

O D E.

By Mr. G R A Y.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΙΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ—

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. i.

A WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
'Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,

VOL. VI.

X

And

And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the scept'red hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day,
 With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what Ills await,
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !

The

The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky:
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering Lab'rins creep,
 How do your tuneful Echo's languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!

Where each old poetic Mountain
 Inspiration breath'd around;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face : The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyfs to spy.
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :

The

The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two courfers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
But ah ! 'tis heard no more ———
Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far ——— but far above the Great.