

THE  
W A N D E R E R,  
A  
LYRIC POEM,  
IN FOUR IRREGULAR ODES.

## ODE THE FIRST.

THE

## SHEPHERD'S DREAM.

I.

\* TRENCH the turf, and delve it deep

“ Raise my camp's eternal mound

“ Build the long embattled sweep

“ Flanking wide the vale profound !

“ Point the passes, dark and dread

“ Where my free-born sons afar

“ Thund'ring down, with measur'd tread

“ Oft shall turn the tide of war

“ Encamp ye storms ! on yonder brow

“ Tow'ring o'er the Lemman wave

“ Doom'd to overwhelm the hostile prow

“ That dares her sacred flood to brave.”

FREEDOM thus to NATURE spoke

When the Alpine range arose

\* The scenery of this Ode is taken from Switzerland.

Long ere frore Aquilon shook  
O'er their height his virgin snows.

## II.

Cradle of heroes ! hail !  
Hail, proud hills, whose giant arms  
Of marble mold, repell the storms  
From the high-favour'd vale.

All hail ! ye cloud-capt mounds, which nature gave  
To check the proud barbarians headlong range.  
To stem the northern tide's impulsive wave  
And save the happy tribes from sudden change !

There like thy blue expanded lake  
That drinks the Arar and the Rhone,  
Thy native tribes a tincture take  
Of those who from a colder zone  
In daring search of sunnier vales  
In thy deep glens a shelter found.  
And yet, the dauntless stock prevails  
Old Leman's lawny borders round  
Before, the frontier lake extends  
Swept ever by the mountain gale,  
Rude ranger of her awful deep,  
Whose high-commission'd whirlwinds keep  
From the vexed wave the hostile sail.  
Behind the Alpine barrier bends,  
Here JURA from his high cerulean brow  
Surveys an hundred realms below  
There STON lifts his cloudy cone  
Aspiring to the midnight moon

Cradle of heroes! hail!

O’ER thy proud ramparts to the welkin pil’d

The awful sound of revolution goes,

Oft, shadowing their eternal snows

Fell Tyranny hath wing’d her vulture flight

Nor on thy green vales dar’d to light

Scar’d at FREEDOM’s dauntless eye

That flash’d defiance thro’ the sky.

Southward she wheel’d, from her undaunted foes

On tamer tribes to prey.

WHEN ancient Rome, with wild affray

Saw her new-rai’s’d temples fall.

Thou \* Helvetia! lent thine aid,

From thy vales, fermenting deep

Revolting from their iron sleep

O’er thy hills, the living tide

Swept the astonish’d vales in furling pride.

Desponding mute and still

Jove trembled for his hill, †

Supprest his thund’ring pride,

And laid his bolts aside.

To *them* what were *his* mimic fires

Who from old Cenis awful spires

Or from Pennino’s breezy brow

Heaven’s light’ning oft had seen with dauntless eye

Glance along the frozen sky, ‡

\* Invasion of Italy by the Gauls, defeated by Marius.

† The Capitol.

‡ The Glaciers.

Whose figur'd fabric strode the sunless vale below,  
 \* Nor had the Tullian thunders more prevail'd  
 The fate of Rome, by Heaven withheld  
 Had yet the start of yon revolving sphere  
 Before the destin'd year,  
 But TYRANNY with wild alarm  
 Beheld the coming storm  
 And sent mistrust and breach of faith  
 (Her favourite ministers of old)  
 The bold confederates, bent on death  
 Disband, by Roman arts controll'd.  
 SHE call'd her Cæsar from his dark retreat,  
 Not "in loose numbers wildly sweet,"  
 And sent him forth to search the source  
 Whence those ills deriv'd their force.  
 He, as a chief whose troops invest the wall  
 Of some beelaguered castle strong,  
 Wanders, the shelving hills among  
 To find the spring, whose subterranean maze  
 The garrison's fierce thirst allays,  
 And keeps alive the war.  
 Thus, to the climes that front the Boreal star  
 He took his dauntless way.

\* Junction of the Allobrogic Galls with Catiline's band, and prevented by Cicero, &c. Sallust.

\* Expedition of Cæsar in Gaul, his prevention of the Helvetic migration and conquest of that warlike people. Cæsar Com. l. 1.

Just as from wild Appenzel's vales,  
 From Berne and Uris' watry dales,  
 And Basil's meads, and Leman's strand,  
 Burst away the countless band.  
 Pent in their narrow glens they long had mourn'd,  
 And for an ampler range of glory burn'd.  
 The demons of despotic sway,  
 With stern regard, from Sion's height  
 Saw the torrent burst away,  
 And bade their Cæsar check its flight.  
 Back to its source he bade the living torrent flow,  
 Back to its source the living torrent flow'd  
 The smother'd flame indignant glow'd  
 Ages long of torpid woe.—

## III.

Long centuries of cheerless gloom  
 Like a live lamp laid in a tomb,  
 It burn'd, and now the raging north  
 Had call'd again the conflagration forth.  
 But ere it blew, the demon of the soul  
 Had stretch'd his sway from pole to pole  
 And, not content, with iron rod  
 To sink to slaves the sons of God.  
 His Mulciberian arts refin'd \*  
 Forg'd the fetters of the mind,

\* Effects of papal superstition, which in some respects, prevented the good consequences which might have attended the irruption of the Goths.

