Shall watch thee o'er the dewy glade,
And guard thee from the midnight shade.

Thou too shalt all his toils repay,
Slow-lingering here with fond delay;
Here shalt thou choose thy favourite seat,
Here fix thy last, thy blest retreat;
Each old Athenian bloom regain,
And here in Attic splendor reign.

********:********:********:********:********:********:

O D E

TO THE

Right Honourable the Lady * * * *
ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.
BY THE SAME.

WHILE you 'mid spring's gay months deplore, 
Till lessening Grief's exhausted store,
By Time subsiding fail;
The Muse, Affliction's constant friend, 
With social woe shall still attend,
If aught her aid avail.

᾽Tis
"Tis hers in life's most ruffled scene
To smooth Misfortune's angry mien,
And watch each rising sigh:
"Tis hers to bid the Guilty fear,
To wipe the virtuous starting tear
That swells in Sorrow's eye.

'Mid simple Scythian's dreary land
Her gentle, sweet, assuasive hand
Could give sad Ovid rest;
She still in mournful numbers pleas'd,
With her the hapless exile eas'd
His sadly plaintive breast.

For thee she still shall seek the plain,
Where Severn leads his dusky train,
Or Wey's smooth waters roll;
Her power could blunt Affliction's dart,
And fondly soothe the keener smart
Of Sappho's love-sick soul.

On you propitious she bestows
A mind too chaste for Sappho's woes,
Unstain'd by wild desire;
She Sappho's charms in you supplies,
To me the partial power denies
The Lesbian's purer fire.

Did
Did bounteous heaven, profusely kind,
To frame the favourite infant mind
   Its fondest care employ;
How idle yet the hopes you raise
In planning of his future days,
   How vain each fancy'd joy!

Had Fate prolong'd th' uncertain flame,
Nor from the weak enfeebled frame
   Had life's fleet vision past;
Who knows but angry heaven had still
With every baleful bitter ill
   Each future day o'ercall!

Since awful Prudence ne'er appears,
Till calmer thoughts and milder years
   Each lawless with asluage;
A fruit unknown to summer's heat,
That buds alone in life's retreat,
   And only blooms in age.

'Mid Solitude's sequester'd joy
May no rude cares thy peace destroy
   By sure Remembrance brought:
Nor e'er from Grief's abundant source
May dark Reflection's secret force
   Recall one aching thought.
Oft as to each regardless wind
With simple notes the village-hind
Attunes his love-lorn reed,
When Night her dewy curtain spreads,
And Cynthia silver glimmerings sheds
O'er thicket, vale, and mead.

Thou too, beneath the moon's pale gleams,
Shall haunt those glades, where fairy streams
To Sorrow's softness flow;
Where Love and Grief alone have trod,
Where bending willows seem to nod
With sympathetic woe.

Wan Melancholy 'mid the storm
Shall rear her meek dejected form,
In fable vest array'd;
While sullen Silence reigns around,
Her voice in flow and solemn sound
Shall whisper thro' the shade:

"Stranger, draw near!—To Sorrow true
With me these lonesome walks review,
Where Horror's charms invite;
Daughter of Joy!—I know thy air!
Retract thy hurry'd steps!—nor dare
Profane each hallow'd rite!

"To
"To mix with Mirth's mad train be thine;
"The dismal drearier task be mine
"'Mid these torn scenes to weep!
"My days in these still bowers immur'd,
"By no false flattering hopes allur'd,
"Shall one sad tenor keep.

"Let Grief no more thy youth consume,
"Nor fighting o'er the silent tomb
"Thy piteous murmurs breathe.
"Reject the gloomy cypress bough;
"Each airy form to grace thy brow
"Shall twine the festive wreath.

"The Infant Shade, where-e'er you rove,
"Shall faithful to that sacred grove
"With sure return appear;
"Nor e'er his filial love shall cease,
"He still with soothing sounds of peace
"Shall charm thy listening ear.

"At morn, when deep sepulcral caves,
"When opening vaults, and yawning graves
"Their wandering dead recall;
"He ne'er shall quit that fainted place
"Till lingering in thy fond embrace
"The shadowy tear shall fall.

"May'st
May'st thou, 'mid Pleasure's sons rejoice,
Each Muse shall with according voice
Confirm the pleasing tale.
This said—the melting Maid of Woe
Shall cease—and o'er her charms shall throw
The thin translucent veil.

The time shall come, when Fancy's power
To each slow-sorrowing pensive hour
Shall gladly bring relief:
When every care shall die away,
And wakeful Memory's gentler sway
Dissolve the reign of Grief.

Thus, by the painter's just design,
From each judicious happy line
The colours bloom or fade;
Elude the nice observer's sight,
By soft gradations dawn to light,
Or languish into shade.

SLANDER: