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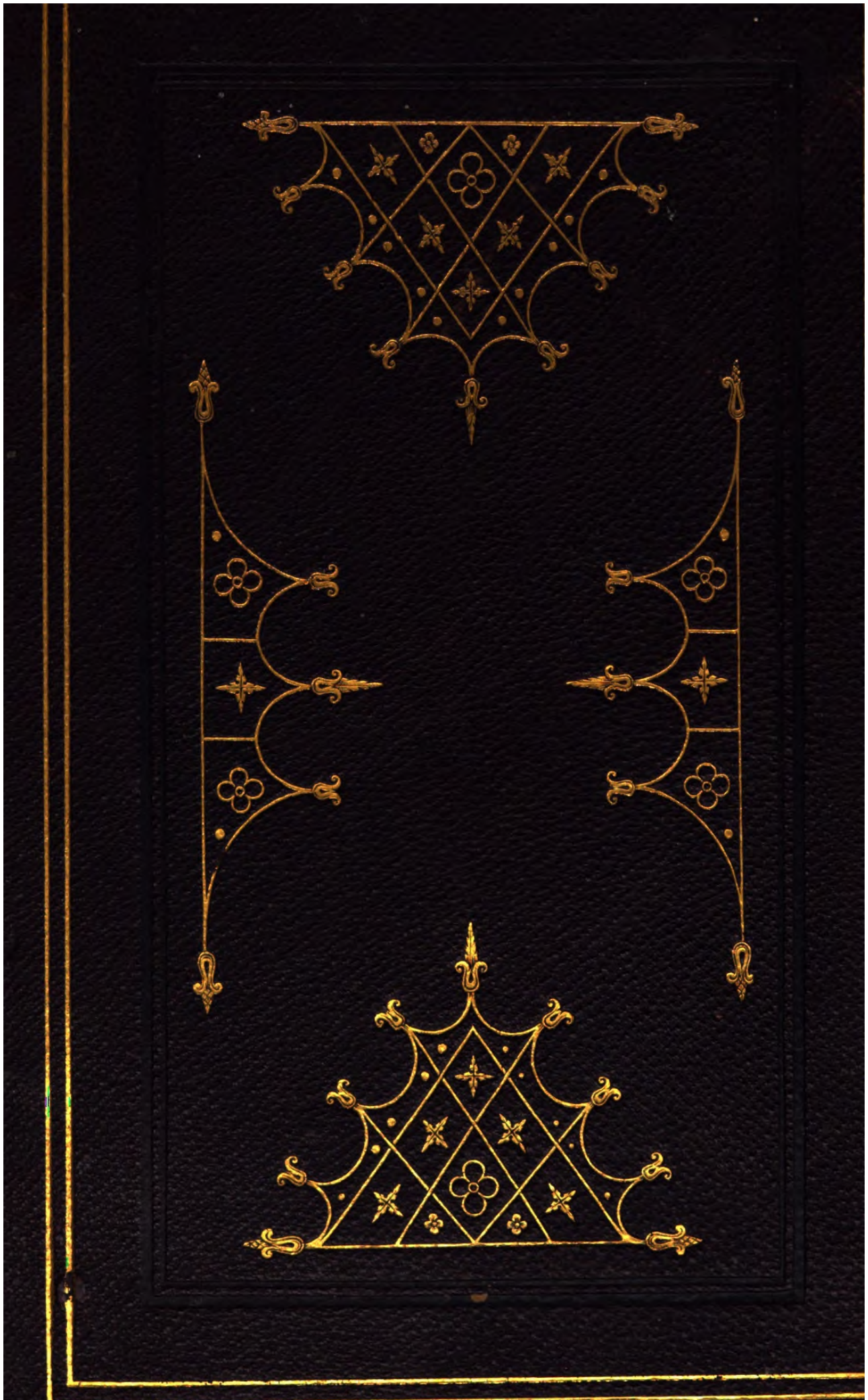
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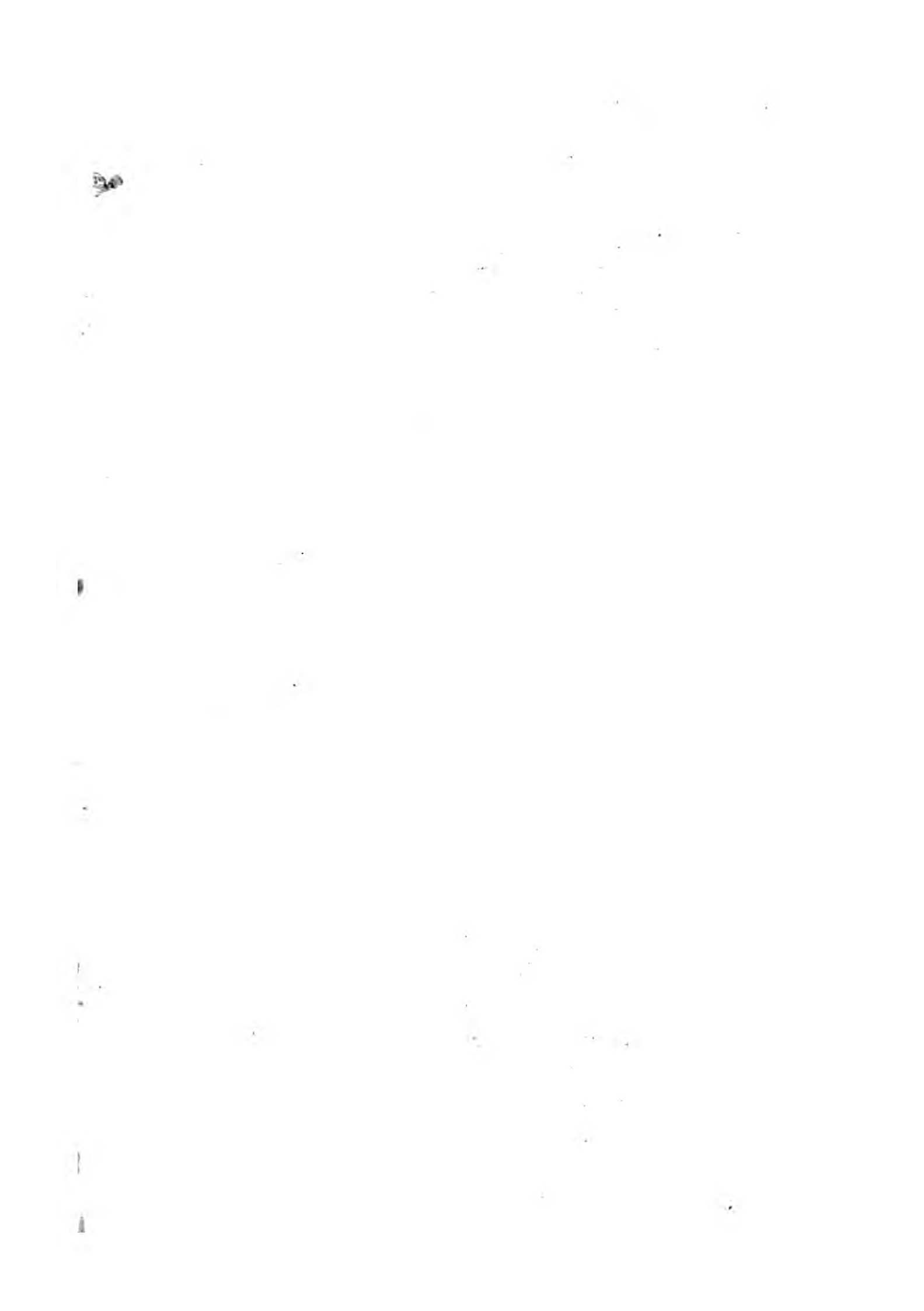
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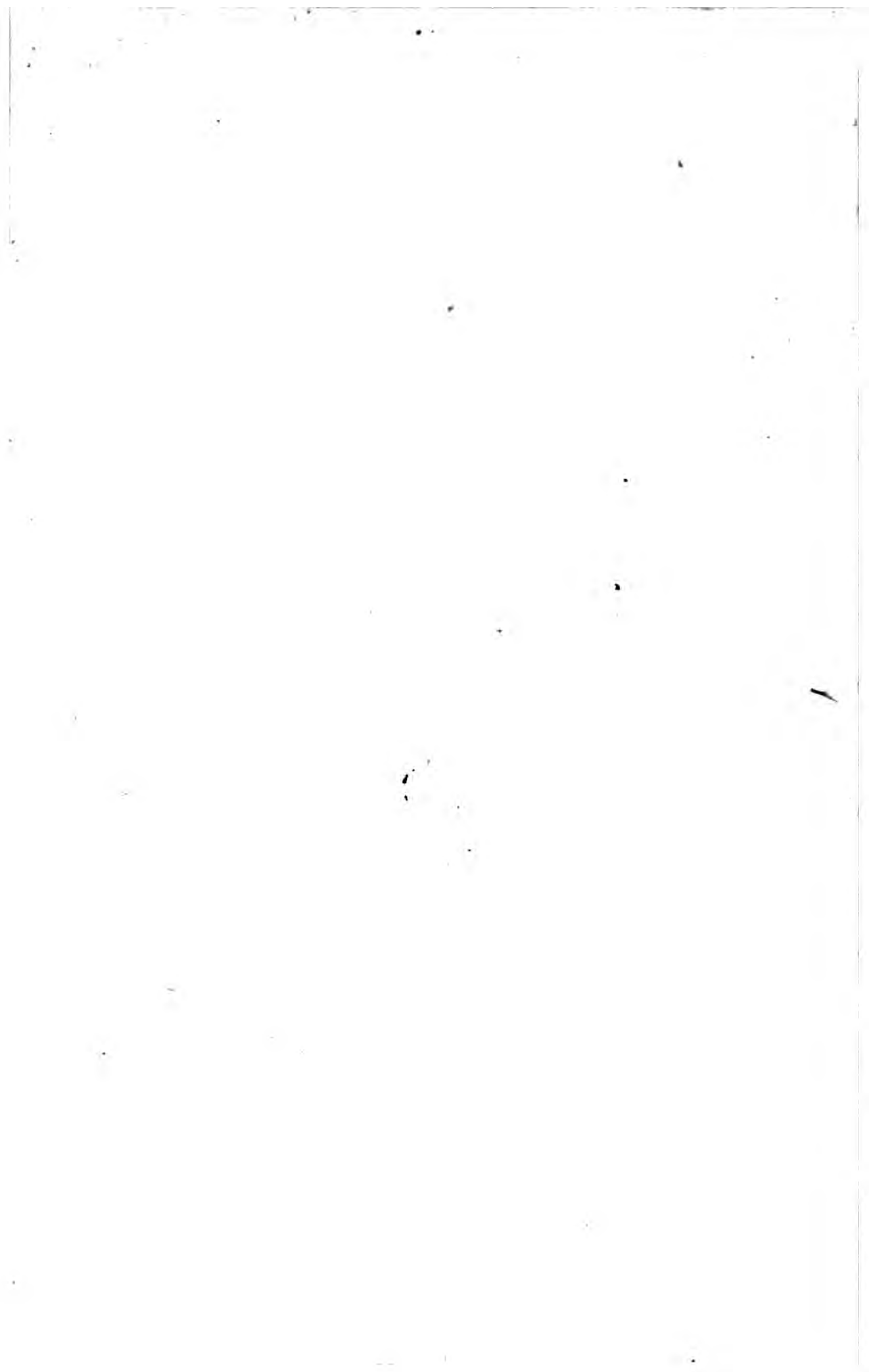


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Abraham M. Burgess  
January 14<sup>th</sup> 1900  
from Soc. Mottos

Elizabeth Price

January 12<sup>th</sup> 1871

(S.P.)





~~THE SEASONS OF A FINE...~~



... IN SOCIETY, WHICH SHE HAS ...

CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE,

1842



\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

THE SEASONS & CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,

BY THOMSON.

The Farmer's Boy, Rural Tales,

BANKS OF THE WYE, &c. &c.

BY BLOOMFIELD.



Gainsborough

J. W. Archer

London:

PUBLISHED BY SCOTT, WEBSTER & GEARY,

CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE,

1842



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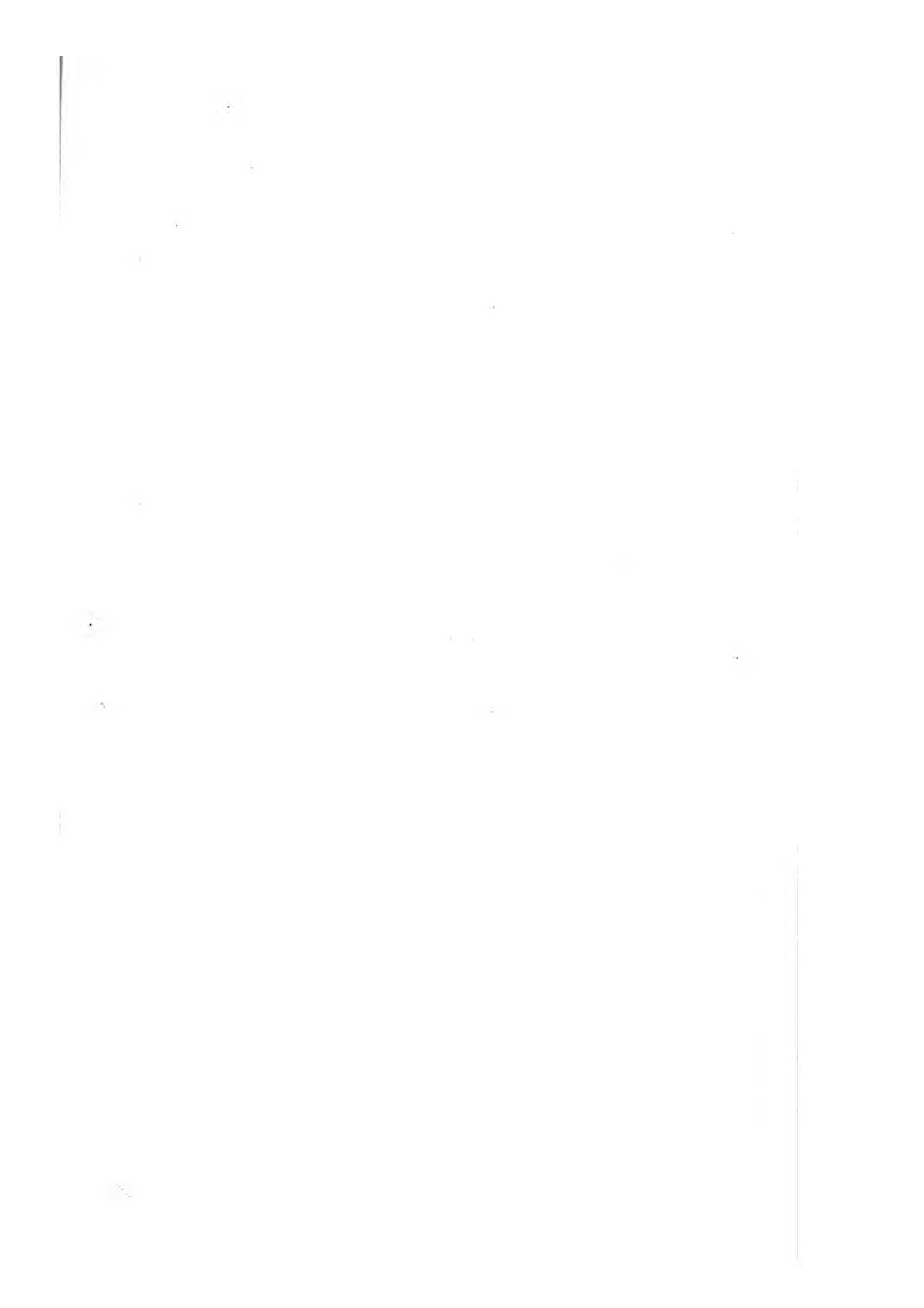
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THE  
**POETICAL WORKS**  
OF  
JAMES THOMSON.



## LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

**J**AMES THOMSON, the son of a minister well esteemed for his piety and diligence, was born September 7, 1700, at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, of which his father was pastor. His mother, whose name was Hume,\* inherited as co-heiress a portion of a small estate. The revenue of a parish in Scotland is seldom large; and it was probably in commiseration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomson supported his family, having nine children, that Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, discovering in James uncommon promises of future excellence, undertook to superintend his education and provide him books.

He was taught the common rudiments of learning at the school of Jedburgh, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of 'Autumn;' but was not considered by his master as superior to common boys, though in those early days he amused his patron and his friends with poetical compositions; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new year's day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

From the school he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not resided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, who raised upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to see her son rising into eminence.

The design of Thomson's friends was to breed him a minister. He lived at Edinburgh, as at school, without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton,

\* This appears to be an error, as his mother's name was Beatrix Trotter. His grandmother's name was Hume.



the Professor of Divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience ; and he censured one of his expressions as indecent, if not profane.

This rebuke is reported to have repressed his thoughts of an ecclesiastical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his blossoms of poetry, which, however, were in some danger of a blast ; for, submitting his productions to some who thought themselves qualified to criticise, he heard of nothing but faults ; but finding other judges more favourable, he did not suffer himself to sink into despondence.

He easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear with any hope of advantage was London ; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity, where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady who was acquainted with his mother advised him to the journey, and promised some countenance or assistance, which at last he never received ; however, he justified his adventure by her encouragement, and came to seek in London patronage and fame.

At his arrival he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose. He had recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief ; but as he passed along the street, with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was stolen from him.

His first want was a pair of shoes. For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his WINTER, which for a time could find no purchaser ; till, at last, Mr. Mil- lar was persuaded to buy it at a low price ; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret ; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted, that he ran from place to place celebrating its excellence. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill, whom, being friendless and indigent, and glad of kindness, he courted with every expression of servile adulation.

WINTER was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, but

attracted no regard from him to the author, till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by some verses addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the great for the neglect of ingenious men. Thomson then received a present of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill :

' I hinted to you in my last, that on Saturday morning I was with Sir Spencer Compton. A certain gentleman, without my desire, spoke to him concerning me : his answer was that I had never come near him. Then the gentleman put the question, If he desired that I should wait on him ? He returned, he did. On this, the gentleman gave me an introductory letter to him. He received me in what they commonly call a civil manner ; asked me some common-place questions, and made me a present of twenty guineas. I am very ready to own that the present was larger than my performance deserved ; and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or any other cause, rather than the merit of the address.'

The poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public ; and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another.

Thomson's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends ; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterward unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such, that he recommended him to the Lord Chancellor Talbot.

WINTER was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and dedication, but with poetical praises, by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet (then Malloch) and Mira, the fictitious name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications to WINTER and the other Seasons, contrarily to custom, are left out in the collected works, the reader may inquire.

The next year (1727) he distinguished himself by three publications : of ' Summer,' in pursuance of his plan ; of ' A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton,' which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the instruction of Mr. Gray ; and of ' Britannia,' a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards. By this piece he declared him-

self an adherent to the opposition, and had therefore no favour to expect from the Court.

Thomson having been some time entertained in the family of the Lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his 'Summer;' but the same kindness which had first disposed Lord Binning to encourage him determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Dodington, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of a poet.

'Spring' was published next year, with a dedication to the Countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hertford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons.

'Autumn,' the season to which the 'Spring' and 'Summer' are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected.

He produced in 1727 the tragedy of 'Sophonisba,' which raised such expectation, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It was observed, however, that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture.

It had upon the stage no unusual degree of success. Slight accidents will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the play:

O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!

This gave occasion to a waggish parody!

O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O.

which for a while was echoed through the town.

I have been told by Savage, that of the prologue to 'Sophonisba' the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it, and that the concluding lines were added by Mallet.

Thomson was not long afterward, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the

eldest son of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feasted with instructive novelties; he lived splendidly without expense; and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

At this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels, on the Continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

While he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died; and Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of secretary of the Briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

Upon this great poem two years were spent, and the author congratulated himself upon it, as his noblest work; but an author and his reader are not always of a mind. Liberty called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbour spiders and gather dust; none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded.

The judgment of the public was not erroneous; the recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which nobody desired, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting.

The poem of 'Liberty' does not now appear in its original state; but, when the author's works were collected after his death, was shortened by Sir George Lyttelton, with a liberty which, as it has a manifest tendency to lessen the confidence of society, and to confound the characters of authors, by making one write by the judgment of another, cannot be justified by any supposed propriety of the alteration, or kindness of the friend.—I wish to see it exhibited as its author left it.

Thomson now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for

a while to have suspended his poetry: but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the Chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the Lord Hardwicke delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness or pride, or some other motive perhaps not more laudable, withheld him from soliciting; and the new Chancellor would not give him what he would not ask.

He now relapsed to his former indigence; but the Prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttelton professed himself the patron of wit: to him Thomson was introduced, and being gaily interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, 'that they were in a more poetical posture than formerly;' and had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

Being now obliged to write, he produced (1738\*) the tragedy of 'Agamemnon,' which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured, but not favoured. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thomson, coming late to his friends with whom he was to sup, excused his delay by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

He so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat in the upper gallery, he accompanied the players by audible recitation, till a friendly hint frightened him to silence. Pope countenanced 'Agamemnon,' by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical epistle sent to Italy, of which however he abated the value by translating some of the lines into his epistle to Arbuthnot.

About this time the act was passed for licensing plays, of which the first operation was the prohibition of 'Gustavus Vasa,' a tragedy of Mr. Brooke, whom the public recompensed by a very liberal subscription; the next was the refusal of 'Edward and Eleonora,' offered by Thomson. It is hard to discover why either play should have

\* In this year an edition of Milton's *Areopagitica* was published by Millar, with a Preface by Thomson.



been obstructed. Thomson likewise endeavoured to repair his loss by a subscription, of which I cannot now tell the success.

When the public murmured at the unkind treatment of Thomson, one of the ministerial writers remarked, that 'he had taken a LIBERTY which was not agreeable to BRITANNIA in any SEASON.'

He was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the mask of 'Alfred,' which was acted before the Prince at Clifden-House.

His next work (1745) was 'Tancred and Sigismunda, the most successful of all his tragedies, for it still keeps its turn upon the stage. It may be doubted whether he was, either by the bent of nature or habits of study, much qualified for tragedy. It does not appear that he had much sense of the pathetic; and his diffusive and descriptive style produced declamation rather than dialogue.

His friend Mr. Lyttelton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands; from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a-year.

The last piece that he lived to publish was the 'Castle of Indolence,' which was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy. The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury that fills the imagination.

He was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for, by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some careless exasperation, ended in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inscription;\* but a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster-Abbey.

Thomson was of a stature above the middle size, and 'more fat than bard beseems,' of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

He left behind him the tragedy of 'Coriolanus,' which was, by the zeal of his patron Sir George Lyttelton, brought upon the stage for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a Prologue, which Quin, who had long

\* One has since been erected. See end of Life.

lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as shewed him 'to be,' on that occasion, 'no actor.' The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honourable to both, for friendship is not always the sequel of obligation. By this tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which part discharged his debts, and the rest was remitted to his sisters, whom, however removed from them by place or condition, he regarded with great tenderness, as will appear by the following letter, which I communicate with much pleasure, as it gives me at once an opportunity of recording the fraternal kindness of Thomson, and reflecting on the friendly assistance of Mr. Boswell, from whom I received it.

' Hagley, in Worcestershire,  
October the 4th, 1747.

' My dear Sister,

' I thought you had known me better than to interpret my silence into a decay of affection, especially as your behaviour has always been such as rather to increase than diminish it. Don't imagine, because I am a bad correspondent, that I can ever prove an unkind friend and brother. I must do myself the justice to tell you, that my affections are naturally very fixed and constant; and if I had ever reason of complaint against you (of which by-the-bye I have not the least shadow), I am conscious of so many defects in myself, as dispose me to be not a little charitable and forgiving.

' It gives me the truest heartfelt satisfaction to hear you have a good, kind husband, and are in easy, contented circumstances; but were they otherwise, that would only awaken and heighten my tenderness towards you. As our good and tender-hearted parents did not live to receive any material testimonies of that highest human gratitude I owed them (than which nothing could have given me equal pleasure), the only return I can make them now is by kindness to those they left behind them. Would to God poor Lizy had lived longer, to have been a farther witness of the truth of what I say, and that I might have had the pleasure of seeing once more a sister whose truly

deserved my esteem and love! But she is happy, while we must toil a little longer here below; let us however do it cheerfully and gratefully, supported by the pleasing hope of meeting yet again on a safer shore, where to recollect the storms and difficulties of life will not perhaps be inconsistent with that blissful state. You did right to call your daughter by her name; for you must needs have had a particular tender friendship for one another, endeared as you were by nature, by having passed the affectionate years of your youth together, and by that great softener and engager of hearts, mutual hardship. That it was in my power to ease it a little, I account one of the most exquisite pleasures of my life.—But enough of this melancholy though not displeasing strain.

‘I esteem you for your sensible and disinterested advice to Mr. Bell, as you will see by my letter to him: as I approve entirely of his marrying again, you may readily ask me why I don’t marry at all. My circumstances have hitherto been so variable and uncertain in this fluctuating world, as induce to keep me from engaging in such a state; and now, though they are more settled, and of late (which you will be glad to hear) considerably improved, I begin to think myself too far advanced in life for such youthful undertakings, not to mention some other petty reasons that are apt to startle the delicacy of difficult old bachelors. I am, however, not a little suspicious that, was I to pay a visit to Scotland (which I have some thoughts of doing soon), I might possibly be tempted to think of a thing not easily repaired if done amiss. I have always been of opinion, that none make better wives than the ladies of Scotland; and yet, who more forsaken than they, while the gentlemen are continually running abroad all the world over? Some of them, it is true, are wise enough to return for a wife. You see I am beginning to make interest already with the Scots ladies. But no more of this infectious subject.—Pray let me hear from you now and then: and though I am not a regular correspondent, yet perhaps I may mend in that respect. Remember me kindly to your husband, and believe me to be

‘Your most affectionate brother,

‘JAMES THOMSON.’

Addressed ‘To Mrs. Thomson in Lanark.’



The benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not active; he would give on all occasions what assistance his purse could supply; but the offices of intervention or solicitation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficiently to perform. The affairs of others, however, were not more neglected than his own. He had often felt the inconveniences of idleness, but he never cured it; and was so conscious of his own character, that he talked of writing an eastern tale 'of the Man who loved to be in Distress.'

Among his peculiarities was a very unskilful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition. He was once reading to Dodington, who, being himself a reader eminently elegant, was so much provoked by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from his hands, and told him that he did not understand his own verses.

The biographer of Thomson has remarked, that an author's life is best read in his works: his observation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, once told me, he heard a lady remarking, that she could gather from his works three parts of his character, that he was a 'great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent;' but, said Savage, he knows not any love but that of the sex; he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach. Yet Savage always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius: he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at

once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute. The reader of *THE SEASONS* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersections of the sense which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

The great defect of *THE SEASONS* is want of method; but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts 'both their lustre and their shade;' such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

These poems, with which I was acquainted at their first appearance, I have since found altered and enlarged by subsequent revisals, as the author supposed his judgment to grow more exact, and as books or conversation extended his knowledge and opened his prospects. They are, I think, improved in general; yet I know not whe-

ther they have not lost part of what Temple calls their 'race;' a word which, applied to wines in its primitive sense, means the flavour of the soil.

'Liberty,' when it first appeared, I tried to read, and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure.

The highest praise which he has received ought not to be suppressed: it is said by Lord Lyttelton, in the Prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

No line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

---

At the west end of the north aisle of Richmond Church is the following:—

In the earth below this tablet  
are the remains of

JAMES THOMSON ;

AUTHOR OF THE BEAUTIFUL POEMS, ENTITLED  
THE SEASONS, CASTLE OF INDOLENCE,  
&c. &c.

Who died at Richmond on the 27th day of August, and  
was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748.

The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man  
and sweet a poet should be without a memorial,  
has denoted the place of his interment  
for the satisfaction of his admirers  
in the year of our Lord 1792.

Father of light and life! Thou good Supreme!  
O teach me what is good : teach me thyself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice—  
From ev'ry low pursuit ; and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.     *Winter*

## SPRING.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford.  
The season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter. On vegetables. On brute animals. And last, on man. Concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own season paints; when nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly Winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
Deform the day delightless; so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed  
To shake the sounding marsh; or, from the shore,  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more  
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,

Fleecy and white o'er all-surrounding heav'n.  
 Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,  
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives  
 Relenting nature, and his lusty steers  
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-used plough  
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,  
 With measur'd step; and lib'ral throws the grain  
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:  
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heav'n! for now laborious man  
 Has done his part. Ye fost'ring breezes, blow!  
 Ye soft'ning dews; ye tender show'rs, descend!  
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye, who live  
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:  
 Such themes as these the rural Maro sung  
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.  
 In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind:  
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
 Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,  
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;  
 And o'er your hills, and long-withdrawing vales,  
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
 Luxuriant and unbounded! As the sea  
 Far through his azure turbulent domain  
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;

So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
 Exuberant, nature's better blessings pour  
 O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe,  
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world !

Nor only through the lenient air this change,  
 Delicious, breathes: the penetrative sun,  
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
 Of vegetation, sets the streaming pow'r  
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,  
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green !  
 Thou smiling nature's universal robe !  
 United light and shade! where the sight dwells  
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
 The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;  
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
 In all the colours of the flushing year,  
 By nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;  
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend  
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,  
 And see the country far diffus'd around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled show'r  
 Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye  
 Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If brush'd from Russian wilds a cutting gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings



The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe  
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast  
 The full-grown Spring through all her foliage shrinks  
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.  
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,  
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core  
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft  
 The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course  
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.  
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff  
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns;  
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe  
 From every cranny suffocated falls:  
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:  
 Or, when th' euvenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;  
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.  
 Be patient, swains: these cruel-seeming winds  
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd  
 Those deep'ning clouds on clouds surcharg'd with rain  
 That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,  
 In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,  
 And, cheerless drown the crude unripen'd year.  
 The north-east spends his rage: he now shut up  
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south  
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs distent  
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,  
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
 Along the loaded sky; and mingling deep,  
 Sits on th' horizon like a settled gloom:  
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,  
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
 And full of ev'ry hope and ev'ry joy;  
 The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath  
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,

Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods diffus'd  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;  
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the gen'ral choir. E'en mountains, vales,  
And forests, seem impatient, to demand  
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow  
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.  
The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander through the forest-walks,  
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade, while heav'n descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
And fruits and flow'rs, on nature's ample lap?  
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;  
And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.  
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
Th' illumin'd mountain; through the forest streams,  
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,  
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.  
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
Full swell the woods: their ev'ry music wakes,  
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks



Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills  
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
 Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs,  
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
 Shoots up immense, and ev'ry hue unfolds,  
 In fair proportion running from the red,  
 To where the violet fades into the sky.  
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds  
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism;  
 And, to the sage instructed eye, unfold  
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd  
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy:  
 He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,  
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd  
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,  
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth  
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,  
 Rais'd through ten thousand diff'rent plastic tubes,  
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r  
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:  
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
 In silent search; or through the forest, rank  
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,  
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow,  
 With such a lib'ral hand has nature flung  
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
 Innum'rous mixed them with the nursing mould,  
 The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,  
 With vision pure, into these secret stores  
 Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,  
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told  
 A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood;  
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease,  
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race  
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :  
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom, and friendly talk, successive, stole  
Their hours away. While in the rosy vale  
Love breath'd his infant sighs from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
Was known among those happy sons of heav'n ;  
For reason and benevolence were law.  
Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
Shot his best rays ; and still the gracious clouds  
Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead  
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy,  
For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
Soft sigh'd the flute : the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
Applied their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs,  
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within ; the passions all  
Have burst their bounds ; and reason, half-extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,  
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or, pale  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.

Base envy withers at another's joy,  
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,  
 Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry pow'r.  
 E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,  
 A pensive anguish, pining at the heart ;  
 Or, sunk to sordid int'rests, feels no more  
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,  
 Which, selfish joy disdainng, seeks alone  
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,  
 Of life impatient, into madness swells.  
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.  
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,  
 From ever-changing views of good and ill  
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
 With endless storm ; whence, deeply-rankling, grows  
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern,  
 Cold and averting from our neighbour's good ;  
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :  
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
 And joyless inhumanity pervades  
 And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,  
 Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time a deluge came,  
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
 With universal burst, into the gulf ;  
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
 Wide dash'd the waves in undulation vast ;  
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,  
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since have, with severer sway,  
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen  
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot  
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
 Green'd all the year, and fruits and blossoms blush'd  
 In social sweetness on the self same bough.  
 Pure was the temp'rate air : an even calm  
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ;  
Sound slept the waters : no sulphureous glooms  
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;  
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.  
But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
Our drooping days have dwindled down to nought,  
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;  
Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
Of nutriment and health, and vital pow'rs,  
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd man  
Is now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drank her milk,  
Not wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,  
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
With hunger stung and wild necessity,  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But man, whom nature form'd of milder clay,  
With ev'ry kind emotion in his heart,  
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap  
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !  
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heav'n,  
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,  
Blood stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks,  
What have you done ? ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death ? you who have giv'n us milk  
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
Against the winter's cold. And the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,  
Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,  
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands

E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps  
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast  
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart  
 Would tenderly suggest; but, 'tis enough,  
 In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd  
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage:  
 High Heav'n forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,  
 And, whit'ning, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream  
 Descends the billowy foam; now is the time,  
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,  
 The rod, fine tap'ring with elastic spring,  
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores, prepare.  
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm  
 Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak, hapless, uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent sun  
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds,  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks.  
 The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow:  
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;  
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game,  
 Straight as above the surface of the flood

They wanton rise. or, urg'd by hunger, leap,  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :  
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank.  
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
 With various hand proportioned to their force.  
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of heav'n,  
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,  
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
 At last, whilst haply o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desp'rate takes the death,  
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,  
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;  
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,  
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool.  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,  
 Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temp'rate hours ; but when the sun  
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatt'ring clouds,  
 E'en shooting listless languor through the deeps ;  
 Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders crowd,  
 Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly children of the shade :  
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,  
 Hung o'er the steep, whence, borne on liquid wing  
 The sounding culver shoots, or where the hawk



High in the beetling cliff his aery builds.  
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
 Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.  
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift  
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:  
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wand'ring images of things,  
 Soothe ev'ry gust of passion into peace ;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold ! you breathing prospect bids the muse  
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
 Like nature ? Can imagination boast,  
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In ev'ry bud that blows ? If fancy then  
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
 Ah, what shall language do ? ah, where find words  
 Ting'd with so many colours ; and whose pow'r,  
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love ;  
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song !  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself !  
 Come, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet ;  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul ;  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :  
 Oh come ! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh blooming flow'rs, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets.  
 See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
 Irrigous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks

The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank  
 In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk,  
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast  
 A fuller gale of joy, than, lib'ral, thence [soul,  
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd  
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flow'rs,  
 The negligence of nature, wide and wild,  
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads  
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
 In swarming millions tend: around, athwart,  
 Through the soft air the busy nations fly,  
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube  
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
 Distracted wanders; now the bow'ry walk  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:  
 Now meets the bending sky; the river now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,  
 The forest dark'ning round, the glitt'ring spire,  
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
 But why so far extensive? when, at hand,  
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flow'rs,  
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace:  
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes,  
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;  
 And lavish stock, that scents the garden round:  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
 Anemonies, auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves:



And full ranunculus, of glowing red.  
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd  
 To family, as flies the father-dust,  
 The varied colours run; and while they break  
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud  
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes;  
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
 Low bent, and blushing inward: nor jonquils  
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;  
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks:  
 Nor, shower'd from ev'ry bush, the damask rose;  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of nature and her endless bloom.

Hail! Source of being! Universal Soul  
 Of heav'n and earth! Essential Presence, hail!  
 To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,  
 Continual, climb; who, with a master hand,  
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.  
 By Thee the various vegetative tribes,  
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:  
 By Thee dispos'd into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells  
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.  
 At thy command the vernal sun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root  
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innum'rous colour'd scene of things.  
 As rising from the vegetable world  
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,  
 My panting muse! And hark, how loud the woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour  
 The mazy running soul of melody  
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce,  
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,

The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin  
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,  
And try again the long forgotten strain ;  
At first faint warbled : but no sooner grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,  
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,  
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn :  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse  
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads  
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes ; when list'ning Philomela deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :  
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze  
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,  
Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
That e'en to birds and beasts the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try ev'ry winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around  
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,

Endeav'ring by a thousand tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance  
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem  
 Soft'ning, the least approvance to bestow,  
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,  
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,  
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach,  
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
 And shiver ev'ry feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety, prompts;  
 That nature's great command may be obey'd:  
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge  
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some:  
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
 Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree  
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
 Others, apart, far in the grassy dale,  
 Or rough'ning waste, their humble texture weave.  
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,  
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
 They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought,  
 But restless hurry through the busy air,  
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
 Intent. And often from the careless back  
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
 Pluck hair and wool: and oft, when unobserv'd,  
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight.

Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away; or else supplies  
 Her place a moment, while she sudden fits  
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food  
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,  
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly,  
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young;  
 Which, equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cot amidst the distant woods,  
 Sustain'd alone by providential heav'n,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all!

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,  
 By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,  
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,  
 And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,  
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
 Amid a neighb'ring bush they silent drop,  
 And, whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive  
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence around the head  
 Of wand'ring swain the white-wing'd plover wheels  
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
 In long excursion skims the level lawn.  
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence  
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
 The heath-hen flutters (pious fraud), to lead  
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan  
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man  
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.

Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
 Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;  
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,  
 Which, clear, and vig'rous, warbles from the beech.  
 O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,  
 Spare the soft tribes; this barb'rous art forbear;  
 If on your bosom innocence can win,  
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament  
 Her run'd care, too delicately fram'd  
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
 The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce  
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;  
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
 Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough  
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,  
 Demand the free possession of the sky:  
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
 Parental love at once, now needless grown:  
 Unlavish wisdom never works in vain.  
 'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,  
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
 Visit the spacious heav'ns, and look abroad  
 On nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs  
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,  
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void,  
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
 The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
 Or push them off. The surging air receives  
 Its plummy burden; and their self taught wings

Winnow the waving element. On ground  
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
 Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight,  
 Till vanish'd ev'ry fear, and ev'ry pow'r  
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air  
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,  
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff  
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 On utmost Kilda's\* shore, whose lonely race  
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,  
 The royal eagle draws his vig'rous young,  
 Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat,  
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,  
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
 Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs,  
 In early spring his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there well pleas'd  
 I might the various polity survey  
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around,  
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;  
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-chequer'd duck before her train  
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads  
 His ev'ry colour'd glory to the sun,  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in am'rous chase, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

\* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.



While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame,  
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.  
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
 Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood  
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud  
 Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.  
 And oft in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,  
 He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns  
 His rival gor'd in ev'ry knotty trunk.  
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:  
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,  
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds.  
 And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix:  
 While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,  
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,  
 With his hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,  
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;  
 Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,  
 And by the well known joy to distant plains  
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;  
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;  
 And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes  
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending, cleaves  
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
 E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream  
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force  
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:  
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,  
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.

Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:  
 How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,  
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart,  
 The far resounding waste, in fiercer bands,  
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme



I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,  
Forbids ; and leads me to the mountain brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,  
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,  
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,  
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race  
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal giv'n,  
They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
Of iron war, in ancient barb'rous times,  
When disunited Britain ever bled,  
Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
Where wealth and commerce lift their golden heads,  
And o'er our labours liberty and law,  
Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world !

What is this mighty breath, ye sages say,  
That, in a pow'rful language, felt, not heard,  
Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast  
These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?  
Inspiring God ? who, boundless spirit all,  
And unremitting energy, pervades,  
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole,  
He ceaseless works alone : and yet alone  
Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd  
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.  
But, though conceal'd to ev'ry purer eye  
Th' informing Author in his works appears ;  
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
The smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,  
And air, attest his bounty ; which exalts  
The brute creation to his finer thought,  
And annual melts their undesigning hearts  
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,  
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man :  
When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie,  
To raise his being, and serene his soul,  
Can he forbear to join the gen'ral smile  
Of nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast.

While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove  
 Is melody! Hence from the bounteous walks  
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,  
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;  
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away!  
 But come, ye gen'rous minds, in whose wide thought,  
 Of all his works, creative bounty burns  
 With warmest beam, and on your open front  
 And lib'ral eye, sits, from his dark retreat  
 Inviting modest Want. Nor till invok'd  
 Can restless goodness wait: your active search  
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd:  
 Like silent-working Heav'n, surprising oft  
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
 For you the roving spirit of the wind  
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds  
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;  
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
 Ye flow'r of human race! In these green days  
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;  
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
 Spring o'er her heart, beyond the pow'r of kings  
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.  
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,  
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd  
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,  
 We feel the present Deity, and taste  
 The joy of God to see a happy world!  
 These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,  
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,  
 O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus  
 And meditations vary, as at large,  
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou stray'st,  
 Thy British Tempé! There along the dale,  
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks  
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,  
 Or gleam'd in lengthen'd vista through the trees,  
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade

Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
The hollow-whisp'ring breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft  
You wander through the philosophic world;  
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time,  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,  
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party rage,  
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,  
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song  
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,  
With soul to thine attun'd. Then nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;  
And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
Tost by ungen'rous passions, sinks away.  
The tender heart is animated peace;  
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
In varied converse, soft'ning every theme,  
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,  
And lively sweetness, dwell, enraptur'd drink  
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
Unutterable happiness! which love  
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few,  
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around;  
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between,  
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:

Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt  
 The hospitable genius lingers still,  
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;  
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;  
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes  
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves  
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah, then, ye fair!  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:  
 Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,  
 Downcast and low, in meek submission drest,  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,  
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let the aspiring youth beware of love,  
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,  
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours.  
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,  
 Rapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;  
 Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,  
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:  
 And still false warbling in his cheated ear,  
 Her siren-voice, enchanting, draws him on  
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of love  
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,  
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang  
Shoots through the conscious heart, where honour still,  
And great design, against th' oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient leave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!  
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.  
'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping fancy pines: and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.  
All nature fades extinct; and she alone  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends:  
And sad amid the social bands he sits,  
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue  
The unfinish'd period falls; while borne away  
On swelling thought his wafted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream  
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love; or on the bank,  
Thrown amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day;  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,

And all the sons of Care, lie hush'd in sleep,  
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,  
Meant for the moving messenger of love;  
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed  
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies;  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds; till the gray morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love; and then perhaps  
Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;  
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd  
To secret winding flow'r-enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,  
Back from the bending precipice; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The farther shore; where, succourless and sad,  
She with extended arms his aid implores;  
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood  
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,  
Whose misery delights. But through the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,



Shine out your last; the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
Of sunny features; and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,  
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,  
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
Her first endearments, twining round the soul,  
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,  
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;  
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:  
For even the sad assurance of his fears  
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,  
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;  
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.  
But happy they, the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love:  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will  
With boundless confidence; for nought but love



Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungen'rous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven  
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd  
Of a mere lifeless violated form :  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ?  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear  
Surprises often, while you look around,  
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
All various nature pressing on the heart :  
An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,

**SPRING.**

**43**

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
When, after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

## S U M M E R.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies: whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of the Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

**F**ROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,  
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:  
He comes attended by the sultry hours,  
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
Averts his blushful face, and earth and skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom:  
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,  
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the poet, every power  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,  
In whom the human graces all unite:  
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;  
Genius and wisdom; the gay social sense,  
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,

In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;  
 Unblemished honour, and an active zeal  
 For Britain's glory, Liberty and Man :  
 O Dodington ! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit ev'ry line,  
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving pow'r  
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void ! thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,  
 And all their labour'd monuments, away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;  
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
 Minutely faithful : such th' all-perfect Hand !  
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,  
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
 And soon observant of approaching day,  
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east ;  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face,  
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
 Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine :  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes  
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order drives  
 His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,

And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song!  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life:  
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!  
 Or else to fev'rish vanity alive,  
 Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams.  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than Nature craves; when every muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-deviuous morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,  
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams  
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!  
 Of all material beings first, and best!  
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen  
 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by the secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn  
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round  
 Of thirty years: to Mercury, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!  
 Without whose quick'ning glance their cumbrous orbs  
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life!  
 How many forms of being wait on thee;  
 Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,

By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,  
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam !  
 The vegetable world is also thine,  
 Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede  
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,  
 Annual, along the bright elliptic road,  
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
 Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay  
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
 Implore thy bounty or send grateful up  
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car,  
 High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,  
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,  
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,  
 And soften'd into joy the surly Storms.  
 These in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till kindling at thy touch,  
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd ;  
 But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
 Effulgent hence, the veiny marble shines ;  
 Hence Labour draws his tools, hence burnish'd War  
 Gleams on the day : the nobler works of Peace  
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,  
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
 Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,  
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames ;  
 From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,  
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.



