

ODE TO THE ATHEIST.

BY THE SAME.

**E**XPATIATE long in nice debate,  
On Chance, Necessity, and Fate;  
With learn'd Lucretius stray  
In Epicurus' magic grove,  
Where the self-motion'd atoms rove  
In mazy mystic play.

Some vain hypothesis admit,  
The specious cobweb-work of wit;  
And daringly deny  
What every object round avows,  
What every act of Reason shews,  
An All-wise Deity,

The clearest evidence contest,  
Divinely stamp'd on every breast,  
Since Time was taught to roll;  
In Error's gloomy coverts stray,  
From Truth's indisputable ray  
Remote, as pole from pole.

So

So shuts the moping bird of night  
Her feeble eyes against the light,  
That glads the chearful day;  
And when prevailing darkness reigns;  
Thro' groves obscene, or dreary plains,  
She wings her dubious way.

Consult the blue expanse on high,  
The blush that paints the morning sky,  
The cloud that nimbly rides,  
The orbs that mark with lustre bright  
The spangled mantle of the night,  
Who there supreme resides.

Question the gaudy flowers around,  
That scent the air, or paint the ground,  
Whose influence they obey;  
Whose hand imparts the various dyes,  
At whose command they bud and rise,  
At whose command decay.

Say ye, on down, or mountain steep,  
That stately tread, or lowly creep;  
And ye aërial throng,  
That chear the woodland scene and fields  
With vocal strains; whose bounty yields,  
Or sustenance or song:

Who,

Who, in the ocean's waste domain,  
The tenants of the watry plain  
With liberal hand supplies?  
The floods in icy fetters binds,  
Smooths the rough surge, and lulls the winds,  
Or bids the tempest rise?

Nature in every mystic scene  
Declares a plastic Author's reign:  
Above the morning's wings,  
Beyond the sea's remotest tides,  
Beneath the Dædal earth resides  
Th' Almighty King of Kings.



## ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

**R**EMOTE from those enchanting bowers,  
Where dance the nimble-footed hours,  
Where revels frantic Folly;  
To thee I bring the tribute tear,  
Visits the muse thy mansions drear,  
Heart-searching Melancholy.