The glittering hoſt, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train:
Or ſhould a milder viſion pleaſe,
Preſent the happy ſcenes of Peace;
Plump Autumn bluſhing all around,
Rich Induſtry with Toil embrown'd;
Content with brow ſerenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO MIRTH.

BY THE SAME.

PArent of Joy! heart-eaſing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet Goddeſs ſure of heavenly birth,
Viſit benign a ſon of Grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him, Mirth, diſplay;
And o'er his raptur'd ſenſe
Diffuſe thy living influence:
So ſhall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove ſhall ſmooth the horrors of his ſhade,
And ſtreams in murmurs ſhall forget to flow.

Shine,

Shine, Goddeſs, ſhine with unremitting ray,
And gild (a ſecond ſun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can ſmile with thee,
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak the uplifted arm of Tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhower.
Lo! Darkneſs trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn;
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhivering ghoſts, that dread th' all-chearing light,
Quick, as the lightnings flaſh, glide to ſepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With Laughter at her ſide.
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart.
Fear not now Affliction's power,
Fear not now wild Paſſion's rage,

Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the ſuppliant Poet's prayer;
No cloud, that rides the blaſt, ſhall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON,
OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

O Thou that glad'ſt my loneſome hours
With many a wildly warbled ſong,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her ſullen ſtorms along;
When fell Adverſity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickneſs, Want, Remorſe, and Pain,
With all her hoſt of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human ſoul,
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul.

Sweet ſoother of my miſery, ſay,
Why doſt thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why doſt thou pour that artleſs lay?
How canſt thou, little priſoner, ſing?

Haſt