With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns ;  
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green Emerald shews. But all combin'd  
 Thick through the whitening Opal play thy beams ;  
 Or, flying several from its surface, form  
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch  
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd  
 In brighter mazes the reluctant stream  
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys  
 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds ;  
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
 Are to thy beauty, dignity and use,  
 Unequal far : great delegated source  
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of Him  
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light  
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ?  
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
 Fill'd overflowing, all those lamps of heaven,  
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky :  
 But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,  
 And all the extinguish'd stars, would loos'ning reel  
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,  
 Almighty Father silent in thy praise,  
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice ;  
 Even in the depth of solitary woods,  
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,  
 And to the quire celestial Thee resound,  
 The eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd ;  
 And to peruse its all instructing page,



Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
 My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms  
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
 On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,  
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills  
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd  
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,  
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;  
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;  
 While tyrant Heat, dispreparing through the sky,  
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts  
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,  
 Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloom resign,  
 Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,  
 When fevers revel through their azure veins.  
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves  
 Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,  
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;  
 His flock before him stepping to the fold :  
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
 The food of innocence and health ! The daw,  
 The rook, and magpie, to the gray-grown oaks  
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;  
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ;  
 And in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies  
 Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
 O'er hill and dale ; till, waken'd by the wasp,

They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
 To let the little noisy summer-race  
 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song ;  
 Not mean though simple ; to the sun allied,  
 From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborne,  
 Lighter, and full of soul. From ev'ry chink,  
 And secret corner, where they slept away  
 The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs,  
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,  
 Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues  
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
 Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes  
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool  
 They, sportive, wheel ; or sailing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,  
 Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade  
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
 The meads their choice, and visit ev'ry flow'r,  
 And ev'ry latent herb ; for the sweet task,  
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight !  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate ; or weltering in the bowl,  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves  
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,  
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,  
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap  
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
 Passes ; as oft the ruffian shews his front.  
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,

Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the flutt'ring wing  
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground:  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
 To him who muses through the wood at noon:  
 Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd,  
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
 Of willows gray, close crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what num'rous kinds descend,  
 Evading e'en the microscopic eye!  
 Full Nature swarms with life: one wondrous mass  
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd  
 Waiting the vital breath, when Parent Heaven  
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,  
 In putrid streams, emits the living cloud  
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,  
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure  
 Within its winding citadel the stone  
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,  
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,  
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible  
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray,  
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems,  
 Void of their unseen people. These conceal'd  
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape  
 The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds  
 In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,  
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,  
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,  
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
 Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd

In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?  
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,  
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art,  
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
 And lives the man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;  
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From infinite perfection to the brink  
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns!  
 Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering nations sport: till tempest-wing'd,  
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.  
 E'en so luxurious men unheeding pass  
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,  
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on  
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes  
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose,  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 Even stooping age is here; and infant hands  
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load  
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.  
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row

Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,  
That throws refreshment round a rural smell:  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet haycock rises thick behind,  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the many-running brook  
Forms the deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.  
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:  
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And panting labour to the farthest shore:  
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;  
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill: and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,  
Head above head: and rang'd in lusty rows,  
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime their joyous task goes on apace:  
 Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp his master's cipher ready stand:  
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along;  
 And glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.  
 Behold, where bound, and of its robe bereft  
 By needy man, that all-depending lord,  
 How meek, how patient the mild creature lies!  
 What softness in its melancholy face  
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears!  
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;  
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
 Who, having now, to pay his annual care,  
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cum'brous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! Yet hence Britannia sees  
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands  
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime:  
 The treasures of the sun, without his rage:  
 Hence fervent all with culture, toil, and arts,  
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence  
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast:  
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun  
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all  
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,  
 Stoops for relief: thence hot ascending steams,  
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields  
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
 Blasts fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.  
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
 Of sharpening scythe; the mower, singing, heaps  
 O'er him the humid hay, with flow'rs perfum'd:



And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard  
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The very streams look languid from afar ;  
 Or, through th' unshelter'd glade, impatient seem  
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !  
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,  
 And still another fervent flood succeeds.  
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
 And restless turn, and look around for night ;  
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.  
 Thrice happy he ; who on the sunless side  
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :  
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm : while all the world without,  
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,  
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! Ye bowery thickets, hail !  
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !  
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !  
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,  
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.  
 Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort glides ;  
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye  
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit,  
 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;  
 A various group the herds and flocks compose ;  
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie ! while others stand



Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
 The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong laborious ox, with honest front,  
 Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides  
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the monarch swain ; his careless arm,  
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd :  
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;  
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
 Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd ;  
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook  
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
 Through all the bright severity of noon ;  
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,  
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
 Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,  
 Darts on the gloomy flood with steadfast eye,  
 And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,  
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,  
 Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his  
 thirst :

He takes the rivers at redoubled draughts ;  
 And, with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth ;  
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of meditation, these  
 The scenes, where ancient bards th' aspiring breath  
 Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,  
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,  
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall  
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;  
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,

To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul  
 For future trials fated to prepare ;  
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
 His Muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs  
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,  
 But foremost when engaged) to turn the death ;  
 And numberless such offices of love,  
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd I feel  
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
 Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear  
 Of fancy strikes : ' Be not of us afraid,  
 Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures we  
 From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,  
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life  
 Toil'd tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
 Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 Then fear not us ; but, with responsive song,  
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
 By noisy folly, and discordant vice,  
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.  
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,  
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill  
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade :  
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,  
 On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear  
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain.'

And art thou, Stanley,\* of that sacred band ?  
 Alas ! for us too soon ! Though rais'd above  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy ; yet with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel

\* A young lady, well known to the Author, who died  
 at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :  
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ;  
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,  
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
 Inspir'd, where moral wisdom mildly shone,  
 Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd  
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.  
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;  
 Or rather to parental nature pay  
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while  
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.  
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death  
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,  
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up they mount, in airy vision wrapt,  
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound  
 Of a near fall of water every sense [back,  
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift shrinking  
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood  
 Rolls fair and placid ; where collected all  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
 At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;  
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
 Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;  
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,  
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
 With upward pinions, through the flood of day,  
 Aud, giving full his bosom to the blaze,

Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,  
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.  
 The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,  
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
 Short interval of weary woe ! Again  
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds  
 A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,  
 All in the freshness of the humid air :  
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
 And ample chair moss-lin'd, and over-head  
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee  
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm  
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,  
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,  
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone :  
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,  
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,  
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
 The short liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze  
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air ;  
 He mounts his throne : but kind before him sends,  
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,  
 The general breeze,\* to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
 Returning suns and double seasons† pass :  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east : caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:  
 Majestic woods of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;  
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven  
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste  
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,  
 Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats  
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green,  
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
 Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.  
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze  
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;  
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.  
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine,  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs,  
 Low bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
 Nor creeping through the woods, the gelid race  
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp;  
 Witness, thou best Anana! thou the pride  
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:  
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,

Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,  
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,  
Unfixt, as in a verdant ocean lost.

Another Flora, there, of bolder hues,  
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
Plays o'er the field, and showers with sudden hand  
Exuberant Spring: for oft these valleys shift  
Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd  
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas:  
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,  
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,  
Behemoth\* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,  
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:  
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills,  
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
In widening circle round, forget their food,  
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast  
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;  
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,  
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,  
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes?  
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd:  
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees  
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
And empires rise and fall; regardless he  
Of what the never-resting race of men  
Project: thrice happy could he 'scape their guile,  
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;

\* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.



Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd  
 The plumy nations, there her gayest hues  
 Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine,  
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.\*  
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast  
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
 While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert barrier burst,  
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky :  
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb  
 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth  
 No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,  
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,  
 From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,  
 From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay,  
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.  
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,  
 From many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,  
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,

\* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;  
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;  
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;  
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks  
 Securely stray: a world within itself,  
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw  
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear  
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;  
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind;  
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon  
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.  
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,  
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,  
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;  
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
 Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,  
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.  
 Meantime, amid these upper seas condens'd  
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,  
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne:  
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;  
 Till, in the furious elemental war  
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass  
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
 Of ancient knowledge: whence with annual pomp,  
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.  
 From his two springs in Gojam's sunny realm,  
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake  
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.  
 There, by the naiads nurs'd, he sports away

His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,  
 That with unfading verdure smile around.  
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;  
 And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
 Winds in progressive majesty along:  
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit  
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,  
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods  
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave  
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract  
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind  
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar;  
 From Menam's\* orient stream, that nightly shines  
 With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:  
 All, at this bounteous season ope their urns,  
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,  
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque  
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives  
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends  
 The mighty Orellana.† Scarce the Muse  
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass  
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt  
 The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,  
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,  
 In silent dignity they sweep along,  
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,

\* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of these insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,  
O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,  
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle:  
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd  
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.  
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;  
And Ocean trembles from his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?  
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?  
This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,  
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?  
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,  
What their unplanted fruits? what the cold  
draughts,

The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,  
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,  
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?  
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid  
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,  
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines:  
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun!  
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,  
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores!  
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,  
Whate'er the humanizing muses teach;  
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;  
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;  
Investigation calm, whose silent powers  
Command the world; the light that leads to heaven;  
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,  
And all-protecting freedom, which alone  
Sustains the name and dignity of man:  
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself  
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;  
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom  
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,  
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,

Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,  
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight  
Of sweet humanity : these court the beam  
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,  
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,  
There lost. The very brute creation there  
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent from his dark abode,  
Which even imagination fears to tread,  
At noon, forth issuing, gathers up his train  
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,  
He throws his folds : and while, with threat'ning  
tongue,

And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,  
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
The small close lurking minister of fate,  
Whose high concocted venom through the veins  
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift  
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,  
This child of vengeful nature ! There, sublim'd  
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,  
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce  
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd .  
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;  
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,  
The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell ;  
These, rushing from the inhospitable woods  
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,  
That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,  
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,  
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;  
And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,  
Where, round their lordly bull, in rural ease,

They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;  
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,  
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang, escap'd,  
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again:  
While uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone  
Amid this world of death. Day, after day,  
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
And views the main that ever toils below;  
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds:  
At evening to the setting sun he turns  
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,  
And hiss continual through the tedious night.  
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes  
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,  
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,  
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:  
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,  
And all the green delights Ausonia pours:  
When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here,  
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,  
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,  
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,  
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,  
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,  
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,  
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play;  
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;  
Till, with the general all-involving storm



Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise:  
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,  
 Beneath descending hills the caravan  
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,  
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave  
 Obeys the blast, the ærial tumult swells.  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
 The circling Typhon,\* whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
 And dire Ecnephia, reign. Amid the heavens,  
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck†  
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:  
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,  
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass  
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.  
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
 Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,  
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.  
 With such mad seas the daring Gama‡ fought  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape;  
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd  
 The rising world of trade: the genius, then,  
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep  
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last

\* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope to the East Indies.

The Lusitanian prince;\* who, Heav'n inspir'd,  
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,  
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,  
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent  
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;  
And from the partners of that cruel trade  
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,  
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.  
The stormy fates descend; one death involves  
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs  
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
And draws the copious stream from swampy fens,  
Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,  
Impenetrable shade, recesses foul,  
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire power of pestilent disease.  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.  
Such as, of late, at Carthagea quench'd  
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable scene: you, pitying, saw  
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;  
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye  
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans  
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;  
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,

\* Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal.  
His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief  
source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

The frequent corse ; while on each other fix'd  
 In sad presage, the black assistants seem'd  
 Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.

What need I mention these inclement skies,  
 Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,  
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,  
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,  
 From stifed Cairo's filth, and fetid fields  
 With locust armies putrefying\* heap'd,  
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The brutes escape : man is her destin'd prey,  
 Intemperate man ! and, o'er his guilty domes,  
 She draws a close-incumbent cloud of death ;  
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze : and stain'd  
 With many a mixture by the sun suffus'd,  
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,  
 Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand  
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,  
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ;  
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
 The cheerful haunt of men : unless escap'd  
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,  
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch  
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven  
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,  
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,  
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :  
 Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,  
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,  
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,  
 The wide-enlivening air, is full of fate ;  
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs  
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.  
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair  
 Extends her raven wing : while, to complete

\* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,  
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung; the rage intense  
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,  
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year.  
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,  
The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;  
And rous'd within the subterranean world.  
The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.  
But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muse:  
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,  
Unusual darkness broods; and, growing, gains  
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd  
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn  
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume  
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,  
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame  
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound  
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.  
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes  
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deploring eye: by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;

And following slower, in explosion vast,  
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven  
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds; till over head a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,  
And opens wider: shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds  
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
Black from the stroke, above, the smould'ring pine  
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,  
A lifeless group, the blasted cattle lie:  
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
They wore alive, and ruminating still  
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,  
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,  
The venerable tower and spiry fane  
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.  
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud  
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,  
Into the flashing deep from the rude rocks  
Of Penmanmaur, heap'd hideous to the sky,  
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,  
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,  
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.  
And yet not always on the guilty head  
Descends the fatal flash. Young Celadon  
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;

With equal virtue form'd and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.  
 They lov'd ; but such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence and undissembling truth.  
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,  
 The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
 Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled ; till in evil hour,  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;  
 While with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd  
 Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 The unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed  
 With love illumin'd high. ' Fear not,' he said,  
 ' Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,  
 And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves  
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour  
 Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice,  
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus  
 To clasp perfection !' From his void embrace,



Mysterious Heaven ! that moment to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds  
 Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands  
 A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air,  
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign  
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
 Invests the fields ; and Nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.  
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,  
 Most favour'd ; who, with voice articulate,  
 Should lead the chorus of the lower world ?  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenely the sky,  
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,  
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
 A sandy bottom shews. Awhile he stands  
 Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue profound below ;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,  
 Instant emerge : and, through the obedient wave,  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,

The kind refresher of the summer heats :  
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd  
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,  
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
 Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,  
 Where, winding into pleasing solitudes,  
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,  
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that  
 Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd  
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.  
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,  
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole  
 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,  
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;  
 And if an infant passion struggled there,  
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !  
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
 For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,  
 This cool retreat his Musidora sought ;  
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;  
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe  
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 What shall he do ? in sweet confusion lost,  
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd :  
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
 A delicate refinement, known to few,  
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire :  
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
 Eay, ye severest, what would you have done ?

Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest  
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, stript her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah! then, not Paris on the piny top  
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside  
The rival goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;  
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;  
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;  
As from her naked limbs of glowing white,  
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;  
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn;  
Then to the flood she rush'd: the parting flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:  
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;  
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,  
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.  
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
That half-embraced her in a humid veil,  
Rising again, the latent Damon drew  
Such madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,  
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,  
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
Can e'er be deem'd, and struggling from the shade,  
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank  
With trembling hand he threw: 'Bathe on, my fair,  
Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye

Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,  
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
 And each licentious eye.' With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the statue\* that enchants the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd  
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,  
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted: even a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of the soul;  
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,  
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:  
 ' Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
 Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.'

The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb  
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,  
 And vital lustre: that, with various ray,  
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,  
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth,  
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,

\* The Venus of Medici.

And in pathetic song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social friends,  
 Attun'd to happy union of soul ;  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught  
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;  
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;  
 Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day :  
 Now to the verdant portico of woods,  
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;  
 By that kind school where no proud master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,  
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport ; which the Sire  
 Of Love approving hears, and calls it good.  
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore shall we choose ?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?  
 Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,  
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?\* Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,  
 Exulting swift to huge Augusta send ;  
 Now to the sister hills † that skirt her plain ;  
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :  
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods  
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;  
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,

\* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon  
 shining or splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

With her the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,  
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing muse,  
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames ;  
 Fair winding up to where the muses haunt  
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore  
 The healing God;\* to royal Hampton's pile,  
 To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,  
 Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd  
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.  
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse  
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!  
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills ;  
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,  
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays !  
 Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,  
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
 Walks, unconfin'd even to thy farthest cots,  
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful, thy clime ;  
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;  
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks ; thy valleys float  
 With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks  
 Bleat numberless, while, roving round their sides,  
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unequall'd  
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,  
 And property assures it to the swain,  
 Pleas'd, and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;  
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,  
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
 The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,

\* In his last sickness.

\* F



Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,  
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first  
 Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.  
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;  
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ;  
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;  
 Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,  
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many ! Alfred thine,  
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtuous saint,  
 And his own muses love ; the best of kings !  
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,  
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,  
 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,  
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,  
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
 Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;  
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
 Then flam'd thy spirit high ; but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the maiden reign ?  
 In Raleigh, mark their ev'ry glory mix'd ;  
 Raleigh the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd,  
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign  
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resigned,

To glut the vengeance of a vanquished foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,  
 And with his prison hours enrich'd the world ;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
 In which he conquer'd and in which he bled.  
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,  
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle and the poet's bay.  
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land !  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
 Bright, at his call, thy age of men effulg'd,  
 Of men on whom late time a kindling eye  
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where Russel lies ; whose temper'd blood,  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;  
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friend, the British Cassius,\* fearless bled ;  
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love  
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
 In awful sages and in noble bards ;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a Bacon ; hapless in his choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course : him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant, in one rich soul,  
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.  
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom  
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,

\* Algernon Sidney.

Led forth the true Philosophy, there long  
 Held in the magic chain of worlds and forms,  
 And definitions void : he led her forth,  
 Daughter of heaven ! that slow-ascending still,  
 Investigating sure the chain of things,  
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.  
 The generous Ashley\* thine, the friend of man ;  
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye :  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.  
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search,  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
 The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,  
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?  
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God  
 To mortals lent to trace his boundless works  
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast  
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?  
 A genius universal as his theme ;  
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.  
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son :  
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :  
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,  
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
 Well moraliz'd, shines through the gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,  
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,  
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, through the native whi\*

\* Anthony Ashley Cooper, earl of Shaftesbury.

Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,  
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,  
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast:  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas  
That thunder round thy rocky coast, set up,  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm:  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,  
In bright patrol: white Peace and social Love;  
The tender-looking Charity, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;  
Undaunted truth and dignity of mind:  
Courage compos'd and keen; sound Temperance,  
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;  
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:  
While in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, public zeal;  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of Amphitritè, and her tender nymphs  
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;

Now half-immers'd , and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,  
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,  
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth.  
But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;  
To him the long review of order'd life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air ;  
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn

Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.  
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,  
And valley sunk, and unfrequented: where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game, and revelry, to pass  
The summer night, as village stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shunn'd, whose mournful chambers hold,  
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark  
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
The world to Night: not in her winter robe  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd  
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of Love, with purest ray  
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,  
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,  
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.  
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
Across the sky; or horizontal dart  
In wondrous shapes; by fearful murmuring crowds  
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;  
Lo! from the dread immeasurability of space  
Returning with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends;  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above



Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,  
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,  
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult, [spurns  
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting  
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;  
 While, from his far excursion through the wilds  
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:  
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,  
 Through which his long ellipsis winds: perhaps  
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,  
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!  
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!  
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,  
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,  
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of celestial day.  
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,  
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,  
 Where all is calm and clear: with Nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,  
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:  
 The first up-tracing from the dreary void,  
 The chain of causes and effects to Him,  
 The world-producing Essence, who alone  
 Possesses being; while the last receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
 And every beauty delicate or bold,  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.  
 Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts

Her voice to ages ; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man ?  
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd fur,  
Rough clad : devoid of every finer art,  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law, were his ; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line, or dares the wintry pole ;  
Mother severe of infinite delights'  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
And woes on woes, a still revolving train ;  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs  
The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath  
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail  
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high  
Are her exalted range : intent to gaze  
Creation through : and, from that full complex  
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
Of the sole Being right, who spoke the word,  
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,  
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns  
Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train ;  
To reason then, deducing truth from truth :

And notion quite abstract ; where first begins  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,  
So wills eternal Providence, sits deep.  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,  
This infancy of being, cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of God,  
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising mind.

## AUTUMN.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

**CROWN'D** with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf  
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed, once more,  
Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost  
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring  
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns  
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,  
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
Awhile engage. Thy noble care she knows,  
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,  
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving through the maze of eloquence  
A rolls of periods, sweeter than her song.  
But she too pants for public virtue; she,  
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,  
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;

From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown, below  
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:  
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;  
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun  
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,  
 And back by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power,  
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;  
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
 And all the soft civility of life:  
 Raiser of humankind! by Nature cast,  
 Naked, and helpless, out, amid the woods  
 And wilds, to rude-inclement elements;  
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind  
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
 Materials infinite; but idle all.  
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,  
 Slept the lethargic powers: Corruption still,  
 Voracious, swallow'd what the lib'ral hand  
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:  
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal  
 Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!  
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,  
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;  
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.  
 For home he had not; home is the resort  
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,

Supporting and supported, polish'd friends  
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged savage never felt,  
 Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:  
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,  
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;  
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out  
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth;  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;  
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe,  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table; pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:  
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity:  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;  
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,  
 Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,  
 And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd  
 And form'd a public; to the general good  
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
 For this the patriot council met, the full,  
 The free, and fairly-represented whole;  
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian-laws,  
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
 Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still  
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd  
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
 And all the honey of their search, to such  
 As for themselves alone have rais'd.



Hence every form of cultivated life  
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,  
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd  
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;  
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew  
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk  
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;  
 Rais'd the strong crane ; chok'd up the loaded street  
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames !  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !  
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
 Shot up their spires : the bellying sheet between  
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk  
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along  
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,  
 The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings  
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil  
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,  
 To bear the British thunder, black and bold,  
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
 Its ample roof : and Luxury within  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvass smooth,  
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
 Of forming art, imagination flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er  
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,  
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;  
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;  
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;  
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit  
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day  
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand  
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;  
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
 How good the God of harvest is to you:  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields:  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth,  
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heaven,  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,

When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia : till, at length, compell'd  
By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train  
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye :  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.  
That very moment love and chaste desire  
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn.

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:  
 'What pity! that so delicate a form,  
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,  
 Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind  
 Recals that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;  
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.  
 'Tis said that in some lone, obscure retreat,  
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His aged widow and his daughter live,  
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!'

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak  
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,  
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran!  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.  
 Confus'd, and frighten'd, at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:

'And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?  
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought  
 So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,  
 The soften'd image of my noble friend;  
 Alive is every look, his every feature,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!  
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
 That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,  
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?  
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;  
 Though Poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,

Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?  
 O let me now, into a richer soil,  
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal sun and showers  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
 And of my garden be the pride and joy!  
 Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,  
 Though vast, where little to his ampler heart,  
 The father of a country, thus to pick  
 The very refuse of those harvest fields  
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill applied to such a rugged task!  
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;  
 If, to the various blessings which thy house  
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!'

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair:  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs  
 Along the soft inclining fields of corn.  
 But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,  
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,

Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;  
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours  
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
 High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
 Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,  
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;  
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain  
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
 In one continuous flood. Still over head  
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.  
 Sudden, the ditches swell, the meadows swim.  
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
 Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks  
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,  
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd  
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,  
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman  
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck  
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,  
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,  
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;  
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;  
 And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,  
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!  
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
 And all-involving winds have swept away.  
 Here the rude clamour of the sportman's joy,



The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:  
 How in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,  
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;  
 As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,  
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye,  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more:  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun  
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,  
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,  
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,  
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song:  
 Then most delighted, when she social sees  
 The whole mix'd animal creation round  
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;  
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn:  
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,  
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,  
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.  
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat

Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,  
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;  
The thistly lawn ; the thick-entangled broom ;  
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits  
Conceal'd with folded ears, unsleeping eyes  
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;  
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
In act to spring away. The scented dew  
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,  
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,  
With every breeze she hears the coming storm :  
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
The savage soul of game is up at once :  
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn  
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed  
Wild for the chase : and the loud hunter's shoot ;  
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mix'd in a mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long  
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,  
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight ;  
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more,  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :  
Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:  
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;  
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face;  
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,  
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,  
The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,  
Advancing full on the protended spear,  
And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.  
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe  
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:  
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then,  
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour  
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;  
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the edge  
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood  
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd;  
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;  
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,  
In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.

For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;  
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;  
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,  
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths  
Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond  
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn  
Calls them to ghastly halls of gray renown,  
With woodland honours grac'd the fox's fur,  
Depending decent from the roof ; and spread  
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
The stag's large front ; he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils,  
With feasts Thessalian centaurs never knew,  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;  
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking sirloin stretch'd immense  
From side to side ; in which with desperate knife,  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,  
While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,  
If stomach keen can intervals allow,  
Relating all the glories of the chase.  
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,  
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
A potent gale, delicious as the breath  
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,  
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears  
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,  
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat  
Of thirty years ; and now his honest front  
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.  
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile  
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,  
Wreath'd. fragrant, from the pipe : or the quick dice,  
In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss

Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.  
At last these puling idlenesses laid  
Aside, frequent and full the dry divan  
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in  
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,  
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
Indulg'd apart : but earnest, brimming bowls  
Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,  
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,  
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;  
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ;  
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,  
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;  
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd  
Mix in the music of the day again. [hounds  
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep  
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls,  
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,  
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
Then, sliding, soft, they drop. Confus'd above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Like a wet broken scene ; and wide, below,  
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride  
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Outlives them all : and from his buried flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Relents the weakness of these latter times.  
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.  
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
With every motion, every word, to wave  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;  
And, by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging man.  
O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
Through love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,  
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress !  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
Disclosing motion in its every charm,  
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race  
To rear their graces into second life ;  
To give society its highest taste ;  
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make ;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-eluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toil of human life :  
This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank ;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,



Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:  
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,  
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever-changing composition mix'd.  
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps  
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points  
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:  
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,  
With British freedom sing the British song:  
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;  
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain;

Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,  
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks ;  
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;  
New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat :  
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.  
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
Th' inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book  
Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence,  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought ;  
Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum :  
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoot ;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.  
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;  
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs  
Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.  
Low bend the weighty boughs ; the clusters clear,  
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent, while perfection breathes  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.

Then comes the crushing swain: the country floats,  
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;  
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,  
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:  
The claret smooth, red as the lips we press  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety; but in a night  
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk, gradual swallows up the plain:  
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems  
Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
E'en in the height of noon opprest, the sun  
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray;  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear; and, wilder'd o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, sits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,  
A formless gray confusion covers all.  
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)  
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urg'd  
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn  
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin  
To smoke along the hilly country, these  
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores  
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;

Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.  
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,  
The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;  
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.  
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;  
But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
Far from the parent main, it boils again  
Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill  
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
Amusive dream ! Why should the waters love  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?  
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
They must aspire, why should they sudden stop  
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?  
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,  
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke  
Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,  
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :  
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,  
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.  
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd  
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes !  
O thou pervading genius, given to man,  
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display  
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view !  
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;  
The huge encumbrance of horrific woods

From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds !  
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,  
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream !  
 O from the sounding summits of the north,  
 The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd  
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;  
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those  
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;  
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ  
 Believes the stony girdle\* of the world ;  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,  
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods :  
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! hung o'er the deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
 And of the bending mountains† of the Moon !  
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,  
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line  
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !  
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose,  
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !  
 Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free !  
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;  
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.  
 Strew'd bibulous above I see the sands,  
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy running clefts ;  
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste :  
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,  
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,

\* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Cameny poys ; that is, the great stony girdle ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,  
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd :  
 O'erflowing thence the congregated stores,  
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;  
 And welling out, around the middle steep,  
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,  
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd  
 These vapours in continual currents draw,  
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,  
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
 A social commerce hold, and firm support  
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play  
 The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,  
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
 The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,  
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;  
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,  
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.  
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
 With other kindred birds of season, there  
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months  
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now  
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
 By diligence amazing, and the strong  
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,  
 The stork assembly meets ; for many a day,  
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.  
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,  
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ;  
 And many a circle, many a short essay,  
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
 The figur'd flight ascends ; and, riding high  
 The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,



Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;  
Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?  
Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,  
And herd diminutive, of many hues,  
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks  
Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;  
Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up  
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,  
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :  
Her airy mountains, from the waving main  
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,  
Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,  
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,  
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth  
Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ;  
With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,  
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed  
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook),  
To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
O'er Orca's or Betubiam's highest peak :  
Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school  
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage  
She took her western flight. A manly race,  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave ;  
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard  
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,  
Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !)  
To hold a generous undiminish'd state :  
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne

O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power  
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
 Through late posterity? some, large of soul,  
 To cheer dejected industry? to give  
 A double harvest to the pining swain?  
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?  
 How, by the finest art, the native robe  
 To weave; how white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar  
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets  
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosperous sail from every growing port  
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;  
 And thus, in soul united as in name,  
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,  
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;  
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried.  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow:  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind.  
 Thee truly generous, and in silence great,

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Thy country feels through her reviving arts,  
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;  
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,  
 Of every hue, from wan declining green  
 To sooty black. These now the lonesome Muse,  
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,  
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
 The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And through their lucid veil his soften'd force  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
 And soar above this little scene of things :  
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet ;  
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;  
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard  
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,  
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse :  
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;  
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
 The gun the music of the coming year  
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,  
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !  
 The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,

A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf  
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;  
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
 And slowly circles through the waving air.  
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;  
 Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
 And, shrunk into their beds the flowery race  
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
 Of stronger fruit falls from the naked tree ;  
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the power  
 Of philosophic Melancholy comes !  
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare,  
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !  
 Inflames imagination ; through the breast  
 Infuses every tenderness ; and far  
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye,  
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
 As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd  
 To rapture, and divine astonishment ;  
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,  
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,  
 To make them blest ; the sigh for sufferingworth  
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn  
 Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;  
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;  
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame ;  
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;  
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,

To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;  
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ;  
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,  
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;  
 And voices more than human, through the void  
 Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or, is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,  
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land  
 In countless numbers blest Britannia sees ;  
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,  
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !\*  
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes : such various art  
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd  
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,  
 All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,  
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,  
 Or in that Temple† where, in future times,  
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;  
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,  
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then  
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;  
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.  
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,  
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou,  
 To mark the varied movements of the heart ;  
 What every decent character requires,  
 And every passion speaks. O through her strain  
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds  
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,  
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.  
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales

\* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :  
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files  
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,  
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ;  
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
The British youth would hail thy wise command,  
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;  
And humid evening, gilding o'er the sky,  
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd  
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along  
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon  
Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.  
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,  
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
Void of his flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.

But when half-blotted from the sky her light,  
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;  
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,  
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;  
Oft in this season, silent from the north  
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first  
The lower skies, they all at once converge  
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,



And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,  
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;  
Till the long lines of full-extended war,  
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood  
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame:  
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;  
Of pestilence, and every great distress:  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self  
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,  
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense! sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;  
Distinction lost; and gay variety  
One universal blot; such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge:  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:  
Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze,

Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,  
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf :  
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,  
 And plaintive children his return await,  
 In wild conjecture lost. At other time,  
 Sent by the better genius of the night,  
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's main,  
 The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,  
 That winding leads through pits of death, or else  
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines  
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
 And now the mountain sun dispels the fog;  
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam :  
 And hung on every spray, on every blade  
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah, see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit  
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,  
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
 And fix'd o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill,  
 The happy people in their waxen cells,  
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
 Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd  
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;  
 And, used to milder scents, the tender race,  
 By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,  
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.  
 And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?  
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,  
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
 Awaiting renovation! When oblig'd,  
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food  
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;  
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
 Again regale them on some smiling day?

See where the stony bottom of their town  
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep  
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd  
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd  
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,  
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high,  
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all.  
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads  
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd  
 With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch  
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd  
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
 The gilded earth! the harvest treasures all  
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
 Sure to the swain: the circling fence shut up;  
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd,  
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round  
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,  
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
 Points an approving smile, with double force  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts  
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
 Begins again the never ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men  
 The happiest he; who, far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life,

What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?  
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not?  
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury and death? What though his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
Rich in content; in Nature's bounty rich,  
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring  
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,  
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, invitin<sub>g</sub> sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;  
Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;  
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.  
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,

Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;  
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,  
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
Let some, far distant from their native soil,  
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,  
Find other lands beneath another sun.  
Let this through cities work his eager way,  
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
The social sense extinct ; and that ferment  
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
An iron race ! and those of fairer front,  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight ;  
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
While he, from all the stormy passions free  
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the man who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, through the revolving year ;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;  
Takes what she lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.  
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours  
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes, in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,  
Perhaps, as in immortal numbers sung ;  
Or what she dictates writes ; and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,

And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy his heart distends  
With gentle throes; and through the tepid gleams  
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.  
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
Disclos'd and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing  
O'er land and sea imagination roams;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never knew: the life  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt  
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man!  
Oh, Nature! all sufficient! over all!  
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works,  
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,  
Shew me: their motions, periods, and their laws,  
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep  
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;  
Thrust, blooming, thence, the vegetable world;  
O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift;



These ever open to my ravish'd eye;  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
But if to that unequal : if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart forbid  
That best ambition ; under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ;  
And let me never, never stray from Thee !



## WINTER.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows; a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,  
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!  
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,  
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain,  
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,  
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
Till through the lucid chambers of the south  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.  
To thee, the patron of her first essay,  
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.  
Since has she rounded the revolving year:  
Skimn'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,  
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;  
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;  
And now among the wintry clouds again,  
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;  
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;  
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;  
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:  
Thrice happy, could she fill thy judging ear  
With bold description, and with manly thought.

Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,  
And how to make a mighty people thrive;  
But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,  
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,  
A steady spirit, regularly free;  
These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
Into the patriot; these the public hope  
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;  
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.  
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
Through the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;  
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
Meantime, in sable tincture, shadows vast,  
Deep ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Through Nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.  
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with more than melancholy views.  
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root,  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;  
And up along the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook,  
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure  
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain  
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low bent clouds  
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,  
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love  
To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,  
And ask with meaning low, their wonted stalls,  
Or ruminatè in the contiguous shade.  
Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
The crested cock, with all his female train,  
Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind  
Hangs o'er th' enliv'ning blaze and taleful there  
Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
At last the rous'd-up river pours along :  
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;  
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,  
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd  
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;  
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul,  
That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !  
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,

Where your aërial magazines reserv'd  
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?  
 In what far distant region of the sky,  
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks  
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey; while rising slow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east the moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;  
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;  
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,  
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,  
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,  
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train  
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,  
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove;  
 Assiduous in his bower, the wailing owl  
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing  
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.  
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst  
 And hurls the whole precipitated air  
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main

Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
Through the black night that sits immense around,  
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :  
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds, across the howling waste  
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.  
Emerging thence again, before the breath  
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,  
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns :  
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons  
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;  
Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's  
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;  
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome  
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.  
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.  
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King who oft



Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm :  
Then straight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious Night,  
And Contemplation her sedate compeer ;  
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !  
Ye ever-tempting ! ever cheating train !  
Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
Sad sickening thought ! And yet, deluded man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd  
With new flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !  
O teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.  
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun,  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide

The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around  
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,  
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,  
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict; for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains  
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air;  
 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain  
 Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:

Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, [home  
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
When for the dusky spot, which Fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then through the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;  
Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse !  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;

They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste :  
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel, this very moment, death,  
 And all the sad variety of pain.  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.  
 E'en in the vale where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
 In deep-retir'd distress. How many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.  
 And here can I forget the generous band,\*  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moa  
 Where sickness pines, where thirst and  
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

\* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

While in the land of liberty, the land  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd ;  
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ,  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;  
E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ;  
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.  
O great design ! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal !  
Ye sons of Mercy ! yet resume the search ;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod,  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.  
The toils of law (what dark insidious men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
And lengthen simple justice into trade),  
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,  
And every man within the reach of right !  
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,  
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave ;  
Burning for blood ; bony, and gaunt, and grim,  
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;  
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
E'en beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance  
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,

Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
 But if, appris'd of the severe attack,  
 The country be shut up; lur'd by the scent,  
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)  
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd  
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell:  
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.  
 From steep to steep loud thundering down they come,  
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all;  
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,  
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;  
 Where ruddy fire, and beaming tapers join,  
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead;  
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,  
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.  
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly rising, pass  
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,  
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,  
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,  
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:  
 Great moral teacher! wisest of mankind!  
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal  
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws  
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd



Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurell'd field of finer arts,  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.  
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see,  
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
 The firm devoted chief,\* who prov'd by deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just:  
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;  
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty rival's† fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears  
 Cimon, sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad  
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
 Of every worth and every splendid art,  
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.  
 Then, the last worthies of declining Greece,  
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
 Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,  
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
 And, equal to the best, the Theban pair,‡  
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind,  
 Phocion the good; in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm;  
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.  
 And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw

\* Leonidas, † Themistocles.  
 ‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Even Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.  
 The two Achaian heroes close the train :  
 Aratus, who a while relum'd the soul  
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in Greece ;  
 And he her darling, as her latest hope,  
 The gallant Philopœmen : who to arms  
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ;  
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;  
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.  
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come !  
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times  
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame  
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd :  
 Her better founder first, the light of Rome,  
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons ;  
 Servius the king, who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
 The public father,\* who the private quell'd,  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,  
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.  
 Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold ;  
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.  
 Thy willing victim,† Carthage, bursting loose  
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
 Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade  
 With friendship and philosophy retir'd.  
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile  
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.  
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :  
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,  
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,  
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.  
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse  
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?

\* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

Who sing their influence on this lower world ?  
 Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :  
 'Tis Phoebus self, or else the Mantuan swain!  
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,  
 Parent of song; and equal, by his side,  
 The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.  
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch  
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd  
 Transported Athens with the moral scene ;  
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine !  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;  
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,  
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,  
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart ?  
 For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.  
 Where art thou, Hammond ? thou the darling pride,  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !  
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hopes so soon ?  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store  
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ?  
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm  
 Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?  
 Ah ! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits,

And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain !  
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd ;  
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
Was call'd, late rising, from the void of night,  
Or sprung eternal from th' eternal Mind ;  
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;  
And each diffusive harmony unite  
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.  
Then would we try to scan the moral world,  
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
In higher order ; fitted and impell'd  
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In general good. The sage historic Muse  
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time :  
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,  
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;  
Then, even superior to ambition, we  
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide  
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life ; or snatch'd away by hope,  
Through the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
Of happiness and wonder ; where the mind,  
In endless growth, and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form  
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train

Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;  
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,  
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;  
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round ;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round,  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :  
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,  
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,  
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
 Down the loose stream of false-enchanted joy  
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd, and involv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ;  
 The circle deepens ; beam'd from gaudy robes,  
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :  
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,  
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;  
 Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;  
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the comic Muse  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
 And raises sly the half impartial laugh.  
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,

Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil\* shew'd.

O thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,  
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill  
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,  
 And all Apollo's animating fire,  
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
 Of polish'd life : permit the rural Muse,  
 O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !  
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train  
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place),  
 To mark the various full-accomplish'd mind :  
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn  
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ;  
 That elegant politeness, which excels,  
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;  
 That wit, that native energy of sense,  
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,  
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd  
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :  
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again  
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart,  
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;  
 And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile  
 Thy gracious power : as through the varied maze  
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.  
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse  
 For now, behold, the joyous winter days,  
 Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene  
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies ;

\* A character in *The Conscious Lovers*. written by  
 Sir Richard Steele.



Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
 Storing afresh with elemental life.  
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds  
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constricting; feeds, and animates our blood;  
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,  
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;  
 Where sits the soul intense, collected, cool,  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
 All Nature feels the renovating force  
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
 Of ruddy fire? and luculent along  
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,  
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. [stores  
 What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen  
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,  
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?  
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or sharp'd  
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffe'd  
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,  
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,  
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,  
 The whole imprison'd river growls below,  
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
 The village-dog deters the nightly-thief;  
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall  
 Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread

Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and all one cope  
Of starry glitter glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;  
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night:  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;  
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;  
And, by the frost refin'd, the whiter snow,  
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
While every work of man is laid at rest,  
Fond o'er the river crowd in various sport  
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,  
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy  
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine  
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
From every province swarming, void of care,  
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,  
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.  
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise  
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,  
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,  
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;  
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,  
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff;  
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
 Relents awhile to the reflected ray ;  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around,  
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;  
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? O' infant Winter sinks,  
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye  
 Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone ;  
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night  
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds  
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,  
 Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around  
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;  
 And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,  
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;  
 And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,  
 Save when its annual course the caravan  
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,\*  
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows ;  
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,  
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,  
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;  
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrown'd,  
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,  
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
 Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head  
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.

\* The old name for China.

The ruthless hunter wants not dogs nor toils,  
 Nor with the dread of sounding bow he drives  
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,  
 And with loud shout rejoicing bears them home.  
 There through the piny forest half-absorpt,  
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
 Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,  
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain,  
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus\* pierc'd,  
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame  
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,  
 Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,  
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.  
 Not such the sons of Lapland : wisely they  
 Despise th' incessant barbarous trade of war ;  
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives,  
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.  
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;  
 And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze  
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.  
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,  
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.  
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift  
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep  
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.  
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake

\* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

A waving blaze reflected o'er the heavens,  
 And vivid moons and stars that keener play  
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,  
 Even in the depth of polar night, they find  
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,  
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.  
 Wish'd Spring returns; and, from the hazy south  
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve;  
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds;  
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
 Wheels up again and re-ascends the sky.  
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure Niemi's\* fairy mountains rise,  
 And fring'd with roses Tenglio† rolls his stream,  
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair:  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.  
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:  
 In whom fell int'rest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on beyond Tornea's lake,  
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;  
 And, hov'ring o'er the wild stupendous scene,

\* M. de Maupertuis in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says, 'From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii, than bears.'

† The same author observes, 'I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.'

Beholds new seas beneath another sky.\*  
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ;  
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath :  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;  
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
 Snows swells on snows amazing to the sky ;  
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,  
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
 Projected huge, and horrid o'er the surge,  
 Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down,  
 As if old Chaos were again return'd,  
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
 Ocean itself no longer can resist  
 The binding fury ; but in all its rage  
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,  
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void  
 Of every life, that from the dreary months  
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;  
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's† fate  
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dar'd ?)  
 He for the passage sought, attempted since  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.  
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship

\* The other hemisphere.

† Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth  
 to discover the north-east passage.



Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing  
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men; [stream  
 And half enliven'd by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,  
 Here human nature wears its rudest form.  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.  
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
 And calls the quivering savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,  
 New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these  
 A people savage from remotest time, [shores,  
 A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,  
 By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.  
 Immortal Peter! first of monarchs; he  
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,  
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;  
 And while the fierce barbarian he subdu'd,  
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.  
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd  
 Through long successive ages to build up  
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince  
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;  
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
 And roaming every land and every port,  
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts.  
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill,  
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes;  
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;

O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;  
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ;  
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;  
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
With daring keel before ; and armies stretch  
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
The frantic Alexander of the north,  
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons,  
Sloth flies the land, and ignorance and vice,  
Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,  
Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,  
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade :  
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,  
More potent still, his great example shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,  
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.  
Spotted the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.  
And, hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd  
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan  
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,

Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,  
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
Yet Providence, that ever-waking eye,  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!  
See here thy pictur'd life! Pass some few years,  
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength;  
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled  
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts,  
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life!  
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,  
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high. And see!  
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven and earth! Awakening Nature hears  
The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,  
Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,  
And Wisdom, oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
And died neglected: why the good man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul;  
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
In starving solitude: while Luxury,

In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,  
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks  
Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!  
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,  
And what your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:  
The storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

## H Y M N.

**T**H**ES**E, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks ; Thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
Echo the mountains round : the forest smiles ;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :  
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks :  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.  
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;  
And, as on earth this grateful change resolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join, every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ;  
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise  
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :  
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day ! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls ! be hush'd the prostrate world !  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,



Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full;  
 And where He vital breathes there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
 From seeming evil still educating good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!  
 Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

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THE  
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

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EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS.

<i>Archimage</i> , chief, or greatest of magicians or enchanters.	<i>Gear</i> , or <i>Geer</i> , furniture, equipage, dress.
<i>Apaid</i> , repaid.	<i>Glaive</i> , sword. (Fr.)
<i>Appal</i> , affright.	<i>Glee</i> , joy, pleasure.
<i>Atween</i> , between.	<i>Han</i> , have.
<i>Ay</i> , always.	<i>Hight</i> , named, called; and sometimes it is used for <i>is called</i> . See Stanza vii.
<i>Bale</i> , sorrow, trouble, misfortune.	<i>Idless</i> , idleness.
<i>Benept</i> , named.	<i>Imp</i> , child, or offspring; from the Saxon <i>impan</i> , to graft or plant.
<i>Blazon</i> , painting, displaying.	<i>Kest</i> , for cast.
<i>Breme</i> , cold, raw.	<i>Lad</i> , for led.
<i>Carol</i> , to sing songs of joy.	<i>Lad</i> , a piece of land, or meadow.
<i>Caurus</i> , the north-east wind.	<i>Libbard</i> , leopard.
<i>Certes</i> , certainly.	<i>Lig</i> , to lie.
<i>Dan</i> , a word prefixed to names.	<i>Losel</i> , loose idle fellow.
<i>Defily</i> , skilfully.	<i>Louting</i> , bowing, bending.
<i>Depainted</i> , painted.	<i>Lithe</i> , loose, lax.
<i>Drowsy-head</i> , drowsiness	<i>Mell</i> , mingle.
<i>Eath</i> , easy.	<i>Moe</i> , more.
<i>Eftsoons</i> , immediately, often, afterward.	<i>Moil</i> , to labour.
<i>Eke</i> , also.	<i>Mote</i> , might.
<i>Fays</i> , fairies.	<i>Muckle</i> , or <i>Mockle</i> , much. great.