Bade his demons from the deep  
 Profane at will the curtain'd sleep  
 Display the blest Elysian bowers  
 The sentenc'd dead, the burning shores.  
     The silver fee, the fanguine scourge  
     That rescued from the flaming ferge  
     And Mammon kept the door  
     Disguis'd in humble fisher's weed.  
     Like him of old by Heaven decreed,  
 To call the Gentile world from Jordan's hallow'd shore.  
     And here the demons \* too were found  
     Who on Bœotia's flow'ry bound  
     And Athens, erst with mystic rite  
     And orgies wild profan'd the night.  
 The archimage in faintly stole array'd  
 And she, like UNA, heavenly maid  
     By wicked wiles, seductive art  
     Allur'd the crowd of simple heart.  
 They, † in the symbols given to memorize  
     The dread event on which they built their faith.  
     Behold with fascinated eyes  
     Like Egypt's sons, a vegetable god  
 Spring in the green blade, flourish in the stem  
     And load, with seeming life, the bending ear.  
     At the lying wizard's word  
 A spell-wrought banquet crown'd the board,

\* Bacchus and Ceres.

† Effects of the doctrine of transubstantiation

The grape's red juice became the vital tide  
 Streaming from their Saviour's side.  
 Bland Ceres' gifts, by holy fraud  
 Instinct, with mystic life, became  
 Emanuel's rent, and agonizing frame  
 The living cates, receiv'd within  
 They taught, had power to cleanse the taint  
     Of new-committed sin  
 And of a murderer make a faint.  
 The crowd in fancy, saw their bounteous Lord  
 And, hoodwink'd by the charm, they swallow'd and ador'd.  
     Repentance chang'd to mimic rites  
     To mutter'd prayers, and easy flights  
     The penal maze they trode with pain  
     And hasten'd back to sin again.  
 Or, was the penitent of wealth possess'd  
 The pious magian sooth'd his holy fears  
     With sovereign touch, the *silver wand*  
 Dry'd the salt spring of salutary tears  
 And calm oblivion touch'd his wounds with torpid hand.  
     The magic rites the fancy fir'd  
     Of the initiate train inspir'd  
     With visions new of op'ning glory  
     And, show'r'd like manna, heav'nly grace  
     Like him \* who erst in fabled story  
     At Jove's own banquets found a place.  
 CEMENTED now by magic flight

\* Tantalus.

Threat'ning to stretch her sway from pole to pole

Despotic o'er the soul.

Beneath the moon the fabric rose

Sacred to Hades and old Night

And low'r'd defiance on her ancient foes.

But lo ! the turns of fate

By night it rose and by a dream it fell,

The edifice of hell !

'Twas something more than fancy's plastic power

That fir'd the SLUMB'RING BOY'S extatic thought

(Whether in him the soul of ATHENS' sage\*

Walk'd again this earthly stage,

Or old Elijah's wrath at rites profane

Led him to leave the starry plain)

And held him high, by holy rapture caught

Above the haunted vale

Unfam'd by many an hideous tale

Of midnight spectres seen

Sweeping o'er the dewy green.

THERE many a baleful simile grew

Batt'ning in the midnight dew,

Two spectral forms he there beheld

Wand'ring round in vapours blue

The powers they seem'd, whose names of old

The Pagan world ador'd

The harvest Queen, the vineyard's Lord,

His bowl's red juice † the Bromian King

Temper'd at Lethe's lurid spring

\* Socrates.

† Bacchus.

(For there a branch of Lethe seem'd to rise  
 Portentous from the nether skies)  
 The wizard thus, and in her shadowy lap  
 The witch was seen to crop  
 The feeds of Lotos \* where it seem'd to grow  
 In many a goodly row.  
 She mixt it with the golden grain,  
 She fann'd it with her mystic vane.

## IV.

A gorgeous temple in his dream appear'd  
 And there an altar high was rear'd  
 And there the magic cup, the venom'd feast  
 Inviting every guest.  
 The suppliants came, they gorg'd, they quaff'd  
 And Folly rav'd and Frenzy laught,  
 Bland Superstition's trickling balm  
 Shed o'er each mind an holy calm.  
 Conscience felt the deadly wound  
 And sunk in vap'ry trance profound.  
 He wakes—he hears the fancy'd bell  
 That call'd the madding crowd  
 Distinct and loud  
 Again he hears  
 And hardly trusts his trembling ears  
 Again the brazen summons sounds  
 Again his trembling ear it wounds

\* Which caused the companions of Ulysses to forget their native country. See *Odysey*, l. 12.

He joins the blind devoted train  
 He enters now the opening fane  
 He sees the magic bowl once more  
 The cates prepar'd with mystic lore  
 Where, as he gorg'd the magic food  
 The haughty mortal seem'd a God.

Heaven had purg'd the stripling's eyes,

Or active fancy drew

Again to his astonish'd view

The natives of the nether skies.

Flashing anger, pale surprize,

Alternate froze, alternate glow'd

On his pale cheek as he stood

And "oh," he cry'd, "forbear, forbear!"

(The crowd their orisons withheld)

"See the fraudful phantoms there

"Whose sway the ancient world bewail'd

"They mix their dark spells with the faintly rite

"And haunt the holy roof in Heaven's despite

"See Ceres there, and Bacchus stand

"The magian with commission'd wand

"Deals on this forbidden ground

"His fell demonian charms around."

