

To him, ye birds, attune your lays,
For they to him belong;
And let your music sound his praise
In one concordant song.

MUSIC.

AN ODE.

THE various passions of the soul
Are under Music's vast controul,
When genius strikes the lyre;
Hark! how the sweetly soothing strain
Diffuses love thro' ev'ry vein,
Awakening soft desire.

Anon the rapid notes impart
Extatic fury to the heart;
Bellona wields her spear;
The coward now a hero seems,
Of laurel'd ensigns, victory dreams,
Devoid of pallid fear.

Now like the voice of Philomel,
Th' elegiac notes are taught to swell,
And pity melts the heart;
The lover views th' untimely bier,
And sheds the sympathetic tear,
Compell'd by magic art.

And now th' allegro notes entrance,
Let gay-eyed Pleasure lead the dance,
Her roseate wreaths entwine;
Lo! Beauty, by the Graces drest,
Responsive heaves the raptur'd breast,
And owns thy pow'r divine.

AN EFFUSION.

[From the European Magazine.]

WHERE are my wonted pleasures
Grown;
Oh, Mem'ry, how my bosom bleeds!
The sun of Fancy now is down,
And Truth's calm light its place suc-
ceeds.

The dreams that charm'd my earlier days
Are now, alas! for ever fled;
O happy times, on you I'll gaze,
And weep till Mem'ry's self be dead.

O Memory, how my bosom bleeds!
My faithful friend, to thee I fly:
Thou talk'st of youthful scenes, and deeds
Replete with innocence and joy.

Then Hope with every morn arose,
And breath'd in every verse I sung;
Nor left me at the evening's close,
For Love and Fancy both were young.

O Ignorance! our joy and shame!
Within thy arms, tho' wild and rude,
Pleas'd with each object and each aim,
We feel no pangs of thought intrude.

In life unskill'd, we count its charms,
Which Fancy paints with magic hand;
Suspicion wakes no harsh alarms,
To spoil the promis'd fairy land.

Delighted with the scene we stray
Where Pleasure rears her bright abode;
The passions lead the fated way,
And deck with flowers the winding
road;

And Hope allures us to the place,
Tho' distant still the prospects seem;
Till, wearied in the fruitless chace,
The spirits sink—and sinks the dream!

Then Age comes on, in fears array'd,
And faithless Hope and Fancy fly—
We mourn through life our youth betray'd,
And play the trisler till we die.

Haste! bring the goblet, god of wine!
Haste!—I will chase this gloom away!
To folly every thought resign,
To Stupor give the lingering day!

—Cease, simple youth! forbear to mourn,
Forbear in wine to drown thy woe;
Tho' Fancy's dreams no more return,
Life still has blessings to bestow.

Tho' cares intrude—tho' hopes beguile,
Tho' youth is transient—joy remains;
Love gives to Life her happiest smile,
And softens all her wringing pains.

Youth still is thine, and Daphne's eyes
In thine all other eyes excel—
Go, and possess the Heav'n-sent prize,
Whose worth thou long hast known so
well.

Go, and possess, in her and Love,
The joys whose loss thy heart bewails;
Go, fix thy shed in ———'s grove,
Where Nature's nicest taste prevails.

Then shalt thou realise the scene
Which Fancy's plastic hand pourtray'd;
Go, dwell amidst the shades serene,
And love thro' life thy sylvan maid.