MISCELLANEOUS

O D E S

(Price One Shilling.]

MISCELLANEOUS

O D E S

When Truth or Virtue an Affront indures
Th' Offence is mine, my Friend, and ſhou'd *be yours*--- POPE.
But when your King, *and* Country *claim your Care*;
It is not mean, *but* infamous *to fear.* Anonymous.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year, MDCCLIII.

THE FIFTH

ODE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

HORACE

TO

AUGUSTUS when Abroad.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Cuſtos Gentis, &c.

I.

PATRIOT, Parental Prince, return,
The Guardian Angel of your Iſle!
Think when you 're abſent, how we mourn,
We, your true Sons, the tedious While.

II

I.

——Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Cuſtos Gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
* * redi.

II

II.

Come! for your Preſence like the Spring,
The Genius of your Land inſpires ;
You ſofter Days, and Sun-ſhine bring,
And temper Sol's Ætherial Fires.

III.

As when a Mother's tender Care
Invidious Gales detain abroad,
The Pledge of heart-felt Love, her Heir ;
With Pray'rs ſhe wearies ev'ry God.

IV.

Silent ſhe treads the ſounding Shore,
Her fond Eyes wander o'er the Main ;
Thus Loyal *Britains* *GEORGE* adore,
And die to have him back again.

V

II.

Lucem redde tuæ dux bone Patriæ.
Inſtar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit, populo gratior it dies,
Et Soles melius nitent.

III. IV.

Ut Mater juvenem, quem notus invido
Flatu Carpathij trans Maris æquora
Cunctantem, *&c.*

Votis ominibuſque et Precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem Littore dimovet :
Sic deſideriis icta fidelibus
Quærit Patria Cæſarem.

V.

Ceres, and boon Proſperity
Rain Fruits, and Bloſſoms on the Ground.
Th' innoxious Herds in Safety lie,
In Safety graze the Country round.

VI.

Secure the jolly Veſſel rides
O'er calm, and unmoleſted Waves,
Born by mild Gales, and proſperous Tides:
Nor Virtue dreads inſidious Knaves.

VII.

The Matron Chaſt, and bluſhing Maid
Immaculate, and unbeguil'd:
No Parent jealous, none afraid;
Each huggs his Likeneſs in his Child.

VIII

V. VI.

Tutus bos eténim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Fauſtitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit Fides.

VII.

Nullis polluitur caſta domus Stupris
* * * *
Laudantur Simili Prole puerperæ!

VIII.

Who fears tho' all the World ingage
And all their poiſon'd Arrows wing;
Or *Pruſſia*'s Threat, or Faction's Rage,
While Heav'n protects *Britannia*'s King!

IX.

Each happy Swain his Groves among,
His Vines, his Fields, tranſported, ſee!
The Day drops liſt'ning to his Song,
——And you his rural Deity!

X.

As *Greece* ador'd th' immortal Fame
Of Heav'n-aſpiring *Hercules:*
So dwell *your Britains*, on *your* Name,
Devoutly pray, ſincerely bleſs!

XI

VIII.

Quis Parthum paveat? Quis gelidum Scythen?
Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit
Fætus, incolumi Cæſare? Quis feræ
Bellum Curat Iberiæ?

IX.

Condit Quiſque diem collibus in ſuis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores:
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, et alteris
Te Menſis adhibet deum.

X.

Te Multa Prece, te proſequitur mero
Diffuſo pateris, et Laribus tuum
Miſcet numen uti *Græcia* *
* magni memor *Herculis*.

IX.

Long, *Albion*'s Glory, Heav'ns high Care,
Long live King *GEORGE* reſounds the Sky!
---With this our earlieſt, lateſt Prayer,
We crown the Bowl to *Liberty*.

IX.

Longas, O utinam, dux bone ferias
Præſtes Heſperiæ: dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi
Quum Sol Oceano Subeſt.

AN

ODE

TO

FRIENDSHIP.

Eſt hic, eſt Animus ---- Contemptor, et iſtum
Qui Vita bene ducat emi, quo tendis, Honorem.

VIRL.

I.

MAY I invoke thy ſacred Pow'r
O Friendſhip, in a happy Hour,
Thou faireſt Daughter of the Sky!
If ſo --- Benevolence impart ---
Such, as in *H---t*'s gen'rous Heart
Glows, when wrong'd Virtue heaves th' Sigh.

II.

'Tis thine to plead *high Merit*'s Cauſe,
And all the Light of *Truth* diſcloſe,
For charming Virtue gave thee Birth:
And Heav'n thy Influence deſign'd
To warm, t' exalt the worthy Mind,
Above the *ſordid Sons of Earth.*

III.

'Tis thine to ſhed the glorious Flame,
Which bears to everlaſting Fame
The Patriot ſteady to his Truſt:
Nor Wealth can tempt, nor Pow'r appall
The ſolid Purpoſe of his Soul,
Great, and inflexibly juſt.

IV.

Or ſhou'd you deign to tread the Plains,
And laugh among the hearty Swains
That revel on the flow'ry Green;
Thither the ſmiling Loves reſort,
And there the Graces keep their Court,
And there --- *Sincerity* is ſeen!

V.

As late we ſaw before you fly
Pale Envy, and *rude Obloquy*,
In all your Lucid Pomp appear!
The noble *H---t* ſhall again
In Honour robe'd ſupport your Train,
And guileleſs *N----h* ſhall be there.

A N

AN ODE

TO THE

Right Hon^ble the EARL *H——T.*

I.

