AN
ODE
ON THE
PEACE.

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AN ODE, &c.

As wand'ring late on Albion's shore
That chains the rude tempestuous deep,
I heard the hollow surges roar
Whose tears her rocky bosom steep;
Loud on the storm's wild pinion flow
The fullen sounds of mingled woe,
And softly vibrate on the trembling Lyre,
That wakes to sorrow's moan each sad responsive wire.

A 2 From
AN ODE

From Shores the wide Atlantic laves
The Spirit of the Ocean bears,
In moanings o'er his western waves,
Fond Passion's shrieks, and Nature's tears;
Enchanting climes of young delight,
How chang'd since first ye rush'd in flight!
Since first ye rose, in infant glories drest,
Fresh from the sparkling wave, and rear'd your ample breast.

His crested Serpents Discord bears
O'er scenes Affection's roses grac'd.
Her flowery Chain he frantic tears,
And scatters o'er the howling waste.
His glance her soothing smile deforms,
His voice awakes the mental storms,
His blazing torches spread their sanguine fires,
While Passion's trembling flame in seas of blood expires.

Now
Now burns the savage soul of War,
While Terror flashes from his eyes,
Lo! waving o'er his fiery car
Aloft his bloody banner flies.
The battle wakes: with thrilling sound
He thunders o'er the groaning ground,
He grasps his reeking blade, while streams of blood
Tinge the impurpled plain, and swell the ample flood.

Hark! softer sounds of sorrow flow:
On drooping wing the murm'ring gales
Now pour the plaints of hopeless woe
That rise along the lonely vales:
They waft the tender Orphan's cries,
They tremble to parental sighs,
And drink a tear these mingled griefs above,
The wild impassion'd tear of fond Connubial Love;
The Object of her shivering fear is found—
Lies bleeding, panting on the ground;
She frantic pours her gushing tear;
That bathes the fatal gaping wound:
The blood-stain'd hand she trembling grasps,
Hangs on the quivering lip, and clasps.
The fainting Form that slowly sinks in death,
And meets the parting glance, and sucks the fleeting breath.

Pale as the livid Corpse her cheeks,
Her tresses torn, her glances wild,
In frantic tones she fault'ring speaks,
She wept—and then in horrors smil'd—
She gazes now with wild affright,
Lo! bleeding Phantoms rush in fight—
Hark! on yon mangled form she faintly calls,
Then on the flinty earth the Mourner senseless falls.
And lo! o'er hapless André's tomb
Mild victim of his soft despair!
Whose soul in Life's exulting bloom
Deem'd not that Life deserv'd a care,
O'er the cold earth his relics prest
Lo! Britain's drooping Legions rest;
For him the blades they sternly grasp, appear
Dim'd with a rising sigh, and fullied with a tear.

While Seward sweeps her plaintive strings,
While pensive round his sable shrine
A radiant zone she graceful flings,
Where full emblaz'd his virtues shine,
The mournful Loves that tremble nigh
Shall catch her warm melodious sigh,
And drink the precious thrilling drops that flow
From Pity's hov'ring soul, that pants dissolv'd in woe.

And
And hark! in Albion's flow'ry Vale
A Parent's moans I shiv'ring hear—
A Sister calls the western Gale
To drink her soul-expressive tear!
The throbbing sigh for Asgill flows
That breathes Affection's mingled woes,
While on the rack of Doubt, and Terror, rest
The dearest fondest ties that tremble at her breast.

How oft' in every dawning grace
That blossom'd in his early hours,
Her soul some comfort lov'd to trace,
And deck'd Futurity in flowers!
But lo! in shudd'ring Fancy's sight
The dear illusions sink in night—
She views the murder'd form — the quiv'ring breath —
The rising Virtues chill'd in the cold shade of death—

Cease,
Ceafe, ceafe, ye throbs of frantic woe!  
He lives parental love to bless,  
To wake the pure extatic glow  
The thrill of transport's sweet excess—  
Again his smile shall life endear,  
And Pleasure pour her brightest tear!  

