

## 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.

**I**Mperial 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

Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,  
 Where Discipline and Dulness dwell,  
     Where Genius ne'er was seen to roam ;  
 Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,  
 Nor ever quits the carnal breast,  
     But lurks and sneaks at home !

## III.

Tho' dim'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,  
     So grov'ling ! once so great !  
 The grief-inspired Muse shall sing  
     In tend'rest lays thy fate.  
 What time by thee scholastic Pride  
 Takes his precise, pedantic stride,  
     Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,  
 The stream of love ne'er from his heart  
 Flows out, to act fair pity's part ;  
     But stinks, and stagnates there.

## IV.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng---  
     Hold the reflecting glass,---  
 That not untutor'd at thy wrong  
     The passenger may pass:  
 Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,  
 Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,  
     Who study downward on the ground ;  
 Type of the fall of Greece and Rome ;  
 While more than mathematic gloom,  
     Envelopes all around !