

## ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom even our joys provoke,  
 The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,  
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;  
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,  
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
 And stopp'd his wheels and look'd his rage away.  
 I see recoil his sable steeds,  
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,  
 Thy tender melting eyes they own;  
 O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,  
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,  
 To thee we build a roseate bower,  
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's  
 throne!

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 O D E   T O   L I B E R T Y.

BY THE SAME.

## STROPHE.

W H O shall awake the Spartan fire,  
 And call in solemn sounds to life  
 The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
 Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,



At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,

Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view ?

What new Alcæus<sup>h</sup>, fancy-blest,

Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,

At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,

(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)

Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,

It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound !

O Goddess, in that feeling hour,

When most its sounds would court thy ears,

Let not my shell's misguided power

E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.

No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,

How Rome, before thy weeping face,

With heavieſt Sound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,

Push'd by a wild and artleſs race

From off its wide ambitious baſe,

When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,

And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,

With many a rude repeated ſtroke,

And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

#### E P O D E.

Yet even, where'er the leaſt appear'd,

Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd ;

<sup>h</sup> Alluding to a beautiful fragment of Alcæus.

Still,



Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,  
 Some remnants of her strength were found ;  
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,  
 How wonderous rose her perfect form ;  
 How in the great, the labour'd whole,  
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul !  
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,  
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,  
 Till they <sup>i</sup>, whom Science lov'd to name,  
 (O who could fear it ?) quench'd her flame.  
 And lo, an humbler relic laid  
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade !  
 See small Marino <sup>k</sup> joins the theme,  
 Tho' least, not last in thy esteem :  
 Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings  
 To those <sup>l</sup>, whose merchant sons were kings ;  
 To him <sup>m</sup>, who, deck'd with pearly pride,  
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride.  
 Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,  
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure :  
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,  
 To sad Liguria's <sup>n</sup> bleeding state.

<sup>i</sup> The family of the Medici.

<sup>k</sup> The little republic of San Marino.

<sup>l</sup> The Venetians.

<sup>m</sup> The Doge of Venice.

<sup>n</sup> Genoa.



Ah no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,  
 On wild Helvetia's ° mountains bleak :  
 (Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,  
 The daring archer heard thy voice ;  
 Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,  
 The ravening eagle northward fled.)  
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,  
 With those p to whom thy flock is dear :  
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,  
 Whose crown a British queen q refus'd !  
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,  
 One holier name alone remains ;  
 The perfect spell shall then avail,  
 Hail nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,  
 The works, the wizzard Time has wrought !

° Switzerland.

p The Dutch, among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

q Queen Elizabeth.



The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,  
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand<sup>r</sup>,  
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,  
 He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.  
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,  
 The wild waves found another way,  
 Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;  
 Till all the banded West at once 'gan rise,  
 A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,  
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.  
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,  
 By winds and inward labours torn,  
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,  
 And down the should'ring billows born.  
 And see, like gems her laughing train,  
 The little isles on every side,  
 Mona<sup>s</sup>, once hid from those who search the main,  
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide,

And

<sup>r</sup> This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

<sup>s</sup> There is a tradition in the isle of Man, that a mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she punish'd the whole island,



And Wight who checks the westering tide,  
 For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,  
 A fair attendant on her sovereign pride :  
 To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,  
 For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode !

## S E C O N D E P O D E .

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,  
 'Midst the green navel of our isle,  
 Thy shrine in some religious wood,  
 O soul-enforcing goddess, stood !  
 There oft the painted native's feet  
 Were wont thy form celestial meet :  
 Tho' now with hopeless toil we trace  
 Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;  
 Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,  
 Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,  
 Or in what heaven-left age it fell,  
 'Twere hard for modern song to tell.  
 Yet still, if Truth those beams infuse,  
 Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,  
 Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,  
 Paving the light-embroider'd sky :  
 Amidst the bright pavillion'd plains,  
 The beauteous model still remains.

island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

There



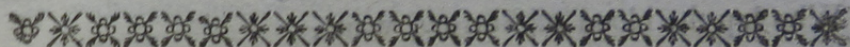
There happier than in islands blest,  
 Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,  
 The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,  
 In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,  
 Hear their consofited Druids sing  
 Their triumphs to th' immortal string;

How may the poet now unfold,  
 What never tongue or numbers told ?  
 How learn delighted, and amaz'd,  
 What hands unknown that fabric rais'd !  
 Even now, before his favour'd eyes,  
 In Gothic pride it seems to rise !  
 Yet Græcia's graceful orders join,  
 Majestic thro' the mix'd design ;  
 The secret builder knew to chuse,  
 Each sphere-found gem of richest hues :  
 Whate'er heaven's purer mould contains,  
 When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;  
 There on the walls the patriot's fight  
 May ever hang with fresh delight,  
 And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,  
 Read Albion's fame thro' every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,  
 That near her inmost altar stand !  
 Now sooth her, to her blissful train  
 Blythe Concord's social form to gain :  
 Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep  
 Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep :



Before whose breathing bosom's balm,  
 Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm ;  
 Her let our fires and matrons hoar  
 Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,  
 Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,  
 Play with the tangles of her hair,  
 Till, in one loud applauding sound,  
 The nations shout to her around,  
 O how supremely art thou blest,  
 Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west !



# O D E T O F E A R.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HOU, to whom the world unknown  
 With all its shadowy shapes is shown ;  
 Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,  
 While Fancy lifts the veil between :  
 Ah Fear ! ah frantic Fear !  
 I see, I see thee near.  
 I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !  
 Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly.  
 For lo what monsters in thy train appear !  
 Danger, whose limbs of giant mold  
 What mortal eye can fix'd behold ?

Who