"In league with fell despotic sway

"He bends your free-born souls to tremble and obey.

"Seize him," the Flamen cry'd

(His bosom burning with pontific pride)

"Haste, bring that youth! some imp of hell

" Bids his demonian frenzy swell  
 " Haste, exorcise the latent pest  
 " That harbours in his heaving breast  
 " And interrupts our heavenly rite !  
 " Hurl him to Hades and old Night."  
 The Ministers obey'd the stern command  
 And seiz'd the youth with potent hand  
 The Priest his mutter'd spells began  
 And o'er his incantations ran.  
 The facing bell began to toll  
 To disengage the lab'ring soul.  
 In vain—his eyes began to glow  
 His giant nerve repell'd the foe  
 While, from the full vase sprinkled frore  
 The sacred lymph bedew'd the floor.  
 With vigorous arm he dash'd around  
 The lifted crosses,—the vase profound.  
 The magic book he hurls afar  
 And all the sacerdotal war.  
 Prostrate on earth in wild affray  
 Around the pale assistants lay  
 Sudden, the strange contagion spread  
 Revolt and faction rais'd its head  
 The madding crowd, as well as he  
 Clearly saw, or seem'd to see  
 The demon gods of ancient days  
 Partners of celestial praise.

And from the fane at once recoil'd  
Following their youthful guide, like Moses, to the wild.

## V.

With more than moonstruck rage tyrannic power

Bann'd aloud the luckless hour.

“ Oh ! had I been content,” he cry'd,

“ With war and slaughter by my side

“ To trust the trenchant sword alone

“ Nor call for succour to the gown

“ Nor let their cobweb arts essay

“ To lead the multitude astray,

“ Even ignorance, to thought unus'd

“ Feels its implicit faith abus'd.

“ But haste, ye Ministers of mine, who wield

“ Far other and more deadly arms

“ Nor vainly trust to futile charms !

“ Pursue the fugitives, pursue

“ While yet the bold revolt is new

“ While yet it lies in woods conceal'd

“ Ere thro' the long Helvetian vales

“ This home-bred lunacy prevails.

“ Call to the Tiber, Seine, and Loire

“ To quench the rising flame, to join their liquid store

“ And bid my favour'd Elbe and Rhine

“ To aid my cause their force combine.”

Instant, his legions heard their Lord

Havock rous'd her northern horde

Discord fires the kindred trains

And Leman's lake with crimson stains.

\* Freedom with religious faith  
 'Mongst the shadowy cliffs combining  
 Feed the fray with magic breath  
 Bright conquest now to this, now that enclining.

Murder now, with stealthy pace  
 Wand'ring thro' the midnight gloom  
 The bold reformer holds in chace  
 To mark him for the tomb,  
 Safety is there for *him* no more  
 Tho' his faction still survives  
 And the blest energy to other realms derives.  
 Yet still by civil conflicts tost  
 Religion's patron seeks a safer coast  
 And in the northern ocean dips his oar.

\* Insurrection in Switzerland, headed by Zuinglius the reformer.

† There is, it is owned, something of anachronism in the foregoing ode. Religion had very little immediate influence on the first commencement of Helvetic liberty, which happened near a century before the reformation; whatever share the latter revolution might have had in the subsequent establishment of the Helvetic constitution.

## ODE THE SECOND.

• THE

### SHEPHERD'S NUPTIALS.

I.

• **CITADEL** of freedom, hail !  
Majestic rising o'er the tempest-beaten main  
Who to the persecuted train  
On every blast, from every shore  
Where regal frenzy dips his foot in gore  
Giv'ft an asylum in thy wave-worn pale  
And beckonest with dumb welcome o'er  
The far-discovered sail !  
And not for nought,—for soon at hand  
Yon pinace furls her sail, the Exile seeks the land.  
Oh England ! if thou lik'ft to sleep  
In tranquil slumbers folded deep  
And hateft proud innovation's name,  
Her lifted ax, her brandish'd flame,

• England.

Send, oh fend, again to sea,  
 The moody wanderer far from thee !  
 For this is he whose chanted psalm  
 Broke old URIS holy calm  
 In Berne the flag of freedom wav'd  
 And Rome's cowl'd squadrons singly brav'd  
 Loos'd the charms that lock'd the mind  
 And from thick films the mental eye refin'd  
 The chief to thee is fled, but leaves behind  
 Discord's rage that drowns the wind  
 Fierce debates, and wordy wars  
 Faction's feuds and kindred jars.  
 Till dear-bought freedom fends again  
 Her holy calm to bless her mountain reign.

## II.

Has no sign his coming told  
 No cause the reflux surges controll'd  
 No meteor fir'd the angry air  
 No comet stream'd a length of hair?—  
 Time should now affrighted stand  
 His idle weapon in his hand  
 The sun should halt in mid career  
 To see the wondrous birth appear.—  
 His coming by no sign is told  
 The reflux surges uncontroll'd  
 No meteor fires the angry air,  
 No comet streams a length of hair,  
 Nor Time astonish'd seems to stand  
 Nor holds his scythe with idle hand,

Nor halts the sun in mid career  
 To see the wond'rous birth appear.—  
 The simple train, that sees him land  
 With rustic welcome line the strand.  
 Nor, tho' he wears a look severe  
 His unthought coming seem to fear.  
 • For not on them \* his coming lours  
 Who pass their spotless hours  
 In hamlets poor, an harass'd train  
 Up the hill, or o'er the plain.  
 No—yonder Flamen's proud abode  
 Fanes, which belie the name of God  
 Cloister'd cells, where prison'd deep  
 The mental powers in Lethes' sleep  
 Repose, or pamper'd passions rave  
 Like pent up storms in Æol's cave  
 Where Luxury pants, and oft by stealth  
 Draws a blinded nation's wealth,  
 They may fear, but they are drown'd  
 By wayward Fate in sleep profound  
 Nor mind (by torpid Sloth subdued,)  
 The menace of the mountain flood  
 Fed by many a secret rill  
 As the dews of evening still.  
 But soon the thund'ring tide will sweep  
 Their golden harvests to the deep

\* Influence of the Reformation on the liberties of England.

