

ODE III.

Against SUSPICION.

O Fly ! 'Tis dire SUSPICION's mien ;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The forc'ress hitherbends :
Behold her torch in gall imbrued :
Behold——her garments drop with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far ! Already int' your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise ;
And soon thro' every ovein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

The

ODE III.

Then come the hours of shame and fear ;

'Then hints of horror seize your ear ;

While gleams of lost delight

Raise the deep discord of the brain,

As light'ning shines along the main

Thro' whirlwinds and thro' night.

No more can faith or candor move ;

But each ingenuous deed of love

Which once you would applaud,

Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,

Malignant fancy longs to dress

Like injury and fraud.

Farewel to virtue's peaceful times !

For soon you'll stoop to act the crimes

You thus can stoop to fear : 'tis noot baA

When vice begins her ugly train, how woe

With wrongs of such unmanly b'stain, how ill

What horrors form their rear !

'Tis

O D E III.

17

'Tis thus, to work her baleful pow'r,
SUSPICION waits the fullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
When care th' infirmer bosom wrings,
Or EURUS shakes his gloomy wings
 To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unblest,
Which first beheld your candid breast,
 To groundless fears a prey ;
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,

What Pow'r unseen diffuses far

 This tenderness of mind ?

What Genius smiles on every flood ?

What God, in whispers from the wood,

 Bids every heart be kind ?

C

O thou,

ODE III.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose breath awak'd th'immortal flame
 That moves my active veins ;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Haft doubled all my future joys,
 And half disarm'd my pains ;

Let universal CANDOUR still,
 Clear as yon heav'n-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind ;
 Nor this, nor THAT man's crooked views,
 One mean or cruel doubt infuse
 To injure human kind.