<i>Nathless</i> , nevertheless.	<i>Swink</i> , to labour.
<i>Ne</i> , nor.	<i>Smackt</i> , savoured.
<i>Needments</i> , necessities.	<i>Thrall</i> , slave.
<i>Noursling</i> , a child that is nursed.	<i>Transmew'd</i> , transformed.
<i>Noyance</i> , harm.	<i>Vild</i> , vile.
<i>Prankt</i> , coloured, adorned gaily.	<i>Unkempt</i> (Lat. <i>incomptus</i> ), unadorned.
<i>Perdie</i> , (Fr. <i>par Dieu</i> ), an old oath.	<i>Ween</i> , to think, be of opinion.
<i>Prick'd thro' the forest</i> , rode thro' the forest.	<i>Weet</i> . to know, to weet, to wit.
<i>Sear</i> , dry, burnt up.	<i>Whilom</i> , ere-while, formerly.
<i>Sheen</i> , bright, shining.	<i>Wight</i> , man.
<i>Sicker</i> , sure, surely,	<i>Wis</i> , for <i>wist</i> , to know, think, understand.
<i>Soot</i> , sweet, or sweetly.	<i>Wonne</i> (a noun), dwelling.
<i>Sooth</i> , true, or truth.	<i>Wroke</i> , wreakt.
<i>Stound</i> , misfortune, pang.	
<i>Sweltry</i> , sultry, consuming with heat.	

N. B. *The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and en at the end of a word, for the same reason, as withouten, casten, &c.*

<i>Yborn</i> , born.	<i>Yfere</i> , together.
<i>Yblent</i> , or <i>blent</i> , blended, mingled.	<i>Ymolten</i> , melted.
<i>Yclad</i> , clad.	<i>Yode</i> , (preter, tense of <i>yede</i> ), went.
<i>Ycleped</i> , called, named.	

## CANTO I.

The Castle high of Indolence,  
 And its false luxury,  
 Where, for a little time, alas!  
 We lived right jollily.

1. **O** MORTAL man! who livest here by toil,  
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate;  
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date:  
 And, certes, there is for it reason great;  
 For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail  
 And curse thy star, and early drudge, and late,  
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,  
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.
2. In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,  
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
 And there a season atween June and May, [brown'd,  
 Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half em-  
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.
3. Was nought around but images of rest,  
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,  
 And flowery beds that slumb'rous influence kest  
 From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,  
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
 And hurled every where their waters sheen,  
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,  
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made
4. Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills  
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;  
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail

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Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep ;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

5. Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
As idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood ;  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;  
And where this valley winded out, below, [to flow.  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,

6. A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye  
And of gay castles in the cloud that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky ;  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh ;  
But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest  
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

7. The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)  
Close hid his Castle 'mid embowering trees,  
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
And made a kind of checker'd day and night ;  
Mean while, unceasing at the massy gate,  
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
Was plac'd, and to his lute, of cruel fate,  
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

8. Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby ;  
For as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;  
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,  
Ymolten with his syren melody,  
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses  
sung :—

9. ' Behold, ye pilgrims of this earth! behold,  
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;  
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!  
What youthful bride can equal her array!  
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?  
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,  
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

10. ' Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
Ten thousand throats, that from the flowering thorn,  
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:  
They neither plough nor sow: ne, fit for flail,  
E'er to the barn the noddens sheaves they drove,  
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

11. ' Outcast of Nature, man! the wretched thrall  
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,  
And of the vices an inhuman train,  
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain;  
For when hard-hearted interest first began  
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;  
Guile, violence, and murder, seiz'd on man,  
And for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran

12. ' Come ye! who still the cumb'rous load of life  
Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep  
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
For ever vain; come, and withouten fee,  
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea  
Of full delight; O come, ye weary wights! to me.

13. ' With me you need not rise at early dawn,  
To pass the joyless day in various stounds;  
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;  
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,



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To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,  
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;  
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

14. ' No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
From village on to village sounding clear;  
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;  
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;  
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear.  
Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start  
With sounds that are a misery to hear;  
But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

15. ' Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent  
    ease,  
Good natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down;  
They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;  
On other's ways they never squint a frown.  
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town;  
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,  
With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;  
For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are banish'd hence.

16 ' What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,  
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,  
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
Above those passions that this world deform,  
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?  
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray      [gay.  
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more

17. ' The best of men have ever lov'd repose;  
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,  
Where the soul sow'rs, and gradual rancour grows;  
Embitter'd more from peevish day to day  
Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,  
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,  
From a base world at last have stol'n away;  
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore,  
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

18. ' But if a little exercise you choose,  
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here :  
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,  
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;  
Or, softly stealing, with your watry gear,  
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
You may delude ; the whilst, amus'd you hear  
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,  
Attuned to the birds' and woodland's melody.

19. ' O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,  
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
When, sudden comes, blind unrelenting Fate,  
And gives th' untasted portion you have won,  
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,  
There with sad ghosts to pine and shadows dun :  
But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

20. He ceas'd ; but still their trembling ears retain'd,  
The deep vibrations of his witching song,  
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd  
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.  
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,  
In silent ease : as when beneath the beam  
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,  
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,  
The soft embodied fays through airy portal stream.

21. By the smooth demon so it order'd was,  
And here his baneful bounty first began ;  
Though some there were who would not farther pass,  
And his alluring baits suspected han,  
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.  
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :  
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;  
For do their very best they cannot fly,  
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

22. When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight,  
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,  
They found themselves within the cursed gate,

Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.  
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;  
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue,  
Certes, who bides his grasp will that encounter rue.

23. From whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,  
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace,  
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,  
And of their varnish'd force remains no trace ;  
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,  
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,  
She waveth very weakly as she warms,  
Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

24. Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose  
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep,  
His calm, broad, thoughtless, aspect breath'd repose,  
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,  
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;  
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,  
Through which his half wak'd soul would faintly peep,  
Then taking his black staff he call'd his man,  
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

25. The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call ;  
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,  
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,  
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.  
This boy he kept at hand to disengage  
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,  
But ill-becoming his grave personage,  
And which his portly paunch would not permit,  
So the same limber page to all performed it.

26. Meantime the master porter wide display'd  
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,  
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,  
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
And waves the summer woods when evening frowns.  
O fair undress ! best dress ! it checks no vein,  
But ev'ry flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,  
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again

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27. Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,  
That in the middle of the court up-threw  
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,  
And falling back again in drizzly dew;  
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.  
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,  
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,  
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [more fair.  
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams

28. This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,  
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made:  
'Ye sons of Indolence! do what you will,  
And wander where you list, through hall or glade  
Be no man's pleasure for another staid!  
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,  
And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!  
Here dwells kind Ease and unreprouing Joy;  
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.'

29. Straight of these endless numbers, swarming  
As thick as idle notes in sunny ray, [round,  
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,  
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way;  
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area.  
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd  
No living creature could be seen to stray,  
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,  
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

30. As when a shepherd of the Hebride isles\*  
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,  
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,  
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign  
To stand embodied to our senses plain)  
Sees on the naked hill or valley low,  
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
A vast assembly moving to and fro,  
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

31. Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!  
Whose soft dominion o'er this Castle sways,  
And all the widely-silent places round,  
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays

\* On the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,  
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days  
 In this soul-deadening place, loose loitering?  
 Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

32. Come on, my Muse! nor stoop to low despair,  
 Thou imp of Jove! touch'd by celestial fire,  
 Thou yet shalt sing of war and actions fair,  
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;  
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;  
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic path the stage,  
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,  
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,  
 Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

33. The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
 No cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,  
 Self-open'd into halls, where who can tell  
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,  
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?  
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,  
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head,  
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

34. And every where huge cover'd tables stood,  
 With wines high-flavour'd, and rich viands crown'd;  
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food,  
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
 And all old Ocean genders in his round:  
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,  
 Even undemanded, by a sigh or sound;  
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,  
 Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd

35. Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy:  
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
 Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,  
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.  
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;  
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

36. The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,  
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;  
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,  
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,  
 And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,  
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and  
 peace impart.

37. Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,  
 Depainted was the patriarchal age,  
 What time Dan Abram left the Chaldee land,  
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,  
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage:  
 Toil was not then. Of nothing they took heed,  
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,  
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:  
 Blest sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

38. Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
 Bade the gay gloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
 Or Autumn's varied shades embrown the walls:  
 Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes,  
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;  
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:  
 Whate'er Lorrain light touch'd with softening hue,  
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

39. Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,  
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease;  
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,  
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,  
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs  
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please:  
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

40. A certain music, never known before,  
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;  
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,  
 But side-long, to the gently-waving wind,



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To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,  
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,  
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight.  
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus\* it hight.

41. Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?  
Who up the lofty diapason roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul?  
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole  
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart:  
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;  
Wide warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art.

42. Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
Of caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,  
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,  
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;  
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,  
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore,†  
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

43. Near the pavilions where we slept still ran  
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began  
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
As heaven and earth they would together mell:  
At doors and windows, threat'ning seem'd to call  
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,  
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall

44. And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams  
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,  
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,  
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,

\* This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.  
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;  
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

45. No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!  
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:  
She has no colours that like you can glow,  
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,  
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

46. They were in sooth a most enchanting train,  
E'er feigning virtue; skilful to unite  
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain:  
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,  
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,  
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep, [keep.  
They, till due time shall serve, were bid far hence to

47. Ye guardian spirits! to whom man is dear,  
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:  
Angels of fancy, and of love! be near,  
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:  
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
And let them virtue with a look impart;  
But chief awhile, O! lend us from the tomb  
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

48. Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth  
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,  
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways,  
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,  
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd,  
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wand'ring wide,  
My Muse! resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

49. One great amusement of our household was,  
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass,  
 Upon this ant-hill earth ! where constantly  
 Of idle busy men the restless fry  
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
 Or, which obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste ;  
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

50. Of Vanity the mirror this was call'd.  
 Here you a muck-worm of the town might see,  
 At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,  
 Ate up with carking care and penury,  
 Most like to carcass parch'd on gallows-tree.  
 ' A penny saved is a penny got ;'  
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,  
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
 Till it has quench'd his fire and banished his pot.

51. Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold !  
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
 All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,  
 The silly tenant of the summer air,  
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;  
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
 And thieving tradesmen, him among them share ;  
 His father's ghost from Limbo like, the while,  
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

52. This globe portray'd the race of learned men  
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page  
 Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,  
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage,  
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.  
 Why, authors ! all this scrawl and scribbling sore ?  
 To lose the present, gain the future age,  
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,    [store]  
 And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly

53. Then would a splendid city rise to view,  
 With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all :  
 Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew,  
 See how they dash along from wall to wall :  
 At every door, hark how they thundering call !

Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?  
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,  
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,  
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night

54. The puzzling sons of Party next appear'd,  
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met,  
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd  
Th' important shoulder ; then, as if to get  
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.  
No sooner Lucifer\* recalls affairs,  
Then forth they various rush in mighty fret : [cares,  
When, lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their  
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

55. But what most shew'd the vanity of life,  
Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife ;  
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,  
With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to wage, and blood around to pour :  
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
They sit them down just where they were before,  
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore

56. To number up the thousands dwelling here,  
An useless were, and, eke, an endless task,  
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
To gipsies brown in summer glades who bask ;  
Yea, many a man, perdie, I could unmask,  
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask  
For place or pension laid in decent row ;  
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

57. Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
There was a man of special grave remark ;  
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,  
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involv'd, not dark ;  
As scot this man could sing as morning lark,  
And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;  
But these his talents were yburied stark ;  
Of the fine stores he nothing could impart,  
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

\* The morning star.

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58. To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
Where purls the brooks with sleep-inviting sound,  
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,  
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found  
There would he linger, till the latest ray  
Of light sate trembling on the welkin's bound,  
Then homewards through the twilight shadows stray,  
Sauntering and slow : so had he passed many a day.

59. Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :  
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd  
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
And all its native light anew reveal'd ;  
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,  
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind  
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;  
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind

60. With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk  
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),  
One shyer still, who quite detested talk ;  
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak ;  
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
And on himself his pensive fury wroke.  
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone [done.]  
The glittering star of eve—' Thank heaven ! the day is

61. Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad  
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen :  
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,  
And sure his linen was not very clean.  
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been  
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;  
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,  
Our Castle's shame ! whence from his filthy nook,  
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look .

62. One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove  
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;  
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :



Certes, he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,  
Turning the night to day and day to night :  
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

63. But not even pleasure to excess is good :  
What most elates then sinks the soul as low,  
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,  
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,  
The farther back again they flagging go,  
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore ;  
Taught by this son of Joy we found it so,  
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar  
Our madden'd Castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

64. As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,  
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,  
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
Soothing at first the gay-reposing throng ;  
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,  
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound,  
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

65. Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,  
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;  
Serene, yet warm ; humane, yet first his mind,  
As little touch'd as any man's with bad :  
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad  
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,  
And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;  
When as we found he would not here be pent,  
To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

66. ' Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue ! come ;  
But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade  
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,  
Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,  
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,  
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark ;  
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley park.



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67. Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus\* of the age,  
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,  
A nobler pride restored him to the stage,  
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.  
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :  
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,  
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,  
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judg-  
ment takes.

68. A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,  
† Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,  
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :  
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,  
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat :  
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous strain,  
Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet  
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

69. Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,  
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy ;  
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,  
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry :  
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by ;  
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,  
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

70. Nor be forgot a tribe who minded naught  
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs ;  
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,  
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.  
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,  
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,  
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears  
Has clear'd their inward eye ; then, smoke-enroll'd,  
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

\* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were written  
by a friend of the Author.

71. Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :  
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,  
From every quarter hither made resort,  
Where, from gross mortal care and business free  
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury :  
Or should they a vain show of work assume,  
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?  
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom,  
But far is cast the distaff, spinning wheel and loom.

72. Their only labour was to kill the time,  
And labour dire it is, and weary woe :  
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,  
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :  
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;  
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,  
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

73. Now must I mark the villany we found ;  
But, ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.  
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,  
Where still our inmates, when displeasing grown,  
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.  
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,  
Unpity'd, uttering many a bitter groan,  
For of these wretches taken was no care ;  
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

74. Alas ! the change! from scenes of joy, and rest,  
To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd away.  
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,  
Stretch'd on his back a mighty lubbard, lay  
Heaving his sides, and snoring night and day ;  
To stir him from his trance, it was not eath,  
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway ;  
He led, I wot, the softest way to death, [breath.  
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the

75. Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy ;  
Unwieldy man : with belly monstrous round,  
For ever fed with watery supply ;

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For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,  
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,  
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit,                    [wit.  
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd :

76. A lady proud she was of ancient blood,  
Yet oft her fear, her pride made crouchen low.  
She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,  
All the diseases which the Spittles know,  
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,  
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,  
Her humour ever waving to and fro :  
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why

77. Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,  
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;  
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.  
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;  
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,  
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings :  
While Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks  
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

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CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,  
And his achievements fair,  
That by the Castle's overthrow  
Secur'd and crown'd were.

1. ESCAP'D the Castle of the sire of Sin,  
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?  
For all around, without, and all within,  
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,  
E'er rose to view; but now another strain,  
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind :  
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,  
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

2. Is there no patron to protect the Muse,  
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil ?  
To every labour its reward accrues,  
And they are sure of bread who swink and toil ;  
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,  
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee :  
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,  
Ne for the Muses other need decree,  
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily

3. I care not, Fortune! what you me deny ;  
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face,  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve ;  
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
And I their toys to the great children leave :  
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

4. Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song ;  
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,  
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :  
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,  
To sweep away this human lumber came,  
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

5. In fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,  
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,  
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,  
But wondrous poor : he neither sow'd nor reap'd,  
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd :  
In hunting all his days away he wore :  
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,  
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,  
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard, and the boar.

6. As he one morning, long before the dawn,  
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,  
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,

That from the beating rain, and wintry fray  
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;  
 There up to earn the needments of the day,  
 He found Dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy;  
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

7. Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,  
 And grew at last a Knight of muckle fame,  
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.  
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame  
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;  
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,  
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:  
 The same to him glad summer or the winter breme:

8. So pass'd his youthful morning, void of care,  
 Wild as the colts that through his commons run,  
 For him no tender parents troubled were,  
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son,  
 And certes had been utterly undone,  
 But that Minerva pity of him took,  
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,  
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;  
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

9. Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,  
 In every science and in every art,  
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
 That can or use, or joy, or grace, impart,  
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart;  
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,  
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,  
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard, [par'd.  
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-

10. Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,  
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day;  
 Sometimes retiring to the secret vale,  
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,  
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,  
 Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale;  
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career;  
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

11. At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,  
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,  
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,  
The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;  
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,  
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;  
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep  
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

12. Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits  
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.  
Vain is the tree of Knowledge without fruits,  
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught ,  
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,  
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;  
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,  
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

13. To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd  
To touch the kindling canvas into life ;  
With Nature his creating pencil vied,  
With Nature, joyous at the mimic strife :  
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife,  
He hew'd the marble ; or, with varied fire,  
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife :  
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire ;  
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

14. Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issu'd,  
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;  
The work which long he in his breast had brew'd  
Now to perform he ardent did devise,  
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.  
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild,  
Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies ;  
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,  
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

15. A rugged wight, the worst of brutes was man ;  
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd ;  
The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;  
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,  
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.



Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe,  
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,  
For by the powers Divine, it should no more be so!

16. It would exceed the purport of my song,  
To say how this best sun, from orient climes  
Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
Before him chasing Indolence and crimes.  
Still as he pass'd the nations he sublimes,  
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :  
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times  
Successive had ; but now in ruins gray  
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

17. To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread  
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast ;  
A sylvan life till then the natives led,  
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,  
All careless rambling where it liked them most :  
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the glade ;  
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost ;  
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid,  
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

18. He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,  
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains.  
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries),  
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,  
This Queen of Ocean all assault disdains.  
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,  
To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
Mild to obey, and generous to command, [hand.  
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest

19. Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
Whatever Arts and Industry can frame ;  
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,  
Fair Queen of Arts ! from heaven itself who came  
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame :  
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,  
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,  
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :  
Nature and Art at once delight and use combin'd.

20. Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,  
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil;  
 Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,  
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,  
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil  
 Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;  
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores, [roars.  
 While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder

21. The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,  
 From the fam'd city\* by Propontic sea,  
 What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd,  
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,  
 And brought them to another Castalie,  
 Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds;  
 Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea  
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds, [feeds.  
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd

22. Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.  
 For why? they are the quintessence of all,  
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;  
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,  
 That mighty patrons the coy Sisters call  
 Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease,  
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,  
 And where they nothing have to do but please:  
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

23. But now, alas! we live too late in time:  
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,  
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme:  
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,  
 Poor sons of puffed-up Vanity, not Fame!  
 Unbroken spirits cheer! still, still remains  
 Th' eternal patron, Liberty! whose flame,  
 Whilst she protects, inspires the noblest strains;  
 The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

24. When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain land  
 A matchless form of glorious government,  
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,  
 Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,

\* Constantinople.

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Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent ;  
When this great plan, with each dependant art,  
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the heart.

25. For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main ;  
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale ;  
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain,  
The happy monarch of his sylvan train ;  
Here, sided, by the guardian of the fold,  
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain ;  
His days, the days of unstain'd Nature roll'd,  
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

26. Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk  
Witness, ye flocks! whose woolly vestments far  
Exceed soft India's cotton or her silk ;  
Witness, with Autumn charg'd, the nodding car,  
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,  
Or of September moons the radiance mild :  
O hide thy head, abominable War !  
Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child :            [vild.  
From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories

27. Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was  
Th' amusing care of rural Industry ;  
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
And all th' enliven'd country beautify ;  
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;  
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly ;  
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,  
And woods embrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

28. As nearer to his farm you made approach,  
He polish'd Nature with a finer hand :  
Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach ;  
'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.  
In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,  
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd ;  
Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,  
A happy place ; where free, and unafraid,  
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

29. But in prime vigour what can last for ay?  
 That soul-eneebing wizard Indolence,  
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay;  
 Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence:  
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense.  
 Even much of private; ate our spirit out,  
 And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence  
 The land was overlaid with many a lout!  
 Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout

30. A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast;  
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:  
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,  
 With joy be fever'd, snatch it as he can.  
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban  
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,  
 'Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,  
 The lacquey, be more virtuous than his lord?  
 Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'

31. The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,  
 The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.  
 'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call:  
 Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!  
 The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows.'  
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,  
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows  
 Of venerable eld: his eye full speaks  
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

32. 'I will (he cry'd), so help me, God! destroy  
 That villain Archimage.' His page then straight  
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,  
 Renemt Dispatch. 'My steed be at the gate;  
 My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate.'  
 This net was twisted by the sisters three,  
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late  
 Repentance comes: replevy cannot be  
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

33. He came, the bard, a little Druid wight,  
 Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen  
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,  
 As is his sister\* of the copses green,

\* The nightingale.

He crept along, unpromising of mein.  
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen,  
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
 Dwells in the mind ; all else is vanity and glare.

34. 'Come (quoth the Knight), a voice has reach'd  
 The demon Indolence threats overthrow [mine ear :  
 To all that to mankind is good and dear :  
 Come, Philomelus ! let us instant go,  
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.  
 Those men, those wretched men ! who will be slaves,  
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe !  
 But some there be thy song, as from their graves,  
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he ! who without rigour saves.'

35. Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,  
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star  
 Shone blazing bright ; sprung from the generous breed,  
 That whirl of active day the rapid car,  
 He pranc'd along disdaining gate or bar.  
 Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;  
 An honest, sober beast, that did not mar  
 His meditations, but full softly trode ;  
 And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

36. They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss ;  
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?  
 And still their long researches met in this,  
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refel ;  
 ' From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,  
 Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul :  
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell ;  
 The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole  
 Will thro' the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent roll.'

37. At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,  
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.  
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
 And, spite even of themselves, their senses cheer ;  
 Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they steer :  
 Like a green isle it broad beneath them spread,  
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,  
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
 Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seem'd glad.



38. 'As God shall judge me, Knight! we must forgive,'  
The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd,  
'The frail good man, deluded, here to live,  
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.  
Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd  
That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
But that our charity be not too nice?  
Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.'

39. 'Ay, sicker (quoth the Knight), all flesh is frail,  
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;  
But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
And think to 'scape deserved punishment.  
Justice were cruel weakly to relent;  
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;  
Grace be to those who can and will repent,  
But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,  
Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.'

40. Thus holding high discourse, they came to where  
The cursed carl was at his wonted trade,  
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
In witching wise as I before have said:  
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd  
The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,  
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,  
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye  
Mark'd them like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

41. Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back  
The rabble rout, and welcom'd them full kind;  
Struck with the noble twain they were not slack  
His orders to obey, and fall behind,  
Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,  
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings;  
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.  
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

42. Elate in thought, he counted them his own,  
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight;  
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,  
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite  
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.



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Mean time the silly crowd the charm devour,  
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the Knight  
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,  
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew  
   its power.

43. As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,  
The wary Retiarius\* trapp'd his foe,  
Even so the Knight, returning on him bold,  
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,  
Whereof I mention made not long ago.  
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,  
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro:  
But when he found that nothing could avail,  
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

44. Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place  
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around,  
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,  
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,  
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;  
A solemn sadness every creature strook,  
And lightnings flash'd and horror rock'd the ground:  
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with blemish'd look  
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

45. Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,  
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,  
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,  
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:  
'There must (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,  
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl;  
Come then, my bard! thy heavenly fire impart;  
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit  
   start.'

46. The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,  
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,  
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,  
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,  
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung:  
Then as he felt the Muses come along,

\* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which  
he threw over his adversary.

Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,  
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song;  
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round  
 him throng.

47. Thus, ardent, burst his strain :—  
 ' Ye hapless race ;  
 Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's ray,  
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,  
 What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say ?  
 What but eternal never-resting soul,  
 Almighty power, and all-directing day,  
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll :  
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole ?

48. ' Come, to the beaming God your heart unfold !  
 Draw from its fountain life ! 'Tis thence alone,  
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,  
 To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,  
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
 Perfection forms, and with perfection, bliss.  
 In universal nature this clear shewn,  
 Not needeth proof ; to prove it were, I wis,  
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

49. ' Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?  
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
 And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass  
 The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass,  
 With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?  
 Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,  
 Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?  
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

50. ' It was not by vile loitering in ease,  
 That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,  
 That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,  
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
 In all supreme ! complete in ev'ry part !  
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;  
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;  
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

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51. ‘ Had unambitious mortals minded nough  
But in loose joy their time to wear away,  
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,  
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,  
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day :  
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,  
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;  
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd ;  
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been,  
                    none prais'd.

52. ‘ Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast  
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;  
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :  
The wits of modern time had told their beads,  
And monkish legends been their only strains ;  
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds, [swains,  
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick  
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

53. ‘ Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,  
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame ;  
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,  
Had all been lost with such as have no name.  
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good ?  
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?  
Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

54. ‘ But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,  
If right I read, you pleasure all require :  
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,  
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.  
Toil, and be glad ! let Industry inspire  
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !  
Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire  
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :  
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

55. ‘ Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given !  
Health is the vital principle of bliss,

And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away  
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss,  
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,  
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

56. ' O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !  
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind ;  
The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,  
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.  
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind ;  
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;  
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-  
sance breeds ?

57. ' But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,  
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.  
Come then, my kindred spirits ; do not spill  
Your talents here. This place is but a show,  
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe :  
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow  
Sincere as sweet : come, follow this good knight,  
And you will bless the day that brought him to your  
sight.

58. ' Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps,  
To senates some, and public sage debates,  
Where by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,  
The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states ;  
To high discovery some, that new creates  
The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;  
Some to the rural reign and softer fates ;  
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart :  
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

59. ' There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair,  
All may be done (methinks I hear them say),  
Even death despis'd, by generous actions fair ;  
All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,

To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
 And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free,  
 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!

60. ' Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,  
 That in the weak man's way, like lions stand,  
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?  
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 Here to mankind indulg'd; control desire;  
 Let godlike Reason from her sovereign throne,  
 Speak the commanding word—I will—and it is done.

61. ' Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shame-  
 Your few important days of trial here? [ful wise,  
 Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise  
 Through endless states of being, still more near  
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,  
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime?  
 Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?  
 No! no! your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the  
 sordid crime!'

62. ' Enough! enough!' they cried.—Straight, from  
 The better sort on wings of transport fly: [the crowd,  
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud  
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky  
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,  
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;  
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,  
 Glad-warbling thro' the vales, in their new being gay.

63. Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
 That lighted up those new-created men,  
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,  
 When, just deliver'd from his fleshy den,  
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen;  
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its pow'rs,  
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen?  
 Ev'n so we glad forsook these sinful bowers;  
 Ev'n such enraptur'd life—such energy was ours.

64. But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,  
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove,  
 'Ye sons of Hate!' they bitterly exclaim'd,  
 'What brought you to this seat of peace and love?  
 While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,  
 We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,  
 What to disturb it could, fell men, emove  
 Your barbarous hearts? is happiness a crime?  
 Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heav'n sublime.'

65. 'Ye impious wretches!' quoth the Knight in  
 wrath,  
 'Your happiness behold!'—Then straight a wand  
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,  
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.  
 Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;  
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found  
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;  
 And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground, [around.  
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls

66. And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,  
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung,  
 Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,  
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung  
 Into the gloomy wood, while ravens sung  
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:  
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung, [troll'd  
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night con-  
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

67. Meantime a moving scene was open laid;  
 That lazar-house I whilom in my lay  
 Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,  
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,  
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.  
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile  
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,  
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,  
 The sick uprais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes  
 awhile.

68. 'O Heav'n!' they cry'd, 'and do we once more see  
 Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?  
 Are we from noisome damp of pest-house free?



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And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?  
O thou! or Knight or God! who holdest there  
That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!  
But what for us, the children of Despair,  
Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?  
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.'

69. The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,  
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears:  
' Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n in grace  
T' undo the past, and eke your broken years.  
Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,  
With humble hope, her eye; to her is given  
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;  
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;  
She more than merely softens—she rejoices Heaven.

70. ' Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,  
And by these sufferings purify the mind:  
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd,  
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;  
And to a life more happy and refin'd,  
Doubt not you shall, new creatures, yet arise.  
Till then, you may expect in me to find  
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,  
One who will soothe your pangs, and win you to the  
skies.'

71. They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.  
' For you (resum'd the Knight with sterner tone)  
Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears,  
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;  
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;  
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,  
You feel a perfect change; then who can say [day?]  
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal

72. This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew;  
Instant a glorious angel train descends,  
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue.  
Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;

When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends,  
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,  
 That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

73. It was a worthy edifying sight,  
 And gives to human kind peculiar grace,  
 To see kind hands attending day and night,  
 With tender ministry, from place to place :  
 Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face  
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;  
 Some reach the healing draught ; the whilst, to chase  
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds  
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreads.

74. Attended by a glad acclaiming train  
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,  
 Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again  
 Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell ;  
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,  
 There left through dells and deserts dire to yell ;  
 Amaz'd their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,  
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance  
 feign'd.

75. But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past ;  
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild  
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,  
 With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.  
 There nor trim field nor lively culture smil'd ;  
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair ;  
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,  
 Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful care,  
 Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless  
 air.

76. Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,  
 The sadden'd country a gray waste appear'd,  
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs  
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;  
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,  
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow ;  
 Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,  
 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro, [moe.  
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds

77. The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,  
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;  
Of morbid hue his features sunk, and sad :  
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light :  
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,  
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;  
Direful to see ! a heart-appalling sight !  
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile,  
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

78. The other was a fell despightful fiend ;  
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below ;  
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd ;  
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe :  
With nose upturn'd, he always made a show  
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye  
Was cold, and keen, like blast from Boreal snow,  
And taunts he castern forth most bitterly.  
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

79. Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along,  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among ;  
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting tone.

# ODE

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

BY MR. COLLINS.

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The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to  
lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

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In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave.  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise  
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds  
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem, in pity's ear,  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire,  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou! who own'st that earthly bed,  
Ah! what will every dirge avail?  
Our tears, which love and pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near ?  
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,  
 And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
 No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see ! the fairy valleys fade ;  
 Dun night has veil'd the solemn view !  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless  
 Thy life shall mourn thy early doom :  
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls, shall dress,  
 With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,  
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes !  
 O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say  
 In yonder grave your Druid lies !

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EPITAPH ON MR. THOMSON.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,  
 And boast those honours Sculpture can bestow ;  
 Short-lived renown ! that every moment must  
 Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust !  
 But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,  
 From dumb oblivion no device to save ;  
 Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask ;  
 Nature for him assumes herself the task ;  
 The Seasons are his monuments of fame,  
 With them to flourish, for from them it came.

THE END.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.





MEMOIR  
OF  
THE AUTHOR.

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THE name of ROBERT BLOOMFIELD is one, among many others, which has acquired lustre amidst the obscurity and discouragements of a very humble station. Instances of poetical celebrity acquired under such circumstances, are more rare than those which belong to pursuits of a different character. For twenty, in which we find scientific eminence or rank in society obtained by persons of obscure birth, we shall rarely see one who has risen to notice by a poetical, or purely literary genius. Even if the talent be naturally present, it is seldom that it can long resist the effects of poverty. That delicacy of mind and quick apprehension of the beautiful, in which the poet finds his inspiration, require solitude and freedom, or they leave him cold and disheartened. The troubles of common life, too pressing to be dissipated by imagination, are not long endured without blighting the sensibilities of the heart, or drawing away the mind from objects which only give delight when calmly and securely enjoyed. Poverty, it is true, neither shuts out the light of the sun, nor diminishes the beauty or the glory of nature. The birds pour out as sweet a music for the ear, and the flowers as rich a radiancy for the eye of the beggar, as of the king ; but neither the melody of birds nor the beauty of the earth is thought of, when we see that the sky is full of storms, or we tread a path that wearies and perplexes us. And such is the path of life when beset with the anxieties of which we are speaking

—with those trying and exhausting troubles which it requires the whole strength of the human heart to bear, and which it is sufficient praise for a man to endure and perform the duties they create. Though the mind, therefore, of a poet, when fully cultivated and matured, is perhaps more capable than others of retaining its vigour under many sufferings, it is very rarely that its peculiar qualities become developed in disadvantageous situations, or that its purity and brightness are not destroyed as soon as felt, by the taint of low and worldly associations. Poor Bloomfield was subjected to this trial of his native strength from his earliest youth, but grew up—and lived—and died a poet.

This amiable and admired writer was born December 3, 1766, at Honington, a village near Bury in Suffolk. His father, who was a tailor, dying about a year after his birth, he was left to the sole care of his mother, an excellent woman, it appears, who by her prudence and industry contrived, out of the profits of a little school, to support herself and a family of six children.—Robert had no other education than what she could herself give him, if we except the instruction he received for two or three months at a school at Ixworth; and at eleven years old he was sent as a labouring lad to a Mr. Austin, a respectable farmer of Sapiston. In this humble station his mind became stored with that abundance of rural imagery which, feeding his natural love of the country, was one day to give an irresistible charm to the simple language of the untaught peasant.

It was not long, however, after his being placed with Mr. Austin, before it was found that his small and delicate frame was ill calculated for the laborious occupation to which his service called him. It fortunately happened that one

of his brothers, George Bloomfield, had been brought up a shoemaker, and was at that time living in London. To this young man the affectionate and anxious mother wrote for advice, as to the future disposition of poor Robert, and received, in answer to her application, an offer from George to take care of him, and teach him his business, and from another of her sons a promise of finding him in clothes. In consequence of this kind assurance from her sons, she set out for London, where she arrived with Robert in June, 1781, not willing that any one but herself should resign him into the hands of his new guardian. 'She charged me,' says Mr. Bloomfield, 'as I valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set a good example before him, and never to forget that he had lost his father.' 'I have him,' continues he, speaking of Robert's appearance at this time, 'in my mind's eye, a little boy; not bigger than boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn, he strutted before us, dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, pigs, &c.—his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels. He, looking about him, slipped up—his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up, how small he was. Little thought I that that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom.'

The kind-heartedness and simple affection which are manifested in these lines, made their amiable writer worthy of the charge which Providence and an anxious mother assigned him.—On receiving Robert under his care, his situation had few advantages either for himself or his brother, but such as they were, he employed them in the

best manner he was able, to secure the comfort and future provision of the unprotected lad. George was, at that time, according to his own account, a journeyman, but worked in company with several other persons of the same trade, in a garret which the party rented at No. 7, Pitcher's-court, Bell-alley, Coleman-street.

Robert, on being made one of the company, was employed by them in running for whatever they wanted, and was rewarded by the party obliged, by being helped over some difficulty in the mystery of shoe-making. But the employment best adapted to his taste was the reading of the newspaper, which was lent them, when a day old, from the public-house, and from the perusal of which he seems first to have gained his knowledge of words and phrases. And in this again the thoughtful kindness of his brother was of considerable use to him. 'He frequently met,' says George, 'with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained. I one day happened at a book-stall to see a small dictionary, which had been very ill-used. I bought it for him for four-pence. By the help of this he in a little time could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North.' Having thus acquired some knowledge of the power of language, he learnt its proper pronunciation from attending the lectures of Mr. Fawcet, one of the most popular preachers of the time; and from whom also, it is to be hoped, he acquired the infinitely greater advantage of knowing the nature and value of religion.

These, however, were not the only sources of information which Robert enjoyed. By the good sense of his brother and the other workmen, the History of England, the British Traveller, and a work on Geography, were taken in in numbers,

and these he was employed to read while the others were occupied with their work. But this was not all. George, who appears to have been a better informed man than persons of his situation usually are, subscribed for the London Magazine, a small portion of which was, as is usual, devoted to short critiques of new publications. Robert was more interested by these than by any other part of the contents, except the verses which he found in Poet's Corner, and to which he always turned, it is said, with eager curiosity.

The living seed which nature sows in either the heart or the mind, wants little warmth to ripen it but that which she herself gives ; and were it not that passion or misfortune so often blights it in its first budding into beauty, the human universe would present a glorious harvest, which had only required the dews of heaven to bring forth fifty and a hundred-fold. Poor Robert, with no other advantages than those we have mentioned, went on cultivating his mind as well as he was able till he was about seventeen, when he made his first attempt as a poet, and was so far encouraged as to find his verses accepted by the editor of one of the public journals. We copy this early attempt of the Farmer's Boy. The verses, though very simple, were, for a lad in his situation, well worthy the attention they received.

THE  
MILK MAID ;

OR, THE FIRST OF MAY.

HAIL, MAY! lovely May! how replenish'd my pails!  
The young Dawn overspreads the East streak'd  
with gold !  
My glad heart beats time to the laugh of the vales,  
And Colin's voice rings through the woods from  
the fold.



The wood to the mountain submissively bends,  
 Whose blue misty summits first glow with the sun;  
 See thence a gay train by the wild rill descends  
 To join the glad sports :—hark! the tumult 's begun.

Be cloudless, ye skies!—Be my Colin but there,  
 Not the dew-spangled bents on the wide level dale  
 Nor morning's first blush, can more lovely appear  
 Than his looks, since my wishes I could not conceal.

Swift down the mad dance, while blest health prompts  
 to move,

We 'll count joys to come, and exchange vows of  
 truth ;

And haply when age cools the transports of love,  
 Decry, like good folks, the vain pleasures of youth.

Our young poet now so rapidly advanced in his pursuit of knowledge, that, his brother says, he and his companions began to receive instructions from him ; but he shortly after removed to another lodging, influenced solely by the kind desire of saving Robert from the distress he felt at the sufferings of one of the men who had fits.

About the year 1784, Robert, having never been apprenticed, became an object of persecution to the company of journeymen shoemakers, who threatened his master and his brother with a prosecution, if he was suffered to work any longer without indentures. In consequence of this circumstance he returned to the country for a short time, and was affectionately received by his old master, Mr. Austin, with whom he remained two months, when a Mr. Dudbridge offered to take him as an apprentice, and he came back to London. Here he continued working at his business and relieving his industry by a variety of pursuits suited to his gentle disposition ; and among others, we find him devoting a part of his leisure to music, and becoming, it is said, a good player on the violin.

George had now left him to himself, and in the narrative of the former we find the following passage, referring to this period of his brother's life :

As my brother Nat had married a Woolwich woman, it happened that Robert took a fancy to Mary-Anne Church, a comely young woman of that town, whose father is a boat-builder in the government-yard there. He married, Dec. 12, 1790. Soon after he married, Robert told me in a letter, that " he had sold his fiddle, and got a wife." Like most poor men he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterwards. It took him some years to get out of ready-furnished lodgings. At length by hard working he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs, at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher.—' In this garret,' continues he, ' amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing the *Farmer's Boy*.'

When this beautiful little poem was completed, it was shewn, it appears, to several persons for their opinion ; but owing to some circumstance or the other, most probably to prejudice, it was passed by with neglect, till Mr. Capel Lofft had the good taste and the liberality to discover and acknowledge its merits. The part which that gentleman took in the fortunes of Bloomfield is one of the most honourable instances of patronage which occurs in literary history, and will ever be a crown of laurel on his memory.

The extraordinary success of the ' *Farmer's Boy*' is well known. In a short time several large impressions had been sold off, and the surprised and gratified writer found himself suddenly called into the notoriety of an admired author. ' *Rural Tales*,' and ' *Wild Flowers*,' shortly fol-

12 MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

lowed his first publication, and were received with equal favour. In 1821, having made a visit with some friends to the beautiful scenery of Wales, he produced the 'Banks of the Wye,' which was published the following year. His last production was 'Hazlewood Hall,' a rural drama, in three acts, and which was only finished the same year in which he died.

It is an afflicting remembrance, that the reputation and comparative affluence which poor Bloomfield had obtained, were of little avail in smoothing the downward path of his existence. Towards the latter years of his life, his too great liberality to his relatives, combined with the afflictions of sickness, which prevented his working, involved him in many difficulties, and exhausted the resources with which the success of his publications had supplied him. But what he lost in comfort by his amiable conduct to his friends, he has gained in the affection with which every benevolent heart reverences his memory, and adds to their admiration of his genius their sympathy with his good and gentle feelings.

After having suffered many trials and difficulties, he left London and removed into Bedfordshire, where he died, August 19, 1823, at the age of fifty-seven, leaving behind him a name rendered dear to the lovers of poetry, by the simple but deep humanity with which both late and early it was sanctified

THE  
FARMER'S BOY.

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SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Invocation, &c.—Seed time.—Harrowing.—Morning walks.—  
Milking.—The Dairy.—Suffolk Cheese.—Spring coming  
forth.—Sheep fond of changing.—Lambs at play.—The  
Butcher, &c.*

I.

O COME, blest Spirit ! whatsoe'er thou art,  
Thou rushing warmth that hover'st round my heart,  
Sweet inmate, hail ! thou source of sterling joy,  
That poverty itself cannot destroy,  
Be thou my Muse ; and faithful still to me,  
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.  
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse,  
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,  
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,  
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still :  
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charm'd mine eyes,  
Nor Science led me through the boundless skies ;  
From meaner objects far my raptures flow :  
O point these raptures ! bid my bosom glow !  
And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise  
For all the blessings of my infant days !  
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells ;  
But mould to Truth's fair form what Memory tells.  
Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,  
That to the humblest menial belong :  
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,  
His joys unreckon'd as his cares or woes ,

Though joys and cares in every path are sown,  
 And youthful minds have feelings of their own,  
 Quick springing sorrows, transient as the dew,  
 Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.

'Twas thus with GILES: meek, fatherless, and poor;  
 Labour his portion, but he felt no more;  
 No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd;  
 His life was constant, cheerful servitude:  
 Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,  
 The fields his study, Nature was his book;  
 And, as revolving SEASONS chang'd the scene  
 From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,  
 Though every change still varied his employ,  
 Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

Where noble GRAFTON spreads his rich domains,  
 Round *Euston's* water'd vale, and sloping plains,  
 Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,  
 Where the kite brooding unmolested flies;  
 The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,  
 And sculking foxes, destined for the chase;  
 There Giles, untaught, and unrepining, stray'd  
 Thro' every copse, and grove, and winding glade;  
 There his first thoughts to Nature's charms inclin'd,  
 That stamps devotion on th' inquiring mind.  
 A little farm his generous Master till'd,  
 Who with peculiar grace his station fill'd;  
 By deeds of hospitality endear'd,  
 Serv'd from affection, for his worth rever'd;  
 A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,  
 His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stor'd,  
 And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,  
 And lowing kine that grazed beside the stream:  
 Unceasing industry he kept in view;  
 And never lack'd a job for Giles to do.

FLED now the sullen murmurs of the North,  
 The splendid raiment of the SPRING peeps forth;  
 Her universal green, and the clear sky,  
 Delight still more and more the gazing eye.

Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,  
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along  
The mellow'd soil ; imbibing fairer hues  
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews ;  
That summon from the shed the slumb'ring ploughs,  
While health impregnates every breeze that blows.  
No wheels support the diving pointed share ;  
No groaning ox is doom'd to labour there ;  
No helpmates teach the docile steed his road  
(Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad) ;  
But, unassisted through each toilsome day,  
With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,  
Draws his fresh parallels, and wid'ning still,  
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill :  
Strong on the wing his busy followers play,  
Where writhing earth-worms meet th' unwelcome  
Till all is chang'd, and hill and level down [day ;  
Assume a livery of sober brown :  
Again disturb'd, when Giles with wearying strides  
From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides ;  
His heels deep sinking every step he goes,  
Till dirt usurp the empire of his shoes.  
Welcome green headland ! firm beneath his feet  
Welcome the friendly bank's refreshing seat ;  
There, warm with toil, his panting horses browse  
Their shelt'ring canopy of pendent boughs ;  
Till rest, delicious, chase each transient pain,  
And new-born vigour swell in every vein.  
Hour after hour, and day to day succeeds ;  
Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads  
To crumbling mould ; a level surface clear,  
And strew'd with corn to crown the rising year ;  
And o'er the whole Giles once transverse again,  
In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.  
The work is done ; no more to man is given ;  
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.  
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,  
And marks the first green blade that breaks the  
ground ;



In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,  
His tufted barley yellow with the sun ;  
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,  
And all his harvest gather'd round his door.  
But still unsafe the big swoln grain below,  
A fav'rite morsel with the Rook (1) and Crow ;  
From field to field the flock-increasing goes ;  
To level crops most formidable foes :  
Their danger well the wary plunderers know,  
And place a watch on some conspicuous bough ;  
Yet oft the sculking gunner by surprise  
Will scatter death amongst them as they rise.  
These, hung in triumph round the spacious field,  
At best will but a short-lived terror yield :  
Nor guards of property (not penal law,  
But harmless riflemen of rags and straw) ;  
Familiariz'd to these, they boldly rove,  
Nor heed such sentinels that never move.  
Let then your birds lie prostrate on the earth,  
In dying posture, and with wings stretch'd forth ;  
Shift them at eve or morn from place to place,  
And death shall terrify the pilfering race ;  
In the mid air, while circling round and round,  
They call their lifeless comrades from the ground ;  
With quick'ning wing, and notes of loud alarm,  
Warn the whole flock to shun th'impending harm.

This task had *Giles*, in fields remote from home :  
Of has he wish'd the rosy morn to come.  
Yet never fam'd was he nor foremost found  
To break the seal of sleep ; his sleep was sound :  
But when at day-break summon'd from his bed,  
Light as the lark that carol'd o'er his head,  
His sandy way deep-worn by hasty showers,  
O'er-arch'd with oaks that form'd fantastic bow'rs,  
Waving aloft their tow'ring branches proud,  
In borrow'd tinges from the eastern cloud  
(Whence inspiration, pure as ever flow'd,  
And genuine transport in his bosom glow'd),

His own shrill matin join'd the various notes  
 Of Nature's music, from a thousand throats :  
 The blackbird strove with emulation sweet,  
 And echo answer'd from her close retreat ;  
 The sporting white-throat, on some twig's end borne,  
 Pour'd hymns to freedom and the rising morn ;  
 Stopt in her song, perchance the starting thrush  
 Shook a white shower from the blackthorn bush,  
 Where dew-drops thick as early blossoms hung,  
 And trembled as the minstrel sweetly sung.  
 Across his path, in either grove to hide,  
 The timid rabbit scouted by his side ;  
 Or bold cock-pheasant stalk'd along the road,  
 Whose gold and purple tints alternate glow'd.  
 But groves no farther fenc'd the devious way ;  
 A wide-extended heath before him lay,  
 Where on the grass the stagnant shower had run,  
 And shone a mirror to the rising sun  
 (Thus doubly seen), lighting a distant wood,  
 Giving new life to each expanding bud ;  
 Effacing quick the dewy foot-marks found,  
 Where prowling Reynard trod his nightly round ;  
 To shun whose thefts 'twas Giles's evening care,  
 His feather'd victims to suspend in air,  
 High on the bough that nodded o'er his head,  
 And thus each morn to strew the field with dead.