And yonder fnows, that, hoarded high  
 For many a winter seem to lye  
 Shall join the torrent's rapid flow  
 And lay your haughty fabrics low  
 For now the stranger in the wild  
 Late from URIS' bounds exil'd  
 Far within a sacred glade  
 Where hawthorns grew, a fenceful shade  
 Found a weeping widow, late  
 \* Sever'd from her faithful mate,  
 Her faithful mate, by cleric spite  
 (She thought) had sunk to endless night,  
 And now resolv'd to quit the shore  
 The reliques of their ancient store  
 They glean'd, resolv'd to cross the main  
 With her young blooming orphan train  
 Of these, a maid with heav'nly charms  
 The stranger's rugged bosom warms.  
 His suit the young Helvetian prest  
 And form'd an interest in her breast.  
 The matron heard the lover's prayer  
 And soon consenting blest the pair.  
 She seem'd her longing to retain  
 Of following Fate across the main,

\* Origin of the puritanic spirit occasionally augmented by a communication with Geneva, and from a dislike of ecclesiastical government, causing frequent emigrations to New England and Pennsylvania, during the reigns of James the First and Charles.

See note at the end of the volume.

Yet ftaid, till Time her round had run  
 And the blest exile clasp'd a son,  
 Short liv'd joy, to anguish turn'd !  
 Soon his loss the parents mourn'd.  
 Whether by vagrant thieves purloin'd  
 Who chanc'd the wand'ring boy to find,  
 Or moonlight fays (from blest exile'd)  
 Who fear'd the fortunes of the child  
 Not yet was known, And loud and long  
 His parents wail'd, by anguish stung  
 And both at once devoutly swore  
 To leave that sad, ill-omen'd shore,  
 They hoist the sail and court the wind  
 Leaving their ELDEST HOPE behind.

## III.

Their ELDEST HOPE, an ancient crone  
 Had borne away to glins unknown.  
 Skill'd in witching love was she  
 Her cot was by the ancient *Dee*,  
 Ancient *Dee*, of wizard name  
 Where still the fays their sabbath claim,  
 There, beneath the moony light  
 O'er the watry mirroure bright  
 Oft he saw his fires advance  
 Gleaming in the lunar glance,  
 Warriours old of Saxon brood  
 Who the tyrant sway withstood.  
 Now in wild, expressive strains  
 Bloody fields and broken chains,

Oft, and oft, he heard them sing  
 Circling round in mazy ring.  
 The boy attends with sparkling eyes  
 To dauntless deeds of high emprise,  
 The glorious visions haunt his sleep  
 And shed th' infusion full and deep.  
 Now of heavenly truths she tells  
 Taught in hamlets, and in cells  
 By the Arimathæan old  
 Wafted here in times of gold.  
 Nothing now he seems to breathe  
 But ancient freedom, ancient faith,  
 Ancient laws, and ancient tales  
 And spreads them thro' the list'ning vales,  
 Like his restless fire of yore  
 Round old Leman's winding shore.  
 Soon the simple swains began  
 To crowd around the wond'rous man  
 And propagate his rapt'rous strains  
 O'er Britannia's list'ning plains.  
 Despotic power, with wild alarm  
 Call'd her levied bands to arm,  
 And bar'd her blade, and wav'd her brand  
 To drive the rebels from the land.  
 Captivity disclos'd her glooms  
 And peopled all her noisome rooms.

/ \* Tyranny of the Star Chamber and High Commission Courts,

But Bondage, sword, and Fire were vain  
 To crush the still encreasing train,  
 Who claim'd their rights, and knew their force,  
 Their BARD had taught the sacred source  
 From which they drew their charters old  
 By ancient M nemon's care enroll'd.  
 But ah ! too feeble is my song  
 To sing the conflict stern and strong,  
 The stratagems, the rage employ'd  
 The mighty quarrel to decide.  
 And now the roving muse the flight explores  
 Of that desponding pair who left Britannia's shores.

The epithet *despotic* will not be thought too severe for the 12 first  
 years of Charles First's reign, distinguished by arbitrary taxation, and  
 a disuse of Parliament.

## ODE THE THIRD.

THE

### SHEPHERD'S VOYAGE.

I.

