



A VERNAL ODE.

Sent to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY,
March 12, 1754.

By FRANCIS FAWKES, A. M.

I.

BRIGHT God of day, whose genial power
Revives the buried seed,
That spreads with foliage every bower,
With verdure every mead,
Bid all thy vernal breezes fly,
Diffusing mildness thro' the sky;
Give the soft season to our drooping plains,
Sprinkled with rosy dews, and salutary rains.

II.

Enough has Winter's hand severe
Hurl'd all his terrors round,
Chill'd the fair dawning of the year,
And whiten'd all the ground:
Give but thy vital beams to play,
The frozen scenes will melt away;
And, mix in sprightly dance, the blooming Hours
Will 'wake the drowsy Spring, and Spring awake the flowers.

III. Let

Let Health, gay daughter of the skies,
On Zephyr's wings descend,
And scatter pleasures as she flies
Where Surry's downs extend ;
There HERRING wooes her friendly power,
There may she all her roses shower,
To heal that shepherd all her balms employ,
So will she sooth our fears, and give a nation joy.

IV.

Ah me ! that Virtue's godlike friends
So soon are claim'd by Fate !
Lo ! * PELHAM to the grave descends,
The bulwark of the state :
When will fair Truth his equal find
Among the best of human kind ?
Long be the fatal day with mourning kept !
AUGUSTUS sigh'd sincere, and all the worthy wept.

V.

Thy delegate, kind heaven, restore
To health, and safely keep ;
Let good AUGUSTUS sigh no more,
No more the worthy weep :
And still upon the royal head
The riches of thy blessings shed :
Establish'd with his counsellors around,
Long be his prosp'rous reign, and all with glory crown'd.

* *The Right Honourable Henry Pelham, Esq; died on the 6th of March 1754.*