His simple errand done, he homeward hies ;  
 Another instantly its place supplies.  
 The clattering dairy-maid immers'd in steam,  
 Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,  
 Bawls out, ' *Go fetch the cows :—*' he hears no more,  
 For pigs, and ducks, and turkeys, throng the door,  
 And sitting hens, for constant war prepar'd ;  
 A concert strange to that which late he heard.  
 Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes ;  
 With well-known hallo calls his lazy cows :  
 Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,  
 Or hear the summon with an idle gaze ;

For well they know the cow-yard yields no more  
Its tempting fragrance, nor its wint'ry store.  
Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow ;  
The right of conquest all the law they know :  
Subordinate they one by one succeed ;  
And one among them always takes the lead,  
Is ever foremost, wheresoe'er they stray ;  
Allow'd precedence, undisputed sway ;  
With jealous pride her station is maintain'd,  
For many a broil that post of honour gain'd.  
At home, the yard affords a grateful scene ;  
For Spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.  
Thence from its chalky bed behold convey'd  
The rich manure that drenching winter made,  
Which pil'd near home, grows green with many a  
A promis'd nutriment for Autumn's seed. [weed,  
Forth comes the Maid, and like the morning smiles ;  
The Mistress too, and follow'd close by Giles.  
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,  
With pails bright scour'd, and delicately sweet.  
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray,  
Begins their work, begins the simple lay ;  
The full-charg'd udder yields its willing streams,  
While *Mary* sings some lover's amorous dreams ;  
And crouching *Giles* beneath a neighbouring tree  
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee.  
Whose hat with tatter'd brim, of nap so bare,  
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair,  
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,  
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.  
As unambitious too that cheerful aid  
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid ;  
With joy she views her plenteous reeking store,  
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door ;  
Her cows dismiss'd, the luscious mead to roam,  
Till eve again recall them loaded home.  
And now the DAIRY claims her choicest care,  
And half her household find employment there :

Slow rolls the churn, its load of clogging cream  
 At once foregoes its quality and name ;  
 From knotty particles first floating wide  
 Congealing butter's dash'd from side to side ;  
 Streams of new milk thro' flowing coolers stray,  
 And snow-white curd abounds, and wholesome  
     whey.

Due north th' unglazed windows, cold and clear,  
 For warming sunbeams are unwelcome here.  
 Brisk goes the work beneath each busy hand,  
 And *Giles* must trudge, whoever gives command ;  
 A *Gibeonite*, that serves them all by turns :  
 He drains the pump, from him the faggot burns :  
 From him the noisy hogs demand their food ;  
 While at his heels run many a chirping brood,  
 Or down his path in expectation stand,  
 With equal claims upon his strewing hand.  
 Thus wastes the morn, till each with pleasure sees  
 The bustle o'er, and press'd the new-made cheese.

Unrivall'd stands thy country CHEESE, O *Giles* !  
 Whose very name alone engenders smiles ;  
 Whose fame abroad by every tongue is spoke,  
 The well-known butt of many a flinty joke,  
 That pass like current coin the nation through ;  
 And, ah ! experience proves the satire true.  
 Provision's grave, thou ever-craving mart,  
 Dependant, huge Metropolis ! where Art  
 Her pouring thousands stows in breathless rooms,  
 'Midst pois'nous smokes and steams, and rattling  
     looms ;

Where Grandeur revels in unbounded stores ;  
 Restraint, a slighted stranger at their doors !  
 Thou, like a whirlpool, drain'st the countries round,  
 Till London market, London price, resound  
 Through every town, round every passing load,  
 And dairy produce throngs the eastern road :  
 Delicious veal, and butter, every hour,  
 From Essex lowlands, and the banks of Stour ;

And further far, where num'rous herd repose,  
 From Orwell's brink, from Weveny, or Ouse.  
 Hence Suffolk dairy-wives run mad for cream,  
 And leave their milk with nothing but its name :  
 Its name derision and reproach pursue, [blue.]  
 And strangers tell of 'three-times skimmed sky-  
 To cheese converted, what can be its boast ?  
 What, but the common virtues of a post !  
 If drought o'ertake it faster than the knife,  
 Most fair it bids for stubborn length of life,  
 And, like the oaken shelf whereon 'tis laid,  
 Mocks the weak efforts of the bending blade ;  
 Or in the hog-trough rests in perfect spite,  
 Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite.  
 Inglorious victory ! Ye Cheshire meads,  
 Or Severn's flow'ry dales, where plenty treads,  
 Was your rich milk to suffer wrongs like these,  
 Farewell your pride ! farewell renowned cheese !  
 The skimmer dread, whose ravages alone  
 Thus turn the mead's sweet nectar into stone.

NEGLECTED now the early *daisy* lies :  
 Nor thou, pale *primrose*, bloom'st the only prize :  
 Advancing *SPRING* profusely spreads abroad  
 Flow'rs of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd ;  
 Where'er she treads, *LOVE* gladdens every plain,  
*Delight* on tiptoe bears her lucid train ;  
 Sweet *Hope* with conscious brow before her flies,  
 Anticipating wealth from Summer skies ;  
 All Nature feels her renovating sway ;  
 The sheep-fed pasture, and the meadow gay ;  
 And trees, and shrubs, no longer budding seen,  
 Display the new-grown branch of lighter green ;  
 On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,  
 And sees to-morrow in the marbled skies.  
 Here then, my soul, thy darling theme pursue,  
 For every day was Giles a *SHEPHERD* too.

Small was his charge : no wilds had they to roam ;  
 But bright enclosures circling round their home.



Nor yellow-blossom'd furze, nor stubborn thorn,  
The heath's rough produce, had their fleeces torn  
Yet ever roving, ever seeking thee,  
Enchanting spirit, dear Variety!  
O happy tenants, prisoners of a day!  
Releas'd to ease, to pleasure, and to play;  
Indulg'd through every field by turns to range,  
And taste them all in one continual change.  
For though luxuriant their grassy food,  
Sheep long confin'd but loathe the present good;  
Bleating around the homeward gate they meet,  
And starve, and pine, with plenty at their feet.  
Loos'd from the winding lane, a joyful throng,  
See, o'er yon pasture how they pour along!  
*Giles* round their boundaries takes his usual stroll;  
Sees every pass secur'd, and fences whole;  
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,  
Where many a nestling first assays to fly;  
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,  
And rests on every bough its tender head;  
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,  
Or crown the hawthorn with its odours sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen,  
*Spring's* morning smiles, and soul-enliv'ning green,  
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?  
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play  
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,  
Or gaz'd in merry clusters by your side?  
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,  
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;  
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,  
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;  
In shades like these pursue your fav'rite joy,  
Mid'st Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,  
And indolence abash'd soon flies the place;  
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,  
From every side assembling playmates run;



A thousand wily antics mark their stay,  
 A starting crowd impatient of delay.  
 Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,  
 Each seems to say, 'Come, let us try our speed ;'  
 Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,  
 The green turf trembling as they bound along ;  
 Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,  
 Where every molehill is a bed of thyme ;  
 There panting stop ; yet scarcely can refrain ;  
 A bird, a leaf, will set them off again :  
 Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,  
 Scatt'ring the wild-briar roses into snow,  
 Their little limbs increasing efforts try,  
 Like the torn nower the fair assemblage fly.  
 Ah, fallen rose ! sad emblem of their doom ;  
 Frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom !  
 Though unoffending innocence may plead,  
 Though frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed  
 Their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,  
 And drives them bleating from their sports and  
 food.

Care loads his brow, and pity wrings his heart,  
 For lo, the murd'ring BUTCHER with his cart  
 Demands the firstlings of his flock to die,  
 And makes a sport of life and liberty !  
 His gay companions Giles beholds no more ;  
 Clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore ;  
 Nor can Compassion, with her softest notes,  
 Withhold the knife that plunges through their  
 throats.

Down, indignation ! hence, ideas foul !  
 Away the shocking image from my soul !  
 Let kindlier visitants attend my way,  
 Beneath approaching *Summer's* fervid ray ;  
 Nor thankless glooms obtrude, nor cares annoy,  
 Whilst the sweet theme is *universal joy*.

## SUMMER.

### ARGUMENT.

*Turnip sowing.—Wheat ripening.—Sparrows.—Insects.—The sky-lark.—Reaping, &c.—Harvest-field, Dairy-maid, &c.—Labours of the barn.—The gander.—Night; a thunder-storm.—Harvest home.—Reflections, &c.*

### II.

THE FARMER'S life displays in every part  
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.  
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,  
He looks beyond the present good or ill;  
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,  
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth;  
But views the future with the present hours,  
And looks for failures as he looks for showers;  
For casual as for certain want prepares,  
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears;  
Or clover, blossom'd lovely to the sight,  
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.  
What tho' abundance round his dwelling spreads,  
Though ever moist his self-improving meads  
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,  
And seem to promise unexhausted food;  
That promise fails, when buried deep in snow,  
And vegetative juices cease to flow.  
For this, his plough turns up the destin'd lands,  
Whence stormy Winter draws its full demands;  
For this, the seed minutely small he sows,  
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows.  
But how unlike to APRIL's closing days!  
High climbs the Sun, and darts his pow'ful rays;

Whitens the fresh-drawn mould, and pierces  
 through  
 The cumbrous clods that tumble round the plough.  
 O'er heaven's bright azure hence with joyful  
 eyes

The farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise ;  
 Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,  
 And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.  
 ' *Right welcome down, ye precious drops,* ' he cries ;  
 But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.  
 ' *Boy, bring thy harrows, try how deep the rain  
 Has forc'd its way.* ' He comes, but comes in vain ;  
 Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks,  
 And mocks his pains the more, the more he works :  
 Still midst huge clods he plunges on forlorn,  
 That laugh his harrows and the shower to scorn.  
 E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool  
 Resists the stormy lectures of the school,  
 Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,  
 His head imbibes right reason by degrees ;  
 As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,  
 Light constant rain, evinces secret pow'r,  
 And ere the day resumes its wonted smiles,  
 Presents a cheerful easy task for *Giles*.  
 Down with a touch the mellow'd soil is laid,  
 And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid ;  
 Thither well pleas'd he hies, assured to find  
 Wild trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,  
 The nodding WHEAT-EAR forms a graceful bow,  
 With milky kernels starting full, weighed down,  
 Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown ;  
 Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,  
 Loud chirping *sparrows* welcome on the day,  
 And from the mazes of the leafy thorn  
 Drop one by one upon the bending corn.  
*Giles* with a pole assails their close retreats,  
 And round the grass-grown dewy border beats

On either side completely overspread,  
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.  
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year  
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.  
Here *Wisdom's* placid eye delighted sees  
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,  
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,  
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,  
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,  
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.  
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,  
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,  
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,  
Where swarming insects creep around his head.  
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain  
O'er the smooth plaintain-leaf, a spacious plain?  
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,  
He gains the summit of a shivering blade,  
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,  
Exulting in his distance from the ground.  
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,  
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,  
And all prolific *Summer's* sporting train,  
Their little lives by various powers sustain.  
But what can unassisted vision do?  
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;  
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,  
When musing waking speaks the *sky-lark* nigh!  
Just starting from the corn she cheerly sings,  
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings;  
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day  
Mounts up, and calls on *Giles* to mark her way.  
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,  
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends  
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,  
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight,  
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,  
Lost for awile, yet pours her varied song.

He views the spot, and as the cloud moves by,  
 Again she stretches up the clear blue sky ;  
 Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,  
 Save when she wheels direct from shade to light :  
 The flutt'ring songstress a mere speck became,  
 Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream ;  
 He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,  
 Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.  
 Delicious sleep ! From sleep who could forbear,  
 With no more guilt than *Giles*, and no more care ?  
 Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,  
 Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting ;  
 He wakes refresh'd from ev'ry trivial pain,  
 And takes his pole and brushes round again.

Its dark-green hue, its sicklier tints all fail,  
 And rip'ning harvest rustles in the gale.  
 A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,  
 Where Heaven's munificence makes all the show,  
 O'er every field and golden prospect found,  
 That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's  
                   round,

When on some eminence he takes his stand,  
 To judge the smiling produce of the land.  
 Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide :  
 What is there here to flatter human pride ?  
 The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud roar,  
 And stedfast columns, may astonish more,  
 Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,  
 Yet trac'd but to the *architect* the praise ;  
 Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the  
                   sod,

Without one scruple gives the praise to God ;  
 And twofold joys possess his raptur'd mind,  
 From gratitude and admiration join'd.

Here, midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,  
 NATURE herself invites the REAPERS forth ;  
 Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,  
 And gives that ardour which in every breast



From infancy to age alike appears,  
 When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.  
 No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—  
 Children of want, for you the bounty flows!  
 And every cottage from the plenteous store,  
 Receives a burden nightly at its door. [along:  
     Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips  
 Each sturdy mower emulous and strong;  
 Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,  
 Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;  
 Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,  
 But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.  
 Come, *Health!* come, *Jollity!* light-footed, come;  
 Here hold your revels, and make this your home.  
 Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;  
 Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown:  
 Th'unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd;  
 E'en the domestic laughing dairy-maid  
 Hies to the FIELD, the general toil to share.  
 Meanwhile the FARMER quits his elbow-chair,  
 His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,  
 And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees  
 His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,  
 The ready group attendant on his word,  
 To turn the swarth, the quivering load to rear,  
 Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.  
 Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,  
 Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;  
 Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,  
 And rouses at the stranger passing by;  
 Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,  
 And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,  
 And rival wits with more than rustic grace  
 Confess the presence of a pretty face.  
     For, lo! encircled there, the lovely MAID,  
 In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;  
 Her hat awry, divested of her gown,  
 Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;—



Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,  
 When the slight covering of her neck slips by,  
 There half revealing to the eager sight  
 Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?  
 In many a local tale of harmless mirth,  
 And many a jest of momentary birth,  
 She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,  
 Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek.

Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,  
 The weary limbs relax their boasted powers;  
 Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,  
 And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brew'd ale:  
 Beneath some shelt'ring heap of yellow corn  
 Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,  
 That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,  
 Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.  
 To Mary first the brimming draught is given  
 By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,  
 And never lip that press'd its homely edge  
 Had kinder blessings or a heartier pledge.  
 Of wholesome viands here a banquet smiles,  
 A common cheer for all;—e'en humble *Giles*,  
 Who joys his trivial services to yield  
 Amidst the fragrance of the open field;  
 Oft doom'd in suffocating heat to bear  
 The cobweb'd barn's impure and dusty air;  
 To ride in murky state the panting steed,  
 Destin'd aloft th' unloaded grain to tread,  
 Where, in his path as heaps on heaps are thrown,  
 He rears, and plunges the loose mountain down:  
 Laborious task! with what delight when done  
 Both horse and rider greet th' unclouded sun!  
 Yet by th' unclouded sun are hourly bred  
 The bold assailants that surround thine head,  
 Poor patient *Ball!* and with insulting wing  
 Roar in thine ears, and dart the piercing sting:  
 In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail  
 More than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail,

A moving mockery, a useless name,  
 A living proof of cruelty and shame.  
 Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,  
 Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,  
 Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,  
 When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.  
 Nor thine alone the suffering, thine the care,  
 The fretful *Ewe* bemoans an equal share ;  
 Tormented into sores, her head she hides,  
 Or angry brushes from her new-shorn sides.  
 Penn'd in the yard, e'en now at closing day  
 Unruly *Cows* with mark'd impatience stay,  
 And vainly striving to escape their foes,  
 The pail kick down ; a piteous current flows.

Is't not enough that plagues like these molest ?  
 Must still another foe annoy their rest ?

He comes, the pest and terror of the yard,  
 His full-fledg'd progeny's imperious guard ;  
 The *GANDER* ;—spiteful, insolent, and bold,  
 At the colt's footlock takes his daring hold :  
 There, serpent-like, escapes a dreadful blow ;  
 And straight attacks a poor defenceless cow :  
 Each booby goose th' unworthy strife enjoys,  
 And hails his prowess with redoubled noise.  
 Then back he stalks, of self-importance full,  
 Seizes the shaggy foretop of the bull,  
 Till whirl'd aloft he falls ; a timely check,  
 Enough to dislocate his worthless neck :  
 For lo ! of old, he boasts an honour'd wound ;  
 Behold that broken wing that trails the ground !  
 Thus fools and bravoës kindred pranks pursue ;  
 As savage quite, and oft as fatal too.  
 Happy the man that foils an envious elf,  
 Using the darts of spleen to serve himself.  
 As when by turns the strolling *Swine* engage  
 The utmost efforts of the bully's rage,  
 Whose nibbling warfare on the grunter's side  
 Is welcome pleasure to his bristly hide

Gently he stoops, or stretcht at ease along,  
 Enjoys the insults of the gabbling throng,  
 That march exulting round his fallen head,  
 As human victors trample on their dead. [thou!

Still TWILIGHT, welcome! Rest, how sweet art  
 Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow:  
 The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,  
 With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight  
 Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness ours,  
 In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs;  
 Or craggy coasts just rising into view,  
 Midst jav'lins dire, and darts of streaming blue.

Anon tir'd labourers bless their shelt'ring home  
 When MIDNIGHT, and the frightful TEMPEST  
 come.

The Farmer wakes, and sees with silent dread  
 The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round his bed;  
 The bursting cloud reiterated roars,  
 Shakes his straw roof, and jars his bolted doors:  
 The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled skies  
 Spreads its dark course; the winds begin to rise;  
 And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade by day,  
 With mimic thunder give its fury way:  
 Sounds in his chimney top a doleful peal,  
 Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling hail:  
 With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,  
 And quick and strong the sulph'rous flame descends:  
 The fright'ned mastiff from his kennel flies,  
 And cringes at the door with piteous cries—

Where now's the trifer? where the child of  
 pride?

These are the moments when the heart is tried!  
 Nor lives the man with conscience e'er so clear,  
 But feels a solemn, reverential fear;  
 Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,  
 When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to rest.  
 Still welcome beats the long continued show'r,  
 And sleep protracted, comes with double pow'r;

Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,  
For every barn is fill'd, and Harvest *done!*

Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,  
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,  
The bustling day and jovial night must come,  
The long accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.  
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,  
Can give the philosophic mind delight;  
No triumph please while rage and death destroy:  
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.  
And where the joy, if rightly understood,  
Like cheerful praise for universal good?  
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,  
But free and pure the grateful current flows.  
Behold the sound oak table's massy frame  
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame  
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,  
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,  
Are guests by right of custom:—old and young;  
And many a neighbouring yeomen join the throng,  
With artizans that lent their dex'trous aid,  
When o'er each field the flaming sun-beams play'd.

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,  
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,  
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;  
With all that made our great forefathers brave,  
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours tried,  
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.  
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,  
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;  
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound  
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;  
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts  
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts.  
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies  
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,  
And crackling Music, with the frequent Song,  
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,  
 The master, servant, and the merry guest,  
 Are equal all ; and round the happy ring  
 The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,  
 And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,  
 With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,  
 Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,  
 To serve at once the master and the friend ;  
 Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,  
 His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

Such were the days—of days long past I sing,  
 When Pride gave place to Mirth without a sting ;  
 Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore  
 To violate the feelings of the poor ;  
 To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race,  
 Where'er Refinement shews its hated face :  
 Nor causeless hated ;—'tis the peasant's curse,  
 That hourly makes his wretched station worse ;  
 (2) Destroys life's intercourse ; the social plan  
 That rank to rank cements, as man to man :  
 Wealth flows around him, fashion lordly reigns :  
 Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart  
 The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart :  
 'Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome,  
 cold ?

Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold ?  
 The wid'ning distance which I daily see ?  
 Has Wealth done this ?—then Wealth's a foe to  
 me ;

Foe to our rights ; that leaves a pow'rful few  
 The paths of emulation to pursue :—  
 For emulation stoops to us no more :  
 The hope of humble industry is o'er ;  
 The blameless hope, the cheering sweet presage  
 Of future comforts for declining age.  
 Can my sons share from this paternal hand  
 The profits with the labours of the land ?



No ; tho' indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,  
 Where's the small farm to suit my scanty means ?  
 Content, the Poet sings, with us resides ;  
 In lonely cots like mine the damsel hides ;  
 And will he then in raptur'd visions tell  
 That sweet Content with Want can ever dwell.  
 A barley loaf, 'tis true, my table crowns,  
 That fast diminishing in lusty rounds,  
 Stops Nature's cravings ; yet her sighs will flow  
 From knowing this,—that once it was not so.  
 Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,  
 When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the  
 fields,

The aspect still of ancient joy puts on,  
 The aspect only, with the substance gone :  
 The self-same Horn is still at our command,  
 But serves none now but the plebeian hand :  
 For *home-brew'd Ale*, neglected and debas'd,  
 Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.  
 Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,  
 The *separate* table and the costly bowl,  
 Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring,  
 A mockery of gladness round them fling.  
 For oft the Farmer, ere his heart approves,  
 Yields up the custom which he dearly loves :  
 Refinement forces on him like a tide ;  
 Bold innovations down its current ride,  
 That bear no peace beneath their showy dress,  
 Nor add one tittle to his happiness.  
 His guests selected ; rank's punctilios known ;  
 What trouble waits upon a casual frown !  
 Restraint's foul manacles his pleasures maim ;  
 Selected guests selected phrases claim :  
 Nor reigns that joy, when hand in hand they join,  
 That good old Master felt in shaking mine.  
 Heaven bless his memory ! bless his honour'd  
 name !

(The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame :)



To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance give,  
In pity to us still let goodness live:  
Let labour have its due! my cot shall be  
From chilling want and guilty murmurs free.  
Let labour have its due;—then peace is mine,  
And never, never shall my heart repine.'

## AUTUMN.

### ARGUMENT.

*Acorns.—Hogs in the wood.—Wheat-sowing.—The Church.—Village girls.—The mad girl.—The bird-boy's hut.—Disappointments; reflections, &c.—Euston-hall.—Fox-hunting.—Old Trouncer.—Long nights.—A welcome to Winter.*

### III.

AGAIN, the year's *decline*, midst storms and floods,  
The thund'ring chase, the yellow fading woods,  
Invite my song; that fain would boldly tell  
Of upland coverts, and the echoing dell,  
By turns resounding loud, at eve and morn  
The swineherd's halloo, or the huntsman's horn.

No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply  
The restless wand'ring tenants of the stry;  
From oak to oak they run with eager haste,  
And wrangling share the first delicious taste  
Of fallen ACORNS; yet but thinly found  
Till the strong gale have shook them to the ground.  
It comes; and roaring woods obedient wave:  
Their home well pleas'd the joint adventurers leave:  
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young,  
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among,  
Till briars and thorns increasing, fence them round,  
Where last year's mould'ring leaves bestrew the  
ground,

And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,  
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls;  
Hot thirsty food; whence doubly sweet and cool  
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,  
The wild duck's lonely haunt, whose jealous eye  
Guards every point; who sits prepar'd to fly.

On the calm bosom of her little lake,  
 Too closely screen'd for ruffian winds to shake ;  
 And as the bold intruders press around,  
 At once she starts, and rises with a bound  
 With bristles rais'd the sudden noise they hear,  
 And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,  
 The herd decamp with more than swinish speed,  
 And snorting dash thro' sedge, and rush, and reed ;  
 Through tangling thickets headlong on they go,  
 Then stop, and listen for their fancied foe ;  
 The hindmost still the growing panic spreads,  
 Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds,  
 'Till Folly's wages, wounds and thorns, they reap :  
 Yet glorying in their fortunate escape,  
 Their groundless terrors by degrees soon cease,  
 And Night's dark reign restores their wonted peace.  
 For now the gale subsides, and from each bough  
 The roosting pheasant's short but frequent crow  
 Invites to rest ; and huddling side by side,  
 The herd in closest ambush seek to hide ;  
 Seek some warm slope with shagged moss  
 o'erspread,

Dry'd leaves their copious covering and their bed.  
 In vain may *Giles*, thro' gathering glooms that fall,  
 And solemn silence, urge his piercing call :  
 Whole days and nights they tarry midst their store,  
 Nor quit the woods till oaks can yield no more.

Beyond bleak *Winter's* rage, beyond the *Spring*  
 That rolling Earth's unvarying course will bring,  
 Who tills the ground looks on with mental eye,  
 And sees next *Summer's* sheaves and cloudless  
 And even now, whilst Nature's beauty dies, [sky ;  
 Deposits SEED, and bids new harvests rise ;  
 Seed well prepar'd, and warm'd with glowing lime,  
 'Gainst earth-bred grubs, and cold, and lapse of  
 time :

For searching frosts and various ills invade,  
 Whilst wintry months depress the springing blade.

The plough moves heavily, and strong the soil,  
 And clogging harrows with augmented toil  
 Dive deep : and clinging mixes with the mould  
 A fatt'ning treasure from the nightly fold,  
 And all the cow-yard's highly valu'd store,  
 That late bestrew'd the blacken'd surface o'er.  
 No idling hours are here, when Fancy trims  
 Her dancing taper over outstretch'd limbs,  
 And in her thousand thousand colours drest,  
 Plays round the grassy couch of noontide rest :  
 Here *Giles* for hours of idleness atones  
 With strong exertion, and with weary bones,  
 And knows no leisure ; till the distant chime  
 Of Sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,  
 That down the brook sound sweetly in the gale,  
 Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale.

Nor his alone the sweets of ease to taste :  
 Kind rest extends to all ;—save one poor beast,  
 That true to time and pace, is doom'd to plod,  
 To bring the Pastor to the HOUSE OF GOD :  
 Mean structure ; where no bones of heroes lie !  
 The rude inelegance of poverty  
 Reigns here alone : else why that roof of straw ?  
 Those narrow windows with the frequent flaw ?  
 O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spread,  
 And rampant nettles lift the spiry head,  
 Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high  
 The grey-cap'd daws in saucy legions fly.

Round these low walls assembling neighbours  
 meet,  
 And tread departed friends beneath their feet ;  
 And new-briar'd graves that prompt the secret  
 sigh,  
 Shew each the spot where he himself must lie.  
 Midst timely greetings village news goes round,  
 Of crops late shorn, or crops that deck the ground  
 Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join ;  
 While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine

With pride elate their young associates brave  
 To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave ;  
 Then close consulting, each his talent lends  
 To plan fresh sports when tedious service ends.  
 Hither at times, with cheerfulness of soul, [stroll,  
 Sweet *village Maids* from neighbouring hamlets  
 That like the light-heel'd does o'er lawns that rove,  
 Look shyly curious ; rip'ning into love ;  
 For love's their errand : hence the tints that glow  
 On either cheek, an heighten'd lustre know :  
 When, conscious of their charms, e'en Age looks  
 sly,

And rapture beams from Youth's observant eye.

The pride of such a party, Nature's pride,  
 Was lovely POLL ;\* who innocently tried,  
 With hat of airy shape and ribands gay,  
 Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way :  
 But, ere her twentieth summer could expand,  
 Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,  
 Her mind's serenity was lost and gone,  
 Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone ;  
 Yet causeless seem'd her grief ; for quick restrain'd,  
 Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd :  
 Whims wild and simple led her from her home,  
 The heath, the common, or the fields to roam :  
 Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours ;  
 Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless flow'rs ;  
 Now pluck'd a tender twig from every bough,  
 To whip the hovering demons from her brow.  
 Ill-fated Maid ! thy guiding spark is fled,  
 And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed—  
 Thy bed of straw ! for mark, where even now  
 O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow ;  
 Their woe she knows not, but perversely coy.  
 Inverted customs yield her sullen joy ;  
 Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,  
 Low mutt'ring to the moon, that rising breaks

\* Mary Rayner, of Ixworth Thorp.

Through night's dark gloom:—oh, how much  
more forlorn

*Her* night, that knows of no returning dawn!—  
Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,  
O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat;  
Quitting the cot's warm walls unhous'd to lie,  
Or share the swine's impure and narrow sty;  
The damp night air her shivering limbs assails;  
In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs bewails.  
When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd than  
she,

When pendent drops fall glitt'ring from the tree;  
But nought her rayless melancholy cheers,  
Or soothes her breast, or stops her streaming tears.  
Her matted locks unornamented flow;  
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro;—  
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheeks to hide;—  
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.  
Some tufted molehill through the livelong day  
She calls her throne; there weeps her life away:  
And oft the gaily passing stranger stays  
His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,  
Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,  
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart;  
And soft he treads with other gazers round,  
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound:  
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,  
One short, pathetic, simple word,—*Oh dear!*  
A thousand times repeated to the wind,  
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind!

For ever of the proffer'd parley shy,  
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh;  
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,  
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight—  
Fair promis'd sunbeams of terrestrial bliss,  
Health's gallant hopes,—and are ye sunk to this?  
For in life's road though thorns abundant grow,  
There still are joys poor Poll can never know;



Joys which the gay companions of her prime  
 Sip, as they drift along the stream of time ;  
 At eve to hear beside their tranquil home  
 The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come :  
*That* love matur'd, next playful on the knee  
 To press the velvet lip of infancy ;  
 To stay the tottering step, the features trace ;—  
 Inestimable sweets of social peace !

O THOU, who bidst the vernal juices rise !  
 Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage flies !  
 Let Peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart grow cold,  
 Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold. [seed,

Shorn of their flow'rs that shed th' untreasur'd  
 The withering pasture, and the fading mead,  
 Less tempting grown, diminish more and more,  
 The dairy's pride ; sweet Summer's flowing store.  
 New cares succeed, and gentle duties press,  
 Where the fire-side, a school of tenderness,  
 Revives the languid chirp, and warms the blood  
 Of cold-nipt weaklings of the latter brood,  
 That from the shell just bursting into day,  
 Through yard or pond pursue their vent'rous way.

Far weightier cares and wider scenes expand ;  
 What devastation marks the new-sown land !  
 ' From hungry woodland foes go, *Giles*, and guard  
 The rising wheat ; ensure its great reward :  
 A future sustenance, a Summer's pride,  
 Demand thy vigilance : then be it tried :  
 Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun :  
 Go, tarry there from morn till setting sun.'

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends ;  
 The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.  
 O for a Hovel, e'er so small or low,  
 Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow  
 Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes !  
 No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,  
 In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,  
 Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound :

Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,  
 And circling smoke obscures his little door ;  
 Whence creeping forth, to duty's calls he yields,  
 And strolls the Crusoe of the lonely fields.  
 On whitethorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,  
 A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows :  
 Where clust'ring sloes in glossy order rise,  
 He crops the loaded branch ; a cumb'rous prize ;  
 And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests,  
 Placing green sods to seat his coming guests ;  
 His guests by promise ; playmates young and gay :—  
 But ah ! *fresh pastimes* lure their steps away !  
 He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain,  
 Till feeling Disappointment's cruel pain,  
 His fairy revels are exchang'd for rage,  
 His banquet marr'd, grown dull his hermitage.  
 The field becomes his prison, till on high  
 Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.  
 Midst air, health, daylight, can he prisoner be ?  
 If fields are prisons, where is Liberty ?  
 Here still she dwells, and here her votaries stroll ;  
 But disappointed hope untunes the soul :  
 Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow,  
 When troubles press, to chains and barriers grow.  
 Look then from trivial up to greater woes :  
 From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,  
 To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh ;  
 Where not one cheering sunbeam meets his eye.  
 Though ineffectual pity thine may be,  
 No wealth, no pow'r, to set the captive free ;  
 Though *only* to thy ravish'd *sight* is given  
 The golden path that HOWARD trod to heaven ;  
 Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,  
 And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.  
 Say not, ' I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell  
 With news of dearest friends ; how good, how well :  
 I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart :'  
 Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part,

To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,  
 And waste the precious hour that's due to him.  
 In mercy spare the base unmanly blow :  
 Where can he turn, to whom complain of you ?  
 Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,  
 Trace and retrace the beaten worn-out way,  
 The rankling injury will pierce his breast,  
 And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

Bereft of song, and ever-cheering green,  
 The soft endearments of the Summer scene,  
 New harmony pervades the solemn wood,  
 Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood :  
 For bold exertion follows on the sound  
 Of distant sportsmen, and the chiding hound ;  
 First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy,  
 Where smiling EUSTON boasts her good FITZROY,  
 Lord of pure alms, and gifts that wide extend ;  
 The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend :  
 Whose mansion glitt'ring with the eastern ray,  
 Whose elevated temple, points the way,  
 O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride,  
 To where the victims of the chase reside.  
 Ingulf'd in earth, in conscious safety warm,  
 Till lo ! a plot portends their coming harm.

In earliest hours of dark unhooded morn,  
 Ere yet one rosy cloud bespeaks the dawn,  
 Whilst far abroad the Fox pursues his prey,  
 He's doom'd to risk the perils of the day,  
 From his strong hold block'd out ; perhaps to bleed,  
 Or owe his life to fortune or to speed.  
 For now the pack, impatient rushing on,  
 Range through the darkest coverts one by one ;  
 Trace every spot ; whilst down each noble glade  
 That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,  
 The loit'ring sportsman feels th' instinctive flame,  
 And checks his steed to mark the springing game.  
 Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways  
 The huntsman cheers his dogs, and anxious strays

Where every narrow riding, even shorn  
 Gives back the echo of his mellow horn :  
 Till fresh and lightsome, every power untried,  
 The starting fugitive leaps by his side,  
 His lifted finger to his ear he plies,  
 And the view halloo bids a chorus rise  
 Of dogs quick-mouth'd, and shouts that mingle loud,  
 As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud.  
 With ears erect, and chest of vigorous mould,  
 O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,  
 The shining courser lengthens every bound,  
 And his strong foot-locks suck the moisten'd ground,  
 As from the confines of the wood they pour,  
 And joyous villages partake the roar.  
 O'er heath far stretch'd, or down, or valley low,  
 The stiff-limb'd peasant, glorying in the show,  
 Pursues in vain ; where youth itself soon tires,  
 Spite of the transports that the chase inspires ;  
 For who unmounted long can charm the eye,  
 Or hear the music of the leading cry ?

Poor faithful *Trouncer* ! thou canst lead no more ;  
 All thy fatigues and all thy triumphs o'er !  
 Triumphs of worth, whose honorary fame  
 Was still to follow true the hunted game ;  
 Beneath enormous oaks, Britannia's boast,  
 In thick impenetrable coverts lost,  
 When the warm pack in fault'ring silence stood,  
 Thine was the note that rous'd the list'ning wood,  
 Rekindling every joy with tenfold force,  
 Through all the mazes of the tainted course.  
 Still foremost thou the dashing stream to cross,  
 And tempt along the animated horse ;  
 Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,  
 And sweep the show'ring dew-drops from the grass ;  
 Then bright emerging from the mists below  
 To climb the woodland hill's exulting brow.

Pride of thy race ! with worth far less than thine,  
 Full many human leaders daily shine !

Less faith, less constancy, less generous zeal!—  
 Then no disgrace mine humble verse shall feel,  
 Where not one lying line to riches bows,  
 Or poison'd sentiment from rancour flows;  
 Nor flowers are strewn around Ambition's car:—  
 An honest dog's a nobler theme by far.  
 Each sportsman heard the tidings with a sigh,  
 When Death's cold touch had stopt his tuneful cry;  
 And though high deeds, and fair exalted praise,  
 In memory liv'd, and flow'd in rustic lays,  
 Short was the strain of monumental woe:  
 'Foxes rejoice! here buried lies your foe.'\*

In safety hous'd throughout Night's *lengthening*  
 reign,

The Cock sends forth a loud and piercing strain;  
 More frequent as the glooms of midnight flee,  
 And hours roll round that brought him liberty,  
 When summer's early dawn, mild, clear, and bright,  
 Chas'd quick away the transitory night:—  
 Hours now in darkness veil'd; yet loud the scream  
 Of Geese impatient for the playful stream;  
 And all the feather'd tribe imprison'd raise  
 Their morning notes of inharmonious praise;  
 And many a clamorous Hen and cockrel gay,  
 When daylight slowly through the fog breaks way,  
 Fly wantonly abroad: but ah, how soon  
 The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,  
 Short'ning the busy day!—day that slides by  
 Amidst th' unfinish'd toils of HUSBANDRY;  
 Toils still each morn resum'd with double care,  
 To meet the icy terrors of the year;  
 To meet the threats of Boreas undismay'd,  
 And *Winter's* gathering frowns and hoary head.

Then welcome, COLD; welcome, ye *snowy* nights!  
 Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delights  
 And confidence of hope the soul sustain,  
 While devastation sweeps along the plain:

\* Inscribed on a stone in Euston Park wall.

AUTUMN.

45

Nor shall the child of poverty despair,  
But bless THE POWER that rules the *changing year*,  
Assur'd—though horrors round his cottage reign—  
That *Spring* will come, and Nature smile again.



## WINTER.

### ARGUMENT.

*Tenderness to cattle.—Frozen turnips.—The cow-yard.—Night.—The farm-house.—Fire-side.—Farmer's advice and instruction.—Nightly cares of the stable.—Dobbin.—The post-horse.—Sheep-stealing dogs.—Walks occasioned thereby.—The ghost.—Lamb time.—Returning Spring.—Conclusion.*

### IV.

With kindred pleasures mov'd, and cares opprest,  
Sharing alike our weariness and rest ;  
Who lives the daily partner of our hours,  
Thro' every change of heat, and frost, and show'rs ;  
Partakes our cheerful meals, partaking first  
In mutual labour and in mutual thirst ;  
The kindly intercourse will ever prove  
A bond of amity and social love.

To more than man this generous warmth extends,  
And oft the team and shiv'ring herd befriends ;  
Tender solicitude the bosom fills,  
And Pity executes what Reason wills :  
Youth learns compassion's tale from every tongue,  
And flies to aid the helpless and the young.

When now, unsparing as the scourge of war,  
Blasts follow blasts, and groves dismantled roar,  
Around their home the storm-pinch'd CATTLE lows,  
No nourishment in frozen pastures grows ;  
Yet frozen pastures every morn resound  
With fair abundance thund'ring to the ground.  
For though on hoary twigs no buds peep out,  
And e'en the hardy bramble cease to sprout,  
Beneath dread WINTER's level sheets of snow  
The sweet nutritious *Turnip* deigns to grow.

Till now imperious want and wide-spread dearth  
 Bid Labour claim her treasures from the earth.  
 On GILES, and such as Giles, the labour falls,  
 To strew the frequent load where hunger calls.  
 On driving gales sharp hail indignant flies,  
 And sleet, more irksome still, assails his eyes ;  
 Snow clogs his feet ; or if no snow is seen,  
 The field with all its juicy store to screen,  
 Deep goes the frost, till every root is found  
 A rolling mass of ice upon the ground.  
 No tender ewe can break her nightly fast,  
 Nor heifer strong begin the cold repast,  
 Till *Giles* with pond'rous beetle foremost go,  
 And scatt'ring splinters fly at every blow ;  
 When pressing round him eager for the prize,  
 From their mixt breath warm exhalations rise.

If now in beaded rows drops deck the spray,  
 While Phœbus grants a momentary ray,  
 Let but a cloud's broad shadow intervene,  
 And stiffen'd into gems the drops are seen ;  
 And down the furrow'd oak's broad southern side  
 Streams of dissolving rime no longer glide.

Though Night approaching bids for rest prepare,  
 Still the flail echoes through the frosty air,  
 Nor stops till deepest shades of darkness come,  
 Sending at length the weary labourer home.  
 From him, with bed and nightly food supplied,  
 Throughout the yard, hous'd round on every side,  
 Deep-plunging Cows their rustling feast enjoy,  
 And snatch sweet mouthfuls from the passing boy,  
 Who moves unseen beneath his trailing load,  
 Fills the tall racks, and leaves a scatter'd road ;  
 Where oft the swine from ambush warm and dry  
 Bolt out, and scamper headlong to their sty,  
 When *Giles*, with well-known voice, already there,  
 Deigns them a portion of his evening care.

*Him*, tho' the cold may pierce, and storms molest,  
 Succeeding hours shall cheer with warmth and rest :

Gladness to spread, and raise the grateful smile,  
 He hurls the faggot bursting from the pile,  
 And many a log and rifted trunk conveys,  
 To heap the fire, and to extend the blaze  
 That quiv'ring strong through every opening flies,  
 Whilst smoky columns unobstructed rise.  
 For the rude architect, unknown to fame  
 (Nor symmetry nor elegance his aim),  
 Who spreads his floors of solid oak on high,  
 On beams rough-hewn, from age to age that lie,  
 Bade his *wide fabric* unimpair'd sustain  
 Pomona's store, and cheese, and golden grain ;  
 Bade from its central base, capacious laid,  
 The well-wrought chimney rear its lofty head ;  
 Where since hath many a savoury ham been stor'd,  
 And tempests howl'd, and Christmas gambols  
 roar'd.

Flat on the *hearth* the glowing embers lie,  
 And flames reflected dance in every eye :  
 There the long billet, forc'd at last to bend,  
 While frothing sap gushes at either end,  
 Throws round its welcome heat :—the ploughman  
 smiles,

And oft the joke runs hard on sheepish *Giles*,  
 Who sits joint tenant of the corner-stool,  
 The converse sharing, though in duty's school ;  
 For now attentively 'tis his to hear  
 Interrogations from the Master's chair. [fled,  
 ' Left ye your bleating charge, when daylight  
 Near where the haystack lifts its snowy head ?  
 Whose fence of bushy furze, so close and warm,  
 May stop the slanting bullets of the storm.  
 For, hark ! it blows ; a dark and dismal night :  
 Heaven guide the trav'ler's fearful steps aright !  
 Now from the woods, mistrustful and sharp-ey'd,  
 The Fox in silent darkness seems to glide,  
 Stealing around us, list'ning as he goes,  
 If chance the Cock or stamm'ring cockerel crows,

Or Goose, or nodding Duck, should darkling cry,  
 As if appriz'd of lurking danger nigh :  
 Destruction waits them, *Giles*, if e'er you fail  
 To bolt their doors against the driving gale.  
 Strew'd you (still mindful of th' unshelter'd head)  
 Burdens of straw, the cattle's welcome bed? [see,  
 Thine heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly  
*That duty's basis is humanity.*  
 Of pain's unsavoury cup though thou may'st taste  
 (The wrath of Winter from the bleak north-east),  
 Thine utmost sufferings in the coldest day  
 A period terminates, and joys repay.  
 Perhaps e'en now, while here those joys we boast,  
 Full many a bark rides down the neighb'ring coast,  
 Where the high northern waves tremendous roar,  
 Drove down by blasts from Norway's icy shore.  
 The Sea-boy there, less fortunate than thou,  
 Feels all thy pains in all the gusts that blow :  
 His freezing hands now drench'd, now dry, by turns ;  
 Now lost, now seen, the distant light that burns,  
 On some tall cliff uprais'd, a flaming guide,  
 That throws its friendly radiance o'er the tide.  
 His labours cease not with declining day,  
 But toils and perils mark his watry way ;  
 And whilst in peaceful dreams secure *we* lie,  
 The ruthless whirlwinds rage along the sky,  
 Round his head whistling ;—and shalt thou repine,  
 While this protecting roof still shelters thine ?  
 Mild, as the vernal show'r, his words prevail,  
 And aid the moral precept of his tale :  
 His wond'ring hearers learn, and ever keep  
 These first ideas of the restless deep ;  
 And, as the opening mind a circuit tries,  
 Present felicities in value rise.  
 Increasing pleasures every hour they find,  
 The warmth more precious, and the shelter kind ;  
 Warmth that long reigning bids the eyelids close,  
 As through the blood its balmy influence goes,

When the cheer'd heart forgets fatigues and cares,  
And drowsiness alone dominion bears.

Sweet then the ploughman's slumbers, hale and  
When the last topic dies upon his tongue ; [young,  
Sweet then the bliss his transient dreams inspire,  
Till chilblains wake him, or the snapping fire :

He starts, and ever thoughtful of his team,  
Along the glitt'ring snow a feeble gleam  
Shoots from his lantern, as he yawning goes  
To add fresh comforts to their night's repose ;  
Diffusing fragrance as their food he moves  
And pats the jolly sides of those he loves.  
Thus full replenish'd, perfect ease possest,  
From night till morn alternate food and rest,  
No rightful cheer withheld, no sleep debarr'd,  
Their each day's labour brings its sure reward.  
Yet when from plough or lumb'ring cart set free,  
They taste awhile the sweets of liberty :  
E'en sober *Dobbin* lifts his clumsy heels  
And kicks, disdainful of the dirty wheels :  
But soon, his frolic ended, yields again  
To trudge the road, and wear the clinking chain.

