
H Y M N S

A N D

S A C R E D P O E M S.

P A R T I.

E U P O L I S' *Hymn to the Creator.*

AUTHOR of Being, Source of Light,
 With unfading Beauties bright,
 Fulness, Goodness, rolling round
 Thy own fair Orb without a Bound :
 Whether Thee thy Suppliants call
 Truth, or Good, or One, or All,
Ei or *Iao* ; Thee we hail
 Essence that can never fail,
Grecian or *Barbaric* Name,
 Thy steadfast Being still the same.

Thee, when Morning greets the Skies
 With rosy Cheeks and humid Eyes ;
 Thee, when sweet-declining Day
 Sinks in purple Waves away ;
 Thee will I sing, O Parent *Jove*
 And teach the World to praise and love.

B

Yonder

2 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Yonder azure Vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid Sky,
Earth on its firm Basis plac'd,
And with circling Waves embrac'd,
All, Creating Pow'r confests,
All their mighty Maker blefs.
Thou shak'st all Nature with thy Nod,
Sea, Earth, and Air confests thee God:
Yet does thy pow'rful Hand sustain
Both Earth and Heaven, both Firm and Main.

Scarce can our daring Thoughts arise
To thy Pavilion in the Skies;
Nor can *Plato's* self declare
The Bliss, the Joy, the Rapture there.
Barren above Thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious Train,
The Sons of God, the Sons of Light,
Ever joying in thy Sight:
(For Thee their silver Harps are strung,
Ever beauteous, ever young,
Angelic Forms their Voices raise,
And thro' Heaven's Arch resound thy Praise.

The feather'd Souls that swim the Air,
And bathe in liquid Ether there,
The Lark, Precentor of their Choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn; th' angelic Notes
Repeating in their warbling Throats:
And ere to soft Repose they go,
Teach them to their Lords below:
On the green Turf, their mossy Nest,
The Ev'ning Anthem swells their Breat.
Thus like thy Golden Chain from high,
Thy Praise unites the Earth and Sky.

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Source of Light, Thou bidst the Sun

On his burning Axles run;

The Stars like Dust around him fly,

And shew the Area of the Sky.

He drives so swift his Race above,

Mortals can't perceive him move:

So smooth his Course, oblique or strait,

Olympus shakes not with his Weight.

As the Queen of solemn Night

Fills at his Vase her Orb of Light,

Imparted Lustre; Thus we see,

The solar Virtue shines by Thee.

Eirestone we'll no more,

Imaginary Pow'r, adore;

Since Oil, and Wool, and chearing Wine,

And Life-sustaining Bread is thine.

Thy Herbage, O Great *Pan*, sustains

The Flocks that graze our *Attic* Plains;

The Olive, with fresh Verdure crown'd,

Rises pregnant from the Ground;

At thy Command it shoots and springs,

And a thousand Blessings brings.

Minerva, only is thy Mind,

Wisdom, and Bounty to Mankind.

The fragrant Thyme, the bloomy Rose,

Herb and Flow'r and Shrub that grows

On *Thessalian Tempe's* Plain,

Or where the rich *Sabeans* reign,

That treat the Taste or Smell or Sight,

For Food, for Med'cine or Delight;

Planted by thy Parent Care,

Spring and smile and flourish there.

O ye Nurfes of soft Dreams,

Reedy Brooks and winding Streams,

B 2

Or

4 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Or murm'ring o'er the Pebbles sheen,
 Or sliding thro' the Meadows green,
 Or where thro' matted Sedge you creep,
 Travelling to your Parent Deep :
 Sound his Praise, by whom you rose,
 That Sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.

O ye immortal Woods and Groves,
 Which the enamour'd Student loves ;
 Beneath whose venerable shade,
 For Thought and friendly Converse made,
 Fam'd *Hecadem*, old Hero, lies,
 Whose Shrine is shaded from the Skies,
 And thro' the Gloom of silent Night
 Projects from far its trembling Light ;
 You, whose Roots descend as low,
 As high in Air your Branches grow ;
 Your leafy Arms to Heav'n extend,
 Bend your Heads, in Homage bend :
 Cedars and Pines that wave above,
 And the Oak belov'd of *Jove*.

Omen, Monster, Prodigy,
 Or nothing are, or *Jove* from Thee !
 Whether various Nature play,
 Or re-invers'd thy Will obey,
 And to Rebel Man declare
 Famine, Plague or Wasteful War.
 Laugh, ye Profane, who dare despise
 The threaten'g Vengeance of the Skies,
 Whilst the Pious, on his Guard,
 Undismay'd is still prepar'd :
 Life or Death, his Mind's at rest,
 Since what Thou send'st must needs be best.

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No Evil can from Thee proceed:

'Tis only Suff' red not Deceed.

Darkness is not from the Sun,

Nor mount the Shades till he is gone:

'Then does Night obscene arise

From *Erebus*, and fill the Skies,

Fantastic Forms the Air invade,

Daughters of Nothing and of Shade.

Can we forget thy Guardian Care,

Slow to punish, prone to spare!

Thou break'st the haughty *Persian's* Pride,

That dar'd old Ocean's Pow'r deride;

Their Shipwrecks strew'd th'*Eubean* Wave,

At *Marathon* they found a Grave.

O ye blest *Greeks* who there expir'd,

For *Greece* with pious Ardor fir'd,

What Shrines or Altars shall we raise

To secure your endless Praise?

Or need we Monuments supply,

To rescue what can never die!

And yet a Greater Hero far

(Unless Great *Socrates* could err)

Shall rise to bless some future Day,

And teach to live, and teach to pray.

Come, unknown Instructor, come!

Our leaping Hearts shall make Thee room;

Thou with *Jove* our Vows shalt share,

Of *Jove* and Thee We are the Care.

O Father King, whose heav'nly Face

Shines serene on All thy Race,

We thy Magnificence adore,

And thy well-known Aid implore:

Nor vainly for thy Help we call;

Nor can we want: For thou art All!

B 3

SOLITUDE