H——T, What Hero ſhall I ſing?
The firſt, the faireſt Lay is Thine.
Phœbus himſelf to thee ſhall bring
The Wreath, and *N——h*, and the Nine.

II.

Ambitiouſly the Nine engage
With all their Duty, all their Flame,
And conſecrate their whiteſt Page,
And dignify it with your Name.

III.

" Was e'er Nobility ſo good?
" Was e'er Politeneſs more refin'd?
" His Manners gen'rous as his Blood,
" Tho' calm, yet ſteady his firm Mind.

IV.

Let Mortals judge by mean Succeſs,
Yet whether in, or out of Place
Apollo ſhall *your* Worth confeſs,
——And ſmile upon the *great Diſgrace.*

V.

For tho' low *F--ſt--s* wildly ſtrive
To' enoble the *degenerate Mind*,
Th' untainted Muſes only give
Their Honours to their *Country's Friend.*

VI.

They catch the Patriots Sacred Name,
And bear it above *Envy's Lie*,
Reſound it thro' the Dome of Fame,
And give it to Eternity!

AN

A N

O D E

TO THE

Lord BISHOP of *N——H.*

SINCE Envy, who alone to' your Fame
Could add, hath perfected your Praiſe,
If Truth offends, be hers the Blame;
Your Fav'rite, Truth inſpires theſe Lays.

II.

She points how o'er the Woodland Lawn,
Where Linnets ſing, and Riv'lets ſtray
Firſt roſe in Bluſhes the warm Dawn,
Chace'd by *Apollo*, and the Day.

III.

How gen'rous Emulation fir'd,
And how the Muſes ſtole the Child:
How *Phœbus* the young Heart inſpir'd,
And all *Parnaſſus* on him ſmil'd.

IV.

How Pleaſure ſcorn'd, and Virtue ſue'd,
The Reputable Life began,
Of one more Anxious to be good,
A Worthy, than a pow'rful Man.

V.

And yet (for once as if ſhe ſaw)
How Fortune gave the due Succeſs;
And dropt the Mitre on your Brow,
And added Wealth, to Worthineſs.

VI

VI.

Like *Proculeius* how you ſhone,
When, glittering round the Golden Oar,
Your gen'rous Heart bid it be gone,
And add unto a Brother's Store.

VII.

† For ever *Proculeius* lives
Born on the tow'ring Wings of Fame.
The *Parent Brother* ſtill ſurvives,
Is He another --- or the ſame?

VIII.

When to your loyal, Patriot Care,
The young *Marcellus*, *GEORGE*, conſign'd,
The *Land of Liberty's Great Heir*,
Loud was the Voice of glad Mankind.

IX

† Vivet extento *Proculeius* ævo,
Notus in Fratres animi paterni.
Illum agit penna metuente ſolvi
Fama Superſtes.

IX.

But when compell'd by Faction's Tide,
You lay'd the honor'd Province down,
Anſwer ye Gales, how *Britons* ſigh'd,
And deem'd their *Albion* half undone.

X.

Of Worth, and Learning's ample Dow'r,
Theſe, theſe are no inglorious Part,
But Heav'n for *you* has ſomething more,
---The *Conſcience* of an *honeſt Heart*.

A N

A N

O D E

T O

V I R T U E.

I.

FROM Courts by guilty Mortals driven,
Where ſacred Virtue do you flee?
To Groves? or back again to Heaven?
O ſay! for I will follow Thee.

II

II.

Shall I?——O can I e'er forget,
When with my Youth you deign'd to play?
O no! I feel the Tranſport yet
Of the ſweet, harmleſs, chearful Day.

III.

Where e'er you fix your eaſy Reign,
Thither reſort the Great, the Good:
Truth, Honour, Pity bear your Train,
And firm and manly Fortitude.

IV.

To Wealth, and Pow'r your Influence gives,
Th' Ability of being Great:
Without you ev'n the Monarch lives
The Slave, or Tyrant of the State.

V.

The rural Swain of you poſſeſt,
Smiles o'er his Toil, and little Store:
You form the Heav'n within his Breaſt,
Nor does he dream that he is poor.

VI.

When *Saturn* reign'd, and Time was young,
E'er Brothers boil'd with hoſtile Rage,
You led the vernal Year along,
And Concord made a golden Age.

VII.

When Pleaſure ſooth'd the * *Theban*, you,
Conſcious of Worth ſtood ſilent by;
Yet ſmil'd as he began to woo,
And rais'd the Heroe to the Sky.

VIII.

Twas you unedg'd the keener Laws,
When the † good *Britain* kept his Faith;
He merited a better Cauſe,
But Virtue made him ſmile on Death.

XI.

When the young hapleſs Lover fell,
And the meek, injur'd Virgin bled;
You drove the barb'rous Lie to Hell,
And wept the Living, and the Dead.

* *Hercules.* † Sir *Thomas More.*

X.

Candour, Benevolence, Loyalty,
And Liberty, your Siſters are;
Treaſon, Rebellion, Perfidy,
Grin, in your Triumph, grim Deſpair.

XI.

For when baſe Tyrants durſt invade
Your fav'rite Iſle, you Virtue, ſaw,
And rouz'd your Champions to its Aid,
And call'd them *William*, and *Naſſau*.

XII.

The Liberties their Falcions ſave,
To' extend to the far diſtant Year,
'Twas you the young *Marcellus* gave
To *N*----*h*, and to *H*----'s Care.

XIII.

Why then with them retir'd? O ſtill
Return! *You ſhall not want Support:*
Once more return! all *Britain* will
Be there----and *welcome you to C--rt.*

F I N I S.