



ODE I.

Allusion to HORACE.

----- *Ego, apud Matinæ*

More, modoque, &c.

Lib. iv. Od. ii.

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
 Where yonder limes behold their shade
 Along the glassy stream,
 With HORACE and his tuneful ease
 I'll rest from crouds, and care's disease,
 And summer's piercing beam.

Behold

Behold the busy, wand'ring BEE !

From bloom to bloom, from tree to tree

She sweeps mellifluous dews ;

For her the filken gems arise,

For her display their shining dyes,

Their balmy breath diffuse.

Sweet Murmurer ! may no rude storm

This pleasurable scene deform

To check thy gladsome toils ;

Still may the buds un sullied spring,

Still show'rs and sunshine court thy wing

To these ambrosial spoils.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail

Her fellow-lab'rer thus to hail,

And lucky be the strains !

For long ago did nature frame

Your seasons and your arts the same,

Your pleasures and your pains.

Like

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,

And river-banks and fruitful greens

Delights my vagrant song ;

Nor strives by soaring high in air,

Tho' swans and eagles triumph there,

To draw the giddy throng.

Nor where the raven, where the owl

By night their hateful orgies howl,

Will she her cares imploy ;

But flies from ruins and from graves,

From ghostly cells and monkish caves

To day-light and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste ;

Nor deigns th' ungrateful stores to taste

Of any noxious thing ;

But leaves with scorn to others' use

The bitter hemlock's baneful juice,

The nettle's fordid sting,

From all which nature fairest knows,

The vernal blooms, the summer rose,

She draws her mingled wealth ;

And when the lovely task is done,

She consecrates a double boon,

To pleasure and to health.