Short-sighted *Dobbin* !—thou canst only see  
The trivial hardships that *encompass* thee :  
Thy chains were freedom, and thy toils repose,  
Could the poor *post-horse* tell thee all his woes ;  
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold  
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold ;  
Hired at each call of business, lust, or rage,  
That prompt the trav'ler on from stage to stage.  
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed ;  
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed ;  
And though he groaning quickens at command,  
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand  
Becomes his bitter scourge :—'tis *he* must feel  
The double efforts of the lash and steel ;  
Till when, up hill, the destined inn he gains,  
And trembling under complicated pains,



Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,  
 His breath emitted floats in clouds around :  
 Drops chase each other down his chest and sides  
 And spatter'd mud his native colour hides :  
 Through his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows  
 And every nerve a separate torture knows.  
 His harness loosed, he welcomes eager-eyed  
 The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;  
 And joys to see the well-known stable door,  
 As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah, well for him if here his suff'rings ceas'd,  
 And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd !  
 But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,  
 And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,  
 Ere his exhausted spirits can return,  
 Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,  
 Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore ;  
 He hears the whip ; the chaise is at the door :—  
 The collar tightens, and again he feels  
 His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd ; again the wheels  
 With tiresome sameness in his ears resound,  
 O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.  
 Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,  
 His piece-meal murd'ers wear his life away.

What say'st thou, Dobbin ! what though hounds  
 With open jaws the moment of thy fate, [await  
 No better fate attends *his* public race ;  
 His life is misery and his end disgrace.  
 Then freely bear thy burden to the mill ;  
 Obey but one short law,—thy driver's will.  
 Affection, to thy memory ever true,  
 Shall boast of mighty loads that Dobbin drew ;  
 And back to childhood shall the mind with pride  
 Recount thy gentleness in many a ride  
 To pond, or field, or village fair, when thou  
 Held'st high thy braided mane and comely brow ;  
 And oft the tale shall rise to homely fame  
 Upon thy gen'rous spirit and thy name.



Though faithful to a proverb, we regard  
 The midnight chieftain of the farmer's yard,  
 Beneath whose guardianship all hearts rejoice  
 Woke by the echo of his hollow voice;  
 Yet as the Hound may fault'ring quit the pack,  
 Snuff the foul scent, and hasten yelping back;  
 And e'en the docile Pointer know disgrace,  
 Thwarting the gen'ral instinct of his race;  
 E'en so the MASTIFF, or the meaner Cur,  
 At times will from the path of duty err  
 (A pattern of fidelity by day;  
 By night a *murderer*, lurking for his prey);  
 And round the pastures or the fold will creep,  
 And, coward-like, attack the peaceful *sheep*;  
 Alone the wanton mischief he pursues,  
 Alone in reeking blood his jaws imbrues;  
 Chasing amain his frighten'd victims round,  
 Till death in wild confusion strews the ground;  
 Then wearied out, to kennel sneaks away,  
 And licks his guilty paws till break of day.

The deed discover'd, and the news once spread,  
 Vengeance hangs o'er the unknown culprit's head:  
 And careful Shepherds extra hours bestow  
 In patient watchings for the common foe;  
 A foe most dreaded now, when rest and peace  
 Should wait the season of the flock's increase.

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,  
*Giles*, ere he sleeps, his little Flock must tell.  
 From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,  
 Glad if the full-orb'd Moon salute his eyes,  
 And through the unbroken stillness of the night  
 Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.  
 With sauntering step he climbs the distant stile,  
 Whilst all around him wears a placid smile:  
 There views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driv'n,  
 And all the glorious pageantry of heav'n.  
 Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,  
 The rising vapours catch the silver light;

Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,  
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,  
 Passing the source of light; and thence away,  
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.  
 For yet above these wafted clouds are seen  
 (In a remoter sky, still more serene)  
 Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,  
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;  
 Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,  
 The beauteous 'semblance of a Flock at rest.  
 These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim  
 Their MIGHTY SHEPHERD'S everlasting Name.

Whilst thus the loit'rer's utmost stretch of soul  
 Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,  
 And loos'd *Imagination* soaring goes  
 High o'er his home, and all his little woes,  
 Time glides away; neglected Duty calls:  
 At once from plains of light to earth he falls,  
 And down a narrow lane, well known by day,  
 With all his speed pursues his sounding way,  
 In thought still half absorb'd, and chill'd with cold;  
 When, lo! an object frightful to behold;  
 A grisly SPECTRE, cloth'd in silver-gray,  
 Around whose feet the waving shadows play,  
 Stands in his path!—He stops, and not a breath  
 Heaves from his heart, that sinks almost to death.  
 Loud the owl halloos o'er his head unseen;  
 All else is silent, dismally serene:  
 Some prompt ejaculation whisper'd low,  
 Yet bears him up against the threat'ning foe;  
 And thus poor Giles, though half inclin'd to fly,  
 Mutters his doubts, and strains his steadfast eye.  
 'Tis not my crimes thou com'st here to reprove;  
 No murders stain my soul, no perjur'd love:  
 If thou'rt indeed what here thou seem'st to be,  
 Thy dreadful mission cannot reach to me.  
 By parents taught still to mistrust mine eyes,  
 Still to approach each object of surprise,

Lest Fancy's formful visions should deceive  
In moonlight paths, or glooms of falling eve,  
This then 's the moment when my heart should try  
To scan thy motionless deformity ;  
But oh, the fearful task ! yet well I know  
An aged ash, with many a spreading bough  
(Beneath whose leaves I've found a summer's  
    bow'r,  
Beneath whose trunk I've weather'd many a  
    show'r)  
Stands singly down this solitary way,  
But far beyond where now my footsteps stay.  
'Tis true, thus far I've come with heedless haste ;  
No reck'ning kept, no passing objects traced :—  
And can I then have reach'd that very tree ?  
Or is its reverend form assum'd by thee ?  
The happy thought alleviates his pain :  
He creeps another step ; then stops again ;  
Till slowly, as his noiseless feet draw near,  
Its perfect lineaments at once appear ;  
Its crown of shiv'ring ivy whispering peace,  
And its white bark that fronts the moon's pale face.  
Now, whilst his blood mounts upward, now he  
The solid gain that from conviction flows ; [knows  
And strengthen'd Confidence shall hence fulfil  
(With conscious Innocence more valued still)  
The dreariest task that winter nights can bring,  
By churchyard dark, or grove, or fairy ring :  
Still buoying up the timid mind of youth,  
Till loit'ring Reason hoists the scale of Truth.  
With these blest guardians Giles his course pursues,  
Till numbering his heavy-sided ewes,  
Surrounding stillness tranquillize his breast,  
And shape the dreams that wait his hours of rest.  
As when retreating tempests we behold,  
Whose skirts at length the azure sky unfold,  
And full of murmurings and mingled wrath,  
Slowly unshroud the smiling face of earth,

Bringing the bosom joy : so WINTER flies!—  
 And see the Source of Life and Light arise!  
 A height'ning arch o'er southern hills he bends;  
 Warm on the cheek the slanting beam descends,  
 And gives the reeking mead a brighter hue,  
 And draws the modest *primrose* bud to view.  
 Yet frosts succeed, and winds impetuous rush,  
 And hail-stones rattle through the budding bush;  
 And night-fall'n Lambs require the shepherd's care,  
 And teeming Ewes, that still their burdens bear;  
 Beneath whose sides to-morrow's dawn may see  
 The milk-white strangers bow the trembling knee;  
 At whose first birth the pow'ful instinct's seen  
 That fills with champions the daisied green :  
 For ewes that stood aloof with fearful eye,  
 With stamping foot now men and dogs defy,  
 And obstinately faithful to their young,  
 Guard their first steps to join the bleating throng.

But casualties and death from damps and cold  
 Will still attend the well-conducted fold :  
 Her tender offspring dead, the dam aloud  
 Calls and runs wild amidst the unconscious crowd,  
 And orphan'd sucklings raise the piteous cry ;  
 No wool to warm them, no defenders nigh.  
 And must her streaming milk then flow in vain ?  
 Must unregarded innocence complain ?  
 No ;—ere this strong solicitude subside,  
 Maternal fondness may be fresh apply'd,  
 And the adopted stripling still may find  
 A parent most assiduously kind.  
 For this he's doom'd awhile disguis'd to range  
 (For fraud or force must work the wish'd-for  
 For this his predecessor's skin he wears, [change);  
 Till cheated into tenderness and cares,  
 The unsuspecting dam, contented grown,  
 Cherish and guard the fondling as her own.

Thus all by turns to fair perfection rise ;  
 Thus twins are parted to increase their size :

Thus instinct yields as interest points the way,  
 Till the bright flock, augmenting every day,  
 On sunny hills and vales of springing flow'rs  
 With ceaseless clamour greet the vernal hours.

The humbler Shepherd here with joy beholds  
 The approv'd economy of crowded folds,  
 And, in his small contracted round of cares,  
 Adjusts the practice of each hint he hears :  
 For Boys with emulation learn to glow,  
 And boast their pastures and their healthful show  
 Of well-grown Lambs, the glory of the Spring ;  
 And field to field in competition bring.

E'en GILES, for all his cares and watchings past,  
 And all his contests with the wintry blast,  
 Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd  
 By gazing neighbours, when along the road,  
 Or village green, his curly-coated throng  
 Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song ;  
 When Admiration's unaffected grace  
 Lisps from the tongue, and beams in every face :  
 Delightful moments!—Sunshine, Health, and Joy,  
 Play round, and cheer the elevated Boy !  
 ' Another SPRING !' his heart exulting cries ;  
 ' Another YEAR ! with promis'd blessings rise !—  
 ETERNAL POWER ! from whom those blessings flow,  
 Teach me still more to wonder, more to know :  
*Seed-time* and *Harvest* let me see again ;  
 Wander the *leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen* plain :  
 Let the first Flower, corn-waving Field, Plain, Tree,  
 Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE ;  
 And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise  
 An humble note of thankfulness and praise !'

April 22, 1797



## NOTES.

Note (1), Page 16.

*A fav'rite morsel with the Rook, &c.*

IN these verses, which have much of picturesque, there is a severe charge against *Rooks* and *Crows*, as very formidable depredators; and their destruction, as such, seems to be recommended. Such was the prevalent opinion some years back. It is less general now: and I am sure the humanity of the Author, and his benevolence to Animals in general, will dispose him to rejoice in whatever plea can be offered in stay of execution of this sentence. And yet more so, if it shall appear that *Rooks*, at least, deserve not only mercy, but *protection* and *encouragement* from the Farmer.

I shall quote a passage from BEWICK'S interesting HISTORY of BIRDS: the narrative part of which is often as full of information as the embellishments cut in wood are beautiful.—It is this:

Speaking of Birds of the PIE-KIND in general, he says, 'Birds of this kind' are found in every part of the known world, from Greenland to the Cape of Good Hope. In many respects they may be said to be of singular benefit to mankind: principally by destroying great quantities of noxious insects, worms, and reptiles. *Rooks*, in particular, are fond of the erucæ of the *hedge-chaffer*, or *chestnut brown beetle*: for which they search with indefatigable pains. These insects,' he adds in a note, 'appear in hot weather in formidable numbers: disrobing the fields and trees of their verdure, blossoms, and fruit; spreading desolation and destruction wherever they go.—They appeared in great numbers in IRELAND during a hot summer, and committed great ravages. In the

\* P. 63.



year 1747 whole meadows and corn-fields were destroyed by them in SUFFOLK. The decrease of Rookeries in that county was thought to be the occasion of it. The many Rookeries with us is in some measure the reason why we have so few of these destructive animals.\*

'Rooks,' he subjoins, 'are often accused of feeding on the corn just after it has been sown, and various contrivances have been made both to kill and frighten them away; but, in our estimation, the advantages derived from the destruction which they make among grubs, earth-worms, and noxious insects of various kinds, will greatly overpay the injury done to the future harvest by the small quantity of corn they may destroy in searching after their favourite food.†

'In general they are sagacious, active, and faithful to each other. They live in pairs; and their mutual attachment is constant. They are a clamorous race: mostly build in trees, and form a kind of society in which there appears something like a regular government. A sentinel watches for the general safety, and gives notice on the appearance of danger.'

Under the title, 'ROOKS,' (p. 71.) Mr. BEWICK repeats his observations on the useful property of this Bird.

I confess myself solicitous for their safety and kind treatment. We have two which were lamed by being blown down in a storm (a calamity which destroys great numbers almost every spring). One of them is perfectly domesticated. The other is yet more remarkable; since although enjoying his natural liberty completely, he recognizes, even in his flights at a distance from the house, his adoptive home, his human friends, and early protectors.

The ROOK is certainly a very beautiful and very sensible Bird; very confiding, and very much at-

\* Wallis's History of Northumberland.

† Mr. Bewick does not seem to have been quite aware that much of this mischief, as I have been informed by a sensible neighbouring Farmer and Tenant, is done in the grub-state of the chaffer, by biting through the roots of grass, &c. A latent, and imperceptibly, but rapidly spreading mischief, against which the rooks and birds of similar instinct are, in a manner, the sole protection.

tached. It will give me a pleasure, in which I doubt not that the Author of this delightful Poem will partake, if any thing here said shall avail them with the Farmer; and especially with the SUFFOLK FARMER.  
C. L.

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Note (2), Page 32.

*Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan.*

‘Allowing for the imperfect state of sublunary happiness, which is comparative at best, there are not, perhaps, many nations existing whose situation is so desirable; where the means of subsistence are so easy, and the wants of the people so few. The evident distinction of ranks, which subsists at *Otaheite*, does not so materially affect the felicity of the nation as we might have supposed. The simplicity of their whole life contributes to soften the appearance of distinctions, and to reduce them to a level. Where the climate and the custom of the country do not absolutely require a perfect garment; where it is easy at every step to gather as many plants as form not only a decent, but likewise a customary covering; and where all the necessaries of life are within the reach of every individual, at the expense of a trifling labour;—ambition and envy must in a great measure be unknown. It is true, the highest classes of people possess some dainty articles, such as pork, fish, fowl, and cloth, almost exclusively; but the desire of indulging the appetite in a few trifling luxuries can at most render individuals, and not whole nations, unhappy. Absolute want occasions the miseries of the lower class in some civilized states, and is the result of the unbounded voluptuousness of their superiors. At *Otaheite* there is not, in general, that disparity between the highest and the meanest man, that subsists in England between a reputable tradesman and a labourer. The affection of the *Otaheitans* for their chiefs, which they never failed to express upon all

occasions, gave us great reason to suppose that they consider themselves as one family, and respect their eldest born in the persons of their chiefs. The lowest man in the nation speaks as freely with his king as with his equal, and has the pleasure of seeing him as often as he likes. The king, at times, amuses himself with the occupations of his subjects; and not yet depraved by false notions of empty state, he often paddles his own canoe; without considering such an employment derogatory to his dignity. How long such a happy equality may last is uncertain: and how much the introduction of foreign luxuries may hasten its dissolution cannot be too frequently repeated to Europeans. If the knowledge of a few individuals can only be acquired at such a price as the happiness of nations, it were better for the discoverers and the discovered that the *South Sea* had still remained unknown to *Europe* and its restless inhabitants.'

*Reflections on Otaheite: Cook's second Voyage.*

## RURAL TALES.

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RICHARD AND KATE;

OR

FAIR-DAY.

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

---

' COME, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,  
Sweep up your orts, and get your hat;  
Old joys reviv'd once more I feel,  
'Tis Fair-day ;—ay, *and more than that.*

' Have you forgot, KATE, prithee say,  
How many seasons here we've tarried ?  
'Tis *Forty* years, this very day,  
Since you and I, old Girl, were *married !*

' Look out ;—the sun shines warm and bright,  
The stiles are low, the paths all dry ;  
I know you cut your corns last night :  
Come ; be as free from care as I.

' For I'm resolv'd once more to see  
That place where we so often met ;  
Though few have had more cares than we,  
We've none just now to make us fret.'

KATE scorn'd to damp the generous flame  
 That warm'd her aged Partner's breast :  
 Yet, ere determination came,  
 She thus some trifling doubts express'd.

' Night will come on ; when seated snug,  
 And you've perhaps begun some tale,  
 Can you then leave your dear stone mug ;  
 Leave all the folk, and all the ale ?'

' Ay KATE, I wool ;—because I know,  
 Though time has been we both could run,  
 Such days are gone and over now ;—  
 I only mean to see the fun.'

She straight slipp'd off the wall and band,\*  
 And laid aside her lucks and twitches :\*  
 And to the hutch† she reach'd her hand,  
 And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door,  
 And hedging-gloves again replaced ;  
 And look'd across the yellow moor,  
 And urg'd his tott'ring Spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,  
 The firmament without a cloud ;  
 The bee humm'd o'er the level green  
 Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd.

And Richard thus, with heart elate,  
 As past things rush'd across his mind,  
 Over his shoulder talk'd to Kate,  
 Who snug tuck'd up, walk'd slow behind.

' When once a gigling mawther you,  
 And I a red-faced chubby boy,  
 Sly tricks you play'd me not a few ;  
 For mischief was your greatest joy.

\* Terms used in spinning.

† Hutch, a chest.

' Once, passing by this very tree,  
 A gotch\* of milk I'd been to fill,  
 You shoulder'd me ; then laugh'd to see  
 Me and my gotch spin down the hill.'

' 'Tis true,' she said ; ' but here behold,  
 And marvel at the course of time ;  
 Though you and I are both grown old,  
 This tree is only in its prime !'

' Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now !  
 Folks don't preach sermons at a Fair :  
 We've rear'd ten Boys and Girls you know ;  
 And I'll be bound they'll all be there.'

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,  
 From many a kind Fair-going face :  
 And many a pinch Kate gave away,  
 While Richard kept his usual pace.

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,  
 Grand-children bawling hemm'd them round ;  
 And dragg'd them by the skirts along  
 Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

And soon the aged couple spy'd  
 Their lusty Sons, and Daughters dear :—  
 When Richard thus exulting cried,  
 ' Did'nt I tell you they'd be here ?'

The cordial greetings of the soui  
 Were visible in every face ;  
 Affection void of all control,  
 Govern'd with a resistless grace.

'Twas good to see the honest strife,  
*Which* should contribute most to please ;  
 And hear the long-recounted life,  
 Of infant tricks, and happy days.

\* A pitcher.



But now, as at some nobler places,  
 Amongst the leaders 'twas decreed  
 Time to begin the Dicky Races ;  
 More fam'd for laughter than for speed.

Richard look'd on with wond'rous glee,  
 And prais'd the lad who chanced to win ;  
 ' Kate, wan't I such a one as he ?  
 As like him, ay, as pin to pin ?

' Full fifty years are pass'd away  
 Since I rode this same ground about :  
 Lord ! I was lively as the day !  
 I won the High-lows out and out !

' I'm surely growing young again ;  
 I feel myself so kedge and plump.  
 From head to foot I've not one pain ;  
 Nay, hang me if I could'nt jump.'

Thus spoke the Ale in Richard's pate,  
 A very little made him mellow ;  
 But still he lov'd his faithful Kate,  
 Who whisper'd thus, ' My good old fellow,

' Remember what you promis'd me :  
 And see, the sun is getting low ;  
 The Children want an hour ye see  
 To talk a bit before we go.'

Like youthful lover most complying  
 He turn'd, and chuckt her by the chin :  
 Then all across the green grass hieing,  
 Right merry faces, all akin,

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree  
 That droop'd its branches from above ;  
 Awaked the pure felicity  
 That waits upon Parental Love.

RICHARD AND KATE.

5

Kate view'd her blooming Daughters round,  
And Sons, who shook her wither'd hand :  
Her features spoke what joy she found,  
But utterance had made a stand.

The Children toppled on the green,  
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill ;  
Richard with pride beheld the scene,  
Nor could he for his life sit still.

A Father's uncheck'd feelings gave  
A tenderness to all he said ;  
' My Boys, how proud am I to have  
My name thus round the country spread !

' Through all my days I've labour'd hard,  
And could of pains and crosses tell ;  
But this is labour's great reward,  
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

' My good old Partner, when at home,  
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears ;  
Goody, says I, let what wool come,  
We've nothing for them but our pray'rs.

' May you be all as old as I,  
And see your Sons to manhood grow ;  
And, many a time before you die,  
Be just as pleas'd as I am now.'

(Then raising still his mug and voice),  
' An Old Man's weakness don't despise !  
I love you well, my Girls and Boys ;  
God bless you all ;'—so said his eyes——

For, as he spoke, a big round drop  
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve ;  
A witness which he could not stop,  
A witness which all hearts believe.

\* R

Thou, Filial Piety, wert there ;  
And round the ring, benignly bright,  
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,  
And in the parting word—*Good Night*.

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,  
The poor old Pair, supremely blest,  
Saw the sun sink behind the grove,  
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

**WALTER AND JANE;**  
OR,  
**THE POOR BLACKSMITH.**  
A COUNTRY TALE.

---

BRIGHT was the summer sky, the mornings gay,  
And Jane was young and cheerful as the day.  
Not yet to Love but Mirth she paid her vows;  
And Echo mock'd her as she call'd her cows.  
Tufts of green broom, that full in blossom vied,  
And graced with spotted gold the upland side,  
The level fogs o'erlook'd; too high to share;  
So lovely Jane o'erlook'd the clouds of care;  
No meadow-flow'r rose fresher to the view,  
That met her morning footsteps in the dew;  
Where, if a nodding stranger eyed her charms,  
The blush of innocence was up in arms,  
Love's random glances struck the unguarded mind,  
And Beauty's magic made him look behind.

Duly as morning blush'd or twilight came,  
Secure of greeting smiles and village fame,  
She pass'd the straw-roof'd shed, in ranges where  
Hung many a well-turn'd shoe and glitt'ring share;  
Where Walter, as the charmer tripp'd along,  
Would stop his roaring bellows and his song.—

Dawn of affection! Love's delicious sigh!  
Caught from the lightnings of a speaking eye,  
That leads the heart to rapture or to woe,  
'Twas Walter's fate 'hy madd'ning power to know:

And scarce to know, ere in its infant twine,  
 As the blast shakes the tendrils of the vine,  
 The budding bliss that full of promise grew  
 The chilling blight of separation knew.  
 Scarce had he told his heart's unquiet case,  
 And Jane to shun him ceas'd to mend her pace,  
 And learnt to listen trembling as he spoke,  
 And fondly judge his words beyond a joke ;  
 When, at the goal that bounds our prospects here,  
 Jane's widow'd mistress ended her career :  
 Blessings attended her divided store,  
 The mansion sold (Jane's peaceful home no more),  
 A distant village own'd her for its queen,  
 Another service, and another scene ;  
 But could another scene so pleasing prove,  
 Twelve weary miles from Walter and from Love ?  
 The maid grew thoughtful : Yet to fate resign'd,  
 Knew not the worth of what she'd left behind.

He, when at eve releas'd from toil and heat,  
 Soon miss'd the smiles that taught his heart to beat,  
 Each sabbath-day of late was wont to prove  
 Hope's liberal feast, the holiday of Love :  
 But now, upon his spirit's ebbing strength  
 Came each dull hour's intolerable length.  
 The next had scarcely dawn'd when Walter hied  
 O'er hill and dale, Affection for his guide :  
 O'er the brown heath his pathless journey lay,  
 Where screaming lapwings hail'd the op'ning day.  
 High rose the sun, the anxious lover sigh'd ;  
 His slippery soles bespoke the dew was dried :  
 Her last farewell hung fondly on his tongue  
 As o'er the tufted furze elate he sprung ;  
 Trifling impediments ; his heart was light,  
 For love and beauty glow'd in fancy's sight ;  
 And soon he gaz'd on Jane's enchanting face,  
 Renew'd his passion,—but, destroy'd his peace.  
 Truth, at whose shrine he bow'd, inflicted pain ;  
 And conscience whisper'd, ' Never come again.'

For now, his tide of gladness to oppose,  
 A clay-cold damp of doubts and fears arose ;  
 Clouds, which involve, midst love and reason's strife,  
 The poor man's prospect when he takes a wife.  
 Though gay his journeys in the summer's prime,  
 Each seem'd the repetition of a crime ;  
 He never left her but with many a sigh,  
 When tears stole down his face, she knew not why.  
 Severe his task those visits to forego,  
 And feed his heart with voluntary woe,  
 Yet this he did ; the wan moon circling found  
 His evenings cheerless, and his rest unsound ;  
 And saw th' unquenched flame his bosom swell :  
 What were his doubts, thus let the story tell.

A month's sharp conflict only serv'd to prove  
 The pow'r, as well as truth, of Walter's love.  
 Absence more strongly on his mind portray'd  
 His own sweet, injur'd, unoffending maid.  
 Once more he'd go ; full resolute awhile,  
 But heard his native bells on every stile ;  
 The sound recall'd him with a pow'ful charm,  
 The heath wide open'd, and the day was warm ;  
 There, where a bed of tempting green he found,  
 Increasing anguish weigh'd him to the ground ;  
 His well-grown limbs the scatter'd daisies press'd,  
 While his clinch'd hand fell heavy on his breast.

' Why do I go in cruel sport to say,  
 " I love thee, Jane—appoint the happy day ?"  
 Why seek her sweet ingenuous reply,  
 Then grasp her hand and proffer—poverty ?  
 Why, if I love her and adore her name,  
 Why act like time and sickness on her frame ?  
 Why should my scanty pittance nip her prime,  
 And chase away the rose before its time ?  
 I'm young, 'tis true ; the world beholds me free ;  
 Labour ne'er shew'd a frightful face to me ;  
 Nature's first wants hard labour *should* supply,  
 But should it fail, 'twill be too late to fly.



Some summers hence, if nought our loves annoy,  
 The image of my Jane may lisp her joy ;  
 Or, blooming boys with imitative swing  
 May mock my arm, and make the anvil ring .  
 Then if in rags—But, O my heart, forbear,—  
 I love the girl, and why should I despair ?  
 And that I love her all the village knows :  
 Oft from my pain the mirth of others flows ;  
 As when a neighbour's steed with glancing eye  
 Saw his par'd hoof supported on my thigh,  
 Jane pass'd that instant—mischief came of course ;  
 I drove the nail awry and lam'd the horse :  
 The poor beast limp'd : I bore a master's frown,  
 A thousand times I wish'd the wound my own.  
 When to these tangling thoughts I've been resign'd,  
 Fury or languor has possess'd my mind :  
 All eyes have stared, I've blown a blast so strong ;  
 Forgot to smite at all, or smote too long.  
 If at the alehouse door, with careless glee,  
 One drinks to Jane, and darts a look on me,  
 I feel that blush which her dear name will bring,  
 I feel,—but, guilty love, 'tis not thy sting !  
 Yet what are jeers ? the bubbles of an hour ;  
 Jane knows what love can do, and feels its pow'r ;  
 In her mild eye fair Truth her meaning tells ;  
 'Tis not in looks like her's that falsehood dwells.  
 As water shed upon a dusty way  
 I've seen midst downward pebbles devious stray ;  
 If kindred drops an adverse channel keep,  
 The crystal friends toward each other creep ;  
 Near, and still nearer, rolls each little tide,  
 Th' expanding mirror swells on either side :  
 They touch—'tis done—receding bound'ries fly,  
 An instantaneous union strikes the eye :  
 So 'tis with us : for Jane would be my bride ;  
 Shall coward fears then turn the bliss aside ?  
 While thus he spoke he heard a gentle sound,  
 That seem'd a jarring footstep on the ground .

Asnam'd of grief, he bade his eyes unclose,  
 And shook with agitation as he rose ;  
 All unprepared the sweet surprise to bear,  
 His heart beat high, for Jane herself was there.—

Flush'd was her cheek ; she seem'd the full-  
 blown flower,  
 For warmth gave loveliness a double power ;  
 Round her fair brow the deep confusion ran,  
 A waving handkerchief became her fan,  
 Her lips, where dwelt sweet love and smiling  
 ease,

Puff'd gently back the warm assailing breeze.  
 ' I've travell'd all these weary miles with pain,  
 To see my native village once again ;  
 And shew my true regard for neighbour Hind ;  
 Not like you, Walter, *she* was always kind.'  
 'Twas thus, each soft sensation laid aside,  
 She buoy'd her spirits up with maiden pride ;  
 Disclaim'd her love, e'en while she felt the sting ;  
 ' What, come for Walter's sake !' 'Twas no such  
 thing.

But when astonishment his tongue releas'd,  
 Pride's usurpation in an instant ceas'd :  
 By force he caught her hand as passing by,  
 And gaz'd upon her half-averted eye ;  
 His heart's distraction, and his boding fears  
 She heard, and answer'd with a flood of tears ;  
 Precious relief ; sure friends that forward press  
 To tell the mind's unspeakable distress.  
 Ye Youths, whom crimson'd health and genuine  
 fire

Bear joyous on the wings of young desire,  
 Ye, who still bow to Love's almighty sway,  
 What could true passion, what could Walter say ?  
 Age, tell me true, nor shake your locks in vain,  
 Tread back your paths, and be in love again ;  
 In your young days did such a favouring hour  
 Shew you the littleness of wealth and power,

Advent'rous climbers of the mountain's brow,  
While Love, their master, spreads his couch below.  
' My dearest Jane,' the untaught Walter cried,  
As half repell'd he pleaded by her side ;  
' My dearest Jane, think of me as you may—'  
Thus—still unutter'd what he strove to say,  
They breath'd in sighs the anguish of their minds,  
And took the path that led to neighbour Hind's.

A secret joy the well-known roof inspir'd,  
Small was its store, and little they desir'd ;  
Jane dried her tears ; while Walter forward flew  
To aid the Dame ; who to the brink updrew  
The ponderous bucket as they reach'd the well,  
And scarcely with exhausted breath could tell  
How welcome to her cot the blooming pair,  
O'er whom she watch'd with a maternal care.  
' What ails thee, Jane ?' the wary matron cried ;  
With heaving breast the modest maid replied,  
Now gently moving back her wooden chair  
To shun the current of the cooling air ;  
' Not much, good Dame ; I'm weary by the way :  
Perhaps, anon, I've something else to say.'  
Now, while the seed-cake crumbled on her knee,  
And snowy jasmine peeped in to see,  
And the transparent lilac at the door,  
Full to the sun its purple honours bore,  
The clam'rous hen her fearless brood display'd,  
And march'd around : while thus the matron said,  
' Jane has been weeping, Walter—prithce why ?  
I've seen her laugh, and dance, but never cry.  
But I can guess ; with *her* you should have been,  
When late I saw you loitering on the green ;  
I'm an old woman, and the truth may tell—  
I say then, boy, you have not used her well.'  
Jane felt for Walter—felt his cruel pain,  
While Pity's voice brought forth her tears again.  
' Don't scold him, Neighbour, he has much to say  
Indeed he came and met me by the way.'

The Dame resum'd—'Why then, my children, why  
 Do such young bosoms heave the piteous sigh?  
 The ills of life to you are yet unknown—  
 Death's severing shaft, and Poverty's cold frown:  
 I've felt them both, by turns;—but as they pass'd,  
 Strong was my trust, and here I am at last.  
 When I dwelt young and cheerful down the lane  
 (And, though I say it, I was much like Jane),  
 O'er flowery fields with Hind, I lov'd to stray,  
 And talk, and laugh, and fool the time away:  
 And Care defied—who not one pain could give,  
 Till the thought came of how we were to live,  
 And then Love plied his arrows thicker still;  
 And prov'd victorious—as he always will.  
 We brav'd life's storm together; while that drone,  
 Your poor old uncle, Walter, liv'd alone.  
 He died the other day: when round his bed  
 No tender soothing tear Affection shed—  
 Affection! 'twas a plant he never knew—  
 Why should he feast on fruits he never grew?'  
 Walter caught fire: nor was *he* charm'd alone  
 With conscious truth's firm elevated tone;  
 Jane from her seat sprang forward, half afraid,  
 Attesting with a blush what Goody said.  
 Her Lover took a more decided part—  
 (O! 'twas the very chord that touch'd his heart)—  
 Alive to the best feelings man can prize,  
 A bridegroom's transport sparkled in his eyes;  
 Love, conquering power, with unrestricted range  
 Silenced the arguments of time and change;  
 And led his vot'ry on, and bade him view,  
 And prize the light-wing'd moments as they flew:  
 All doubts gave way, all retrospective lore,  
 Whence cooler reason tortur'd him before;  
 Comparison of times, the lab'rer's hire,  
 And many a truth reflection might inspire,  
 Sunk powerless. 'Dame, I am a fool,' he cried;  
 'Alone I might have reason'd till I died.

I caus'd those tears of Jane's—but as they fell  
 How much I felt none but ourselves can tell.  
 While dastard fears withheld me from her sight,  
 Sighs reign'd by day and hideous dreams by night;  
 'Twas then the soldier's plume and rolling drum  
 Seem'd for a while to strike my sorrows dumb;  
 To fly from care then half resolv'd I stood,  
 And without horror mus'd on fields of blood,  
 But hope prevail'd.—Be then the sword resign'd;  
 And I'll make shares for those that stay behind.  
 And you, sweet Girl,'—He would have added more,  
 Had not a glancing shadow at the door  
 Announced a guest, who bore with winning grace  
 His well-tim'd errand pictur'd in his face.  
 Around with silent reverence they stood;  
 A blameless reverence—the man was good.  
 Wealth he had some, a match for his desires,  
 First on the list of active Country 'Squires.  
 Seeing the youthful pair with downcast eyes,  
 Unmov'd by summer flowers and cloudless skies,  
 Pass slowly by his gate; his book resign'd,  
 He watch'd their steps and follow'd far behind,  
 Bearing with inward joy, and honest pride,  
 A trust of Walter's kinsman ere he died,  
 A hard-earn'd mite, deposited with care,  
 And with a miser's spirit worshipp'd there.

He found what oft the generous bosom seeks,  
 In the Dame's court'seys and Jane's blushing  
 cheeks,

That consciousness of worth, that freeborn grace,  
 Which waits on virtue in the meanest place.

'Young man, I'll not apologize to you,  
 Nor name intrusion, for my news is true;  
 'Tis duty brings me here: your wants I've heard,  
 And can relieve: yet be the dead rever'd.  
 Here, in this purse (what should have cheer'd a  
 wife),

Lies half the savings of your uncle's life!



I know your history, and your wishes know,  
 And love to see the seeds of virtue grow.  
 I've a spare shed that fronts the public road;  
 Make that your shop; I'll make it your abode.  
 Thus much from me—the rest is but your due;  
 That instant twenty pieces sprung to view.

Goody, her dim eyes wiping, rais'd her brow,  
 And saw the young pair look they knew not how;  
 Perils and power while humble minds forego,  
 Who gives them half a kingdom gives them woe;  
 Comforts may be procur'd and want defied,  
 Heav'ns! with how small a sum, when right applied!  
 Give Love and honest Industry their way,  
 Clear but the sun-rise of life's little day,  
 Those we term poor shall oft that wealth obtain,  
 For which th' ambitious sigh, but sigh in vain:  
 Wealth that still brightens, as its stores increase;  
 The calm of conscience, and the reign of peace.

Walter's enamour'd soul, from news like this,  
 Now felt the dawns of his future bliss;  
 E'en as the red-breast shelt'ring in a bower,  
 Mourns the short darkness of a passing shower,  
 Then, while the azure sky extends around,  
 Darts on a worm that breaks the moisten'd ground,  
 And mounts the dripping fence, with joy elate,  
 And shares the prize triumphant with his mate;  
 So did the youth;—the treasure straight became  
 An humble servant to love's sacred flame:  
 Glorious subjection!—Thus his silence broke:  
 Joy gave him words; still quick'ning as he spoke.

'Want was my dread, my wishes were but few;  
 Others might doubt, but Jane those wishes knew:  
 This gold may rid my heart of pains and sighs,  
 But her true love is still my greatest prize.  
 Long as I live, when this bright day comes round,  
 Beneath my roof your noble deeds shall sound;  
 But, first, to make my gratitude appear,  
 I'll shoe your honour's horses for a year;



If clouds should threaten when your corn is down,  
I'll lend a hand, and summon half the town ;  
If good betide, I'll sound it in my songs,  
And be the first avenger of your wrongs :  
Though rude in manners, free I hope to live :  
This ale 's not mine, no ale have I to give ;  
Yet, Sir, though Fortune frown'd when I was born,  
Let's drink eternal friendship from this horn.  
How much our present joy to you we owe,  
Soon our three bells shall let the neighbours know ;  
The sound shall raise e'en stooping age awhile,  
And every maid shall meet you with a smile ;  
Long may you *live*'—the wish like lightning flew ;  
By each repeated as the 'Squire withdrew.  
' Long may *you* live,' his feeling heart rejoin'd ;  
Leaving well-pleas'd such happy souls behind.  
Hope promis'd fair to cheer them to the end,  
With Love their guide, and Goody for their friend.

## THE MILLER'S MAID.

A TALE.

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NEAR the high road upon a winding stream  
An honest Miller rose to wealth and fame :  
The noblest virtues cheer'd his lengthen'd days,  
And all the country echoed with his praise :  
His wife, the doctress of the neighb'ring poor,  
Drew constant pray'rs and blessings round his door.

One summer's night (the hour of rest was come)  
Darkness unusual overspread their home ;  
A chilling blast was felt : the foremost cloud  
Sprinkled the bubbling pool ; and thunder loud,  
Though distant yet, menaced the country round,  
And fill'd the heavens with its solemn sound.  
Who can retire to rest when tempests lour—  
Nor wait the issue of the coming hour ?  
Meekly resign'd she sat, in anxious pain ;  
He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain  
That batter'd furiously their strong abode,  
Roar'd in the damm, and lash'd the pebbled road :  
When, mingling with the storm, confus'd and wild,  
They heard, or thought they heard, a screaming  
*child :* [roar,  
The voice approach'd ; and 'midst the thunder's  
Now loudly begg'd for mercy at the door.

Mercy was *there* : the Miller heard the call ;  
His door he open'd ; when a sudden squall  
Drove in a wretched Girl ; who weeping stood,  
Whilst the cold rain dripp'd from her in a flood.  
With kind officiousness the tender Dame  
Rous'd up the dying embers to a flame ;

Dry clothes procur'd, and cheer'd her shiv'ring  
 guest,

And sooth'd the sorrows of her infant breast.  
 But as she stript her shoulders, lily-white,  
 What marks of cruel usage shock'd their sight!  
 Weals, and blue wounds, most piteous to behold  
 Upon a Child yet scarcely ten years old.

The Miller felt his indignation rise,  
 Yet, as the weary stranger clos'd her eyes,  
 And seem'd fatigued beyond her strength and years,  
 'Sleep, Child,' he said, 'and wipe away your tears.  
 They watch'd her slumbers till the storm was done;  
 When thus the generous man again begun:  
 'See, flutt'ring sighs that rise against her will,  
 And agitating dreams disturb her still!  
 Dame, we should know before we go to rest,  
 Whence comes this Girl, and how she came distress.  
 Wake her, and ask; for she is sorely bruise'd:  
 I long to know by whom she's thus misus'd.

'Child, what's your name? how came you in  
 the storm?  
 Have you no home to keep you dry and warm?  
 Who gave you all those wounds your shoulders  
 show?

Where are your parents? Whither would you go?'

The stranger, bursting into tears, look'd pale,  
 And this the purport of her artless tale.  
 'I have no parents, and no friends beside:  
 I well remember when my mother died—  
 My brother cried; and so did I that day;  
 We had no father—he was gone away.  
 That night we left our home new clothes to wear;  
 The Work-house found them; we were carried  
 there.

We lov'd each other dearly; when we met  
 We always shar'd what trifles we could get.  
 But George was older by a year than me:—  
 He parted from me and was sent to sea.

“ Good bye, dear Phœbe,” the poor fellow said !  
Perhaps he'll come again ; perhaps he 's dead.  
When I grew strong enough I went to place,  
My mistress had a sour ill-natured face ;  
And though I've been so often beat and chid,  
I strove to please her, Sir ; indeed, I did.  
Weary and spiritless to bed I crept,  
And always cried at night before I slept.  
This morning I offended ; and I bore  
A cruel beating, worse than all before.  
Unknown to all the house I ran away,  
And thus far travell'd through the sultry day ;  
And, O don't send me back ! I dare not go—'  
' I send you back !' the Miller cried, ' no, no.'  
Th' appeals of wretchedness had weight with him,  
And sympathy would warm him every limb ;  
He mutter'd, glorying in the work begun,  
' Well done, my little wench ; 'twas nobly done !'  
Then said, with looks more cheering than the fire,  
And feelings such as pity can inspire,  
' My house has childless been this many a year ;  
While you deserve it you shall tarry here.'  
The orphan mark'd the ardour of his eye,  
Blest his kind words, and thank'd him with a sigh.  
Thus was the sacred compact doubly seal'd ;  
Thus were her spirits rais'd, her bruises heal'd :  
Thankful, and cheerful too, no more afraid,  
Thus little Phœbe was the Miller's Maid.  
Grateful they found her ; patient of control :  
A most bewitching gentleness of soul  
Made pleasure of what work she had to do :  
She grew in stature, and in beauty too.  
Five years she pass'd in this delightful home ;  
Five happy years : but, when the sixth was come,  
The Miller, from a market town hard by,  
Brought home a sturdy youth his strength to try  
To raise the sluice gates early every morn,  
To heave his powder'd sacks, and grind his corn.

And meeting Phœbe, whom he lov'd so dear,  
 'I've brought you home a husband, Girl; d'ye hear.  
 He begg'd for work; his money seem'd but scant:  
 Those that will work 'tis pity they should want  
 So use him well, and we shall shortly see  
 Whether he merits what I've done, like thee.'

Now throbb'd her heart—a new sensation quite—  
 When'er the comely stranger was in sight:  
 For he at once assiduously strove  
 To please so sweet a maid, and win her love.  
 At every corner stopp'd her in her way;  
 And saw fresh beauties opening every day.  
 He took delight in tracing in her face  
 The mantling blush, and every nameless grace,  
 That sensibility would bring to view,  
 When love he mention'd—love and honour true.  
 But Phœbe still was shy; and wish'd to know  
 More of the honest youth, whose manly brow  
 She verily believ'd was truth's own throne,  
 And all his words as artless as her own:  
 Most true she judg'd; yet, long the youth forbore  
 Divulging where, and how, he liv'd before;  
 And seem'd to strive his history to hide,  
 Till fair esteem enlisted on his side.  
 The Miller saw, and mention'd, in his praise  
 The prompt fidelity of all his ways:  
 Till in a vacant hour, the dinner done,  
 One day he joking cried, 'Come here, my son!  
 'Tis pity that so good a lad as you  
 Beneath my roof should bring disorders new!  
 But here's my Phœbe—once so light and airy  
 She'd trip along the passage like a fairy—  
 Has lost her swiftness quite, since here you came:  
 And yet I can't perceive the Girl is lame!  
 The obstacles she meets with still fall thicker:  
 Old as I am I'd turn a corner quicker.'—  
 The youth blush'd deep, and Phœbe hung her head.  
 The good man smil'd, and thus again he said.

' Not that I deem it matter of surprise,  
That you should love to gaze at Phœbe's eyes ;  
But be explicit, Boy, and deal with honour :  
I feel my happiness depend upon her.  
When here you came you'd sorrow on your brow,  
And I've forborne to question you till now.  
First, then, say what thou art.' He instant bow'd,  
And thus in Phœbe's hearing spoke aloud :  
' Thus far experienced, Sir, in you I find  
All that is generous, fatherly, and kind ;  
And while you look for proofs of real worth,  
You'll not regard the meanness of my birth.  
When, pennyless and sad, you met with me,  
I'd just escaped the dangers of the sea ;  
Resolv'd to try my fortune on the shore,  
To get my bread, and trust the waves no more.  
Having no home, nor parents left behind,  
I'd all my fortune, all my friends to find.  
Keen disappointment wounded me that morn !  
For, trav'ling near the spot where I was born,  
I at the well-known door where I was bred,  
Inquir'd who still was living, who was dead :  
But first, and most, I sought with anxious fear  
Tidings to gain of her who once was dear ;  
A Girl, with all the meekness of the dove,  
The constant sharer of my childhood's love ;  
She call'd me brother—which I heard with pride,  
Though now suspect we are not so allied.  
Thus much I learn'd (no more the churls would  
She went to service, and she ran away, [say),  
And scandal added'—' Hold !' the Miller cried,  
And, in an instant stood at Phœbe's side ;  
For he observed, while listening to the tale,  
Her spirits falter'd, and her cheeks turn'd pale ;  
Whilst her clasp'd hands descended to her knee,  
She, sinking, whisper'd forth, ' O God, 'tis he !'  
The good Man, though he guess'd the pleasing truth,  
Was far too busy to inform the Youth



But stirr'd himself amain to aid his Wife,  
 Who soon restor'd the trembler back to life.  
 Awhile insensible she still appear'd ;  
 But, 'Oh my Brother!' was distinctly heard :  
 The astonish'd Youth now held her to his breast ;  
 And tears and kisses soon explain'd the rest.

Past deeds now from each tongue alternate fell :  
 For news of dearest import both could tell.  
 Fondly, from childhood's tears to youth's full prime,  
 They match'd the incidents of jogging time ;  
 And prov'd, that when with Tyranny opprest,  
 Poor Phœbe groan'd with wounds and broken rest,  
 George felt no less : was harass'd and forlorn :  
 A rope's-end follow'd him both night and morn :  
 And in that very storm when Phœbe fled,  
 When the rain drench'd her yet unshelter'd head ;  
 That very storm he on the ocean brav'd,  
 The vessel founder'd, and the boy was sav'd !  
 Mysterious Heaven !—and O with what delight—  
 She told the happy issue of her flight :  
 To his charm'd heart a living picture drew ;  
 And gave to hospitality its due !  
 The listening host observ'd the gentle pair,  
 And ponder'd on the means that brought them  
 there :

Convinced, while unimpeach'd their Virtue stood,  
 'Twas Heaven's high will that he should do them  
 good.

But now the anxious dame impatient grown,  
 Demanded what the youth had heard or known,  
 Whereon to ground those doubts but just ex-  
 prest ;—

Doubts, which must interest the feeling breast ;  
 ' Her brother wert thou, George ?—how, prythee,  
 say,

Canst thou forego, or cast that name away ?'