The private pang shall Albion trembling share,  
And breathe with fervid zeal, a warm accepted prayer.

And lo! a lucid stream of light  
Descends o'er Horror's fable cloud,  
While Desolation's gloomy night  
Retiring, folds her fallen shroud—  
It flashes o'er the limpid deep—  
It rests on Britain's rocky steep—  
'Tis mild benignant Peace, enchanting form!  
That gilds the black Abyss, that lulls the raging Storm.
So, thro' the dark and misty Sky,
Where clouds and sullen vapours roll'd,
Their curling wreathes dissolving fly
As the faint hues of light unfold:

The Sky with spreading azure streams—
The Sun now darts his orient beams—
And now he glows insufferably bright,
And sheds o'er Nature's form the rays of living light.

Mild Peace! from Albion's fairest Bowers,
Soft Spirit! cull with snowy hands,
The buds that drink the morning showers,
And bind the Realms in flow'ry bands.

Thy smiles th'infuriate Passions chase,
Thy glance is Pleasure's sportive grace,
Around thy form th' exulting Virtues move,
Thy voice the thrilling strain of mild melodious Love.

Bles
ON THE PEACE.

Bless, all ye Powers! the patriot name
That courts, fair Peace, thy smiling ray;
Ah gild with Glory's light his Fame,
His Life with Pleasure's rosy ray!
While, like th' affrighted Dove, thy form
Still shrinks, and fears some latent storm,
His cares shall soothe thy panting soul to rest,
And spread thy flowery couch on Albion's soft'ring breast.

Ah! see tumultuous transports move
The faithful heart, with Passion warm;
With frantic joy Connubial Love
Clasps to her soul the well-known form,
That long, in all her throbbing veins,
Wak'd fond Affection's cherish'd pains—
She weeps— the gushing drops her joys endear,
'Tis glowing Rapture speaks, expressive in a tear.
Ye who have mourn'd the parting hour
Which Love in darker horrors drew,
When ardent Passion fear'd to pour,
With quiv'ring lip, her last adieu,
When the fix'd glance, the bursting sigh,
The soul that trembled in the eye,
Express'd the frantic fears of hopeless Love—
Ah! paint the swelling joys your panting bosoms prove.

Yon hoary form with aspect mild,
Deserted kneels, by sorrows prest,
And seeks from heav'n his long-lost child
To smooth the path that leads to rest! —
He comes — to close the finking eye,
To catch the faint expiring sigh;
A moment transport stays the fleeting breath
And soothes the lingering soul on the pale verge of death.
ON THE PEACE.

The milder Passions dear controul,
The purer Pleasures vivid bloom,
That bathe in bliss th’ exulting soul,
Soft Peace! are couch’d beneath thy Plume:
It floats in Rapture’s glowing ray,
O’er wilder’d Life’s low, thorny way,
And wakes the softest balms, the fairest flowers,
That shed their odours mild in sweet Affection’s Bowers.

Tho’ the red Trophies Vic’t’ry twines:
Now drooping, fade in Stygian glooms,
Yet hung around thy simple Shrines,
Fair Peace, each milder Glory blooms.
Lo! Commerce rears her languid head.
Triumphant, Thames! from thy deep bed,
High o’er the subject wave. She sails sublime,
To bless with Albion’s wealth, each less indulgent Clime.
She fearless prints the Polar snows
Where Horror shrouds the struggling day,
Along the burning Line she glows,
Nor shrinks beneath the Torrid ray:
She opes the glitt'ring Indian mine
Where the warm beams reflected shine;

Bears the bright Gems to Britain's temp'rate Vale,
And breathes Sabean sweets o'er the chill Northern Gale.

