

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.

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O D E

T O T H E

Right Honourable the Lady \* \* \* \*,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

B Y T H E S A M E .

**W**HILE 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 hers in life's most ruffled scene  
 To smoothe 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 sooth 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 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'ercast!

Since awful Prudence ne'er appears,  
 Till calmer thoughts and milder years  
 Each lawless wish assuage;  
 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



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 sable vest array'd;  
 While sullen Silence reigns around,  
 Her voice in slow 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 lorn 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 sighing 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 sepulchral 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’t



“ 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: