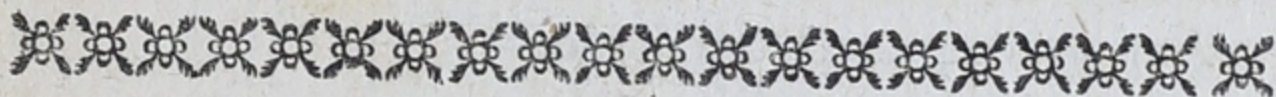


We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,  
 Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen.  
 But let no obstacles that cross our views,  
 Pervert our talents from their destin'd use ;  
 For, as upon life's hill we upwards press,  
 Our views will be obstructed less and less.  
 Be all false delicacy far away,  
 Lest it from nature lead us quite astray ;  
 And for th' imagin'd vice of human race,  
 Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase ;  
 Since God with reason joins to make us own,  
 That 'tis not good for man to be alone.



O D E, to a L A D Y.

On the Death of Col. CHARLES ROSS, in the Action  
 at Fontenoy. Written May 1745.

By Mr. W. COLLINS.

I.

**W**HILE, lost to all his former mirth,  
 BRITANNIA'S genius bends to earth,  
 And mourns the fatal day ;  
 While, stain'd with blood, he strives to tear  
 Unseemly from his sea-green hair  
 The wreaths of cheerful May ;

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II. The

## II.

The thoughts which musing pity pays,  
 And fond remembrance loves to raise,  
 Your faithful hours attend ;  
 Still fancy, to herself unkind,  
 Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,  
 And points the bleeding friend.

## III.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave  
 His country's vows shall bless the grave,  
 Where-e'er the youth is laid :  
 That sacred spot the village hind  
 With ev'ry sweetest turf shall bind,  
 And peace protect the shade.

## IV.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,  
 Aërial forms shall sit at eve  
 And bend the pensive head !  
 And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,  
 Imperial Honour's awful hand  
 Shall point his lonely bed !

## V.

The warlike dead of every age,  
 Who fill the fair recording page,  
 Shall leave their fainted rest :  
 And, half-reclining on his spear,  
 Each wond'ring Chief by turns appear,  
 To hail the blooming guest.

## VI.

Old EDWARD's sons, unknown to yield,  
 Shall crowd from CRESSY's laurell'd field,  
 And gaze with fix'd delight;  
 Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,  
 Again they snatch the gleamy steel,  
 And wish th' avenging fight.

## VII.

If, weak to sooth so soft an heart,  
 These pictur'd glories nought impart  
 To dry thy constant tear;  
 If yet in sorrow's distant eye,  
 Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,  
 Wild war insulting near.

## VIII.

Where-e'er from time thou court'st relief,  
 The Muse shall still with social grief  
 Her gentle promise keep:  
 Ev'n humble HARTING's cottag'd vale  
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale,  
 And bid her shepherds weep.