

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON,

By the same.

FAIN would I strike the harp to kings,
And give to war the sounding strings;
But lo! the chords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of Love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
In vain I change the rebel wire;
Boldly I strike to war again,
But Love prevails thro' all the strain.

Oh! since not master of the shell,
Ye kings and sons of war farewell;
And since the Loves the song require,
To Venus I resign the lyre.

'Twas thus (O! Nymph) with Attic tongue
O'er yore the gay Anacreon sung,
A bard belov'd by me;
And who the poet's shell can blame,
Perhaps old Greece could boast a dame,
With every charm like thee.

SONG TO DELIA.

By the same.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
The cold regard of Delia's eye?
The heart whose only crime is love,
Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear:
Thy beauties, O divinely bright!
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I taste whole ages of delight!

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
Not to displease a cruel maid;
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
And sigh'd amid the distant shade.

What happier shepherd wins thy smile,
A bliss for which I hourly pine?
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vales
And fleecy flocks are more than mine!

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
And few the flocks those vales that rove:
With wealth I court not Delia's heart—
A nobler bribe I offer—Love!

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
And thoughtless wed for wealth alone;
The act may make my bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bless her own.

ODE TO A REDBREAST.

OH thou who cheer'st my tedious hours
With thy tuneful, babbling powers,
When other birds to rest repair,
And solemn stillness lulls the air!

Ah, where canst thou a refuge find
From winter's keen and piercing wind?
When icy chains bind every tree,
Canst thou relentless hunger see?
Then fearless to my mansion hie,
And I will crums of bread supply,
Till spring once more new pleasure yields,
And calls thee to the open fields.

TO THE DAISY.

THEE, lowly Daisy, as the year moves
on,
Once more I greet, half smiling, half in
tears.
Warm gratitude for many a pleasing dream
In careless infancy by thee bestow'd,
Shall now record thee on the Muse's page.
Time was, when I beheld thee, and could
think
Earth's variegated lap a bed of flowers
For man to rest on; could of thee com-
pose
A chapter for my brows, and deem such
wreath,
So simply wrought, a happiness as great
As this world might afford. O rankling
Care
Why didst thou come to chase away a joy,
So pure, so innocent!—That dream is
 fled—
Yet still, sweet gem, that colour'st all the
field
With thine unnotic'd hue, I still can hang
Enamour'd o'er thy graces, still can hold
The regal diadem, with thine compar'd,
A worthless bauble! As I've walk'd along,
Musing on thee, oft have I said, "How
bows
Thy purple-fringed cap beneath the foot-
Of every heedless passenger! ev'n so,
In this uneven world, insulting Pride
Tramples on Worth: yet harder is the
doom
Of suffering man. Fair flower, that
—pressure past,
Thy beauteous circlet soon shall rise again,
With more becoming charms: but man,
poor man,
Must sink beneath the load which weighs
him down,
Must bide the bitter taunt, and bear his
wrongs,
Unheard, unfelt, unpunish'd to the grave."

ODE TO THE SPRING.

BEHOLD, the beauteous twilight
breaks,
Sweet herald of approaching day!
The gentle Zephyr softly speaks
The music of his living lay!