THY various works, imperial queen, we see, / How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp by thee! / Thy wond'rous acts in beauteous order stand, / And all attest how potent is thine hand./

From Helicon's refulgent heights attend,/ Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend: / To tell her glories with a faithful tongue, / Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song. / Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies, / Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes, / Whose silken fetters all the senses bind, / And soft captivity involves the mind./

Imagination! who can sing thy force? / Or who describe the swiftness of thy course? / Soaring through air to find the bright abode,/ Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God, / We on thy pinions can surpass the wind, / And leave the rolling universe behind: / From star to star the mental optics rove,/ Measure the skies, and range the realms above./ There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,/ Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul./

Though Winter frowns to Fancy's raptur'd eyes / The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise; / The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,/ And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands. / Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign, / And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;/ Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,/ And all / Whose silken fetters all the senses bind, / And soft captivity involves the mind./

Imagination...