No living proofs have I,' the youth replied,  
 That we by closest ties are not allied ;

But in my memory live, and ever will,  
 A mother's dying words—I hear them still :  
 She said, to one who watch'd her parting breath,  
 " Don't separate the children at my death,  
 They're not both mine : But——" here the scene  
                   was clos'd,

She died ; and left us helpless and expos'd ;  
 Nor Time hath thrown, nor Reason's opening  
                   power,

One friendly ray on that benighted hour.'

Ne'er did the Chieftains of a warring state  
 Hear from the oracle their half-told fate  
 With more religious fear, or more suspense,  
 Than Phœbe now endur'd :—for every sense  
 Became absorb'd in this unwelcome theme ;  
 Nay every meditation, every dream,  
 Th' inexplicable sentence held to view,  
 " They're not both mine," was every morning  
                   new :

For, till this hour, the Maid had never prov'd  
 How far she was enthrall'd, how much she lov'd :  
 In that fond character he first appear'd ;  
 His kindness charm'd her, and his smiles endear'd :  
 This dubious mystery the passion crost ;  
 Her peace was wounded, and her lover lost.  
 For George, with all his resolution strove  
 To check the progress of his growing love ;  
 Or, if he e'er indulg'd a tender kiss,  
 Th' unravell'd secret robb'd him of his bliss.  
 Health's foe, Suspense, so irksome to be borne,  
 An ever-piercing and retreating thorn,  
 Hung on their hearts, when Nature bade them rise,  
 And stole Content's bright ensign from their eyes.

The good folks saw the change, and griev'd to  
                   find

These troubles labouring in Phœbe's mind ;  
 They lov'd them both ; and with one voice propos'd  
 The only means whence Truth might be disclos'd,

That, when the summer months should shrink the  
rill,

And scarce its languid stream would turn the mill,  
When the spring broods, and pigs, and lambs were  
rear'd

(A time when George and Phœbe might be spar'd),  
Their birth-place they should visit once again,  
To try with joint endeavours to obtain  
From record, or tradition, what might be  
To chain, or set their chain'd affections free :  
Affinity beyond all doubt to prove ;  
Or clear the road for Nature and for Love.

Never, till now, did Phœbe count the hours,  
Or think May long, or wish away its flowers ;  
With mutual sighs both fann'd the wings of Time ;  
As we climb hills and gladden as we climb,  
And reach at last the distant promis'd seat,  
Casting the glowing landscape at our feet.  
Oft had the morning rose with dew been wet,  
And oft the journeying sun in glory set,  
Beyond the willow'd meads of vigorous grass,  
The steep green hill, and woods they were to pass ;  
When now the day arriv'd : impatience reign'd ;  
And George,—by trifling obstacles detain'd,—  
His bending blackthorn on the threshold prest,  
Survey'd the windward clouds, and hop'd the best.  
Phœbe, attir'd with every modest grace,  
While health and beauty revell'd in her face,  
Came forth ; but soon evinc'd an absent mind,  
For, back she turn'd for something left behind ;  
Again the same, till George grew tir'd of home,  
And peevishly exclaim'd, ' Come, Phœbe, come.  
Another hindrance yet he had to feel :  
As from the door they tripp'd with nimble heel,  
A poor old man, foot-founder'd and alone,  
Thus urgent spoke, in Trouble's genuine tone :  
' My pretty Maid, if happiness you seek,  
May disappointment never fade your cheek !—

Your's be the joy ;—yet, feel another's woe :  
 O leave some little gift before you go.'  
 His words struck home ; and back she turn'd again,  
 (The ready friend of indigence and pain),  
 To banish hunger from his shatter'd frame ;  
 And close behind her, lo, the miller came,  
 With jug in hand, and cried, ' George, why such  
 haste ?

Here ; take a draught ; and let that soldier taste.'  
 ' Thanks for your bounty, Sir ;' the veteran said ;  
 Threw down his wallet, and made bare his head ;  
 And straight began, though mix'd with doubts and  
 Th' unprefac'd history of his latter years. [fears,  
 ' I cross'd th' Atlantic with our regiment brave,  
 Where sickness sweeps whole regiments to the  
 grave ;

Yet I've escap'd ; and bear my arms no more ;  
 My age discharg'd me when I came on shore.  
 My wife, I've heard,'—and here he wip'd his eyes,—  
 ' In the cold corner of the church-yard lies.  
 By her consent it was I left my home :  
 Employment fail'd, and poverty was come ;  
 The bounty tempted me ;—she had it all :  
 We parted ; and I've seen my betters fall.  
 Yet, as I'm spar'd, though in this piteous case,  
 I'm travelling homeward to my native place ;  
 Though should I reach that dear remember'd spot,  
 Perhaps old Grainger will be quite forgot.'

All eyes beheld young George with wonder start :  
 Strong were the secret bodings of his heart ;  
 Yet not indulg'd : for he with doubts survey'd  
 By turns the stranger, and the lovely maid.  
 ' Had you no children ?'—' Yes, young man ; I'd  
 A boy, if still he lives, as old as you : [two:  
 Yet not my own ; but likely so to prove ;  
 Though but the pledge of an unlawful love :  
 I cherish'd him, to hide a sister's shame :  
 He shar'd my best affections, and my name.

But why, young folks, should I detain you here?  
Go: and may blessings wait upon your cheer,  
I too will travel on;—perhaps to find  
The only treasure that I left behind.

Such kindly thought my fainting hopes revive!—  
Phœbe, my cherub, art thou yet alive?

Could nature hold!—Could youthful love forbear!

George clasp'd the wond'ring maid, and whisper'd,  
'There!

You're mine for ever!—O, sustain the rest;  
And hush the tumult of your throbbing breast.'  
Then to the Soldier turn'd, with manly pride,  
And fondly led his long-intended bride:  
'Here, see your child; nor wish a sweeter flow'r.  
'Tis George that speaks; thou'lt bless the happy  
hour!—

Nay, be composed; for all will yet be well,  
Though here our history's too long to tell.'—

A long-lost father found, the mystery clear'd,  
What mingled transports in her face appear'd!  
The gazing veteran stood with hands uprais'd—  
'Art thou *indeed* my child! then, God be  
prais'd.'

O'er his rough cheeks the tears profusely spread:  
Such as fools say become not men to shed;  
Past hours of bliss, regenerated charms,  
Rose, when he felt his daughter in his arms:  
So tender was the scene, the generous dame  
Wept, as she told of Phœbe's virtuous fame,  
And the good host, with gestures passing strange,  
Abstracted seem'd through fields of joy to range:  
Rejoicing that his favour'd roof should prove  
Virtue's asylum, and the nurse of love;  
Rejoicing that to him the task was given,  
While his full soul was mounting up to Heav'n.

But now, as from a dream his reason sprung,  
And heartiest greetings dwelt upon his tongue:



The sounding kitchen floor at once receiv'd  
The happy group, with all their fears reliev'd :  
'Soldier,' he cried, 'you've found your girl; 'tis  
But suffer *me* to be a father too ; [true .  
For, never child that blest a parent's knee,  
Could shew more duty than she has to me.  
Strangely she came ; Affliction chas'd her hard :  
I pitied her ;—and this is my reward !  
Here sit you down ; recount your perils o'er :  
Henceforth be this your home ; and grieve no more :  
Plenty hath shower'd her dew-drops on my head ;  
Care visits not my table, nor my bed.  
My heart's warm wishes thus then I fulfil :—  
My dame and I can live without the Mill :  
George, take the whole ; I'll near you still remain,  
To guide your judgment in the choice of grain :  
In virtue's path commence your prosperous life ;  
And from my hand receive your worthy wife.  
Rise, Phœbe ; rise, my girl !—kneel not to me ;  
But to that Pow'r who interpos'd for thee.  
Integrity hath mark'd your favourite youth ;  
Fair budding Honour, Constancy, and Truth :  
Go to his arms ;—and may unsullied joys  
Bring smiling round me, rosy girls and boys !  
I'll love them for thy sake. And may your days  
Glide on, as glides the stream that never stays ;  
Bright as whose shingled bed, till life's decline,  
May all your worth, and all your virtues shine !'



THE WIDOW  
TO  
HER HOUR-GLASS.

---

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again :  
Companion of the lonely hour !  
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain  
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,  
    Since thou hast stood  
    In frame of wood,  
On chest or window by my side :  
At every birth still thou wert near,  
Still spoke thine admonitions clear,—  
    And, when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,  
And seen the growing mountain rise,  
And often found Life's hopes to stand  
On props as weak in Wisdom's eyes :  
    Its conic crown  
    Still sliding down,  
Again heap'd up, then down again ;  
The sand above more hollow grew,  
Like days and years still filt'ring through,  
    And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,  
(For now and then my heart will glow)  
Thou measur'st Time's expanding wing :  
By thee the noontide hour I know :  
    Though silent thou,  
    Still shalt thou flow,

THE HOUR-GLASS.

89

And jog along thy destin'd way:  
But when I glean the sultry fields,  
When earth her yellow harvest yields,  
Thou gett'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end  
Thy daily task performing well,  
Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,  
And strik'st the heart without a bell :  
Come, lovely May !  
Thy lengthen'd day  
Shall gild once more my native plain ;  
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flow'r  
' Companion of the lonely hour,  
' I'll turn thee up again.



## MARKET-NIGHT.

---

' O WINDS, howl not so long and loud ;  
Nor with your vengeance arm the snow :  
Bear hence each heavy-loaded cloud ;  
And let the twinkling star-beams glow.

' Now sweeping floods rush down the slope,  
Wide scattering ruin.—Stars, shine soon !  
No other light my Love can hope :  
Midnight will want the joyous *Moon*.

' O guardian Spirits!—Ye that dwell  
Where woods, and pits, and hollow ways,  
The lone night-trav'ler's fancy swell  
With fearful tales, of older days,—

' Press round him :—guide his willing steed  
Through darkness, dangers, currents, snows ;  
Wait where, from shelt'ring thickets freed,  
The dreary heath's rude whirlwind blows.

' From darkness rushing o'er his way,  
The thorn's white load it bears on high !  
Where the short furze all shrouded lay,  
Mounts the dried grass ;—earth's bosom dry.

' Then o'er the hill with furious sweep  
It rends the elevated tree——  
Sure-footed beast thy road thou'lt keep :  
Nor storm nor darkness startles thee !

' O blest assurance, (trusty steed,)  
To thee the buried road is known ;  
*Home*, all the spur thy footsteps need,  
When loose the frozen rein is thrown.

' Between the roaring blasts that shake  
The naked elder at the door,  
Though not one prattler to me speak,  
Their sleeping sighs delight me more.

' Sound is their rest :—they little know  
What pain, what cold, their Father feels ;  
But dream, perhaps, they see him now,  
While each the promis'd orange peels

' Would it were so !—the fire burns bright,  
And on the warming trencher gleams ;  
In Expectation's raptur'd sight  
How precious his arrival seems !

' I'll look abroad !—'tis piercing cold !—  
How the bleak wind assails his breast !  
Yet some faint light mine eyes behold .  
The storm is verging o'er the west.

' There shines a *star* !—O welcome sight !—  
Through the thin vapours bright'ning still !  
Yet, 'twas beneath the fairest night  
The murd'rer stain'd yon lonely hill.

' Mercy, kind Heaven ! such thoughts dispel !  
No voice, no footstep can I hear !  
(Where night and silence brooding dwell,  
Spreads thy cold reign, heart-chilling Fear.)

' Distressing hour ! uncertain fate !  
O Mercy, Mercy, guide him home !—  
Hark !—then I heard the distant gate,——  
Repeat it, Echo ; quickly, come !

' One minute now will ease my fears——  
Or, still more wretched must I be ?  
No : surely Heaven has spar'd our tears :  
I see him, cloth'd in snow ;——'tis he.——

' Where have you stay'd ? put down your load.  
How have you borne the storm, the cold ?  
What horrors did I not forbode——  
That beast is worth its weight in gold.'

Thus spoke the joyful wife ;—then ran  
And hid in grateful steams her head :  
Dapple was hous'd, the hungry man  
With joy glanc'd o'er the children's bed.

' What, all asleep !—so best ;' he cried :  
' O what a night I've travell'd through !  
Unseen, unheard, I might have died ;  
But Heaven has brought me safe to you.

' Dear partner of my nights and days,  
That smile becomes thee !—Let us then  
Learn, though mishap may cross our ways,  
It is not ours to reckon when.'

THE  
FAKENHAM GHOST.  
A BALLAD.

---

THE lawns were dry in Euston park ;  
(Here truth\* inspires my tale)  
The lonely footpath, still and dark,  
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,  
And fearful haste she made  
To gain the vale of Fakenham,  
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,  
But follow'd faster still ;  
And echo'd to the darksome copse  
That whisper'd on the hill ;

Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,  
Bespoke a peopled shade ;  
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,  
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer  
That sought the shades by day,  
Now started from her path with fear,  
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew ; and darker fears  
Came o'er her troubled mind ;  
When now, a short quick step she hears  
Come patting close behind.

\* This Ballad is founded on a fact. The circumstance occurred perhaps long before I was born ; but is still related by my mother, and some of the oldest inhabitants in that part of the country. R. B.



She turn'd ; it stopp'd !—nought could she see  
Upon the gloomy plain !  
But, as she strove the sprite to flee,  
She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame :  
For, when the path was bare,  
The trotting Ghost kept on the same !  
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

Yet once again, amidst her fright  
She tried what sight could do ;  
When through the cheating glooms of night  
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,  
It follow'd down the plain !  
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,  
And said her pray'rs again.

Then on she sped : and hope grew strong,  
The white park gate in view ;  
Which pushing hard, so long it swung  
That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !  
Her heart-strings like to crack :  
For, much she fear'd the grisly ghost  
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,  
As it had done before :—  
Her strength and resolution spent  
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband much surpris'd :  
Out came her daughter dear :  
Good-natur'd souls ! all unadvis'd  
Of what they had to fear.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

95

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,  
Some short space o'er the green ;  
And there the little trotting sprite  
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam  
Within the spacious park ;  
And simple as the playful lamb,  
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin :  
No crimes had ever known.  
They took the shaggy stranger in,  
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round  
Upon the cottage floor :  
The matron learn'd to love the sound  
That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the Ghost became ;  
And, 'twas his fate to thrive :  
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,  
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;  
And some conviction too :—  
Each thought some other goblin tale,  
Perhaps, was just as true.

THE  
FRENCH MARINER.

A BALLAD

---

AN old French Mariner am I,  
Whom time hath render'd poor and gray ;  
Hear, conquering Britons, ere I die,  
What anguish prompts me thus to say.

I've rode o'er many a dreadful wave,  
I've seen the reeking blood descend :  
I've heard the last groans of the brave ;  
The shipmate dear, the steady friend.

'Twas when De Grasse the battle join'd  
And struck, on April's fatal morn :  
I left three smiling boys behind,  
And saw my country's lily torn.

There, as I brav'd the storms of fate,  
Dead in my arms my brother fell ;  
Here sits forlorn his widow'd mate,  
Who weeps whene'er the tale I tell.

Thy reign, sweet Peace, was o'er too soon ;  
War, piecemeal, robs me of my joy :  
For, on the bloodstain'd first of June  
Death took my eldest favourite Boy.

The other two enraged arose,  
'Our country claims our lives,' they said.  
With them I lost my soul's repose,  
That fatal hour my last hope fled.

With Brueys the proud Nile they sought :  
Where one in ling'ring wounds expir'd ;  
While yet the other bravely fought  
The Orient's magazine was fir'd.

THE FRENCH MARINER.

97

And must I mourn my country's shame ?  
And envious curse the conquering foe ?  
No more I feel that thirst of fame ;—  
All I can feel is private woe.

E'en all the joy that vict'ry brings,  
(Her bellowing guns, and flaming pride)  
Cold, momentary comfort flings  
Around where weeping friends reside :

Whose blighted bud no sun shall cheer,  
Whose lamp of life no longer shine :  
Some parent, brother, child, most dear,  
Who ventur'd, and who died like mine.

Proud-crested fiend, the world's worst foe,  
Ambition ! canst thou boast one deed,  
Whence no unsightly horrors flow,  
Nor private peace is seen to bleed ?

Ah ! why do these old eyes remain  
To see succeeding mornings rise !  
My wife is dead, my children slain,  
And poverty is all my prize.

Yet shall not poor enfeebled age  
Breathe forth revenge ;——but rather say,  
O God, who seest the battle's rage,  
Take from men's hearts that rage away !

From the vindictive tongue of strife,  
Bid hatred and false glory flee ;  
That babes may meet advancing life,  
Nor feel the woes that light on me.

## DOLLY.

*'Ingenuous trust, and confidence of Love.'*

---

THE Bat began with giddy wing  
His circuit round the shed, the tree ;  
And clouds of dancing gnats to sing  
A summer-night's serenity.

Darkness crept slowly o'er the East !  
Upon the barn-roof watch'd the cat ;  
Sweet breath'd the ruminating beast  
At rest where DOLLY musing sat.

A simple Maid, who could employ  
The silent lapse of evening mild,  
And lov'd its solitary joy :  
For Dolly was Reflection's child.

He who had pledg'd his word to be  
Her life's dear guardian, far away,  
The flow'r of Yeoman Cavalry,  
Bestrode a steed with trappings gay.

And thus from memory's treasur'd sweets,  
And thus from love's pure fount she drew  
That peace, which busy care defeats  
And bids our pleasures bloom anew.

Six weeks of absence have I borne  
Since HENRY took his fond farewell :  
The charms of that delightful morn  
My tongue could thus for ever tell

He at my window whistling loud,  
Arous'd my lightsome heart to go :  
Day, conqu'ring climb'd from cloud to cloud  
The fields all wore a purple glow.

We stroll'd the bord'ring flow'rs among :  
One hand the bridle held behind ;  
The other round my waist was flung :  
Sure never Youth spoke half so kind !

The rising lark I could but hear ;  
And jocund seem'd the song to be :  
But sweeter sounded in my ear,  
Will Dolly still be true to me ?

From the rude Dock my skirt had swept  
A fringe of clinging burrs so green ;  
Like them our hearts still closer crept,  
And hook'd a thousand holds unseen.

High o'er the road each branching bough  
Its globes of silent dew had shed ;  
And on the pure-wash'd sand below  
The dimpling drops around had spread.

The sweet-briar oped its pink-eyed rose,  
And gave its fragrance to the gale ;  
Though modest flow'rs may sweets disclose,  
More sweet was Henry's earnest tale.

He seem'd, methought, on that dear morn,  
To pour out all his heart to me ;  
As if, the separation borne,  
The coming hours would joyless be.

A bank rose high beside the way,  
And full against the morning sun ;  
Of heav'nly blue there violets gay  
His hand invited one by one.

The posey with a smile he gave ;  
I saw his meaning in his eyes .  
The wither'd treasure still I have ;  
My bosom holds the fragrant prize.



With his last kiss he would have vow'd ;  
But blessings crowding forced their way :  
Then mounted he his courser proud ;  
His time elaps'd he could not stay.

Then first I felt the parting pang ;—  
Sure the worst pang the lover feels !  
His horse unruly from me sprang,  
The pebbles flew beneath his heels ;

Then down the road his vigour tried,  
His rider gazing, gazing still ;  
' My dearest, I'll be true,' he cried :—  
And, if he lives, I'm sure he will.

Then haste, ye hours, haste, eve and morn,  
Yet strew your blessings round my home :  
Ere winter's blast shall strip the thorn  
My promis'd joy, my love, will come.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY

A VISIT TO WHITTLEBURY FOREST,

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

IN AUGUST, 1800.

*Addressed to my Children.*

---

GENIUS of the forest shades !  
Lend thy pow'r, and lend thine ear !  
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,  
Amidst thy dark and bounding deer ;  
Inquiring childhood claims the verse,  
O let them not inquire in vain ;  
Be with me while I thus rehearse  
The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wint'ry currents worn,  
Secluded haunts, how dear to me !  
From all but nature's converse borne,  
No ear to hear, no eye to see.  
Their honour'd leaves the green oaks rear'd,  
And crown'd the upland's graceful swell ;  
While answering through the vale was heard  
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that stretching far,  
Defy e'en summer's noontide pow'r,  
When August in his burning car  
Withholds the cloud, withholds the show'r.

The deep-ton'd low from either hill,  
 Down hazle aisles and arches green  
 (The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill);  
 Roar'd echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charm'd heart the numbers sprung,  
 Though birds had ceas'd the choral lay :  
 I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,  
 And gave delicious tears their way.  
 Then, darker shadows seeking still,  
 Where human foot had seldom stray'd,  
 I read aloud to every hill  
 Sweet Emma's love, ' the Nut-brown Maid.

Shaking his matted mane on high  
 The gazing colt would raise his head ;  
 Or, tim'rous doe would rushing fly,  
 And leave to me her grassy bed :  
 Where, as the azure sky appear'd  
 Through bow'rs of every varying form,  
 'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard  
 The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping pond'rous bough  
 Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,  
 Dashing in strength'ning eddies through  
 A roaring wilderness of leaves !  
 How would the prone descending show'r  
 From the green canopy rebound !  
 How would the lowland torrents pour !  
 How deep the pealing thunder sound !

But peace was there: no lightnings blaz'd :—  
 No clouds obscur'd the face of Heav'n :  
 Down each green op'ning while I gaz'd  
 My thoughts to home, and you, were giv'n.  
 O tender minds ! in life's gay morn  
 Some clouds must dim your coming day ;  
 Yet, bootless pride and falsehood scorn,  
 And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now at the dark wood's stately side,  
Well pleas'd I met the sun again ;  
Here fleeting Fancy travell'd wide !  
My seat was destin'd to the main :  
For, many an oak lay stretch'd at length,  
Whose trunks (with bark no longer sheath'd)  
Had reach'd their full meridian strength  
Before your father's father breath'd !

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave,  
And many a dreadful storm defy ;  
Then groaning o'er the adverse wave  
Bring home the flag of victory.  
Go, then, proud oaks ! we meet no more !  
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,  
The white cliffs round my native shore,  
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

' Genius of the forest shades,'  
Sweet, from the heights of thy domain,  
When the gray ev'ning shadow fades,  
To view the country's golden grain !  
To view the gleaming village spire  
'Midst distant groves unknown to me ;  
Groves, that grown bright in borrow'd fire  
Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee !

Where was tny elfin train that play  
Round Wake's huge oak, their favourite tree ?  
May a poor son of song thus say,  
Why were they not reveal'd to me ?  
Yet, smiling fairies left behind,  
Affection brought you to my view ;  
To love and tenderness resign'd,  
I sat me down and thought of you.

When morning still unclouded rose,  
Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,  
Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,  
I trac'd the birth of various streams.

From beds of clay, here creeping rills  
Unseen to parent Ouse would steal ;  
Or, gushing from the northward hills,  
Would glitter through Toves' winding dale.

But ah ! ye cooling springs, farewell !  
Herds, I no more your freedom share ;  
But long my grateful tongue shall tell  
What brought your gazing stranger there.  
' Genius of the forest shades,  
' Lend thy power, and lend thine ear ;'  
Let dreams still lengthen thy long glades,  
And bring thy peace and silence here.

SONG  
FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER,

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

---

Now fare-thee-well, England ; no further I'll  
    roam ;  
But follow my shadow that points the way home :  
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to  
    stay ;  
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play !  
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,  
Gives my sinews their strength and my bosom its  
    glow.

Farewell, mountaineers ! my companions, adieu ;  
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,  
I shall miss your white horns on the brink of the  
    bourne,  
And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll never  
    return :  
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,  
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggy again.  
O Tweed ! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green  
    vales,  
More than life, more than love my tir'd spirit in-  
    hales ;  
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,  
With her bare-footed lasses and mountains so blue :  
To the mountains away ; my heart bounds like  
    the hind ;  
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind.  
As day after day I still follow my course,  
And in fancy trace back every stream to its  
    source,



Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies be-  
fore  
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild  
moor ;  
The keen polar star nightly rising to view ;  
But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true.  
O ghosts of my fathers ! O heroes look down !  
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of  
renown,  
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,  
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest ;  
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in  
view,  
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy of you.  
Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor ?  
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more ;  
I've pass'd silver Tweed ; e'en the Tay flows be-  
hind ;  
Yet fatigue I'll disdain ;—my reward I shall find ;  
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize ;  
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.  
She'll watch to the southward ;—perhaps she will  
sigh,  
That the way is so long and the mountains so  
high ;  
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,  
And will say in her fondness, 'That surely is he ?'  
Good wife you're deceiv'd ; I'm still far from my  
home :  
Go, sleep, my dear Maggy,—to-morrow I'll come.

A WORD  
TO  
TWO YOUNG LADIES.

---

WHEN tender rose-trees first receive  
On half-expanded leaves, the shower ;  
Hope's gayest pictures we believe,  
And anxious watch each coming flower.

Then, if beneath the genial sun  
That spreads abroad the full-blown May,  
Two infant stems the rest out-run,  
Their buds the first to meet the day—

With joy their opening tints we view,  
While morning's precious moments fly :  
My pretty maids, 'tis thus with *you*,  
The fond admiring gazer, *I*.

Preserve, sweet buds, where'er you be,  
The richest gem that decks a wife—  
The charm of *female modesty* ;  
And let sweet music give it life.

Still may the favouring Muse be found :  
Still circumspect the paths ye tread :  
Plant moral truths in Fancy's ground ;  
And meet old age without a dread.

Yet, ere that comes, while yet ye quaff  
The cup of health without a pain,  
I'll shake my gray hairs when you laugh,  
And, when you sing, be young again.

Both the young Ladies had addressed to me a few complimentary lines (and I am sorry that those of the elder sister were never in my possession); in return for which I sent the above. It was received on the day on which the younger completed her ninth year. Surely it cannot be ascribed to vanity if, in gratitude to a most amiable family, I here preserve verbatim an effort of a child nine years old. I have the more pleasure in doing it, because *I know* them to be her own. R. B.

' Accept, dear Bard, the Muse's genuine thought,  
And take not ill the tribute of my heart:—  
For thee the laureat wreath of praise I'll bind;  
None that have read thy commendable mind  
Can let it pass unnoticed—nor can I—  
For by thy lays I know thy sympathy ' W. P.

ON HEARING  
OF  
THE TRANSLATION  
OF  
PART OF THE FARMER'S BOY  
INTO LATIN

*By the Rev. Mr. C——.*

---

HEY Giles ! in what new garb art drest ?  
For Lads like you methinks a bold one ;  
I'm glad to see thee so carest ;  
But, hark ye !—don't despise your old one.

Thou'rt not the first by many a Boy  
Who've found abroad good friends to own 'em ;  
Then, in such coats have shewn their joy  
E'en their *own Fathers* have not known 'em.

## NANCY:—A SONG.

You ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume  
That you cherish a secret affection for me?  
When we see the flow'rs bud, don't we look for  
the bloom?

Then, sweetest, attend while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight  
beguile,  
I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy:  
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,  
You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries, pluckt in the  
grove,  
Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had  
strung,  
You gave me the choicest; I hoped 'twas for love;  
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale  
sung.

Remember the viper:—'twas close at your feet,  
How you started, and threw yourself into my  
arms;  
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet  
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of Nuts for my Fair,  
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending  
bough;  
Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,  
Not one of them shew'd such compassion as you.

NANCY.

III

And was it compassion?—by heaven 'twas more!  
A tell-tale betrays you;—that blush on your  
cheek :

Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,  
And whisper what candour will teach you to  
speak.

Can you stain my fair honour with one broken  
vow ?

Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain ?  
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow :  
I swear to be faithful, again and again.



ROSY HANNAH.

---

A SPRING o'erhung with many a flow'r,  
 The gray sand dancing in its bed,  
 Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,  
 Sent forth its waters near my head :  
 A rosy lass approach'd my view ;  
 I caught her blue eye's modest beam :  
 The stranger nodded ' How d'ye do ?'  
 And leap'd across the infant stream.

The water heedless pass'd away :  
 With me her glowing image stay'd :  
 I strove from that auspicious day,  
 To meet and bless the lovely maid.  
 I met her where beneath our feet  
 Through downy moss the wild-thyme grew ;  
 Nor moss elastic, flow'rs though sweet,  
 Match'd Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,  
 And shaded verdure skirts the plain ;  
 And when the pale moon rising gave  
 New glories to her cloudy train.  
 From her sweet cot upon the moor  
 Our plighted vows to heaven are flown ;  
 Truth made me welcome at her door,  
 And rosy Hannah is my own.

## SONG.

## THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG ROVER.

ROVER, awake! the gray cock crows!  
 Come, shake your coat and go with me!  
 High in the east the green hill glows;  
 And glory crowns our shelt'ring tree.  
 The sheep expect us at the fold:  
 My faithful Dog, let's haste away,  
 And in his earliest beams behold,  
 And hail, the source of cheerful day.

Half his broad orb o'erlooks the hill,  
 And, darting down the valley flies:  
 At every casement welcome still;  
 The golden summons of the skies.  
 Go, fetch my staff; and o'er the dews  
 Let echo waft thy gladsome voice.  
 Shall we a cheerful note refuse  
 When rising morn proclaims, 'Rejoice?'

Now then we'll start; and thus I'll sling  
 Our store, a trivial load to bear:  
 Yet, ere night comes, should hunger sting,  
 I'll not encroach on Rover's share.  
 The fresh breeze bears its sweets along;  
 The lark but chides us while we stay:  
 Soon shall the vale repeat my song;  
 Go, brush before, away, away.

## HUNTING SONG.

In darksome woods where echo dwells,  
 Where every bud with freedom swells  
     To meet the glorious day :  
 The morning breaks ; again rejoice ;  
 And with old Ringwood's well-known voice  
     Bid tuneful echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come :  
 The vagrant fox shall hear his doom,  
     And dread our jovial train.  
 The shrill horn sounds, the courser flies,  
 While every sportsman joyful cries,  
     ' There's Ringwood's voice again.'

Ye meadows, hail the coming throng :  
 Ye peaceful streams that wind along,  
     Repeat the hark-away :  
 Far o'er the downs, ye gales that sweep,  
 The daring oak that crowns the steep,  
     The roaring peal convey.

The chiming notes of cheerful hounds,  
 Hark ! how the hollow dale resounds ;  
     The sunny hills how gay.  
 But where 's the note, brave dog, like thine ?  
 Then urge the steed, the chorus join,  
     'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

## LUCY:—A SONG.

Thy favourite Bird is soaring still :  
 My Lucy, haste thee o'er the dale ;  
 The stream 's let loose, and from the mill  
 All silent comes the balmy gale ;  
     Yet, so lightly on its way,  
     Seems to whisper, ' Holiday.'

The pathway flowers that bending meet  
 And give the meads their yellow hue,  
 The May-bush and the meadow sweet  
 Reserve their fragrance all for you.  
     Why then, Lucy, why delay ?  
     Let us share the holiday.

Since there thy smiles, my charming maid,  
 Are with unfeigned rapture seen,  
 To beauty be the homage paid !  
 Come, claim the triumph of the green.  
     Here's my hand, come, come away ;  
     Share the merry holiday.

A promise too my Lucy made,  
 (And shall my heart its claim resign ?)  
 That ere May-flowers again should fade,  
 Her heart and hand should both be mine.  
     Hark ye, Lucy, this is May ;  
     Love shall crown our holiday.

## WINTER SONG.

DEAR Boy, throw that icicle down,  
 And sweep this deep snow from the door  
 Old Winter comes on with a frown ;  
 A terrible frown for the poor.  
 In a season so rude and forlorn  
 How can age, how can infancy bear  
 The silent neglect and the scorn  
 Of those who have plenty to spare ?

Fresh broach'd is my cask of old ale,  
 Well-tim'd now the frost is set in ;  
 Here's Job come to tell us a tale,  
 We'll make him at home to a pin.  
 While my wife and I bask o'er the fire,  
 The roll of the seasons will prove,  
 That Time may diminish desire,  
 But cannot extinguish true love.

O the pleasures of neighbourly chat,  
 If you can but keep scandal away,  
 To learn what the world has been at,  
 And what the great orators say ;  
 Though the wind through the crevices sing,  
 And hail down the chimney rebound ;  
 I'm happier than many a king  
 While the bellows blow bass to the sound.

Abundance was never my lot :  
 But out of the trifle that's given,  
 That no curse may alight on my cot,  
 I'll distribute the bounty of Heaven ;

PEACE.

117

The fool and the slave gather wealth :  
But if I add nought to my store,  
Yet while I keep conscience in health,  
I've a mine that will never grow poor.

---

P E A C E.

---

HALT! ye legions, sheathe your steel :  
Blood grows precious ; shed no more :  
Cease your toils ; your wounds to heal :  
Lo! beams of mercy reach the shore !  
From realms of everlasting light  
The favour'd guest of Heaven is come :  
Prostrate your Banners at the sight,  
And bear the glorious tidings home.

The plunging corpse with half-clos'd eyes,  
No more shall stain th' unconscious brine ;  
Yon pendant gay, that streaming flies,  
Around its idle staff shall twine.  
Behold ! along th' etherial sky  
Her beams o'er conquering navies spread ;  
Peace! Peace! the leaping sailors cry,  
With shouts that might arouse the dead.

Then forth Britannia's thunder pours ;  
A vast reiterated sound !  
From line to line the cannon roars,  
And spreads the blazing joy around.  
Return, ye brave ! your country calls ;  
Return, return, your task is done :  
While here the tear of transport falls,  
To grace your laurels nobly won.



Albion cliffs—from age to age,  
That bear the roaring storms of heav'n,  
Did ever fiercer warfare rage,  
Was ever peace more timely given ?  
Wake ! sounds of joy : rouse, generous isle ;  
Let every patriot bosom glow :  
Beauty, resume thy wonted smile,  
And, Poverty, thy cheerful brow.

Boast, Britain, of thy glorious guests ;  
Peace, Wealth, and Commerce, all thine own  
Still on contented Labour rests  
The basis of a lasting throne.  
Shout, Poverty ! 'tis Heaven that saves ;  
Protected Wealth, the chorus raise,  
Ruler of war, of winds, and waves,  
Accept a prostrate nation's praise.

ON REVISITING  
THE  
PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

---

THOUGH winter's frowns had damp'd the beaming  
     eye,  
 Though twelve successive summers heav'd the sigh,  
 The unaccomplish'd wish was still the same ;  
 Till May in new and sudden glories came !  
 My heart was rous'd ; and Fancy, on the wing,  
 Thus heard the language of enchanting spring :—  
     ' Come to thy native groves and fruitful fields !  
 Thou know'st the fragrance that the wild flow'r  
     yields ;  
 Inhale the breeze that bends the purple bud,  
 And plays along the margin of the wood.  
 I've cloth'd them all ; the very woods where thou  
 In infancy learn'd'st praise from every bough.  
 Would'st thou behold again the vernal day ?  
 My reign is short ;—this instant come away :  
 Ere Philomel shall silent meet the morn ;  
 She hails the green, but not the rip'ning corn.  
 Come, ere the pastures lose their yellow flow'rs :  
 Come now ; with heart as jocund as the hours.'  
     Who could resist the call ?—that Giles had done,  
 Nor heard the birds, nor seen the rising sun ;  
 Had not Benevolence, with cheering ray,  
 And Greatness stoop'd, indulgent to display  
 Praise which does surely not to Giles belong,  
 But to the objects that inspir'd his song.  
 Immediate pleasure from those praises flow'd ;  
 Remoter bliss within his bosom glow'd !

Now tasted all ;—for I have heard and seen  
The long remember'd voice, the church, the  
green :—

And oft by friendship's gentle hand been led  
Where many a hospitable board was spread.  
These would I name—but each, and all can feel  
What the full heart would willingly reveal :  
Nor needs be told ; that at each season's birth,  
Still the enamell'd, or the scorching earth  
Gave, as each morn or weary night would come,  
Ideal sweetness to my distant home :  
Ideal now no more :—for, to my view  
Spring's promise rose, how admirably true !  
The early chorus of the cheerful grove  
Gave point to gratitude, and fire to love.  
O Memory ! shield me from the world's poor strife,  
And give those scenes thine everlasting life !

WILD FLOWERS;  
OR  
PASTORAL AND LOCAL POETRY.

---

ABNER  
AND  
THE WIDOW JONES,  
A FAMILIAR BALLAD.

---

WELL! I'm determined; that's enough:—  
Gee, Bayard! move your poor old bones,  
I'll take to-morrow, smooth or rough,  
To go and court the Widow Jones.

Our master talks of stable-room,  
And younger horses on his grounds;  
'Tis easy to foresee thy doom,  
Bayard, thou'lt go to feed the hounds.

But could I win the widow's hand,  
I'd make a truce 'twixt death and thee;  
For thou upon the best of land  
Should'st feed, and live, and die with me.

And must the pole-axe lay thee low?  
And will they pick thy poor old bones?  
No—hang me if it shall be so,—  
If I can win the Widow Jones.

Twirl went his stick ; his curly pate  
A bran-new hat uplifted bore ;  
And Abner, as he leapt the gate,  
Had never look'd so gay before.

And every spark of love reviv'd  
That had perplex'd him long ago,  
When busy folks and fools contriv'd  
To make his Mary answer—*no*.

But whether, freed from recent vows,  
*Her* heart had back to Abner flown,  
And mark'd him for a second spouse,  
In truth is not exactly known.

Howbeit, as he came in sight,  
She turn'd her from the garden stile,  
And downward look'd with pure delight,  
With half a sigh and half a smile.

She heard his sounding step behind,  
The blush of joy crept up her cheek,  
As cheerly floated on the wind,  
“ Hoi ! Mary Jones—what wont you speak ? ”

Then, with a look that ne'er deceives,  
She turn'd, but found her courage fled ;  
And scolding sparrows from the eaves  
Peep'd forth upon the stranger's head.

Down Abner sat, with glowing heart,  
Resolv'd, whatever might betide,  
To speak his mind, no other art  
He ever knew, or ever tried.

And gently twitching Mary's hand,  
The bench had ample room for two,  
His first word made her understand  
The plowman's errand was to woo.

“ My Mary—may I call thee so?  
 “ For many a happy day we’ve seen,  
 “ And if not mine, aye, years ago,  
 “ Whose was the fault? you might have been!

“ All that’s gone by: but I’ve been musing,  
 “ And vow’d, and hope to keep it true,  
 “ That she shall be my own heart’s choosing  
 “ Whom I call wife.—Hey, what say you?

“ And as I drove my plough along,  
 “ And felt the strength that’s in my arm,  
 “ Ten years, thought I, amidst my song,  
 “ I’ve been head-man at Harewood farm.

“ And now, my own dear Mary’s free,  
 “ Whom I have lov’d this many a day,  
 “ Who knows but she may think on *me*?  
 “ I’ll go hear what she has to say.

“ Perhaps that little stock of land  
 “ She holds, but knows not how to till,  
 “ Will suffer in the widow’s hand,  
 “ And make poor Mary poorer still.

“ That scrap of land, with one like her,  
 “ How we might live! and be so blest!  
 “ And who should Mary Jones prefer?  
 “ Why, surely, him who loves her best!

“ Therefore I’m come to night, sweet wench,  
 “ I would not idly thus intrude,”——  
 Mary look’d downward on the bench,  
 O’erpower’d by love and gratitude.

And lean’d her head against the vine,  
 With quick’ning sobs of silent bliss,  
 Till Abner cried, “ You must be mine,  
 “ You must,”—and seal’d it with a kiss.



She talk'd of shame, and wip'd her cheek,  
But what had shame with them to do,  
Who nothing meant but truth to speak,  
And downright honour to pursue?

His eloquence improv'd apace,  
As manly pity fill'd his mind;  
" You know poor Bayard; here's the case,—  
" He's past his labour, old, and blind:

" If you and I should but agree  
" To settle here for good and all,  
" Could you give all your heart to me,  
" And grudge that poor old rogue a stall!

" I'll buy him, for the dogs shall never  
" Set tooth upon a friend so true;  
" He'll not live long, but I for ever  
" Shall know I gave the beast his due.

" 'Mongst all I've known of plows and carts,  
" And ever since I learned to drive,  
" He was not match'd in all these parts;  
" There was not such a horse alive!

" Ready, as birds to meet the morn,  
" Were all his efforts at the plough;  
" Then, the mill-brook with hay or corn,  
" Good creature! how he'd spatter through!

" He was a horse of mighty pow'r,  
" Compact in frame, and strong of limb;  
" Went with a chirp from hour to hour;  
" Whip-cord! 'twas never made for him.

" I left him in the shafts behind,  
" His fellows all unhook'd and gone,  
" He neigh'd, and deem'd the thing unkind,  
" Then, starting, drew the load alone!

“ But I might talk till pitch-dark night,  
 “ And then have something left to say ;  
 “ But, Mary, am I wrong or right,  
 “ Or, do I throw my words away ?

“ Leave me, or take me and my horse ;  
 “ I’ve told thee truth, and all I know :  
 “ Truth *should* breed truth ; that comes of course ;  
 “ If I sow wheat, why wheat will grow.”

“ Yes, Abner, but thus soon to yield,  
 “ Neighbours would flee and look behind ’em ;  
 “ Though, with a husband in the field,  
 “ Perhaps, indeed, I should not mind ’em.

“ I’ve known your generous nature well,  
 “ My first denial cost me dear ;  
 “ How this may end we cannot tell,  
 “ But, as for Bayard, bring him here.

“ Bless thee for that,” the plowman cried,  
 At once both starting from the seat,  
 He stood a guardian by her side,  
 But talk’d of home,—’twas growing late.

Then step for step within his arm,  
 She cheer’d him down the dewy way ;  
 And no two birds upon the farm  
 E’er prated with more joy than they.

What news at home ? The smile he wore  
 One little sentence turn’d to sorrow ;  
 An order met him at the door,  
 “ Take Bayard to the dogs to-morrow.”

Yes, yes, thought he ; and heav’d a sigh,  
 Die when he will he’s not your debtor :  
 I must obey, and he *must* die,—  
 That’s if I can’t contrive it better.

He left his Mary late at night,  
And had succeeded in the main,  
No sooner peep'd the morning light  
But he was on the road again!

Suppose she should refuse her hand?  
Such thoughts will come, I know not why;  
Shall I, without a wife or land,  
Want an old horse? then wherefore buy?

From bush to bush, from stile to stile,  
Perplex'd he trod the fallow ground,  
And told his money all the while  
And weigh'd the matter round and round.

"I'll borrow," that's the best thought yet;  
Mary shall save the horse's life.—  
Kind-hearted wench! what, run in debt  
Before I know she'll be my wife?

These women wo'nt speak plain and free.—  
Well, well, I'll keep my service still;  
She has not *said* she'd marry me,  
But yet I dare to say she will.

But while I take this shay-brain'd course,  
And like a fool run to and fro,  
Master, perhaps, may sell the horse!  
Therefore this instant home I'll go.

The nightly rain had drench the grove  
He plung'd right on with headlong pace;  
A man but half as much in love  
Perhaps had found a cleaner place.

The day rose fair; with team a-field,  
He watch'd the farmer's cheerful brow;  
And in a lucky hour reveal'd  
His secret at his post, the plough

And there without a whine began,  
" Master, you'll give me your advice ;  
I'm going to marry—If I can—  
" And want old Bayard ; what's his price ?

" For Mary Jones last night agreed,  
" Or near upon't, to be my wife :  
" The horse's value I don't heed,  
" I only want to save his life."

" Buy him, hey ! Abner ! trust me I  
" Have not the thought of gain in view ;  
" Bayard's best days we've seen go by ;  
" He shall be cheap enough to you."

The wages paid, the horse brought out,  
The hour of separation come ;  
The farmer turn'd his chair about,  
" Good fellow, take him, take him home.

" You're welcome, Abner, to the beast,  
" For you've a faithful servant been ;  
" They'll thrive I doubt not in the least,  
" Who know what work and service mean."

The maids at parting, one and all,  
From different windows different tones ;  
Bade him farewell with many a bawl,  
And sent their love to Mary Jones.

He wav'd his hat, and turn'd away,  
When loud the cry of children rose ;  
" Abner, good bye !" they stopt their play ;  
" There goes poor Bayard ! there he goes !"

Half choak'd with joy, with love, and pride,  
He now with dainty clover fed him,  
Now took a short triumphant ride,  
And then again got down and led him.

And hobbling onward up the hill,  
The widow's house was full in sight,  
He pull'd the bridle harder still,  
"Come on, we shan't be there to-night."

She met them with a smile so sweet,  
The stable-door was open thrown;  
The blind horse lifted high his feet,  
And loudly snorting, laid him down.

O Victory! from that stock of laurels  
You keep so snug for camps and thrones,  
Spare us *one twig* from all their quarrels  
For Abner and the Widow Jones.

o

## MY OLD OAK TABLE.

---

FRIEND of my peaceful days! substantial friend,  
Whom wealth can never change, nor int'rest bend,  
I love thee like a child. Thou wert to me  
The dumb companion of my misery,  
And oftner of my joys;—then as I spoke,  
I shar'd thy sympathy, Old Heart of Oak!  
For surely when my labour ceas'd at night,  
With trembling, feverish hands, and aching sight,  
The draught that cheer'd me and subdu'd my care,  
On thy broad shoulders thou wert proud to bear  
O'er thee, with expectation's fire elate,  
I've sat and ponder'd on my future fate:  
On thee, with winter muffins for thy store,  
I've lean'd, and quite forgot that I was poor.

