Free as the wing'd inhabitants of air,
Who distant climes and various fealions ice,
Yet blest with change, and crown'd with Liberty,

Regions—tho' not, like soft Ambara, fair;
Vain with these rocks, whose summits pierce the skies,
With frowning aspect tell me—Hope is vain;
Till, freed by death, the purest spirit dies,
Here wretched Myra's deifi'd to remain.

H Y M N  T O  S O L I T U D E.

BY THE SAME.

Now genial Spring o'er lawn and grove,
Extends her vivid power,

Now Phoebus shines with mildest beams,
And wakes each sleeping flower.

Soft breezes fan the smiling mead,
Kind dews refresh the plain;
While Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
Renew their chearful reign.

Now far from business let me fly,
Far from the crowded seat
Of Envy, Pageantry, and Power,
To some obscure retreat.
Where Plenty sheds with liberal hand
Her various blessings round;
Where laughing joy delighted roves,
And roteate Health is found.

Give me to climb the mountain's brow,
With Contemplation's eyes.
And view the fair extensive scene.
And morn's first blushes rise;

Pour forth their love-taught lays;
I'll tune the grateful matin long,
To my Creator's praise.

And while the raptur'd woodland choir
He bade the solar orb advance,
To cheer the gloomy sky;
And at the gentle voice of Spring
Made heavy Winter fly.

He drest'd the groves in furling green,
Unlock'd the ice-bound rill;
Bade Flora's pride adorn the vale,
And herbage crown the hill.

To that all-gracious source of light,
Let early incense rise,
While on Devotion's wing the soul
Ascends her native skies.
And when the rapid car of day
Illumes the farthest west,
When sleep dissolves the captive chains,
And anguish sinks to rest;
Then let me range the shadowy lawns
When Vesper’s silver light
Plays on the trembling streams, and gilds
The fable veil of night.
When every earthly care’s at rest,
And musing Silence reigns;
Then active Fancy takes her flight
Wide o’er the ethereal plains;
Scars tho’ the trackless realms of space,
Sees endless systems roll;
Whilst all harmoniously combine,
To form one beauteous whole.
All hail! sweet Solitude! to thee,
In thy sequester’d bower,
Let me invoke the pastoral Muses,
And every Sylvan power.
Dear penive Nymph, the tender thought
And deep research is thine;
’Tis thine to heal the tortured breast,
And form the great design.
On thy still bosom let me rest,
Far from the clang of war;
Where stern Oppression's bloody chains
Precede the victor's car:

Here fold me in thy sacred arms,
Where Albion's happy plains
Exulting tell the nations round,
A British Brunswick reigns.

Here let me hail each rising sun,
Here view each day's decline;
Be Fame and Sway my Sovereign's lot,
Be Peace and Freedom mine.

ODE TO MAY.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely May;
While thy vivid skies appear,
Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery--painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green;
Thine, with infant--harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.