**S**HOULD some strong hand unmoon the sky  
And spread from Demogorgon's loom  
The curtain deep of Stygian gloom,  
Nor leave a star, with twinkling eye  
Our wand'ring planet to illumine,  
(Except some meteor broke the fable woof,  
Shot thro' Heaven's umbrageous roof)  
'Twould shew, our world's lamented plight,  
Sunk in Slavery's thickest night,  
When Freedom's ever-moving tide  
From our fadden'd shores retir'd  
Except one favour'd land, where fate conspir'd  
To bid the doubtful blessing still abide,  
Like the star that rules the flood  
She bade her retinue obey

The shadowy throng her call pursu'd  
 And mov'd in order west away.  
 \* Hesperia's groves obedient bow'd  
 As the pomp aerial past,  
 As o'er Oswego's tranquil flood  
 Her breezy robe the goddess cast,  
 With murmurs low the foamy waters curl'd  
 And hail'd the mistress of the western world.  
 The genii of the woods and waves  
 The spirits of the hills and caves  
 Her presence felt; the savage tribes  
 Each the sacred power imbibe,  
 But intellectual light alone  
 Could give the Queen a steadfast throne  
 Cecropia's old and equal laws  
 Rome's well digested code, and Alfred's ancient laws.

## II.

Religion too, seraphic maid  
 The goddess call'd to aid,  
 'Then to the climes from whence the day-spring flows  
 Where the confed'rate powers of heaven and earth  
 Matur'd of old the intellectual birth,  
 Where blooms the citron, and, the palm tree blows  
 She look'd for aid, for with the rising sun  
 The dawn of science first begun,  
 And with slow progress verging west  
 The world's revolving shores like travelling summer blest

\* North America.

And see, the fated barque at anchor wait  
 Ordain'd from shore to shore to cull her precious freight,  
 The broad Atlantic first she skims,  
 \* Zibalterras sea-beat brims  
 She leaves, and many a far fam'd isle  
 To where Emanuel clos'd his earthly toil—  
 Thence, North by West the winged vessel steers  
 And from each Dorian, each Ionian coast,  
 Climes renown'd in ancient days  
 Themes of everlasting lays  
 A willing exile bears.  
 Thro' seas, by many a Land emboss'd  
 To † Luna's port she plows her liquid road  
 Thence, by Massilia, thro' the midland flood  
 Then stems the tide to Calpes strand  
 To Britain thence, by Fate's command  
 Where on the shore the youthful stranger stood ‡  
 Desponding on his wayward fate  
 With him his young and lovely mate  
 Ready to pass the foaming flood,  
 The vessel moor'd  
 They haste aboard,  
 The last of that heaven-destin'd freight.

## III.

Now, 'twixt the old world and the new  
 Suspended, like that favour'd crew

\* Old name of Gibraltar.

† On the western coast of Italy.

‡ See Ode 2d.

Who mann'd the sacred planks by Heaven decreed  
 To save the last remains of mans' devoted seed,  
 They hover on the Atlantic deep.  
 Ah ! would the banded West but rise  
 And drive them back to Dover's steep  
 Ere old Columbus gain the prize !

In vain the wish, in vain the prayer !

They go, transplanted to a kindlier mold  
 Where warmer suns sublime the year  
 Before our vales their blooms unfold !—  
 As Egypt fabled, from the west  
 Forgetful of his Indian bed  
 In new-born state triumphant drest  
 Another sun shall lift his head  
 And eastward turn his ardent face  
 And backward tread th' ecliptic way  
 The muses shall attend his race  
 And all the arts in bright array.  
 Hyperion's son shall wond'ring view  
 His glittering rival cross his car,  
 His steeds of mere ethereal hue  
 Whose footsteps fire the ambient air.  
 Of ripen'd fruits Hyperion boasts  
 The spreading palm, the sparkling gem  
 The golden hoard, the spicy coast  
 The offspring of his potent beam.

Not so, the lord of intellectual light

*He bids the purest germs of genius bloom*

Which chaces from the mind Cimmerian night  
 And bids Virginia's warriors equal Rome.  
 See ! how the rising zephyrs breathe away  
 Yon envious clouds that hide his sapphire throne !  
 See, Tyranny beholds with dire dismay,  
 And flies before the God from zone to zone.

## IV.

But oh ! presumptuous muse ! detain  
 The frenzy of the rising strain—  
 —Yet, but the dubious dawn is seen  
 O'er th' Atlantic wavy green,  
 Columbus' world in soft repose  
 Yet no startling signal knows.  
 For yet her heavenly guests on alien ground  
 Roam in disguise like weary pilgrims round,  
 Yet, where they walk, the lawns extend  
 Desolation leaves the path  
 And, with less savage wreath  
 The woods around the hills their less'ning umbrage bend  
 The wood nymphs forc'd to leave the strand  
 Left a fearful curse behind,  
 And see it settles o'er the land  
 It blackens in the wind !  
 Hovering o'er the old world far  
 Brews the stygian storm  
 The god of battles climbs his car  
 Oppression, avarice, factious rage  
 Fanatic feuds, by many an age

Narrit to a giant form

See! where their victims crowd the strand

Some from the pressure of the tyrant's hand

Some by the spectre Want pursue'd

Some, by the restless spark within

Impell'd the watty world to roam

Impatient of a settled home,

Or by some stroke of cruel fate,

Hapless love, or ruthless hate,

Doom'd to trust the fickle wind

And leave their loves, their cares behind.

Each fiery spirit check'd at home

Or pent in deep oblivion's gloom,

There hop'd an ample range to find

For th' excursions of the mind.

With joy Oppression saw them go

And smooth'd his formidable brow

When those, he deem'd the demons of the storm

Who us'd to spread the wild alarm

And oft unsettled all his schemes

And often broke his golden dreams

Were gone, she hoped again to know

The halcyon days of bliss below,

As when Assyria felt his rod

And Persia own'd an earthly God.

