle of intestine woes:  
 He felt her balm each pang destroy:  
 And all the numbers of his heart,  
 Retun'd by her celestial art,  
 Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.  
 Thus tutor'd by her magic lore,  
 His happy steps the realms explore,  
 Where guilt and error are no more:  
 The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,  
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away.  
 Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,  
 He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign:  
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,  
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,  
 Like him the royal youth she won:  
 Thus taught, he flies the peaceful shore,  
 And bids our warlike fleet advance,  
 The hostile squadrons to explore,  
 To curb the powers of Spain and France:  
 Aloft his martial ensigns flow!  
 And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!  
     The watry profound,  
     Awak'd by the sound,  
     All trembles around:  
 While Edward o'er the azure fields  
     Fraternal thunder wields:  
 High on the deck behold he stands,  
 And views around his floating bands

In awful order join ;  
 They, while the warlike trumpet's strain  
 Deep-sounding, swells along the main,  
 Extend th' embattled line.

Now with shouting peals of joy,  
 The ships their horrid tubes display,  
 Tier over tier in terrible array,  
 And wait the signal to destroy.

The sailors all burn to engage :  
 Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,  
 And shake the vaulted skies !

Exulting with Bacchanal rage ;  
 While Britain in thunder array'd,  
 Her standard of battle display'd !

Then Neptune that standard reverse,  
 Whose power is superior to thine !  
 And when her proud squadrons appear,  
 The trident and chariot resign !

Albion, wake thy grateful voice !  
 Let thy hills and vales rejoice !  
 O'er remotest hostile regions  
 Thy victorious flags are known ;  
 Thy resistless martial legions  
 Dreadful stride from zone to zone :  
 Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,  
 And all the trembling globe controul.  
 Thy seamen, invincibly true,  
 No menace, no fraud can subdue :  
 All dissonant strife they disclaim ;  
 And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine !  
 Triumphant strike each living string !  
 For him in extacy divine,  
 Your choral Io Paeans sing !  
 For him your festal concerts breathe !  
 For him your flowery garlands wreathe !  
 Wake ! O wake the joyful song !  
 Ye Fauns of the woods,  
 Ye Nymphs of the floods,  
 The musical current prolong ?  
 Ye Sylvans that dance on the plain,  
 To swell the grand chorus accord !  
 Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,  
 Exulting, acknowledge your Lord !  
 Till all the wild numbers combin'd,  
 That floating proclaim  
 Our admiral's name,  
 In symphony roll on the wind !

O! while consenting Britons praise,  
 These votive measures deign to hear ;  
 For thee, the Muse awakes her artless lays,  
 For thee her harp spontaneous plays  
 The tribute of a soul sincere.  
 Nor thou, illustrious chief, refuse  
 The incense of a naval Muse !  
 No happy son of wealth or fame,  
 To court a royal patron came :  
 A hapless youth, whose vital page  
 Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,  
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,  
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,

To glittering stars and titled names unknown,  
 Prefer'd his suit to thee alone.  
 The tragic tale your pity mov'd ;  
 You felt, consented, and approv'd.  
 Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !  
 Exalt to rapture every happy line !  
 My bosom kindle with Promethean fire,  
 And swell each note with energy divine !  
 No more to plaintive sounds of woe  
 Let the vocal numbers flow !  
 But tune to war the nervous strain,  
 Where Horror strides triumphant o'er the main ;  
 Where the fell lightning of the battle pours  
 Along the blasted wave in flaming showers.  
 Perhaps some future patriot-lay  
 With this important theme may glow,  
 Where Albion's squadrons crowd in black array,  
 To roll her thunders on th' insulting foe.  
 My bosom feels the strong alarms,  
 My swelling pulses beat to arms ;  
 While warm'd to life by Fancy's genial ray,  
 Some great event seems kindling into day ;  
 But Time the veil of silence draws between,  
 While Thought behind portrays th' ideal scene.

