

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom Pleasure's flow'ry wreaths can bind,
And captive to her altars lead!
Weak Reason yields to Phrenzy's rage,
And all the world is Folly's stage,
And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
This fickleness, so light and vain,
In life's delusive transient dream,
Where men nor things are what they seem.
Is all the real good we gain.



The Hymns of DIONYSIUS: Translated
from the Greek.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

To the MUSE.

LEND thy voice, celestial maid:
Through thy vocal grove convey'd,
Let a sudden call from thee
Wake my soul to harmony.

Raise, oh! raise the hallow'd strain,
Mistress of the tuneful train.

And

And thou sacred source of light,
 Author of our mystic rite,
 Thou whom erst Latona bore
 On the sea-girt Delian shore,
 Join the fav'ring Muse, and shed
 All thy influence on my head.

II. TO APOLLO.

Be still, ye vaulted skies! be still
 Each hollow vale, each echoing hill,
 Let earth and seas, and winds attend;
 Ye birds awhile your notes suspend;
 Be hush'd each sound; behold him nigh,
 Parent of sacred harmony;
 He comes! his unshorn hair behind
 Loose floating to the wanton wind.
 Hail, fire of day, whose rosy car,
 Through the pathless fields of air,
 By thy winged couriers borne,
 Ope the eyelids of the morn.
 Thou, whose locks their light display
 O'er the wide ætherial way,
 Wreathing their united rays
 Into one promiscuous blaze.
 Under thy all-seeing eye
 Earth's remotest corners lie;
 While, in thy repeated course,
 Issuing from thy fruitful source,

Floods

Floods of fire incessant stray,
Streams of everlasting day.
Round thy sphere the starry throng,
Varying sweet their ceaseless song,
(While their vivid flames on high
Deck the clear untroubled sky,
To the tuneful lyre advance,
Joining in the mystic dance,
And with step alternate beat
Old Olympus' lofty feat.
At their head the wakeful Moon
Drives her milkwhite heifers on,
And with measur'd pace and even
Glides around the vast of heaven,
Journeying with unwearied force,
And rejoicing in her course.
Time attends with swift career,
And forms the circle of the year.

III. TO NEMESIS.

Nemesis, whose dreaded weight
Turns the scale of human fate ;
On whose front black terrors dwell,
Daughter dire of Justice, hail !
Thou whose adamantine rein
Curbs the arrogant and vain.
Wrong and Force before thee die,
Envy shuns thy searching eye,
And, her sable wings outspread,
Flies to hide her hated head.

Where thy wheel with restless round
 Runs along th' unprinted ground,
 Humbled there, at thy decree
 Human greatness bows the knee.
 Thine it is unseen to trace
 Step by step each mortal's pace :
 Thine the sons of Pride to check,
 And to bend the stubborn neck,
 Till our lives directed stand
 By the measure in thy hand.
 Thou observant sit'st on high
 With bent brow and stedfast eye,
 Weighing all that meets thy view
 In thy balance just and true.
 Goddess, look propitious down,
 View us, but without a frown,
 Nemesis, whose dreaded weight
 Turns the scale of human fate.

Nemesis be still our theme,
 Power immortal and supreme,
 Thee we praise, nor thee alone,
 But add the partner of thy throne.
 Thee and Justice both we sing,
 Justice, whose unwearied wing
 Rears aloft the virtuous name
 Safe from hell's rapacious claim ;
 And when thou thy wrath hast shed
 Turns it from the guiltless head.