
O D E T O F A N C Y.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE art thou, Fancy, visionary maid?
 Whose lenient artifice and easy aid
 Can quell the fierce disorders of the breast,
 And soothe the pensive soul to rest?
 Whether along the daisy bank reclin'd,
 With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning wind,
 Or by the brook's loquacious channel stray,
 Where the deep dimpled eddies play;
 Haste thee, from the blended glow
 Of beauties in yon lucid bow,
 With fine spun light, and golden beams,
 Softly weave thy waking dreams:
 Bid the rang'd ideas fly,
 Opening to the ravish'd eye
 A glimpse of bliss, where gay Desire is found
 Sporting with Youth while music wakes around.
 Behold the variegated prospect rise!
 What gallant harmony! what glad surprise!
 The sweet Mygdonian pipe with rural strains
 Collects the nymphs and shepherd swains.

Secure

Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed,
 And heifers 'midst the neighbouring pastures feed.
 Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithsome pair
 Have bid adieu to pine and care.

See them hand in hand advance
 Circling in the smooth pac'd dance;
 Now to numbers quaint they stray,
 Bounding on the mazy way!
 The goldfinch and the linnet nigh
 Join the simple minstrelsy:
 The simple notes, and merry gambols fire
 (Plac'd by the hawthorn-hedge) each ancient fire.

But see! where Solitude, of sober mien,
 With Health and Modesty, her charming maids,
 Leaving the straw-roof'd neighbourhood, is seen
 To rove beneath the venerable shades!
 O harmless cottages! O happy glades!

Where no misfortunes factious rage deplore,
 No discontent the quiet breast invades:
 How pleasant 'tis from this far season'd shore
 To hear the tumbling ocean's wavy roar!
 Now whither, with the sun-beam's darting speed,
 Thy rapt enthusiast, Fancy, wilt thou lead?
 What other scenes of more sincere delight
 The goddess and her guest invite?

She,

She, like the Sybil with her golden bough,
Descends to search the sacred realms below.
In amaranthine bowers the blest appear,

By pearly grot or fountain clear:

To heroes ghosts, or scepter'd kings,

The laurell'd bard divinely sings.

Hark! the animating strains

Warble thro' th' Elysian plains:

When the pause admits delay

Thus th' immortals seem to say,

(Closing the accents of each tuneful voice)

"For ever thus, for ever we rejoice."

What sad transition! means this rising show

To drive out real pain with fancied woe?

I see the mourners in the darken'd room,

The rustic hearse, the letter'd tomb.

Still, still the wayward, wild ideas take

The solemn livery of death, and wake

Tender-ey'd pity, as the village train

The shrouded husbandman sustain.

What semblances of wretched plight

'Mid the procession strike the sight!

Ah! 'tis Grief herself appears,

Her flowing tresses steep'd in tears;

Her garments torn, her bosom bare,

Reckless of th' inclement air

Three orphan children mark their mother's moan,

Hang down their heads, and answer groan for groan.

Hence, hence, ye hapless images; away
 Delusive Fancy; with thy subtle heat
 No more thy vain machinery display,
 Now the dark grave, and now the green retreat:
 Contentment's truth surpasses thy deceit.

Sister of Wisdom she; of aspect mild:
 Who makes the golden mean her certain seat,
 And looks on casualty as nature's child;
 To heaven's behests still nobly reconcil'd.

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ODE ON TRUE GREATNESS.

BY THE SAME.

LET who will climb the towery steep
 Of sovereignty, with slippery strides,
 Where, on the bosom of the deep
 Below, the pitchy pinnace rides:
 A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
 Waves ghastly; and a sable crew
 Gaze from the deck, and seem to wait,
 Dash'd down the pointed rocks, the rash unfortunate.
 Mine be the low and level way,
 Amid the quiet vale to stray;

Safe