

O D E S

BY

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ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ-----

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O D E.

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

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. I.

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 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

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 chear 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'rinth's 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. I.

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 smiled.

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' Abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :
The living Throne, the sapphire-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 Couriers 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 breath, 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.

THE following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD THE FIRST, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.



O D E II.

I. I.

‘ **R** U I N feize thee, ruthless King !
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state.
 ‘ Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears ! ’

Such were the sounds, that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance :
To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep furrows of his lyre.
' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
' O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breath ;
' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
' That hush'd the stormy main :

- ‘ Brave Urien fleeps upon his craggy bed :
- ‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
- ‘ Modred, whose magic fong
- ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.
- ‘ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
- ‘ Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
- ‘ Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens fail ;
- ‘ The famish’d Eagle screams, and paffes by.
- ‘ Dear loft companions of my tuneful art,
- ‘ Dear, as the light, that vifits thefe fad eyes,
- ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
- ‘ Ye died amidft your dying country’s cries-----
- ‘ No more I weep. They do not fleep.
- ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grieved band,
- ‘ I fee them fit, they linger yet,
- ‘ Avengers of their native land :
- ‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
- ‘ And weave with bloody hands the tiffue of thy line.

II. I.

- “ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
- “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.

“ Give

“ Give ample room, and verge enough
“ The characters of hell to trace.
“ Mark the year, and mark the night,
“ When Severn shall re-eccho with affright
“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King!
“ She-Wolf of France, with ’unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round him wait!
“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
“ And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.
“ Is the fable Warriour fled?
“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
“ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
“ Gone to salute the rising Morn,

“ Fair

“ Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 “ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
 “ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;
 “ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
 “ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind’s fway,
 “ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

“ * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 “ The rich repast prepare,
 “ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 “ Close by the regal chair
 “ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 “ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 “ Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 “ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 “ Long Years of havock urge their destined course,
 “ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers,) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

“ Ye Towers of Julius, London’s lasting flame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 “ Revere his Confort’s faith, his Father’s fame,
 “ And spare the meek Ufurper’s holy head.
 “ Above, below, the rose of fnow,
 “ Twined with her blushing foe, we fspread :
 “ The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny fhade.
 “ Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 2.

“ Edward, lo ! to fudden fate
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is fpun)
 “ *Half of thy heart we confecrate.
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”
 ‘ Stay, oh ftay ! nor thus forlorn
 ‘ Leave me unbleffed, unpitied, here to mourn :

* Eleanor of Caffile, died a few years after the conqueft of Wales. The heroic proof
 ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret,
 and forrow for the lofs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen in ſeveral parts of England.

- ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
- ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
- ‘ But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
- ‘ Descending flow their glitt’ring skirts unroll ?
- ‘ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
- ‘ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
- ‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
- ‘ All-hail*, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue, hail !

III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
- ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
- ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
- ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
- ‘ In the midst a Form divine !
- ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
- ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
- ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.

* Accession of the Line of Tudor.

- ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
- ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play!
- ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin*, hear;
- ‘ They breath a soul to animate thy clay.
- ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
- ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

III. 3.

- ‘ The verse adorn again
- ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
- ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
- ‘ In buskin’d measures move
- ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- ‘ With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- ‘ A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
- ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
- ‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.

* Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourish’d in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

- ‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon fanguine cloud,
- ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day ?
- ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
- ‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
- ‘ Enough for me : With joy I see
- ‘ The different doom our Fates assign.
- ‘ Be thine Despair, and scept’red Care,
- ‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.