Nor more the Spartan sife to hear

Deadly music to her ear.

But instead, some courtly strain  
 In Lydian measure breath'd to soothe his tyrant reign.

## V.

Oh! ill advis'd! because the parched vale  
 Rises in dust beneath the Orient blast,  
 To think the western storm no more will swell  
 To lay at once thy waving harvest waste?  
 That power which keeps the air in equal poise  
 And bids the viewless current ebb and flow,  
 Who now bids Auster load the humid skies  
 And now Aquilon lift his virgin snow.  
 That power, for wiser ends has sent the scourge  
 Of lawless power this weeping planet round,  
 He'll waft again his exile o'er the ferge  
 And nations tremble at her Clarion's found.  
 When he would call some great event to birth  
 To startle heaven, and shake the sons of earth,  
 He bids men's selfish views the fabric raise  
 And from *his* stormy rage elicits praise.

He calls the mental beam away  
 To the source of endless light  
 The passions hail the welcome night  
 And domineer with furious sway.

Then drives the vessel of the state  
 On the rocks of mad debate.  
 Despot power, in the fierce conflict spent,  
 To fill her faint, exhausted veins  
 Quaffs the life-blood of the swains.

The swains at last resent  
 And their rous'd vengeance sweeps away  
 At once the plunder and the prey.  
 Thus man, by others harm untaught  
 Learns moderation from his own disastrous lot.

## VI.

And thou, perfidious Gaul  
 That lend'st thy weak hand to thy neighbour's ponderous fall  
 And swell'st the loud alarm afar  
 Where Boston breathes revenge and war  
 Ill does thy feeble pipe, with tuneful strife  
 Aspire to join its sounds with Sparta's pipe.  
 Yet long enur'd to themes of glory  
 Soon it leaves the Lydian measure  
 Learn'd in scenes of courtly pleasure  
 Ere freedom op'd her wond'rous leaf of story.  
 O brainfick men! to think each slavish tool  
 Will come from this tremendous school,  
 With the same habitudes he felt before  
 On your voluptuous, smooth, seductive shore.  
 No—like the fam'd Trophonian grot  
 Where oft the sons of dance and song  
 At their first entrance frisk'd along  
 Then visited the world with alter'd sober thought.  
 Thy merry slaves are taught another mood  
 In yonder solemn groves beyond the flood.  
 Like Britons now they learn to think and feel,  
 And in the tyrant's face to lift the light'ning steel!

\* Thee too and thy arts of yore  
Felt by that Helvetian swain,  
The L eman lake's resounding shore  
Mourn'd thro' all her wide domain.

Him tho' thy dark, pernicious arts annoy'd,  
And drove to Britain, thence to Georgia's wild ;  
And thought the spirit-stirring race destry'd,  
The parent lives, transplanted in the child.

\* Machinations of the French against the liberties and religion of Switzerland ; and the persecutions of the puritans in England ; set on foot partly by French politics.

K k

ODE THE FOURTH.

THE

SHEPHERD'S RETURN.

I.

WHO yon fated pipe bestow'd  
On that wayward shepherd boy?  
Hark! he charms the list'ning crowd  
Where yon hill salutes the sky!  
From Helvetian race he comes,  
Of that haughty line is he  
Which relentless Fortune dooms  
Still to range from sea to sea.  
On yon hill he takes his post,  
Where advancing, van to van,  
Leagu'd against the freeborn host  
England's legions sweep the lawn.

\* Hark! the moody minstrel plays!  
 Freedom beats the jocund round,  
 While, unfinew'd by his lays  
 Britain stands in torpor bound.  
 Soon the tints of memory fade,  
 Glory warms her sons no more;  
 Factious feuds their ranks invade,  
 Selfish aims, and pleasures lore.  
 Strange effects of mingled strains!  
 Here in phalanx firm unite,  
 Levied new, the rustic swains,  
 And like veterans, brave the fight.  
 Blindfold there their foes invade,  
 Thoughtless march, and thoughtless fall;  
 In the gloomy ambuscade,  
 Like a net, surrounding all.  
 Rouse, Britannia, rouse to arms!  
 See another foe appear,  
 Gallia joins the loud alarms,  
 Point anew thy dreadful spear!  
 Again, old England's native courage glows,  
 She pours vindictive on her ancient foes.  
     † Hastings draws the lineal sword,  
 By brave Plantagenet, in slaughter dy'd.

\* Opposite effects of the *same* education and sentiments of liberty, in the English invaders and the American defenders.

† The present Earl of Moira, then Lord Rawdon, descended from the Royal Family of Plantagenet, by the line of Clarence.

When flying Gaul in vain her saints implor'd  
 And drop'd her libid pride.  
 But all in vain,  
 The wily train,  
 Avoids the coming foe ;  
 His rage beguiles  
 And mocks his toils,  
 And wards the lifted blow.

Reft of her conquests, by their usual art,  
 Britannia mounts the deck with vengeful heart ;  
 Resolv'd, since all her toils by land are vain,  
 To vindicate the waves, and chase them from the main.

