

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.

REMOTE 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.

By thee inspir'd, by Fancy led,
Thy hallowed ground I seem to tread,
Where o'er the joyless plain
The æther sheds its blackest hue,
And here and there a lonely yew
Marks Melancholy's reign.

Where chearful gales forget to blow,
Pellucid currents cease to flow,
The cloud-capt mountain's height
All avenues of the dreary way
Secures from each pervading ray
Of soul-enlivening light.

Where Grief sad social solace seeks,
The rose has fled her meagre cheeks,
And hollow is her eye;
Care on her lap reclines his head,
Whilst hovering round the restless bed
The wing'd chimeras fly.

Rack'd with ideal tortures Spleen
A thousand fiends unknown, unseen,
With shadowy faulchions scare;
This rends her breast, that goads her sides,
And every hag of Fancy rides
The phantom thro' the air.

Hark,

Hark, softly stealing on the ear
 The hollow sigh, the dropping tear,
 The music of Despair;
 Not lovers sorrow-mocking sighs,
 Or mimic Grief that melts the eyes
 Of youthful widowed fair.

Sorrows that orphan bosoms pierce,
 Pour'd o'er a tender parent's hearse,
 Snatch'd by unpitying fate;
 No fostering hand's kind solace nigh,
 Each summer friend with wayward eye
 Surveys their helpless state.

Thus the vague group of vernal flies,
 While Titan gilds the cloudless skies,
 Sport in the glistening ray:
 The splendid scene once overcast
 By lowering cloud, or adverse blast,
 Each insect veers away.

When Pleasure's madding tide o'erflows
 The rapt breast, to those doleful cells
 Of misery let me stray;
 There shall thought-fostering Solitude,
 Whilst no fantastic joys intrude,
 Each devious step recal to Virtue's rugged way.