Where dropp'd the acorn that gave birth to thee?  
Can'st thou trace back thy line of ancestry?  
We're match'd, old friend, and let us not repine,  
Darkness o'erhangs thy origin and mine;  
Both may be truly honourable: yet,  
We'll date our honours from the day we met;  
When, of my worldly wealth the parent stock,  
Right welcome up the Thames from Woolwich  
Dock

Thou cam'st, when hopes ran high and love was  
young;

But soon our olive-branches round thee sprung;  
Soon came the days that tried a faithful wife,  
The noise of children, and the cares of life.  
Then, midst the threat'nings of a wintry sky,  
That cough which blights the bud of infancy,



The dread of parents, Rest's inveterate foe,  
Came like a plague, and turn'd my songs to woe.

Rest! without thee what strength can long  
survive,

What spirit keep the flame of Hope alive?  
The midnight murmur of the cradle gave  
Sounds of despair; and chilly as the grave  
We felt its undulating blast arise,  
Midst whisper'd sorrows and ten thousand sighs.  
Expiring embers warn'd us each to sleep,  
By turns to watch alone, by turns to weep,  
By turns to hear, and keep from starting wild,  
The sad, faint wailings of a dying child.  
But Death, obedient to Heav'n's high command,  
Withdrew his jav'lin, and unclench'd his hand;  
The little sufferers triumph'd over pain,  
Their mother smil'd, and bade me hope again.  
Yet Care gain'd ground, Exertion triumph'd less,  
Thick fell the gathering terrors of Distress;  
Anxiety, and Griefs without a name,  
Had made their dreadful inroads on my frame;  
The creeping Dropsy, cold as cold could be,  
Unnerv'd my arm, and bow'd my head to thee.  
Thou to thy trust, old friend, hast not been true;  
These eyes the bitterest tears they ever knew  
Let fall upon thee; now all wip'd away;  
But what from memory shall wipe out that day?  
The great, the wealthy of my native land,  
To whom a guinea is a grain of sand,  
I thought upon them, for my *thoughts* were free,  
But all unknown were then my woes and me.

Still, Resignation was my dearest friend,  
And Reason pointed to a glorious end;  
With anxious sighs, a parent's hopes and pride,  
I wish'd to live — I trust I could have died!  
But winter's clouds pursu'd their stormy way,  
And March brought sunshine with the length'ning  
day,

And bade my heart arise, that morn and night  
Now throbb'd with irresistible delight.  
Delightful 'twas to leave disease behind,  
And feel the renovation of the mind!  
To lead abroad upborne on Pleasure's wing,  
Our children, midst the glories of the spring;  
Our fellow sufferers, our only wealth,  
To gather daisies in the breeze of health!

'Twas then, too, when our prospects grew so  
fair,

And Sabbath bells announc'd the morning pray'r,  
Beneath that vast gigantic dome we bow'd,  
That lifts its flaming cross above the cloud;  
Had gain'd the centre of the checquer'd floor;—  
That instant, with reverberating roar  
Burst forth the pealing organ——mute we  
stood;—

The strong sensation boiling through my blood,  
Rose in a storm of joy, allied to pain,  
I wept, and worshipp'd God, and wept again;  
And felt, amidst the fervor of my praise,  
The sweet assurances of better days.

In that gay season, honest friend of mine,  
I mark'd the brilliant sun upon thee shine;  
Imagination took her flights so free,  
*Home* was delicious with my book and thee,  
The purchas'd nosegay, or brown ears of corn,  
Were thy gay plumes upon a summer's morn,  
Awakening memory, that disdains control,  
They spoke the darling language of my soul:  
They whisper'd tales of joy, of peace, of truth,  
And conjur'd back the sunshine of my youth:  
Fancy presided at the joyful birth,  
I pour'd the torrent of my feelings forth;  
Conscious of *truth* in Nature's humble track,  
And wrote "The Farmer's Boy," upon thy back!  
Enough, old friend:—thou'rt mine; and shalt  
partake,

While I have pen to write, or tongue to speak,  
Whatever fortune deals me.—Part with thee!  
No, not till death shall set my spirit free;  
Nor know, should plenty crown my life's decline,  
A most important duty may be thine:  
Then, guard me from Temptation's base control,  
From apathy and littleness of soul  
The sight of thy old frame, so rough, so rude,  
Shall twitch the sleeve of nodding Gratitude;  
Shall teach me but to venerate the more  
Honest Oak Tables and their guests—the poor:  
Teach me unjust distinctions to deride,  
And falsehoods gender'd in the brain of Pride;  
Shall give to Fancy still the cheerful hour,  
To Intellect, its freedom and its power;  
To Hospitality's enchanting ring  
A charm, which nothing but thyself can bring.  
The man who would not look with honest pride  
On the tight bark that stemm'd the roaring tide,  
And bore him, when he bow'd the trembling knee,  
Home, through the mighty perils of the sea,  
I love him not.—He ne'er shall be my guest;  
Nor sip my cup, nor witness how I'm blest;  
Nor lean, to bring my honest friend to shame,  
A sacrilegious elbow on thy frame;  
But thou through life a monitor shalt prove,  
Sacred to Truth, to Poetry, and Love.

*Dec. 1803.*

## THE HORKEY.

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD.

---

### ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the descriptive ballad which follows, it will be evident that I have endeavoured to preserve the style of a gossip, and to transmit the memorial of a custom, the extent or antiquity of which I am not acquainted with, and pretend not to enquire.

In Suffolk husbandry the man who, (whether by merit or by sufferance I know not) goes foremost through the harvest with the scythe or the sickle, is honoured with the title of "*Lord*," and at the Horkey, or harvest-home feast, collects what he can, for himself and brethren, from the farmers and visitors, to make a "frolick" afterwards, called "the largess spending." By way of returning thanks, though perhaps formerly of much more, or of different signification, they immediately leave the seat of festivity, and with a very long and repeated shout of "a largess," the number of shouts being regulated by the sums given, seem to wish to make themselves heard by the people of the surrounding farms. And before they rejoin the company within, the pranks and the jollity I have endeavoured to describe, usually take place. These customs, I believe, are going fast out of use; which is one great reason for my trying to tell the rising race of mankind that such were the customs when I was a boy.

I have annexed a glossary of such words as may be found by general readers to require explanation. We will add a short extract from Sir Thomas Brown, of Norwich, M. D. who was born three years before Milton, and outlived him eight years.

“It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in *England*, but of common use in *Norfolk*, or peculiar to the *East-Angle* counties; as, Baund, Bunny, Thurk, Enemis, Matchly, Sammodithee, Mawther, Kedge, Seele, Straft, Clever, Dere, Nicked, Stingy, Noneare, Feft, Thepes, Gosgood, Kamp, Sibret, Fangast, Sap, Cothish, Thokish, Bide-owe, Paxwax. Of these, and some others, of no easy originals, when time will permit, the resolution shall be attempted; which to effect, the Danish language, new, and more ancient, may prove of good advantage: which nation remained here fifty years upon agreement, and have left many families in it, and the language of these parts had surely been more commixed and perplex, if the fleet of *Hugo de Bones* had not been cast away, wherein three-score thousand souldiers, out of Britany and Flanders, were to be wafted over, and were, by King *John's* appointment, to have a settled habitation in the counties of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*.” Tract the viii. on Languages, particularly the Saxon. Folio. 1686, page 48.

## THE HORKEY.

A PROVINCIAL BALLAD.

---

WHAT gossips prattled in the sun,  
Who talk'd him fairly down,  
Up, memory! tell; 'tis Suffolk fun,  
And lingo of their own.

Ah! *Judie Twitchet!*\* though thou'rt dead,  
With thee the tale begins;  
For still seems thrumming in my head  
The rattling of thy pins!

Thou Queen of knitters; for a ball  
Of worsted was thy pride;  
With dangling stockings great and small  
And world of clack beside!

" We did so laugh; the moon shone bright;  
" More fun you never knew;  
" 'Twas Farmer Cheerum's *Horkey night*,  
" And I, and Grace, and Sue——

" But bring a stool, sit round about,  
" And boys, be quiet, pray;  
" And let me tell my story out;  
" 'Twas *sitch* a merry day!

" The butcher whistled at the door,  
" And brought a load of meat;  
" Boys rubb'd their hands, and cried, 'there's  
more,'  
" Dogs wagg'd their tails to see't.

\* Judie Twitchet was a real person, who lived many years with my mother's cousin Bannock, at Honington.



- " On went the boilers till the *hake* \*  
 " Had much ado to bear 'em ;  
 " The magpie talk'd for talking sake,  
 " Birds sung ;—but who could hear 'em ?  
  
 " Creak went the jack ; the cats were *scar'd*,  
 " We had not time to heed 'em  
 " The *owd hins* cackled in the yard,  
 " For we forgot to feed 'em !  
  
 " Yet 'twas not I, as I may say,  
 " Because as how, d'ye see ;  
 " I only help'd there for the day ;  
 " They cou'dn't lay't to me.  
  
 " Now Mrs. Cheerum's best lace cap  
 " Was mounted on her head ;  
 " Guests at the door began to rap,  
 " And now the cloth was spread.  
  
 " Then clatter went the earthen plates—  
 " ' Mind Judie,' was the cry ;  
 " I could have *cop't* † teem at their pates ;  
 " ' Trenchers for me,' said I.  
  
 " ' That look so clean upon the ledge,  
 " ' And never mind a fall ;  
 " ' Nor never turn a sharp knife's edge ;—  
 " ' But fashion rules us all.'  
  
 " Home came the jovial *Horkey load*,  
 " Last of the whole year's crop ;  
 " And Grace amongst the green boughs rode  
 " Right plump upon the top.  
  
 " This way and that the waggon reel'd,  
 " And never queen rode higher ;  
 " *Her* cheeks were colour'd in the field,  
 " And ours before the fire.

\* A sliding pot-hook.

† Thrown.

- " The laughing harvest-folks and John,  
 " Came in and look'd askew;  
 " 'Twas my red face that set them on,  
 " And then they leer'd at Sue.
- " And Farmer Cheerum went, good man,  
 " And broach'd the *Horkey beer*;  
 " And *sitch a mort*\* of folk began  
 " To eat up our good cheer.
- " Says he, 'Thank God for what's before us;  
 " 'That thus we meet agen,'  
 " The mingling voices, like a chorus,  
 " Joined cheerfully, 'Amen.'—
- " Welcome and plenty, there they found 'em.  
 " The ribs of beef grew light;  
 " And puddings—till the boys got round 'em,  
 " And then they vanish'd quite!
- " Now all the guests, with Farmer Crouder,  
 " Began to prate of corn;  
 " And we found out they talk'd the louder,  
 " The oftner pass'd the Horn.
- " Out came the nuts; we set a cracking;  
 " The ale came round our way;  
 " *By gom*, we women fell a clacking  
 " As loud again as they.
- ' John sung 'Old Benbow' loud and strong,  
 " And I, 'The Constant Swain,'  
 ' 'Cheer up my Lads,' was Simon's song,  
 " 'We'll conquer them again.'
- " Now twelve o'clock was drawing nigh,  
 " And all in merry cue;  
 " I knock'd the cask, 'O, ho!' said I,  
 " 'We've almost conquer'd you.'

\* Such a number.

“ *My Lord* \* begg’d round, and held his nat,  
 “ Says Farmer Gruff, says he,  
 “ ‘ There’s many a Lord, Sam, I know that,  
 “ ‘ Has begg’d as well as thee.’

“ Bump in his hat the shillings tumbl’d  
 “ All round among the folks;  
 “ ‘ Laugh if you wool,’ said Sam, and mumbl’d,  
 “ ‘ You pay for all your jokes.’

“ Joint stock you know among the men,  
 “ To drink at their own charges;  
 “ So up they got full drive, and then  
 “ Went to *halloo largess*.\*

“ And sure enough the noise they made!!  
 —“ But let me mind my tale;  
 “ We follow’d them, we wor’nt afraid,  
 “ We’ad all been drinking ale.

“ As they stood hallooming back to back,  
 “ We, lightly as a feather,  
 “ Went sideling round, and in a crack  
 “ Had pinn’d their coats together.

“ ’Twas near upon’t as light as noon;  
 “ ‘ *A largess*,’ on the hill,  
 “ They shouted to the full round moon,  
 “ I think I hear ’em still!

“ But when they found the trick, my stars!  
 “ They well knew who to blame,  
 “ Our giggles turn’d to ha, ha, ha’s,  
 “ And *arter* us they came.

“ Grace by the tumbril made a squat,  
 “ Then ran as Sam came by,  
 “ They said she could not run for fat;  
 “ *I know* she did not try.

\* The leader of the reapers.

† See advertisement.

“ Sue round the *neat-house*\* squalling ran,  
 “ Where Simon scarcely dare;  
 “ He stopt,—for he’s a fearful man——  
 “ ‘ *By gom* there’s *suffen* † there!’

“ And off set John, with all his might,  
 “ To chase me down the yard,  
 “ Till I was nearly *grun’d* ‡ outright;  
 “ He hugg’d so woundly hard.

“ Still they kept up the race and laugh,  
 “ And round the house we flew;  
 “ But hark ye! the best fun by half  
 “ Was Simon *arter* Sue.

“ She car’d not, dark nor light, not she,  
 “ So, near the dairy door  
 “ She pass’d a clean white hog, you see,  
 “ They’d *kilt* the day before.

“ High on the *spirket* § there it hung,—  
 “ ‘ Now Susie—what can save ye?’  
 “ Round the cold pig his arms he flung,  
 “ And cried, ‘ Ah! here I have ye!’

“ The farmers heard what Simon said,  
 “ And what a noise! good lack!  
 “ Some almost laugh’d themselves *to dead*,  
 “ And others clapt his back.

“ We all at once began to tell  
 “ What fun we had abroad;  
 “ But Simon stood our jeers right well;  
 —“ He fell asleep and snor’d

“ Then in his button-hole upright,  
 “ Did Farmer Crouder put,  
 “ A slip of paper twisted tight,  
 “ And held the candle *to’t*.

\* Cow-house. † Something. ‡ Strangled. § An iron hook.

- " It smok'd, and smok'd, beneath his nose,  
 " The harmless blaze crept higher;  
 " Till with a vengeance up he rose,  
 " Grace, Judie, Sue! fire, fire!  
  
 " The clock struck one—some talk'd of parting,  
 " Some said it was a sin,  
 " And *hitch'd* their chairs;—but those for starting  
 " Now let the moonlight in.  
  
 " *Owd* women, loitering *for the nonce*,\*  
 " Stood praising the fine weather;  
 " The menfolks took the hint at once  
 " To kiss them altogether,  
  
 " And out ran every soul beside,  
 " A *shanny pated* † crew;  
 " *Owd* folks could neither run nor hide,  
 " So some *ketch'd* one, some *tew*.  
  
 " They *skriggl'd* ‡ and began to scold,  
 " But laughing got the master;  
 " Some *quack'ling* § cried, 'let go your hold;'  
 " The farmers held the faster.  
  
 " All innocent, that I'll be sworn,  
 " There wor'nt a bit of sorrow,  
 " And women, if their gowns *are* torn,  
 " Can mend them on the morrow.  
  
 " Our shadows helter skelter danc'd  
 " About the moonlight ground;  
 " The wondering sheep, as on we pranc'd  
 " Got up and gaz'd around,  
  
 " And well they might—till Farmer Cheerum,  
 " Now with a hearty glee,  
 " Bade all good morn as he came near 'em,  
 " And then to bed went he.

\* For the purpose. † Giddy, thoughtless.

‡ To struggle quick. § Choaking.

THE HORKEY.

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“ Then off we stroll'd this way and that,  
“ With merry voices ringing;  
“ And Echo answered us right pat,  
“ As home we rambled singing.

For, when we laugh'd, it laugh'd again,  
“ And to our own doors follow'd!  
“ ‘ Yo, ho!’ we cried; ‘ Yo, ho!’ so plain  
“ The misty meadow halloo'd.

“ That's all my tale, and all the fun,  
“ Come, turn your wheels about;  
“ My worsted, see!—that's nicely done,  
“ Just held my story out!”

Poor Judie!—Thus Time knits or spins  
The worsted from Life's ball!  
Death stopt thy tales, and stopt thy pins,  
—And so he'll serve us all.



THE  
BROKEN CRUTCH.

A TALE.

---

“ I TELL you, Peggy,” said a voice behind  
A hawthorn hedge, with wild briars thick entwined,  
Where unseen travellers down a shady way  
Journey’d beside the swaths of new-mown hay,  
“ I tell you, Peggy, ’tis a time to prove  
“ Your fortitude, your virtue, and your love.  
“ From honest poverty our lineage sprung,  
“ Your mother was a servant quite as young;—  
“ You weep; perhaps *she* wept at leaving home,  
“ Courage, my girl, nor fear the days to come.  
“ Go still to church, my Peggy, plainly drest,  
“ And keep a living conscience in your breast;  
“ Look to yourself, my lass, the maid’s best fame,  
“ Beware, nor bring the Meldrums into shame:  
“ Be modest, to the voice of age attend,  
“ Be honest, and you’ll always find a friend:  
“ Your uncle Gilbert, stronger far than I,  
“ Will see you safe; on him you must rely;  
“ I’ve walk’d too far; this lameness, oh! the pain;  
“ Heav’n bless thee, child! I’ll halt me back  
again;  
“ But when your first fair holiday may be,  
“ Rise with the lark, and spend your hours  
with me.”

Young Herbert Brooks, in strength and manhood  
bold,  
Who, round the meads, his own possessions,  
stroll’d,

O'erheard the charge, and with a heart so gay,  
Whistled his spaniel and pursu'd his way.  
Soon cross'd his path, and short obeisance paid,  
Stout Gilbert Meldrum and a country maid;  
A box upon his shoulder held full well  
Her worldly riches, but the truth to tell  
She bore the chief herself; that nobler part,  
That beauteous gem, an uncorrupted heart.  
And then that native loveliness! that cheek!  
It bore the very tints her betters seek;  
At such a sight the libertine would glow,  
With all the warmth that *he* can ever know;  
Would send his thoughts abroad without control,  
The glimmering moon-shine of his little soul.  
"Above the reach of justice I shall soar,  
"Her friends may weep, not punish; they're too  
poor:  
"That very thought the rapture will enhance,  
"Poor, young, and friendless; what a glorious  
chance!  
"A few spare guineas may the conquest make,—  
"I love the treachery for treachery's sake,  
"And when her wounded honour jealous grows,  
"I'll cut away ten thousand oaths and vows,  
"And tell my comrades, with a manly stride,  
"How I; *a girl out-witted and out-lied.*"  
Such was not Herbert—he had never known  
Love's genuine smiles, nor suffer'd from his frown;  
And as to that most honourable part  
Of planting daggers in a parent's heart,  
A novice quite:—he past his hours away,  
Free as a bird and buxom as the day;  
Yet, should a lovely girl by chance arise,  
Think not that Herbert Brooks would shut his eyes.  
On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,  
Thou dear green valley of my native stream!  
Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand  
And every nook of thine is fairy land,

And ever will be, though the axe should smite  
 In Gain's rude service, and in Pity's spite,  
 Thy clustering alders, and at length invade  
 The last, last poplars, that compose thy shade:  
 Thy stream shall then in native freedom stray,  
 And undermine the willows in its way,  
 These, nearly worthless, may survive this storm,  
 This scythe of desolation call'd "Reform."  
 No army past that way! yet are they fled,  
 The boughs that, when a school-boy, screen'd my  
 head:

I hate the murderous axe; estranging more  
 The winding vale from what it was of yore,  
 Than e'en mortality in all its rage,  
 And all the change of faces in an age.  
 "Warmth," will they term it, that I speak so free?  
 They strip thy shades,—thy shades so dear to me!  
 In Herbert's days woods cloth'd both hill and dale;  
 But peace, Remembrance! let us tell the tale.

His home was in the valley, elms grew round  
 His moated mansion, and the pleasant sound  
 Of woodland birds that loud at day-break sing,  
 With the first cuckoos that proclaim the spring,  
 Flock'd round his dwelling; and his kitchen smoke,  
 That from the towering rookery upward broke,  
 Of joyful import to the poor hard by,  
 Stream'd a glad sign of hospitality;  
 So fancy pictures; but its day is o'er;  
 The moat remains, the dwelling is no more!  
 Its name denotes its melancholy fall,  
 For village children call the spot "Burnt-Hall."  
 But where's the maid, who in the meadow-way  
 Met Herbert Brooks amongst the new-mown hay?

Th' adventure charm'd him, and next morning  
 rose

The Sabbath, with its silence and repose,  
 The bells ceas'd chiming, and the broad blue sky  
 Smil'd on his peace, and met his tranquil eye

Inverted, from the foot-bridge on his way  
 To that still house where all his fathers lay;  
 There in his seat, each neighbour's face he knew—  
 The stranger girl was just before his pew!  
 He saw her kneel, with meek, but cheerful air,  
 And whisper the response to every prayer;  
 And, when the humble roof with praises rung,  
 He caught the Hallelujah from her tongue,  
 Rememb'ring with delight the tears that fell  
 When the poor father bade his child farewell;  
 And now, by kindling tenderness beguil'd,  
 He blest the prompt obedience of that child,  
 And link'd his fate with hers:—for, from that day,  
 Whether the weeks past cheerily away,  
 Or deep revolving doubts procur'd him pain,  
 The same bells chim'd—and there she was again!  
 What could be done? they came not there to woo,  
 On holy ground,—though love is holy too.

They met upon the foot-bridge one clear morn,  
 She in the garb by village lasses worn;  
 He, with unbutton'd frock that careless flew,  
 And buskin'd to resist the morning dew;  
 With downcast look she courtesied to the ground,  
 Just in his path—no room to sidle round.

“ Well, pretty girl, this early rising yields  
 “ The best enjoyment of the groves and fields,  
 “ And makes the heart susceptible and meek,  
 “ And keeps alive that rose upon your cheek.  
 “ I long'd to meet you, Peggy, though so shy,  
 “ I've watch'd your steps and learn'd your history;  
 “ You love your poor lame father, let that be  
 “ A happy presage of your love for me.  
 “ Come then, I'll stroll these meadows by your  
     side,  
 “ I've seen enough to wish you for my bride,  
 “ And plainly tell you so.—Nay, let me hold  
 “ This guiltless hand, I prize it more than gold;

" Of that I have my share, but now pursue  
 " Such lasting wealth as I behold in you.  
 " My lands are fruitful and my gardens gay,  
 " My household cheerful as the summer's day ;  
 " One blessing more will crown my happy life,  
 " Like Adam, pretty girl, I want a wife."

Need it be told his suit was not denied,  
 With youth, and wealth, and candour on his side ?  
 Honour took charge of love so well begun,  
 And accidental meetings, one by one,  
 Increas'd so fast midst time's unheeded flight,  
 That village rumour married them outright ;  
 Though wiser matrons, doubtful in debate,  
 Pitied deluded Peggy's hapless fate.  
 Friends took th' alarm, " And will he then  
 disgrace

" The name of Brooks with this plebeian race ?"

Others, more lax in virtue, not in pride,  
 Sported the wink of cunning on one side ;  
 " He'll buy, no doubt, what Peggy has to sell,  
 " A little gallantry becomes him well."  
 Meanwhile the youth with self-determin'd aim,  
 Disdaining fraud, and pride's unfeeling claim,  
 Above control pursued his generous way,  
 And talk'd to Peggy of the marriage day.  
 Poor girl ! she heard, with anguish and with doubt,  
 What her too knowing neighbours preach'd about,  
 That Herbert would some nobler match prefer,  
 And surely never, never marry her ;  
 Yet, with what trembling and delight she bore  
 The kiss, and heard the vow, " I'll doubt no more ;"  
 " Protect me Herbert, for your honour's sake  
 " You will," she cried, " nor leave my heart to  
 break.

Then wrote to uncle Gilbert, joys, and fears  
 And hope, and trust, and sprinkled all with tears.

Rous'd was the dormant spirit of the brave,  
 E'en lameness rose to succour and to save ;



For, though they both rever'd young Herbert's  
name,

And knew his unexceptionable fame ;  
And though the girl had honestly declar'd  
Love's first approaches, and their counsel shar'd,  
Yet, that he truly meant to take for life  
The poor and lowly Peggy for a wife ;  
Or, that she was not doom'd to be deceiv'd,  
Was out of bounds:—it *could not* be believ'd.

“ Go, Gilbert ; save her ; I, you know, am lame ;  
“ Go, brother, go ; and save my child from shame.  
“ Haste, and I'll pray for your success the while,  
“ Go go ;”—then bang'd his crutch upon the  
stile:—

It snapt.—E'en Gilbert trembled while he smote,  
Then whipt the broken end beneath his coat ;

“ Aye, aye, I'll settle them ; I'll let them see  
“ Who's to be conqu'ror this time, I or he !”

Then off he set, and with enormous strides,  
Rebellious mutterings and oaths besides,  
O'er clover-field and fallow, bank and brier,  
Pursu'd the nearest cut, and fann'd the fire  
That burnt within him.—Soon the Hall he spied,  
And the grey willows by the water side ;  
Nature cried “ halt !” nor could he well refuse ;  
Stop, Gilbert, breathe awhile, and ask *the news*,  
“ News ?” cried a stooping grandame of the vale,  
“ Aye, rare news too ; I'll tell you such a tale ;  
“ But let me rest ; this bank is dry and warm ;  
“ Do you know Peggy Meldrum at the farm ;  
“ Young Herbert's girl ? He'as cloath'd her all in  
white,

“ You never saw so beautiful a sight !

“ Ah ! he's a fine young man, and such a face !

“ I knew his grandfather and all his race ;

“ He rode a tall white horse, and looked so big,

“ But how shall I describe his hat and wig ?”



" Plague take his wig," cried Gilbert, " and his hat,  
 " Where's Peggy Meldrum? can you tell me  
*that?*"

" Aye; but have patience man, you'll hear anon,

" For I shall come to her as I go on,

" So hark'ye friend; his grandfather I say,"—

" Poh, poh,"—cried Gilbert, as he turn'd away.

Her eyes were fix'd, her story at a stand,

The snuff-box lay half open in her hand;

" You great ill-manner'd clown! but I must bear it;

" You oaf; to ask the news, and then won't hear it!"

But Gilbert had gained forty paces clear,

When the reproof came murmuring on his ear.

Again he asked the first that past him by;

A cow-boy stopt his whistle to reply.

" Why, I've a mistress coming home, that's all,

" They're playing Meg's diversion at the Hall;

" For master's gone with Peggy, and his cousin,

" And all the lady-folks, about a dozen,

" To church, down there; he'll marry *one* no  
 doubt,

" For that it seems is what they're gone about;

" I know it by their laughing and their jokes,

" Tho' they *wor'nt* ask'd in church like other folks."

Gilbert kept on, and at the Hall-door found

The winking servants, where the jest went round:

All expectation; aye, and so was he,

But not with heart so merry and so free.

The kitchen table never clear from beef,

Where hunger found its solace and relief,

Free to all strangers, had no charms for him,

For agitation worried every limb;

Ale he partook, but appetite had none,

And grey-hounds watch'd in vain to catch the bone

All sounds alarm'd him, and all thoughts perplex'd,

With dogs, and beef, himself and all things vex'd,

Till with one mingled caw above his head,

Their gliding shadows o'er the court-yard spread,

The rooks by thousands rose: the bells struck up;  
He guess'd the cause, and down he set his cup,  
And listening, heard, amidst the general hum,  
A joyful exclamation, "Here they come!"—  
Soon Herbert's cheerful voice was heard above,  
Amidst the rustling hands-maids of his love,  
And Gilbert follow'd without thought or dread,  
The broad oak stair-case thunder'd with his tread;  
Light tript the party, gay as gay could be,  
Amidst their bridal dresses—there came he!  
And with a look that guilt could ne'er withstand,  
Approach'd his niece and caught her by the hand,  
"Now are you married, Peggy, yes or no?  
"Tell me at once, before I let you go!"  
Abrupt he spoke and gave her arm a swing,  
But the same moment felt the wedding ring,  
And stood confus'd.—She wip'd th' empassion'd  
tear,

"I am, I am—but is my father here?"  
Herbert stood by, and sharing with his bride,  
That perturbation which she strove to hide;  
"Come, honest Gilbert, you're too rough this time,  
"Indeed here's not the shadow of a crime;  
"But where's your brother? When did you  
arrive?"

"We waited long, for Nathan went at five!"  
All this was Greek to Gilbert, downright Greek;  
He knew not what to think, nor how to speak.  
The case was this; that Nathan with a cart  
To fetch them both at day-break was to start,  
And so he did—but ere he could proceed,  
He suck'd a charming portion with a reed,  
Of that same wedding-ale, which was that day  
To make the hearts of all the village gay;  
Brim full of glee he trundled from the Hall,  
And as for sky-larks, he out-sung them all;  
Till growing giddy with his morning cup,  
He stretch'd beneath a hedge, the reins gave up;



" But John about the girl was so perplex'd,  
 " And I, to tell the truth, so mortal vex'd,  
 " That when he broke *this crutch*, and stamp't  
     and cried,  
 " For John and Peggy, Sir, I could have died,  
 " I know I could; for she was such a child,  
 " So tractable, so sensible, and mild,  
 " That if between you roguery had grown,  
 " (Begging your pardon,) 'twould have been  
     your own;  
 " She would not hurt a fly.—So off I came  
 " And had you only sought to blast her fame,  
 " Been base enough to act as hundreds would,  
 " And ruin a poor maid—because you *could*,  
 " With this same cudgel, (you may smile or frown)  
 " An' please you, Sir, I meant to knock you down."  
 A burst of laughter rang throughout the hall,  
 And Peggy's tongue, though overborne by all,  
 Pour'd its warm blessings, for, without control  
 The sweet unbridled transport of her soul  
 Was obviously seen, till Herbert's kiss  
 Stole, as it were, the eloquence of bliss.  
 " Welcome, my friends; good Gilbert, here's  
     my hand;  
 " Eat, drink, or rest, they're all at your command:  
 " And whatsoever pranks the rest may play,  
 " Still you shall be the hero of to-day, [teaz'd,  
 " Doubts might torment, and blunders may have  
 " But ale can cure them; let us all be pleas'd.  
 " Thou, venerable man, let me defend  
 " The father of my new dear bosom friend;  
 " You broke your crutch, well, well, worse luck  
     might be,  
 " I'll be your crutch, John Meldrum, lean on me,  
 " And when your lovely daughter shall complain,  
 " Send Gilbert's wooden argument again.  
 " If still you wonder that I take a wife  
 " From the unpolish'd walks of humble life,

" I'll tell you on what ground my love began,  
 " And let the wise confute it if they can.  
 " I saw a girl, with nature's untaught grace,  
 " Turn from my gaze a most engaging face ;  
 " I saw her drop the tear, I knew full well  
 " She felt for *you* much more than she could tell.  
 " I found her understanding, bright as day,  
 " Through all impediments still forc'd its way ;  
 " On that foundation shall my soul rely,  
 " The rock of genuine humility.  
 " Call'd as she is to act a nobler part,  
 " To rule my household, and to share my heart,  
 " I trust her prudence, confident to prove  
 " Days of delight, and still unfading love ;  
 " For, while her inborn tenderness survives,  
 " That heav'nly charm of mothers and of wives,  
 " I'll look for joy :—Here come the neighbours all ;  
 " Broach the old barrel, feast them great and  
     small,  
 " For I'm determin'd while the sun's so bright,  
 " That this shall be a wedding-day outright :  
 " How cheerly sound the bells! my charmer,  
     come,  
 " Expand your heart, and know yourself at home.  
 " Sit down, good John ;"—" I will," the old man  
     cried,  
 " And let me drink to you, Sir, and the bride ;  
 " My blessing on you : I am lame and old,  
 " I can't make speeches, And I wo'nt be bold ;  
 " But from my soul I wish, and wish with pain,  
 " *That brave good gentlemen would not disdain*  
 " *The poor, because they're poor* : for, if they live  
 " Midst crimes that parents *never can* forgive,  
 " If, like the forest beast they wander wild,  
 " To rob a father, or to crush a child,  
 " Nature *will* speak, aye, just as Nature feels,  
 " And wish—a Gilbert Meldrum at their heels."

## SHOOTER'S HILL.\*

---

HEALTH? I seek thee;—dost thou love  
The mountain top or quiet vale,  
Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove  
On showery June's dark south-west gale?  
If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,  
With silent step, but not forlorn;  
Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,  
And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where, with all his might,  
The joyous bird his rapture tells,  
Amidst the half-excluded light,  
That gilds the fox-glove's pendant bells;  
Where, cheerly up this bold hill's side  
The deep'ning groves triumphant climb;  
In groves Delight and Peace abide,  
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,  
To keep the throne of Reason clear,  
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,  
I took my staff and wander'd here.  
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,  
And coveting no wealth but thee,  
I nestle in the honied leaves,  
And hug my stolen liberty.

\* Sickness may be often an incentive to poetical composition: I found it so; and I esteem the following lines only because they remind me of past feelings which I would not willingly forget.



O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude.  
Along to Erith's ivied spire,  
I start, with strength and hope renew'd,  
And cherish life's rekindling fire.  
Now measure vales with straining eyes,  
Now trace the church-yard's humble names;  
Or, climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,  
And overlook the winding Thames.

I love to mark the flow'ret's eye,  
To rest where pebbles form my bed.  
Where shapes and colours scatter'd lie  
In varying millions round my head.  
The soul rejoices when alone,  
And feels her glorious empire free;  
Sees God in every shining stone,  
And revels in variety.

Ah me! perhaps within my sight,  
Deep in the smiling dales below,  
Gigantic talents, Heav'n's pure light,  
And all the rays of genius glow  
In some lone soul, whom no one sees  
With *power* and *will* to say "Arise,"  
Or chase away the slow disease,  
And Want's foul picture from his eyes.

A worthier man by far than I,  
With more of industry and fire,  
Shall see fair virtue's meed pass by,  
Without one spark of fame expire!  
Bleed not my heart, it will be so,  
The throb of care was thine full long;  
Rise, like the Psalmist from his woe,  
And pour abroad the joyful song.

Sweet Health, I seek thee! hither bring  
Thy balm that softens human ills;  
Come, on the long-drawn clouds that fling  
Their shadows o'er the Surry-Hills.

Yon green-topt hills, and far away  
Where late as now I freedom stole,  
And spent one dear delicious day  
On thy wild banks, romantic *Mole*.

Aye, there's the scene! \* beyond the sweep  
Of London's congregated cloud,  
The dark-brow'd wood, the headlong steep,  
And valley-paths without a crowd!  
Here, Thames I watch thy flowing tides,  
Thy thousand sails am proud to see;  
But where the *Mole* all silent glides  
Dwells Peace—and Peace is wealth to me.

Of Cambrian mountains still I dream,  
And mouldering vestiges of war;  
By time-worn cliff or classic stream  
Would rove,—but prudence holds a bar.  
Come then, O Health, I'll strive to bound  
My wishes to this airy stand;  
'Tis not for *me* to trace around  
The wonders of my native land.

Yet, the loud torrent's dark retreat,  
Yet Grampian hills shall Fancy give,  
And, towering in her giddy seat,  
Amidst her own creation live,  
Live, if thou'lt urge my climbing feet,  
Give strength of nerve and vigorous breath,  
If not, with dauntless soul I meet.  
The deep solemnity of death.

This far-seen monumental tower  
Records th' achievements of the brave,  
And Angra's subjugated power,  
Who plunder'd on the eastern wave.

\* Box-Hill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking  
in Surry.

I would not that such turrets rise  
To point out where my bones are laid ;  
Save that some wandering bard might prize  
The comforts of its broad cool shade.

O Vanity! since thou'rt decreed  
Companion of our lives to be,  
I'll seek the moral songster's meed,  
An earthly immortality ;  
Most vain!—O let me, from the past  
Remembering what to man is given,  
Lay Virtue's broad foundations fast,  
Whose glorious turrets reach to Heav'n.

▲

### VISIT TO RANELAGH.

---

To Ranelagh, once in my life,  
By good-natur'd force I was driv'n ;  
The nations had ceas'd their long strife,  
And PEACE\* beam'd her radiance from Heav'n.  
What wonders were there to be found  
That a clown might enjoy or disdain ?  
First we trac'd the gay ring all around,  
Aye—and then we went round it again.

A thousand feet rustled on mats,  
A carpet that once had been green ;  
Men bow'd with their outlandish hats,  
With corners so fearfully keen !  
Fair maids, who at home in their haste  
Had left all clothing else but a train,  
Swept the floor clean, as slowly they pac'd,  
And then—walk'd round and swept it again.

The music was truly enchanting !  
Right glad was I when I came near it ;  
But in fashion I found I was wanting :—  
'Twas the fashion to walk and not hear it !  
A fine youth, as beauty beset him,  
Look'd smilingly round on the train ;  
' The king's nephew,' they cried, as they met him ;  
Then—we went round and met him again.

\* A grand Fete, in honour of the peace of 1802.

Huge paintings of Heroes and Peace  
 Seem'd to smile at the sound of the fiddle,  
 Proud to fill up each tall shining space  
 Round the lanthorn\* that stood in the middle.  
 And GEORGE'S head too; Heav'n screen him!  
 May he finish in peace his long reign?  
 And what did we when we had seen him?  
 Why—went round and saw him again.

A bell rang, announcing new pleasures,  
 A crowd in an instant prest hard,  
 Feathers nodded, perfumes shed their treasures,  
 Round a door that led into the yard.  
 'Twas peopled all o'er in a minute,  
 As a white flock would cover a plain!  
 We had seen every soul that was in it,  
 Then we went round and saw them again.

But now came a scene worth the showing,  
 The fireworks! midst laughs and huzzas,  
 With explosions the sky was all glowing,  
 Then down stream'd a million of stars;  
 With a rush the bright rockets ascended,  
 Wheels spurted blue fires like a rain;  
 We turn'd with regret when 'twas ended,  
 Then—star'd at each other again.

There thousands of gay lamps aspir'd  
 To the tops of the trees and beyond;  
 And, what was most hugely admir'd,  
 They look'd all up-side-down in a pond!  
 The blaze scarce an eagle could bear;  
 And an owl had most surely been slain;  
 We return'd to the circle, and there——  
 And there we went round it again.

\* The intervals between the pillars in the centre of the Rotunda were filled up by transparent paintings.

'Tis not wisdom to love without reason,  
Or to censure without knowing why:  
I had witness'd no crime, nor no treason,  
"O Life, 'tis thy picture," said I.  
'Tis just thus we saunter along,  
Months and years bring their pleasures or pain;  
We sigh midst the *right* and the *wrong*;  
—And then *we go round them again!*



## LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT CLARE-HALL, HERTS.

JUNE 1804.

---

WELCOME silence! welcome peace!  
O most welcome, holy shade!  
Thus I prove as years increase,  
My heart and soul for quiet made.  
Thus I fix my firm belief  
While rapture's gushing tears descend;  
That every flower and every leaf  
Is moral Truth's unerring friend.  
I would not for a world of gold  
That Nature's lovely face should tire;  
Fountain of blessings yet untold;  
Pure source of intellectual fire!  
Fancy's fair buds, the germs of song,  
Unquicken'd midst the world's rude strife,  
Shall sweet retirement render strong,  
And morning silence bring to life.  
Then tell me not that I shall grow  
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;  
From Nature and her changes flow  
An everlasting tide of joy.  
I grant that summer heats will burn,  
That keen will come the frosty night;  
But both shall please: and each in turn  
Yield Reason's most supreme delight.  
Build me a shrine, and I could kneel  
To Rural Gods, or prostrate fall;  
Did I not see, did I not feel,  
That one GREAT SPIRIT governs all.  
O heav'n permit that I may lie  
Where o'er my corse green branches wave;  
And those who from life's tumult fly  
With kindred feelings press my grave.

THE  
WOODLAND HALLÓ.

(PERHAPS) ADAPTED FOR MUSIC.

---

IN our cottage, that peeps from the skirts of the  
wood,

I am mistress, no mother have I;  
Yet blithe are my days, for my father is good,  
And kind is my lover hard by;  
They both work together beneath the green shade,  
Both woodmen, my father and Joe.  
Where I've listen'd whole hours to the echo that  
made

So much of a laugh or—Halló.

From my basket at noon they expect their supply,  
And with joy from my threshold I spring;  
For the woodlands I love, and the oaks waving  
high,

And Echo that sings as I sing.  
Though deep shades delight me, yet love is my  
food,

As I call the dear name of my Joe;  
His musical shout is the pride of the wood,  
And my heart leaps to hear the—Halló.

Simple flowers of the grove, little birds live at ease,  
I wish not to wander from you;  
I'll still dwell beneath the deep roar of your trees,  
For I know that my Joe will be true.  
The trill of the robin, the coo of the dove,  
Are charms that I'll never forego;  
But resting through life on the bosom of love,  
Will remember the Woodland Halló.

## BARNHAM WATER.

---

FRESH from the hall of Bounty sprung,\*  
With glowing heart and ardent eye,  
With song and rhyme upon my tongue,  
And fairy visions dancing by,  
The mid-day sun in all his pow'r  
The backward valley painted gay;  
Mine was a road without a flower,  
Where one small streamlet cross'd the way

What was it rous'd my soul to love?  
What made the simple brook so dear?  
It glided like the weary dove,  
And never brook seem'd half so clear.  
Cool pass'd the current o'er my feet,  
Its shelving brink for rest was made,  
But every charm was incomplete,  
For Barnham Water wants a shade.

There, faint beneath the fervid sun,  
I gaz'd in ruminating mood;  
For who can see the current run  
And snatch no feast of mental food?  
"Keep pure thy soul," it seem'd to say,  
"Keep that fair path by wisdom trod,  
"That thou may'st hope to wind thy way  
"To fame worth boasting, and to God."

\* On a sultry afternoon, late in the summer of 1802, Euston-Hall lay in my way to Thetford, which place I did not reach until the evening, on a visit to my sister: the lines lose much of their interest except they could be read on the spot, or at least at a corresponding season of the year

Long and delightful was the dream,  
 A waking dream that Fancy yields,  
 Till with regret I left the stream  
 And plung'd across the barren fields;  
 To where of old rich abbeys smil'd  
 In all the pomp of gothic taste,  
 By fond tradition proudly styl'd,  
 The mighty "City in the East."

Near, on a slope of burning sand,  
 The shepherd boys had met to play,  
 To hold the plains at their command,  
 And mark the trav'ler's leafless way  
 The trav'ler with a cheerful look  
 Would every pining thought forbear,  
 If boughs but shelter'd Barnham brook  
 He'd stop and leave his blessing there.

The Danish mounds of partial green,  
 Still, as each mouldering tower decays,  
 Far o'er the bleak unwooded scene  
 Proclaim their wond'rous length of days.  
 My burning feet, my aching sight,  
 Demanded rest,—why did I weep?  
 The moon arose, and such a night!  
 Good Heav'n! it was a sin to sleep.

All rushing came thy hallow'd sighs,  
 Sweet Melancholy, from my breast;  
 "'Tis here that eastern greatness lies,  
 "That Might, Renown, and Wisdom rest!  
 "Here funeral rites the priesthood gave  
 "To chiefs who sway'd prodigious powers,  
 "The Bigods and the Mowbrays brave,  
 "From Framlingham's imperial towers.

Full of the mighty deeds of yore,  
 I bade good night the trembling beam;  
 Fancy e'en heard the battle's roar,  
 Of what but slaughter could I dream?

Bless'd be that night, that trembling beam,  
Peaceful excursions Fancy made;  
All night I heard the bubbling stream,  
Yet Barnham Water wants a shade.

Whatever hurts my country's fame,  
When wits and mountaineers deride,  
To me grows serious, for I name  
My native plains and streams with pride.  
No mountain charms have I to sing,  
No loftier minstrel's rights invade,  
From trifles oft *my* raptures spring;  
—Sweet Barnham Water wants a shade.

## MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

---

How bright with pearl the western sky!  
How glorious far and wide,  
Yon lines of golden clouds that lie  
So peaceful side by side!  
Their deep'ning tints, the arch of light,  
All eyes with rapture see;  
E'en while I sigh I bless the sight  
That lures my love from me.

Green hill, that shad'st the valley here,  
Thou bear'st upon thy brow  
The only wealth to Mary dear,  
And all she'll ever know.  
There, in the crimson light I see,  
Above thy summit rise,  
My Edward's form, he looks to me  
A statue in the skies.

Descend my love, the hour is come,  
Why linger on the hill?  
The sun hath left my quiet home,  
But thou canst see him still;  
Yet why a lonely wanderer stray,  
Alone the joy pursue?  
The glories of the closing day  
Can charm thy Mary too.

Dear Edward, when we stroll'd along  
Beneath the waving corn,  
And both confess'd the power of song,  
And bless'd the dewy morn;



Your eye o'erflow'd, "How sweet," you cried,  
(My presence then could move)  
"How sweet, with Mary by my side,  
"To gaze and talk of love!"

Thou art not false! that cannot be;  
Yet I my rivals deem  
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,  
The silence, and the stream;  
Whate'er my love, detains thee now,  
I'll yet forgive thy stay;  
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou,  
We'll brush the dews away.

**GOOD TIDINGS;**

OR,

**NEWS FROM THE FARM.**

---

How vain this tribute : vain, this lowly lay :  
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires !  
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves  
To virtue, to her country, to mankind !