## II.

And now, perfidious Gaul, to vast designs  
 Expands the powers of her ambitious soul ;  
 In fancy now she grasps Potosi's mines,  
 And rules the western world from pole to pole :  
 And many a province, for her equal meed,  
 In thought she claims, rapacious as of old,  
 When sad Alfatia saw her shepherds bleed  
 And Belgia's plains a tale of carnage told.  
 But when the Guardian of the clime,  
 Heard from her cloudy throne, afar,  
 The murmurs of the sinking war ;  
 From her seat sublime  
 She watch'd the future births of time,  
 And saw the dangers dread, and near  
 To her nascent realm appear :

Then, verging like the setting moon  
 To the fount of Niagar,  
 As the pale night's witching noon,  
 The mighty mother bent her car.  
 She call'd the Power who sends the flood  
 Down the loud resounding steep,  
 Before her face the vision stood,  
 Like blue mist steaming from the deep.  
 "Haste," she cry'd, "your PARENT POWER  
 "Seek beneath the briny wave,  
 "Revolutions charge the hour \*  
 "Man's best rights his aidance crave.  
 "Tell the FLOODS, when you convene  
 "In the palace of your sire,  
 "Rapid Rhone, imperial Seine,  
 "Reed-crown'd Scheld, and viny Loire.  
 "Tell what Freedom here has done,  
 "And give to each this sovereign juice  
 "Gather'd in the night's pale noon  
 "And bid him in his streams infuse.  
 "Mingled with the nation's bowl,  
 "Soon their fervent sons shall feel

\* From the restless spirit of the French, it may well be supposed that if their former government had continued the jealousy of despotism might have induced them, at some period, to endeavour to weaken the power of the American Union, by open or secret means, if Providence had not interfered in favour of the United States, by giving the French liberty.

“ Roman energy of soul

“ And proudly grasp the Freeman’s steel.”

III.

The spectre stretch’d his shadowy hand,  
 And the magic mixture took ;  
 Of potent drugs, from many a land,  
 Flowers from fair Ilyssus’ brook.  
 Roots that love the rocky mound,  
 When the royal Spartan bled, \*  
 Herbs that spring on sacred ground  
 Where the soul of Brutus fled.  
 Pansies pale that love the bourne  
 Where Eurotas’ naiads stray,  
 Daffodils, that ever mourn,  
 Where the slaughter’d Wallace lay.  
 King-cups fair, profusely fed,  
 By the chiding brook that flows  
 Round the skirts of Runnimeade,  
 Where Britannia’s Freedom rose.  
 Thus, furcharg’d, he left the steep,  
 And sunk beneath the beating brine,  
 Where the seniors of the deep  
 Round their hoary King combine.  
 Then he dealt the limpid prize  
 To his brethren, first decreed,  
 When they fought the upper skies,  
 Freedom’s nascent stem to feed.

\* Leonidas.

• † Near Athens.

To check Ambition's wide-encroaching schemes  
 By the fierce influx of domestic woes,  
 And break the purple tyrant's golden dreams,  
 By the dire tale of subjects turn'd to foes.

## IV.

Hence the goddess to her charge  
 Over forest, over plain  
 Hastens to the sea-beat verge  
 Of her wide Atlantic reign. \*  
 Thence the shepherd boy she brought  
 Viewless to her shady grot,  
 Bade his ringlets flow with grace,  
 Breathed the cherub in his face ;  
 Taught his pipe a softer sound,  
 The ear to soothe, but not to wound,  
 Then, amid the Gallic train †  
 Led the blooming boy again,  
 The victor Gaul resigns his arms  
 And clasps the minstrels heavenly charms :  
 See the vett'rans thronging round  
 All caress the wond'rous boy ;  
 Soon his pipe's enchanting sound,  
 Fills their hearts with frantic joy.  
 Ah ! the soldiers little know  
 While upon his charms they gaze.

\* America.

† By these are meant, the French troops in America, during the late war.

That star-like eye, that front of snow,  
 And his mien's ethereal grace.  
 Little do they dream what ill  
 His infectious presence brings;  
 What a charm his pipe instills,  
 Fierce revolt, and hate of Kings!  
 Cupid, not so fierce a flame,\*  
 Wak'd in fair Eliza's breast,  
 When the fair Sidonian dame  
 That insidious child carest!  
 Now the groaning deck he climbs,  
 Her proud charge the vessel bears,  
 While his pipe and rustic rhyme,  
 Soothes the seamens raptur'd ears.  
 Now the fated vessel moors  
 On fair Gaul's unconscious strand;  
 Fashion's vot'ries crowd the shores,  
 Fashion hails him come to land.  
 Fashion! proud fantastic Queen  
 Fond of every foreign toy,  
 Wilt thou dote upon his mein,  
 Canst thou clasp a shepherd boy?  
 Soon upon the banks of Seine  
 Royal eyes shall weep the day  
 When thine ear, fantastic Queen  
 Listen'd to the shepherd's lay!  
 Yet, ye Nobles! tho' his lay

\* See Virg. Æn. I.

Grates upon a courtly ear,  
 Drive suspicion far away,  
 Show no daftard signs of fear.  
 No, ah no—with gentle words,  
 Soothe the wayward boy awhile ;  
 Dream no more of binding cords,  
 Open force, or latent guile !  
 Let him wander at his will,  
 Let him chant his simple fong  
 And from thicket, glade, or hill  
 Charm at large the rustic throng !  
 For he is of that wand'ring race  
 Blest with unſuppreſſive might,  
 Erſt they gain'd that ſovereign grace  
 From the ſource of life and light.  
 Dungeon deep, nor caſtle ſtrong  
 E'er ſhall ſee him brook the chain ;  
 Soon the baſe intended wrong  
 Viewleſs aid ſhall render vain.  
 See ! like attraction's world-pervading might,  
 Soon as the general ear has drunk his lay,  
 Regardleſs of their tenements of clay  
 Their ſpirits preſs to him with fierce delight !

