



ODE to the Honourable \* \* \* \*

By the late Mr. F. COVENTRY.

**N**OW Britain's senate, far renown'd,  
 Assembles full an awful band!  
 Now Majesty with golden circle crown'd,  
 Mounts her bright throne, and waves her gracious hand.  
 "Ye chiefs of Albion with attention hear,  
 "Guard well your liberties, review your laws,  
 "Begin, begin th' important year,  
 "And boldly speak in Freedom's cause."  
 Then starting from her summer's rest  
 Glad Eloquence unbinds her tongue.  
 She feels rekindling raptures wake her breast,  
 And pours the sacred energy along.  
 'Twas here great Hampden's patriot voice was heard,  
 Here Pym, Kimbolton fir'd the British soul,  
 When Pow'r her arm despotic rear'd  
 But felt a senate's great controul.  
 'Twas here the pond'ring worthies sat,  
 Who fix'd the crown on William's head,  
 When awe-struck tyranny renounc'd the state,  
 And bigot JAMES his injur'd kingdoms fled.



Thee, generous youth, whom nature, birth adorn,  
The Muse selects from yon assembled throng:

O thou to serve thy country born,  
Tell me, young hero of my song,  
Thy genius now in fairest bloom,  
And warm with fancy's brightest rays,

Why sleeps thy soul unconscious of its doom?

Why idly fleet thy unapplauded days?

Thy country beckons thee with lifted hand,

Arise, she calls, awake thy latent flame,

Arise, 'tis England's high command,

And snatch the ready wreaths of fame.

Be this thy passion; greatly dare

A people's jarring wills to sway,

With curst Corruption wage eternal war,

That where thou goest, applauding crowds may say,

“Lo, that is he, whose spirit-ruling voice

“From her wild heights can call Ambition down,

“Can still Seditious's brutal noise,

“Or shake a tyrant's purple throne:”

'Then chiefs, and sages yet unborn

Shall boast thy thoughts in distant days,

With thee fair History her leaves adorn,

And laurell'd bards proclaim thy lasting praise.