While from the far-divided Shore
Where Liberty exulting roves,
Her ardent glance shall oft' explore
The Parent-Isle her spirit loves —
Lo! rushing o'er the western main,
She spreads fair Concord's golden chain,

And sternly pours on prostrate Gallia's strand,
From Albion's pendent Cliff, her firm united Band.
Yet hide the Sabre's horrid glare
That steeps its edge in streams of blood,
The Lance that quivers high in air,
And falling drinks a purple flood;
For, BRITAIN! fears shall seize thy foes
While freedom in thy senate glows,
While Peace shall scatter o'er thy cultur'd plain
Each Glory, Pleasure, Grace, her fair attendant train.

Enchanting Visions soothe my sight —
The finer Arts in Beauty drest,
Benignant source of pure delight!
Reclining on her bosom rest.
While each discordant sound expires,
Strike, Harmony! thy warbling wires,
The fine vibrations of the spirit move,
Wake Extasy's pure thrill, and touch the springs of Love.
Bright Painting's living forms shall rise,
And still for Ugolino's * woe
Shall Reynolds wake unbidden sighs,
And Romney's soothing Pencil flow,
That Nature's † look benign pourtrays,
When, to her infant Shakspeare's gaze,
The smiling form "unveil'd her awful face;"
And bade his "colours clear" each glowing feature trace.

And Poetry! thy deep-ton'd shell
The heart shall feed, the spirit fire,
And all th' according passions swell
While rapture trembles on thy lyre;
Awake its sweetly-thrilling round,
And call enchanting Visions round,
Strew the soft path of Peace with Fancy's flowers,
And lead the glowing heart to Joy's Elysian bowers.

* "Ugolino's woe"—a celebrated picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, taken from Dante.
† "Nature's look benign pourtrays"—a subject Mr. Romney has taken from Gray's Progress of Poetry.
While Hayley wakes thy magic strings,
His shades shall no rude sound prophane,
But stillness on her tender wings,
Enamour'd drink the potent strain.

Tho' Genius flash the vivid flame
Around his Lyre's enchanting frame,
Where Fancy's warbled tones melodious roll,
More warm his friendship glows, more harmoniz'd his soul!

While Taste instructs a polish'd age
With luxury of mind to trace
The lustre of th' unerring page,
Where Symmetry sheds finish'd grace;
Judgment shall point to Fancy's gaze,
As wild the sportive wand'rer strays,
Perfection's fairest form, where mimic Art
With Nature softly blends, and leads the subject heart.
Th' historic Muse illumes the maze
Oblivion veil'd in deep'ning night,
Where empire with meridian blaze
Once trod Ambition's lofty height:
Tho' headlong from the dizzy steep
It rolls with wide, and wasteful sweep,
Her tablet still records the deeds of Fame,
And swells the Patriot's soul, and wakes the Hero's flame.

While meek Philosophy explores
Creation's vast stupendous round,
With piercing gaze sublime she soars,
And bursts the system's distant bound.
Lo! 'mid the dark deep void of space,
A rushing World* her glance can trace!
It moves majestic in its ample sphere,
Sheds its refracted light, and rolls its ling'ring year.

* Alluding to Mr. Herschel's wonderful discoveries; and particularly to his discovery of a new planet, called the "Georgium Sidus."
Ah! still diffuse thy mental ray,
Fair Science! on my Albion's plain,
While oft' thy step delights to stray
Where Montagu has rear'd her Fane;
Where Eloquence shall still entwine
Rich attic flowers around the shrine;
View hallow'd Learning ope his treasured store,
And with her signet stamp the mass of classic ore.

Auspicious Peace! for thine the hours
Meek Wisdom decks in moral grace,
And thine each tenderness that pours
Enchantment o'er their destin'd space.
Benignant form! in silence laid
Beneath the olive's silken shade,
Shed each mild bliss that charms the tuneful mind,
And in the zone of love the hostile spirit bind.
While Albion on her parent deep
Shall rest, may glory gild her shore,
And blossom on her rocky steep
Till Time shall wing his course no more;
Till angels wrap the spheres in fire,
Till Earth and yon fair Orbs expire,
While Chaos mounting in the rushing flame,
Shall spread his cold deep shade o'er Nature's sinking frame.

FINIS.