## V.

But now the Monarch's jealousy is rous'd,  
 The royal lips pronounce his doom ;  
 The wand'rer from his ſimple cot unhous'd  
 Is borne to fight amid the dungeon's gloom.

The echoing vaults were said to shake  
 When first the swain was lodg'd below ;  
 And some beheld the turrets quake  
 Prefageful of their overthrow.

And to the moon, full many a martyr'd sprite,  
 Wan tenants of her cells, in ancient days,  
 Stole a short respite from the realms of night,  
 And sung in ghostly quires, a song of solemn praise.

The morning came, the pipe was mute,  
 That us'd to wake the new-born beam ;  
 The crowd who lov'd to hear his flute,  
 By spreading oak, or falling stream ;  
 Trac'd his steps, nor fought him long  
 By instinct led, or black surmise,  
 To those imperial rampires strong,  
 Where, shut from day, the captive lies.

Within they heard, or thought they heard,  
 The shepherd's morning roundelay ;  
 Whether their hopes some spirit chear'd,  
 Or Fancy charm'd their doubts away.  
 As when old Æol's signal shrill  
 Awakes the wind's intestine rage,  
 And heard from high Olympus' hill  
 Breathes the loud summons to engage.  
 So the tide of frenzy rose,  
 So the haughty wall they scale,  
 Soon their oft repeated blows  
 Shake the proud relentless jail. \*

\* The Bastile.

Hark ! again the pipe is heard,  
 " Bring the engines, bring the flame."  
*Freedom* thus her cohorts cheer'd  
 Hurrying on with loud acclaim.  
 Soon the simple strain is lost,  
 In Bellona's thund'ring sound ;  
 Soon these walls, the tyrant's boast,  
 In long ruin spread the ground.  
 Now the shepherd swain is free,  
 Loud resounds the plausive strain,  
 From the bounds of Normandy  
 To the Scandinavian main !  
 When the sun begins his race  
 Cynthia sinks in western gloom—  
 Soon a King shall take his place  
 And in woe his days consume.  
 Soon a Queen shall mourn the day,  
 Doom'd in durance long to sigh.  
 Ah ! how dear a price ye pay,  
 Ye who scorn'd the shepherd boy !—

## VI.

But he that loves the wild extreme,  
 To swell the soft breeze to a storm,  
 And bid the gently winding stream  
 With giant sweep the sylvan scene deform.  
 Combin'd with him, whose jaundic'd eye,  
 Hates ascending worth to spy ;

Their baleful arts combine  
 To blast the great design.  
 One in the cup of Freedom throws  
 That infernal drug, which grows  
 In the verge of Stygian gloom ;  
 Foster'd by Cerberean foam,  
 (Mingled with Echidna's gall,  
 'Tis quaffed in Demogorgon's hall.  
 Where by the gleam of moon-struck eyes  
 Flashing o'er the nether skies.  
 Riot's griesly bands advance,  
 And Anarchy conducts the dance.  
 Chaos with his hundred choirs,  
 Still the moody maze inspires.)  
 The nations pledge it round and round,  
 And deem the cup with blessings crown'd ;  
 'Till the poison fires the veins,  
 Strings the nerves and fetters the brains.

## VII.

His brother fiend, to loose the ties  
 That fasten mankind to the skies,  
 Hastes the shepherd boy to find,  
 Where, under shade, the youth reclin'd,  
 Sitting, like a rural King ;  
 His brother captives in a ring,  
 Hail the hand that struck the blow  
 Which laid the house of bondage low !

To him the wizard thus began :—

- “ Never will the rights of man  
 “ Find a basis deep and broad,  
 “ While the sons of *holy fraud*  
 “ Hold their title by the charm ;  
 “ Whose narcotic powers disarm  
 “ Every function of the soul.  
 “ By terrors feign’d above the pole,  
 “ See them in their station high,  
 “ Pretended Lords of earth and sky ;  
 “ Dispensing life, dispensing death,  
 “ In a breeze of mortal breath.  
 “ Then they range in black array  
 “ Guardians of despotic sway.  
 “ Hasten and drive them from their post,  
 “ Hasten ! or Liberty is lost !” \*

#### VIII.

THE SWAIN believ’d, his pipe he blew,  
 And soon appear’d the frantic crew.  
 (For now the deep envenom’d bowl  
 Had fir’d to madness every soul.)  
 The fiend that came in Freedom’s mask,  
 Urg’d them to the bloody task.  
 Rapine shew’d the glittering spoil,  
 The fruit of many an ages toil.

\* See speeches of Dupont, and others, both in the Assembly and Convention of France.

Beneath the startled eye of noon,  
Beneath the glimpses of the moon,  
Their deeds profane the sacred light  
And add new horrors to the night.—  
But wand'ring muse, resign the lyre,  
Such deeds would fright the virgin quire,  
They ask a deeply plaintive string,  
Strains that the hardest heart could wring.  
Old Avon's matchless bard could paint alone  
The bloody pall that hovers o'er the throne!—

• Written during the trial of the late unfortunate King of France.