

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
 — Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to blest
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes ;
 O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !

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## O D E T O P I T Y.

BY THE SAME.

**O** Thou, the friend of man assign'd,  
 With balmy hands his wounds to bind,  
 And charm his frantic woe :  
 When first Distress, with dagger keen,  
 Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,  
 His wild unfated foe !



By Pella's <sup>f</sup> bard, a magic name,  
By all the griefs his thought could frame,

Receive my humble rite :

Long, Pity, let the nations view  
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,  
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide  
To old Ilissus' distant side,

Deserted stream, and mute ?

Wild Arun <sup>g</sup> too has heard thy strains,  
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,

Been sooth'd by Pity's lure.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed

On gentlest Otway's infant head,

To him thy cell was shown ;

And while he sung, the female heart,

With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,

Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,

Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,

Thy temple's pride design ;

Its southern site, its truth compleat,

Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat

In all who view the shrine.

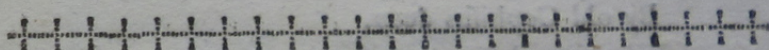
<sup>f</sup> Euripides.

<sup>g</sup> A river in Sussex.



There Picture's toils shall well relate,  
 How chance, or hard involving fate,  
 O'er mortal bliss prevail :  
 The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,  
 And sighing prompt her tender hand,  
 With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,  
 In dreams of passion melt away,  
 Allow'd with thee to dwell :  
 There waste the mournful lamp of night,  
 'Till, Virgin, thou again delight  
 To hear a British shell !



## ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou by Nature taught,  
 To breathe her genuine thought,  
 In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong :  
 Who first on mountains wild,  
 In Fancy, loveliest child,  
 Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song !