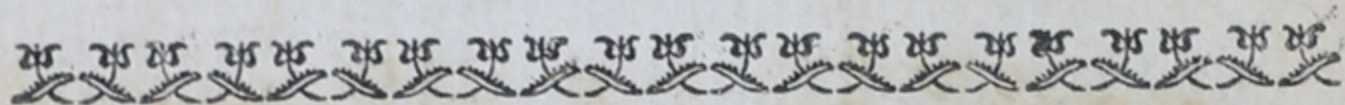


Approach : But awful ! Lo th' Egerian grott,
 Where, nobly-pensive, ST. JOHN fate and thought ;
 Where British sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT's soul.
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.



HYMN on SOLITUDE.

By the late JAMES THOMSON, Esq; Author of the Seasons.

HAIL, ever-pleasing Solitude !
 Companion of the wise and good !
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools, and villains fly.

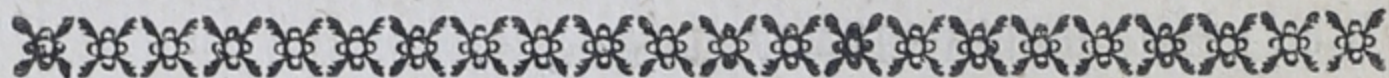
Oh ! how I love with thee to walk !
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk ;
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please ;
 Now rapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone philosopher you seem ;
 Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
 And nature triumphs in your eye :
 Then strait again you court the shade,
 And pining hang the pensive head.

A shepherd

A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
 And warble forth your oaten strain.
 A lover now with all the grace
 Of that sweet passion in your face !
 Then, soft-divided, you assume
 The gentle-looking H—d's bloom,
 As, with her PHILOMELA, she,
 (Her PHILOMELA fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
 A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please,
 Thine is th' unbounded breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is the woodland's dumb retreat ;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landskip swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful dear decline.
 And that best hour of musing thine.
 Descending angels bless thy train,
 The virtues of the sage, and swain ;
 Plain Innocence in white array'd,
 And Contemplation rears the head :
 Religion with her awful brow,
 And rapt URANIA waits on you.
 Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
 And in thy deep recesses dwell :

For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
For ever from the world retir'd ;
Nor by a mortal seen, save he
A LYCIDAS, or LYCON be.



An O D E

ON

Æ O L U S's H A R P. *

By the Same.

I.

Æ Therial race, inhabitants of air !
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove ;
Ye unseen beings to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid ?
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart ?
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

* *Æolus's Harp is a musical instrument, which plays with the wind, invented by Mr. Oswald ; its properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.*

III. But