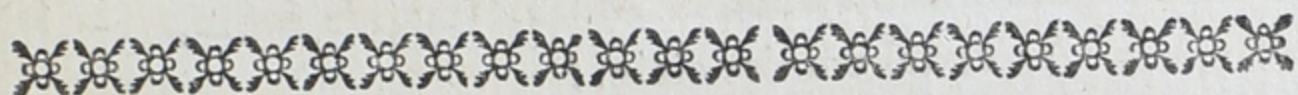


In those unfading islands of the blest,  
 Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs;  
 Thrice hail. for you the Cyrenaic shell,  
 Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs  
 Be present ye with favourable feet,  
 And all profaner audience far remove.



O D E

To the Right Honourable

FRANCIS Earl of HUNTINGDON.

MDCCXLVII.

By the Same.

I. 1.

**T**HE wise and great of every clime,  
 Through all thy spacious walks of Time,  
 Where'er the Muse her power display'd,  
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd.  
 For, taught of heaven, the sacred Nine  
 Persuasive numbers, forms divine,  
 To mortal sense impart:  
 They best the soul with glory fire;  
 They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;  
 And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2. Nor



## I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm  
 The vengeful bosom to disarm ;  
 To melt the proud with human woe,  
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.  
 Can wealth a power like this afford ?  
 Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,  
 An equal empire claim ?

No, HASTINGS. Thou my words wilt own :  
 Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;  
 Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

## I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,  
 And the fair function of the poet's tongue,  
 Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert  
 From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath fung,  
 Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings  
 Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower ;  
 Nor shall the baser notes to Celtic kings  
 By lying minstrels paid in evil hour,  
 Move Thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams  
 (Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear :  
 Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell  
 Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;  
 To hear the sweet instructress tell

(While



(While men and heroes throng'd around)  
 How life its noblest use may find,  
 How best for freedom be resign'd ;  
 And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

## II. 1.

Such was the \* Chian father's strain  
 To many a kind domestic train,  
 Whose pious hearth and genial bowl  
 Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul :  
 When, every hospitable rite  
 With equal bounty to requite,  
     He struck his magic strings ;  
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,  
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,  
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

## II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,  
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,  
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,  
 The genius of his country stands.  
 To listening gods he makes him known,  
 That man divine, by whom were sown  
     The seeds of Græcian fame :  
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd ;  
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd ;  
 From whom Plataean palms and Cyprian trophies came.

\* *Homer.*



## II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!  
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;  
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page  
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.  
 O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me:  
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;  
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;  
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,  
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng;  
 But that thy song  
 Was proud to unfold

What thy base rulers trembled to behold;  
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell  
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:  
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.  
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,  
 The Muse's law didst rightly know;  
 That who would animate his lays,  
 And other minds to virtue raise,  
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

## III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,  
 Whose verse adorn'd a \* tyrant's crimes?  
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,  
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid?

\* Octavius Cæsar.



Alas! not one polluted bard,  
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,  
 Or Tibur's hills reply'd,  
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;  
 Save that, instructed by the Græcian lyre,  
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

## III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,  
 Amid the domes of modern hands:  
 Amid the toys of idle state,  
 How simply, how severely great!  
 Then turn, and, while each western clime  
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,  
 So mark thou Milton's name;  
 And add, "Thus differs from the throng  
 "The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,  
 "Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame."

## III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal  
 His memory with unholy rage pursues;  
 While from these arduous cares of public weal  
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.  
 O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind  
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;  
 Must join the noblest form of every kind,  
 The world's most perfect image to display,  
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,  
 Unmov'd or cold!



O fool! to deem  
 That He, whose thought must visit every theme,  
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know  
 By nature planted, or by fortune taught ;  
 That He, if haply some presumptuous foe,  
 With false ignoble science fraught,  
 Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band ;  
 That He, their dear defence will shun,  
 Or hide their glories from the sun,  
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand !

## IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,  
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,  
 From public themes the Muse's quire  
 Content with polish'd ease retire.  
 Where priests the studious head command,  
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand  
 To vile ambition's aim,  
 Say, what can public themes afford,  
 Save venal honours to an hateful lord,  
 Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest fame ?

## IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne  
 To all her valiant sons is known ;  
 Where all are conscious of her cares,  
 And each the power, that rules him, shares ;  
 Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue  
 Leaves public arguments unsung,



Bid public praise farewell :  
 Let him to fitter climes remove,  
 Far from the heroe's and the patriot's love,  
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

## IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to all  
 Can ruling heav'n the same endowments lend :  
 Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,  
 That to one general weal their different powers they bend,  
 Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine  
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;  
 Though with new honours the patrician's line  
 Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone  
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.

The poet's name

He best shall prove,  
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.  
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,  
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :  
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,  
 The grateful country of thy fires,  
 Thee to sublimer paths demand ;  
 Sublimer than thy fires could trace,  
 Or thy own EDWARD teach his race,  
 Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

## V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,  
 They led the rustic youth to arms ;



And kings their stern atchievements fear'd ;  
 While private strife their banners rear'd.  
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,  
 Where empire's wide-establifh'd throne.

No private master fills :

Where, long foretold, The People reigns :  
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains ;  
 And judgeth what he sees ; and, as he judgeth, wills,

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide  
 The swelling democratic tide ;  
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,  
 And baffle faction's partial aim :  
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,  
 To quell that fervile band, who kneel  
 To freedom's banish'd foes ;  
 That monster, which is daily found  
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound ;  
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,  
 That guilty aims should fordid paths pursue ;  
 That what ensnares the heart should curb the hand,  
 And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.  
 But look on freedom. see, through every age,  
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd !  
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,  
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd !

For



For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains  
 Of happy swains,  
 Which now resound

Where Scarfsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,  
 Bear witness. there, oft let the farmer hail  
 The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,  
 And shew to strangers passing down the vale,  
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne fate;  
 When bursting from their country's chain,  
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,  
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,  
 They plann'd for freedom this her awful reign.

## VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,  
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,  
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,  
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.  
 But fear in vain attempts to bind  
 Those lofty efforts of the mind  
 Which social good inspires;  
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,  
 Each adds the common welfare to his own;  
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

## VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd  
 Our fields in civil blood imbrued?  
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,  
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost?



Did one of all that vaunting train,  
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,  
     Durst one in arms appear?  
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life?  
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?  
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

## VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, these are they,  
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love:  
 The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,  
 What glory should demand, or Liberty approve!  
 But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,  
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,  
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,  
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd,  
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise  
     Oft nobly sways  
     Ingenuous youth:  
 But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,  
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone  
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.  
 He, from the faithful records of his throne,  
     Bids the historian and the bard  
     Dispose of honour and of scorn;  
     Discern the patriot from the slave;  
     And write the good, the wise, the brave,  
 For lessons to the multitude unborn.