

TO ETHELINDA,

On her doing my Verses the honour of wearing them in her bosom.

Written at Thirteen.

O D E XII.

I.

Happy verses! that were prest
 In fair Ethelinda's breast!
 Happy muse, that didst embrace
 The sweet, the heav'nly-fragrant place!
 Tell me, is the omen true,
 Shall the bard arrive there too?

II.

Oft thro' my eyes my soul has flown,
 And wanton'd on that ivory throne:
 There with extatic transport burn'd,
 And thought it was to heav'n return'd.
 Tell me, is the omen true,
 Shall the body follow too?

III.

When first at nature's early birth,
 Heav'n sent a man upon the earth,
 Ev'n Eden was more fruitful found,
 When Adam came to till the ground:
 Shall then those breasts be fair in vain,
 And only rise to fall again?

IV.

IV.

No, no, fair nymph---for no such end
 Did heav'n to thee its bounty lend;
 That breast was ne'er design'd by fate,
 For verse, or things inanimate;
 Then throw them from that downy bed,
 And take the poet in their stead.

On an EAGLE confined in a College-Court.

O D E XIII.

I.

IMperial bird, who wont to soar
 High o'er the rolling cloud,
 Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
 Their heads in Ether shroud;----
 Thou servant of almighty Jove,
 Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
 To the bleak north's extremest goal;---
 Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
 The sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
 And shake thy native pole!----

II.

Oh cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
 What more than Gothic ire,
 At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
 To check thy daring fire,

Has