*Thomson.*



## GOOD TIDINGS;

OR,

### NEWS FROM THE FARM.

---

WHERE'S the Blind Child, so admirably fair,  
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair  
That waves in ev'ry breeze? he's often seen  
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,  
With others match'd in spirit and in size,  
Health on their cheeks and rapture in their eyes;  
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,  
Soul of their sports, is duly cherish'd here:  
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;  
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,  
And runs the giddy course with all his might,  
A very child in every thing but sight;  
With circumscrib'd but not abated pow'rs,—  
Play! the great object of his infant hours;—  
In many a game he takes a noisy part,  
And shows the native gladness of his heart;  
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,  
The new suggestion and the quick assent;  
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast—  
To leap the ditch and seek the downy nest  
Away they start, leave balls and hoops behind,  
And one companion leave——the boy is blind!  
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay.  
That childish fortitude awhile gives way,  
He feels his dreadful loss—yet short the pain,  
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again;

H

Pond'ring how best his moments to employ,  
 He sings his little songs of nameless joy,  
 Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,  
 And plucks by chance the white and yellow flow'r;  
 Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,  
 He binds a nosegay which he never sees;  
 Alone the homeward path then feels his way,  
 Lifting his brow against the shining day,  
 And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,  
 Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

She blest *that* day, which he remembers too,  
 When he could gaze on heav'n's ethereal blue,  
 See the green Spring, and Summer's countless dies,  
 And all the colours of the morning rise.—

' When was this work of bitterness begun?  
 ' How came the blindness of your only son?  
 Thus pity prompts full many a tongue to say,  
 But never, till she slowly wipes away  
 Th' obtruding tear that trembles in her eye,  
 This dagger of a question meets reply:—  
 " My boy was healthy, and my rest was sound,  
 " When last year's corn was green upon the  
 ground:

" From yonder town infection found its way;  
 " Around me putrid dead and dying lay,  
 " I trembled for his fate: but all my care  
 " Avail'd not, for he breath'd the tainted air;  
 " Sickness ensu'd—in terror and dismay  
 " I nurs'd him in my arms both night and day,  
 " When his soft skin from head to foot became  
 " One swelling purple sore, unfit to name:  
 " Hour after hour, when all was still beside,  
 " When the pale night-light in its socket died,  
 " Alone I sat; the thought still sooths my heart,  
 " That surely I perform'd a mother's part  
 " Watching with such anxiety and pain  
 " Till he might smile and look on me again;

“ But that was not to be—ask me no more: [door!]”  
 “ God keep small-pox and blindness from your  
 Now, ye who think, whose souls abroad take  
 wing,

And trace out human troubles to their spring,  
 Say, should Heav'n grant us, in some hallow'd  
 hour,

Means to divest this demon of his power,  
 To loose his horrid grasp from early worth,  
 To spread a saving conquest round the earth,  
 Till ev'ry land shall bow the grateful knee,  
 Would it not be a glorious day to see?—  
 That day is come! my soul, in strength arise,  
 Invoke no muse, no power below the skies;  
 To Heav'n the energies of verse belong,  
 Truth is the theme, and truth shall be the song;  
 Arm with conviction ev'ry joyful line,  
 Source of all mercies, for the praise is thine!

Sweet beam'd the star of peace upon those days  
 When Virtue watch'd my childhood's quiet ways,  
 Whence a warm spark of Nature's holy flame  
 Gave the farm-yard an honourable name,  
 But left one theme unsung: then, who had seen  
 In herds that feast upon the vernal green,  
 Or dreamt that in the blood of kine there ran  
 Blessings beyond the sustenance of man?  
 We tread the meadow, and we scent the thorn,  
 We hail the day-spring of a summer's morn  
 Nor mead at dawning day, nor thymy heath,  
 Transcends the fragrance of the heifer's breath:  
 May that dear fragrance as it floats along  
 O'er ev'ry flow'r that lives in rustic song;  
 May all the sweets of meadows and of kine  
 Embalm, O Health? this offering at thy shrine.

Dear must that moment be when first the mind,  
 Ranging the paths of science unconfin'd,  
 Strikes a new light; when, obvious to the sense,  
 Springs the fresh spark of bright intelligence.



So felt the towering soul of MONTAGU,  
 Her sex's glory, and her country's too;  
 Who gave the spotted plague one deadly blow,  
 And bade its mitigated poison flow  
 With half its terrors; yet, with loathing still,  
 We hous'd a visitant with pow'r to kill.  
 Then when the healthful blood, though often tried,  
 Foil'd the keen lancet by the Severn side,  
 Resisting, uncontaminated still,  
 The purple pest and unremitting skill;  
 When the plain truth tradition seem'd to know,  
 By simply pointing to the harmless Cow,  
 Though wise distrust to reason might appeal,  
 What, when hope triumph'd, what did JENNER feel!  
 Where even hope itself could scarcely rise  
 To scan the vast, inestimable prize?  
 Perhaps supreme, alone, triumphant stood  
 The great, the conscious power of doing good,  
 The power to will, and wishes to embrace  
 Th' emancipation of the human race;  
 A joy that must all mortal praise outlive,  
 A wealth that grateful nations cannot give.  
 Forth sped the truth immediate from his hand,  
 And confirmations sprung in ev'ry land;  
 In ev'ry land, on beauty's lily arm,  
 On infant softness, like a magic charm,  
 Appear'd the gift that conquers as it goes;  
 The dairy's boast, the simple, saving *Rose!*  
 Momentous triumph—fiend! thy reign is o'er;  
 Thou, whose blind rage hath ravag'd ev'ry shore,  
 Whose name denotes destruction, whose foul  
     breath  
 For ever hov'ring round the dart of death,  
 Fells, mercilessly fells, the brave and base,  
 Through all the kindreds of the human race.  
     Who has not heard, in warm, poetic tales,  
 Of eastern fragrance and Arabian gales?



There dwelt, beside a brook that creeps along  
 Midst infant hills and meads unknown to song,  
 One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,  
 Calm village silence, and the hope of heav'n:  
 Alone she dwelt; and while each morn brought

peace

And health was smiling on her years' increase,  
 Sudden and fearful, rushing through her frame,  
 Unusual pains and feverish symptoms came.  
 Then, when, debilitated, faint, and poor,  
 How sweet to hear a footstep at her door!  
 To see a neighbour watch life's silent sand,  
 To hear the sigh, and feel the helping hand!  
 Soon woe o'erspread the interdicted ground,  
 And consternation seiz'd the hamlets round:  
 Uprose the pest—its widow'd victim died;  
 And foul contagion spread on ev'ry side;  
 The helping neighbour for her kind regard,  
 Bore home *that* dreadful tribute of reward,  
 Home, where six children, yielding to its pow'r,  
 Gave hope and patience a most trying hour;  
 One at her breast still drew the living stream,  
 And, sense of danger never marr'd his dream;  
 Yet all exclaim'd, and with a pitying eye,  
 "Whoe'er survives the shock, *that child will die!*"  
 But vain the fiat,—Heav'n restor'd them all,  
 And destin'd one of riper years to fall.  
 Midnight beheld the close of all his pain,  
 His grave was clos'd when midnight came again;  
 No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,  
 No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there;  
 Its horrid nature could inspire a dread  
 That cut the bonds of custom like a thread  
 The humble church-tow'r higher seem'd to shew,  
 Illumin'd by their trembling light below;  
 The solemn night-breeze struck each shiv'ring  
 cheek;  
 Religious reverence forbade to speak.

The starting Sexton his short sorrow chid  
 When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid,  
 And falling bones and sighs of holy dread  
 Sounded a requiem to the silent dead!

' Why tell us tales of woe, thou who didst give  
 ' Thy soul to rural themes, and bade them live?  
 ' What means this zeal of thine, this kindling fire  
 ' The rescu'd infant and the dying sire?'  
 Kind heart, who o'er the pictur'd Seasons glow'd,  
 When smiles approv'd the verse, or tears have  
 flow'd,

Was then the lowly minstrel dear to thee?  
 Himself appeals—What, if *that child* were HE?  
 What, if those midnight sighs a farewell gave,  
 While hands, all trembling, clos'd his father's  
 grave!

Though love enjoin'd not infant eyes to weep,  
 In manhood's zenith shall his feelings sleep?  
 Sleep not my soul! indulge a nobler flame;  
 Still the destroyer persecutes thy name.

Seven winters cannot pluck from memory's store  
 That mark'd affliction which a brother bore;  
 That storm of trouble bursting on his head,  
 When the fiend came, and left *two children* dead!  
 Yet, still superior to domestic woes,  
 The native vigour of his mind arose,  
 And, as new summers teem'd with brighter views,  
 He trac'd the wand'rings of his darling Muse,  
 And all was joy—this instant all is pain,  
 The foe implacable returns again,  
 And claims a sacrifice; the deed is done —  
*Another child* has fall'n another son! \*  
 His young cheek even now is scarcely cold,  
 And shall his early doom remain untold?  
 No; let the tide of passion roll along,  
 Truth *will* be heard, and God will bless the song

\* I had proceeded thus far with the Poem, when the above fact became a powerful stimulus to my feelings, and to the earnestness of my exhortations.

Indignant Reason, Pity, Joy, arise,  
 And speak in thunder to the heart that sighs :  
 Speak loud to parents ;—knew ye not the time  
 When age itself, and manhood's hardy prime,  
 With horror saw their short-liv'd friendships end,  
 Yet dar'd not visit e'en the dying friend ?  
 Contagion, a foul serpent lurking near,  
 Mock'd Nature's sigh and Friendship's holy tear.  
 Love ye your children ?—let that love arise,  
 Pronounce the sentence, and the serpent dies ;  
 Bid welcome a mild stranger at your door,  
 Distress shall cease, those terrors reign no more.  
 Love ye your neighbours ?—let that love be shown :  
 Risk not *their* children while you guard your own ;  
 Give not a foe dominion o'er your blood ;  
 Plant not a poison, e'en to bring forth good ;  
 For, woo the pest discreetly as you will,  
 Deadly infection must attend him still.  
 Then, let the serpent die ! this glorious prize  
 Sets more than life and health before our eyes,  
 For beauty triumphs too ! Beauty ! sweet name,  
 The mother's feelings kindling into flame !  
 For, where dwells she, who, while the virtues grow,  
 With cold indifference marks the arching brow ?  
 Or, with a lifeless heart and recreant blood,  
 Sighs not for daughters fair, as well as good ?  
 That sigh is nature, and cannot decay,  
 'Tis universal as the beams of day ;  
 Man knows and feels its truth ; for, Beauty's call  
 Rouses the coldest mortal of us all ;  
 A glance warms age itself, and gives the boy  
 The pulse of rapture and the sigh of joy.  
 And is it then no conquest to insure  
 Our lilies spotless and our roses pure ?  
 Is it no triumph that the lovely face  
 Inherits every line of Nature's grace ?  
 That the sweet precincts of the laughing eye  
 Dread no rude scars, no foul deformity ?



Our boast, old Time himself shall not impair,  
 Of British maids pre-eminently fair ;  
 But, as he rolls his years on years along,  
 Shall keep the record of immortal song ;  
 For song shall rise with ampler power to speak  
 The new-born influence of Beauty's cheek,  
 Shall catch new fires in every sacred grove,  
 Fresh inspiration from the lips of Love,  
 And write for ever on the rising mind—  
**DEAD IS ONE MORTAL FOE OF HUMAN KIND !**

Yes, we have conquer'd ! and the thought should  
 raise

A spirit in our prayers as well as praise,  
 For who will say, in Nature's wide domain  
 There lurk not remedies for every pain ?  
 Who will assert, where Turkish banners fly,  
 Woe still shall reign—the plague shall never die ?  
 Or who predict, with bosom all unblest  
 An everlasting fever in the West ?  
 Forbid it Heav'n !—Hope cheers us with a smile,  
 The sun of mercy's risen on our isle :  
 Its beams already, o'er th' Atlantic wave,  
 Pierce the dark forests of the suffering brave :  
 There, e'en th' abandon'd sick imbib'd a glow,  
 When warrior nations, resting on the bow,  
 Astonish'd heard the joyful rumour rise,  
 And call'd the council of their great and wise :  
 The truth by female pray'rs was urg'd along,  
 Youth ceas'd the chorus of the warrior song,  
 And present ills bade present feelings press  
 With all the eloquence of deep distress ;  
 Till forth their chiefs\* o'er dying thousands trod  
 To seek the white man and his bounteous God :  
 Well sped their errand ; with a patriot zeal  
 They spread the blessing for their country's weal.

\* The chiefs of the Cherokee Indians, in North America, have applied to the government of the United States for information on the subject of Vaccine Inoculation, and have spread the practice in the Woods.



Where India's swarthy millions crowd the strand,  
And round that isle, which crowns their pointed  
land,

Speeds the good angel with the balmy breath,  
And checks the dreadful tyranny of death :  
Whate'er we hear to hurt the peace of life,  
Of Candian treachery and British strife,  
The sword of commerce nations bought and sold,  
They owe to England more than mines of gold ;  
England has sent a balm for private woe ;  
England strikes down the nations' bitterest foe,  
Europe, amidst the clangor of her arms,  
While life was threaten'd with a thousand harms,  
And Charity was freezing to its source,  
Still saw fair Science keep her steady course ;  
And, while whole legions fell, by friends deplor'd,  
New germs of life sprung up beneath the sword,  
And spread amain.—Then, in our bosoms, why  
Must exultations mingle with a sigh ?

Thought takes the retrospect of years just fled,  
And, conjuring up the spirits of the dead,  
Whispers each dear and venerated name  
Of the last victims ere the blessing came,  
Worthies, who through the lands that gave them  
birth

Breath'd the strong evidence of growing worth ;  
Parents, cut down in life's meridian day,  
And childhood's thousand thousand swept away ;  
Life's luckless mariners ! ye, we deplore  
Who sunk within a boat's length of the shore.\*  
A stranger youth, from his meridian sky,  
Buoyant with hopes, came here—but came to *die* !  
O'er his sad fate I've ponder'd hours away,  
It suits the languor of a gloomy day :

\* So lately as the year 1793, the small-pox was carried to the Isle of France by a Dutch ship, and there destroyed five thousand four hundred persons in six weeks.

WOODVILLE.

He left his bamboo groves, his pleasant shore,  
 He left his friends to hear new oceans roar,  
 All confident, ingenuous, and bold,  
 He heard the wonders by the white men told ;  
 With firm assurance trod the rolling deck,  
 And saw his isle diminish to a speck,  
 Plough'd the rough waves, and gain'd our northern  
 clime,

In manhood's ripening sense and nature's prime.  
 Oh! had the fiend been vanquish'd ere he came,  
 The gen'rous youth had spread my country's fame,  
 Had known that honour dwells among the brave ,  
 And England had not prov'd the stranger's grave :  
 Then, ere his waning sand of life had run,  
 POOR ABBA THULE might have seen his son!\*

Rise, exultation! spirit, louder speak!  
 Pity, dislodge thy dewdrops from my cheek ;  
 Sleep sound, forefathers ; sleep, brave stranger boy,  
 While truth impels the current of my joy :  
 To all mankind, to all the earth 'tis giv'n,  
 Conviction travels like the light of heav'n :  
 Go, blessing, from thy birth-place still expand,  
 For that dear birth-place is my native land!  
 A nation consecrates th' auspicious day,  
 And wealth, and rank, and talents lead the way!  
 Time, with triumphant hand, shall truth diffuse,  
 Nor ask the unbought efforts of the Muse.  
 Mothers! the pledges of your loves caress,  
 And heave no sighs but sighs of tenderness.  
 Fathers, be firm! keep down the fallen foe,  
 And on the memory of domestic woe  
 Build resolution,—Victory shall increase  
 Th' incalculable wealth of private peace ;  
 And such a victory, unstain'd with gore,  
 That strews its laurels at the cottage door,

\* Lee Boo, second son of the King of the Pelew Islands, was brought to England by Capt. Wilson, and died of the Small-pox at Rotherhithe, in 1784.

Sprung from the farm, and from the yellow mead,  
Should be the glory of the pastoral reed.

In village paths, hence, may we never find  
Their youth on crutches, and their children blind ;  
Nor, when the milk-maid, early from her bed,  
Beneath the may-bush that embow'rs her head,  
Sings like a bird, e'er grieve to meet again  
The fair cheek injur'd by the scars of pain ;  
Pure, in her morning path, where'er she treads,  
Like April sunshine and the flow'rs it feeds,  
She'll boast new conquests ; Love, new shafts to  
fling ;

And Life, an uncontaminated spring.  
In pure delight didst thou, my soul, pursue  
A task to conscience and to kindred due,  
And, true to feeling and to Nature, deem  
The dairy's boast thy own appropriate theme ;  
Hail now the meed of pleasurable hours,  
And, at the foot of Science, strew thy flow'rs !

**THE  
BANKS OF WYE.**

[This poem is stated by the Author to have been written under the following circumstances:—"A party of friends in Gloucestershire proposed to themselves a short excursion down the Wye, and through part of South Wales." The Author was invited to accompany them, and the following journal is a descriptive account of the scenery in that romantic district, through which they passed during their ten days' excursion. The whole exhibits the language and feelings of a man who had never before seen a mountainous country; and of this the Author is desirous that the reader should be apprised.]

THE  
BANKS OF WYE.

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BOOK I.

*The Vale of Uley—Forest of Dean—Ross—Wilton Castle—Goodrich Castle—Courtfield, Welsh Bicknor, Coldwell—Gleaner's Song—Coldwell Rocks—Symmon's Yat—Great Doward—New Wier—Martin's Well—The Coracle—Arrival at Monmouth.*

“ROUSE from thy slumber, Pleasure calls, arise,  
Quit thy half-rural bower, a while despise  
The thraldom that consumes thee. We who  
dwell

Far from thy land of smoke advise thee well.  
Here Nature's bounteous hand around shall fling  
Scenes that thy Muse hath never dared to sing.  
When sickness weigh'd thee down, and strength  
declined;

When dread eternity absorb'd thy mind,  
Flow'd the predicting verse, by gloom o'erspread,  
That 'Cambrian mountains' thou shouldst never  
tread,

That 'time-worn cliff and classic stream to see,'  
Was wealth's prerogative, despair for thee.  
Come to the proof; with us the breeze inhale,  
Renounce despair, and come to Severn's vale;  
And where the COTSWOLD HILLS are stretch'd  
along,

Seek our green dell, as yet unknown to song:  
Start hence with us, and trace, with raptured eye,  
The wild meanderings of the beauteous WYE;  
Thy ten days' leisure ten days' joy shall prove,  
And rock and stream breathe amity and love.”



Such was the call ; with instant ardour hail'd,  
 The siren Pleasure caroll'd and prevail'd ;  
 Soon the deep dell appear'd, and the clear brow  
 Of ULEY BURY\* smiled o'er all below,  
 O'er mansion, flock, and circling woods that hung  
 Round the sweet pastures where the sky-lark sung.  
 O for the fancy, vigorous and sublime,  
 Chaste as the theme, to triumph over time !  
 Bright as the rising day, and firm as truth,  
 To speak new transports to the lowland youth,  
 That bosoms still might throb, and still adore,  
 When his who strives to charm them beats no more !

ONE August morn, with spirits high,  
 Sound health, bright hopes, and cloudless sky,  
 A cheerful group their farewell bade  
 To DURSLEY tower, to ULEY's shade ;  
 And where bold STINCHCOMBE's greenwood side  
 Heaves in the van of highland pride,  
 Scour'd the broad vale of Severn ; where  
 The foes of verse shall never dare  
 Genius to scorn, or bound its power,  
 There blood-stain'd BERKELEY's turrets lower,  
 A name that cannot pass away,  
 Till time forgets the " Bard" of GRAY.

Quitting fair Glo'ster's northern road,  
 To gain the pass of FRAMILODE,  
 Before us DEAN's black forest spread,  
 And MAY HILL, with his tufted head,  
 Beyond the ebbing tide appear'd ;  
 And Cambria's distant mountains rear'd  
 Their dark blue summits far away ;  
 And SEVERN, 'midst the burning day,  
 Curved his bright line, and bore along  
 The mingled Avon, pride of song.

The trembling steeds soon ferried o'er,  
 Neigh'd loud upon the forest shore ;

\* Bury, or Burg, the Saxon name for a hill, particularly for one wholly or partially formed by art.

Domains that once, at early morn,  
 Rang to the hunter's bugle horn,  
 When barons proud would bound away ;  
 And even kings would hail the day,  
 When crested chiefs their bright-arm'd train  
 Of javelin'd horsemen roused amain,  
 And chasing wide the wolf or boar,  
 Bade the deep woodland valleys roar.  
 But *we* no dang'rous chase pursued ;  
 Sound wheels and hoofs their tasks renew'd ;  
 Behind roll'd SEVERN, gleaming far,  
 Around us roar'd no sylvan war,  
 'Mid depths of shade, gay sunbeams broke  
 Through noble FLAXLEY'S bow'rs of oak ;  
 And many a cottage, trim and gay,  
 Whisper'd delight through all the way ;  
 On hills exposed, in dells unseen,  
 To patriarchal MITCHEL DEAN.  
 Rose-cheek'd *Pomona* here was queen,  
 Though *Ceres* edged *her* fields between,  
 And on each hill-top, mounted high,  
 Her sickle waved in ecstasy ;  
 Till, Ross, thy charms all hearts confess  
 Thy peaceful walks, thy hours of rest  
 And contemplation. Here the mind  
 (Its usual luggage left behind)  
 Feels all its dormant fires revive,  
 And sees "the *Man of Ross*" alive ;  
 And hears the Twick'nham Bard again  
 To KYRLE'S high virtues lift his strain ;  
 Whose own hand clothed this far-famed hill  
 With rev'rend elms, that shade us still ;  
 Whose mem'ry shall survive the day  
 When elms and empires feel decay.  
 KYRLE die, by BARD ennobled ? Never :  
*The Man of Ross* shall live for ever ;  
 And long that spire shall time defy,  
 To grace the flow'ry-margin'd WYE,

Scene of the morrow's joy, that prest  
 Its unseen beauties on our rest  
 In dreams ; but who of dreams would tell  
 Where truth sustains the song so well ?

The morrow came, and Beauty's eye  
 Ne'er beam'd upon a lovelier sky ;  
 Imagination instant brought,  
 And dash'd amidst the train of thought,  
 Tints of the bow. The boatman stript ;  
 Glee at the helm exulting tript,  
 And waved her flower-encircled wand,  
 " Away, away, to Fairy Land "

Light dipt the oars ; but who can name  
 The various objects dear to fame,  
 That changing, doubling, wild, and strong,  
 Demand the noblest powers of song ?  
 Then, O forgive the vagrant Muse,  
 Ye who the sweets of Nature choose ;  
 And thou, whom destiny hath tied  
 To this romantic river's side,  
 Down gazing from each close retreat,  
 On boats that glide beneath thy feet,  
 Forgive the stranger's meagre line,  
 That seems to slight that spot of thine ;  
 For he, alas ! could only glean  
 The changeful outlines of the scene ;  
 A momentary bliss ; and here  
 Links memory's power with rapture's tear.

Who curb'd the barons' kingly power \* ?  
 Let hist'ry tell that fateful hour  
 At home, when surly winds shall roar,  
 And prudence shut the study door.

\* Henry the Seventh gave an irrevocable blow to the dangerous privileges assumed by the barons, in abolishing liveries and retainers, by which every malefactor could shelter himself from the law, on assuming a nobleman's livery, and attending his person.

DE WILTONS here, of mighty name,  
 The whelming flood, the summer stream,  
 Mark'd from their towers.—The fabric falls,  
 The rubbish of their splendid halls  
 Time in his march hath scatter'd wide,  
 And blank oblivion strives to hide\*.

A while the grazing herd was seen,  
 And trembling willow's silver green,  
 Till the fantastic current stood  
 In line direct for **PENCRAIG WOOD**;  
 Whose bold green summit welcome bade,  
 Then rear'd behind his nodding shade.  
 Here, as the light boat skimm'd along,  
 The clarionet, and chosen song,  
 (That mellow, wild, Æolian lay,  
 "Sweet in the Woodlands,") roll'd away  
 Their echoes down the stream, that bore  
 Each dying close to every shore,  
 And forward cape, and woody range,  
 That form the never-ceasing change,  
 To him who floating, void of care,  
 Twirls with the stream, he knows not where.  
 Till bold, impressive, and sublime,  
 Gleam'd all that's left by storms and time  
 Of **GOODRICH TOWERS**. The mould'ring pile  
 Tells noble truths,—but dies the while.  
 O'er the steep path, through brake and brier,  
 His batter'd turrets still aspire,  
 In rude magnificence. 'Twas here  
**LANCASTRIAN HENRY** spread his cheer,  
 When came the news that **HAL** was born,  
 And **MONMOUTH** hail'd th' auspicious morn:  
 A boy in sports, a prince in war,  
 Wisdom and valour crown'd his car  
 Of France the terror, England's glory,  
 As Stratford's bard has told the story.

\* The ruins of Wilton Castle stand on the opposite side of the river, nearly fronting the town of Ross.

No butler's proxies snore supine,  
 Where the old monarch kept his wine ;  
 No Welsh ox roasting, horns and all,  
 Adorns his throng'd and laughing hall ;  
 But where he pray'd, and told his beads,  
 A thriving ash luxuriant spreads.

No wheels by piecemeal brought the pile ;  
 No barks embowell'd Portland Isle ;  
 Dig, cried Experience, dig away,  
 Bring the firm quarry into day ;  
 The excavation still shall save  
 Those ramparts which its entrails gave.  
 " Here **KINGS** shall dwell," the builders cried,  
 " Here England's foes shall lower their pride ;  
 " Hither shall suppliant nobles come,  
 " And ~~THIS~~ be England's *royal* home."  
 Vain hope ! for on the Gwentian shore  
 The regal banner streams no more !  
 Nettles, and vilest weeds that grow,  
 To mock poor grandeur's head laid low,  
 Creep round the turrets valour raised,  
 And flaunt where youth and beauty gazed.

Here fain would strangers loiter long,  
 And muse as fancy's woof grows strong ;  
 Yet cold the heart that could complain,  
 Where **POLLETT** \* struck his oars again ;  
 For lovely as the sleeping child,  
 The stream glides on sublimely wild.  
 In perfect beauty, perfect ease.  
 —The awning trembled in the breeze,  
 And scarcely trembled, as we stood  
 For **RUERDEAN** Spire and **BISHOP'S WOOD**.  
 The fair domains of **COURTFIELD** † made  
 A paradise of mingled shade

\* The boatman.

† A seat belonging to the family of Vaughan, which is not noticed in the pages of history. According to tradition, it is the place where Henry the Fifth was nursed, under the care of the Countess of Salisbury.

Round BICKNOR's tiny church, that cowers  
Beneath his host of woodland bowers.

But who the charm of words shall fling  
O'er RAVEN CLIFF, and COLDWELL Spring,  
To brighten the unconscious eye,  
And wake the soul to ecstasy?

Noon scorch'd the fields; the boat lay-to;  
The dripping oars had nought to do,  
Where round us rose a scene that might  
Enchant an idiot—glorious sight!  
Here, in one gay according mind,  
Upon the sparkling stream we dined;  
As shepherds free on mountain heath,  
Free as the fish that watch'd beneath  
For falling crumbs, where cooling lay  
The wine that cheer'd us on our way.  
Th' unruffled bosom of the stream  
Gave every tint and every gleam;  
Gave shadowy rocks, and clear blue sky,  
And double clouds of various dye;  
Gave dark green woods, or russet brown,  
And pendent corn-fields, upside down.

A troop of gleaners changed heir shade  
And 'twas a change by music made;  
For slowly to the brink they drew,  
To mark our joy, and share it too.  
How oft, in childhood's flow'ry days,  
I've heard the wild impassion'd lays  
Of such a group, lays strange and new,  
And thought, was ever song so true!  
When from the hazel's cool retreat  
They watch'd the summer's trembling heat,  
And through the boughs rude urchins play'd,  
Where matrons, round the laughing maid,  
Prest the long grass beneath! And here  
Perhaps they shared an equal cheer;  
Enjoy'd the feast with equal glee,  
And raised the song of revelry:



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Yet half abash'd, reserved, and shy,  
Watch'd till the strangers glided by.

GLEANER'S SONG.

DEAR ELLEN, your tales are all plenteously  
stored  
With the joys of some bride, and the wealth of  
her lord:

Of her chariots and dresses,  
And worldly caresses,  
And servants that fly when she's waited upon:  
But what can she boast if she weds unbeloved?  
Can she e'er feel the joy that one morning I  
proved,  
When I put on my new-gown and waited for John?

These fields, my dear Ellen, I knew them of yore,  
Yet to me they ne'er look'd so enchanting before;  
The distant bells ringing,  
The birds round us singing,  
For pleasure is pure when affection is won:  
They told me the troubles and cares of a wife;  
But I loved him; and that was the pride of my life,  
When I put on my new-gown and waited for John.

He shouted and ran, as he leapt from the stile;  
And what in my bosom was passing the while?  
For love knows the blessing  
Of ardent caressing,  
When virtue inspires us and doubts are all gone.  
The sunshine of Fortune you say is divine;  
True love and the sunshine of Nature were mine,  
When I put on my new-gown and waited for John.

Never could spot be suited less  
To bear memorials of distress;

cries the sage, more fit is found,  
They strike at once a double wound  
Humiliation bids you sigh,  
And think of poor mortality.

Close on the bank, and half o'ergrown,  
Beneath a dark wood's sombrous frown,  
A monumental stone appears  
Of one who, in his blooming years,  
While bathing spurn'd the grassy shore,  
And sunk, 'midst friends, to rise no more ;  
By parents witness'd.—Hark ! their shrieks !  
The dreadful language horror speaks !  
But why in verse attempt to tell  
That tale the stone records so well ?  
Nothing could damp th' awaken'd joy,  
Not e'en thy fate, ingenuous boy ;  
The great, the grand of Nature strove,  
To lift our hearts to life and love.

HAIL ! COLDWELL ROCKS ; frown, frown away ;  
Thrust from your woods your shafts of grey :  
Fall not, to crush our mortal pride,  
Or stop the stream on which we glide.  
Our lives are short, our joys are few :  
But, giants, what is time to you ?  
Ye who erect, in many a mass,  
Rise from the scarcely dimpled glass,  
That with distinct and mellow glow  
Reflects your monstrous forms below ;  
Or in clear shoals, in breeze or sun,  
Shakes all your shadows into one ;  
Boast ye o'er man in proud disdain,  
A silent, everlasting reign ?  
Bear ye your heads so high in scorn  
Of *names* that puny man hath borne ?

Proud rocks ! had Cambria's bards but nere  
*Their names engraven*, deep and clear,  
That such as gaily wind along  
Might greet with shouts those sires of song,

And trace the fame that mortals crave  
 To LIGHT and LIFE beyond the grave !  
 Then might ye boast your *wreathes* entwined  
 With trophies of the deathless MIND ;  
 Then would your fronts record on high,  
 " We perish !—MAN can never die !"

Not nameless quite ye lift your brows,  
 For each the navigator knows ;  
 Not by King Arthur, or his knights,  
 Bard famed in lays, or chief in fights ;  
 But former tourists, just as free,  
 (Though surely not so blest as we,)  
 A group of wranglers from the bar,  
 Suspending *here* their *mimic* war—  
 Mark'd towering BEARCROFT'S ivy crown,  
 And grey VANSITTART'S waving gown :  
 And who's that giant by his side ?  
 " SERGEANT ADAIR," the boatman cried.  
 Yet strange it seems, however true,  
 That *here*, where law has nought to do,  
 Where rules and bonds are set aside,  
 By wood, by rock, by stream defied ;  
 That *here*, where nature seems at strife  
 With all that tells of busy life,  
 Man should by *names* be carried still  
 To Babylon against his will.

But how shall memory rehearse,  
 Or dictate the untoward verse  
 That truth demands ? Could he refuse  
 Thy unsought honours, darling Muse,  
 Who *thus*, in idle, happy trim  
 Rode just where friends would carry him,  
 And *thus* hath since his cares beguiled  
 By rhymes as joyous, and as wild ?  
 Truth he obeys. The generous band,  
 That spread his board and grasp'd his hand,  
 In native mirth, as here they came,  
 Gave a bluff rock *his* humble name :

A yew-tree clasps its rugged base ;  
The boatman knows its reverend face  
With POLLETT'S *memory* and his *fee*,  
Rests the result that time shall see.  
Yet, whether time shall sweep away  
The fragile whimsies of a day ;  
Or future travellers rest the oar,  
To hear the mingled echoes roa  
A stranger's triumph ! *He* will feel  
A joy that death alone can steal.  
And should he cold indifference feign,  
And treat such honours with disdain,  
Pretending pride shall not deceive him,  
Good people all, pray don't believe him ;  
In such a spot to leave a name,  
At least is no opprobrious fame ;  
This rock perhaps uprear'd his brow,  
Ere human blood began to flow.

Nor let the wandering stranger fear  
That WYE here ends her wild career ;  
Though closing boughs,—though hills may seem  
To bar all egress to the stream,  
Some airy height he climbs amain,  
And finds the silver eel again.

No fears we form'd, no labours counted,  
Yet SYMMON'S YAT must be surmounted ;  
A tower of rock, that seems to cry,  
" Go round about me, neighbour WYE."  
On went the boat, and up the steep  
Her straggling crew began to creep,  
To gain the ridge, enjoy the view,  
Where the fresh gales of summer blew.  
The gleaming WYE, that circles round  
Her four-mile course, again is found ;  
And, crouching to the conqueror's pride,  
Bathes his huge cliffs on either side ;  
Seen at one glance, when from his brow  
The eye surveys twin gulfs below.

Whence comes thy name? What *Symon* he,  
 Who gain'd a monument in thee?  
 Perhaps a wild-wood hunter,—born  
 Peril, and toil, and death, to scorn;  
 Or warrior, with his powerful lance,  
 Who scaled the cliff to mark th' advance  
 Of rival arms; or humble swain,  
 Who sought for pasture here in vain;  
 Or venerable bard, who strove  
 To tune his harp to themes of love;  
 Or with a poet's ardent flame  
 Sung to the winds his country's fame?

Westward GREAT DOWARD, stretching wide,  
 Upheaves his iron-bowell'd side;  
 And by his everlasting mound  
 Prescribes th' imprison'd river's bound,  
 And strikes the eye with mountain force:  
 But, stranger, mark thy rugged course  
 From crag to crag, unwilling, slow,  
 To NEW WIER forge, that smokes below.  
 Here rush'd the keel like lightning by:  
 The helmsman watch'd with anxious eye;  
 And oars alternate touch'd the brim,  
 To keep the flying boat in trim.

Forward quick changing, changing still,  
 Again rose cliff, and wood, and hill,  
 Where mingling foliage seem'd to strive  
 With dark-brown saplings, flay'd alive\*,  
 Down to the gulf beneath; where oft  
 The toiling wood-boy dragg'd aloft  
 His stubborn faggot from the brim,  
 And gazed, and tugg'd with sturdy limb;  
 And where the mind repose would seek,  
 A barren, storm-defying peak,  
 The Little DOWARD, lifted high  
 His rocky crown of royalty.

\* The custom is here alluded to of stripping the bark from oaks while growing, which gives an almost indescribable, though not the most agreeable, effect to the landscape.

Hush! not a whisper! Oars, be still!  
Comes that soft sound from yonder hill?  
Or is the sound so faint, though near  
It scarcely strikes the list'ning ear?  
E'en so; for down the green bank fell  
An ice-cold stream from MARTIN'S WELL,  
Bright as young beauty's azure eye,  
And pure as infant chastity;  
Each limpid draught suffused with dew  
The dipping glass's crystal hue;  
And as it trembling reach'd the lip,  
Delight sprung up at every sip.

Pure, temperate joys, and calm, were these;  
We toss'd upon no Indian seas;  
No savage chiefs, with tawny crew,  
Came jabbering in the bark canoe  
Our strength to dare, our course to turn;  
Yet boats a South Sea chief would burn  
Sculk'd in the alder shade. Each bore,  
Devoid of keel, or sail, or oar,  
An upright fisherman, with eye  
Of Bramin-like solemnity;  
Who scann'd the surface either way,  
And cleaved it like a fly at play;  
And crossways bore a balanced pole,  
To drive the salmon from his hole;  
Then heedful leap'd, without parade,  
On shore, as luck or fancy bade;  
And o'er his back, in gallant trim,  
Swung the light shell that carried him;  
Then down again his burden threw,  
And launch'd his whirling bowl anew;  
Displaying, in his bow'ry station,  
The infancy of navigation.

Soon round us spread the hills and dales  
Where GEOFFREY spun his magic tales,  
And call'd them history. The land  
Whence ARTHUR sprung, and all his band



Of gallant knights. Sire of romance,  
 Who led the fancy's mazy dance,  
 Thy tales shall please, thy name still be,  
 When Time forgets my verse and me.

Low sunk the sun, his ev'ning beam  
 Scarce reach'd us on the tranquil stream:  
 Shut from the world, and all its din,  
 Nature's own bonds had closed us in;  
 Wood, and deep dell, and rock, and ridge,  
 From smiling ROSS to MONMOUTH BRIDGE;  
 From morn till twilight stole away,  
 A long, unclouded, glorious day.

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 BOOK II.

*Henry the Fifth—Morning on the Water—Landoga—Ballad,  
 "The Maid of Landoga"—Tintern Abbey—Wind-Cliff—  
 Arrival at Chepstow—Persfield—Ballad, "Morris of Pers-  
 field"—View from Wind-Cliff—Chepstow Castle by Moon-  
 light.*

HARRY of MONMOUTH, o'er thy page,  
 Great chieftain of a daring age!  
 The stripling soldier burns to see  
 The spot of thy nativity;  
 His ardent fancy can restore  
 Thy castle's turrets (now no more);  
 See the tall plumes of victory wave,  
 And call old valour from the grave;  
 Twang the strong bow, and point the lance,  
 That pierced the shatter'd hosts of France,  
 When nations, in the days of yore,  
 Shook at the rampant lion's roar.

TEN hours were all we could command  
 The boat was moor'd upon the strand;

The midnight current, by her side,  
Was stealing down to meet the tide ;  
The wakeful steersman ready lay,  
To rouse us at the break of day :  
It came—how soon ! and what a sky,  
To cheer the bounding traveller's eye !  
To make him spurn his couch of rest,  
To shout upon the river's breast,  
Watching by turns the rosy hue  
Of early cloud or sparkling dew.  
These living joys the verse shall tell :  
HARRY, and MONMOUTH, fare-ye-well.

On upland farm, and airy height,  
Swept by the breeze, and clothed in light,  
The reapers, early from their beds,  
Perhaps were singing o'er our heads.  
For, stranger, deem not that the eye  
Could hence survey the eastern sky ;  
Or mark the streak'd horizon's bound,  
Where first the rosy sun wheels round.  
Deep in the gulf beneath were we,  
Whence climb'd blue mists o'er rock and tree ;  
A mingling, undulating crowd,  
That form'd the dense or fleecy cloud ;  
Slow from the darken'd stream upborne,  
They caught the quickening gales of morn ;  
There bade their parent WYE good day,  
And, tinged with purple, sail'd away.

The MUNNO\* join'd us all unseen.  
TROY HOUSE, and BEAUFORT's bowers of green,  
And nameless prospects, half defined,  
Involved in mist, were left behind.  
Yet as the boat still onward bore,  
The ramparts of the eastern shore  
Cower'd the high crest to many a sweep,  
And bade us o'er each minor steep

\* The river Munno, or Mynnow, falls into the Wye, near Monmouth.

Mark the bold KYMIN's sunny brow,  
 That, gleaming o'er our fogs below,  
 Lifted amain, with giant power,  
 E'en to the clouds his NAVAL TOWER\*;  
 Proclaiming to the morning sky  
 Valour, and fame, and victory.

THE air resign'd its hazy blue,  
 Just as LANDOGA came in view.  
 Delightful village! one by one,  
 Thy climbing dwellings caught the sun.  
 So bright the scene, the air so clear,  
 Young Love and Joy seem'd station'd here;  
 And each with floating banners cried,  
 "Stop, friends, you'll meet the rushing tide."

Rude fragments, torn, disjointed, wild,  
 High on the Glo'ster shore are piled.  
 No mouldering fane, the boast of years,  
 Unstain'd by time, the wreck appears:  
 With pouring wrath, and hideous swell,  
 Down foaming from a woodland dell,  
 A summer flood's resistless pow'r  
 Raised the grim ruin in an hour!  
 When that o'erwhelming tempest spread  
 Its terrors round the guilty head,  
 When earth-bound rocks themselves gave way,  
 When crash'd the prostrate timbers lay,  
 O, it had been a noble sight,  
 Crouching beyond the torrent's might,  
 To mark th' uprooted victims bow,  
 The grinding masses dash below,  
 And hear the long deep peal the while  
 Burst over TINTERN's roofless pile!  
 Then, as the sun regain'd his power,  
 When the last breeze from hawthorn bower,

\* The Kymin Pavilion, erected in honour of the British admirals, and their unparalleled victories.

THE BANKS OF WYE.

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Or Druid oak, had shook away  
The rain-drops 'midst the gleaming day,  
Perhaps the sigh of hope return'd,  
And love in some chaste bosom burn'd,  
And softly trill'd, the stream along,  
Some rustic maiden's village song.

THE MAID OF LANDOGA.

RETURN, my Llewellyn! the glory  
That heroes may gain o'er the sea,  
    Though nations may feel  
    Their invincible steel,  
By falsehood is tarnish'd in story;  
Why tarry, Llewellyn, from me?

Thy sails, on the fathomless ocean,  
Are swell'd by the boisterous gale:  
    How rests thy tired head  
    On the rude rocking bed?  
While here not a leaf is in motion,  
And melody reigns in the dale.

The mountains of Monmouth invite thee;  
The WYE, O how beautiful here!  
    This woodbine, thine own,  
    Hath the cottage o'ergrown.  
O what foreign shore can delight thee,  
And where is the current so clear?

Can lands, where false pleasure assails thee,  
And beauty invites thee to roam;  
    Can the deep orange grove  
    Charm with shadows of love  
Thy love at LANDOGA bewails thee;  
Remember her truth and thy home.

ADIEU, LANDOGA, scene most dear.  
 Farewell we bade to ETHELL'S WIER;  
 Round many a point then bore away,  
 Till morn was changed to beauteous day:  
 And forward on the lowland shore,  
 Silent, majestic ruins, wore  
 The stamp of holiness; this strand  
 The steersman hail'd, and touch'd the land.

SUDDEN the change; at once to tread  
 The grass-grown mansions of the dead!  
 Awful to feeling, where, immense,  
 Rose ruin'd, gray magnificence;  
 The fair-wrought shaft all ivy-bound,  
 The towering arch with foliage crown'd,  
 That trembles on its brow sublime,  
 Triumphant o'er the spoils of time.  
 Here, grasping all the eye beheld,  
 Thought into mingling anguish swell'd,  
 And check'd the wild excursive wing,  
 O'er dust or bones of priest or king;  
 Or raised some BLOOD-STAIN'D warrior's ghost  
 To shout before his banner'd host.  
 But all was still.—The chequer'd floor  
 Shall echo to the step no more;  
 Nor airy roof the strain prolong  
 Of vesper chant or choral song.

TINTERN, thy name shall hence sustain  
 A thousand raptures in my brain;  
 Joys, full of soul, all strength, all eye,  
 That cannot fade, that cannot die.

No loitering here, lone walks to steal;  
 Ours was the early hunter's meal;  
 For time and tide, stern couple, ran  
 Their endless race, and laugh'd at man;

Deaf, had we shouted, "turn about,"  
 Or, "wait a while, till we come out:"  
 To humour them we check'd our pride,  
 And ten cheer'd hearts stow'd side by side,  
 Push'd from the shore with current strong,  
 And "Hey for Chepstow," steer'd along.

AMIDST the bright expanding day,  
 The solemn, deep, dark shadows lay  
 Of that rich foliage, tow'ring o'er  
 Where princely abbots dwelt of yore.  
 The mind, with instantaneous glance,  
 Beholds his barge of state advance.  
 Borne proudly down the ebbing tide,  
 She sweeps the waving boughs aside;  
 She winds with flowing pendants drest;  
 And as the current turns south-west,  
 She strikes her oars, where, full in view,  
 Stupendous WIND-CLIFF greets her crew.  
 But, Fancy, let thy day-dreams cease;  
 With fallen greatness be at peace.  
 Enough; for WIND-CLIFF still was found  
 To hail us as we doubled round.

Bold in primeval strength he stood;  
 His rocky brow, all shagg'd with wood,  
 O'erlook'd his base, where, doubling strong,  
 The inward torrent pours along;  
 Then ebbing turns, and turns again  
 (To meet the Severn and the Main),  
 Beneath the dark shade sweeping round  
 Of beetling PERSFIELD's fairy ground,  
 By buttresses of rock upborne,  
 The rude APOSTLES all unshorn\*.

Long be the slaught'ring axe defied:  
 Long may they bear their waving pride;

\* Twelve projecting rocks so named, fringed with foliage nearly to the water's edge.



Tree over tree, bower over bower,  
 In uncurb'd nature's wildest power ;  
 Till WYE forgets to wind below,  
 And genial spring to bid them grow.

AND shall we e'er forget the day,  
 When our last chorus died away ?  
 When first we hail'd, then moor'd beside  
 Rock-founded CHEPSTOW's mouldering pride ?  
 Where that strange bridge, light, trembling, high,  
 Strides like a spider o'er the WYE ;  
 When, for the joys the morn had giv'n,  
 Our thankful hearts were raised to Heav'n ?  
 Never :—that moment shall be dear,  
 While hills can charm, or sun-beams cheer.

POLLETT, farewell ! Thy dashing oar  
 Shall lull us into peace no more ;  
 But where KYRLE trimm'd his infant green,  
 Long mayst thou with thy bark be seen ;  
 And happy be the hearts that glide  
 Through such a scene, with such a guide.

THE verse of gravel walks that tells,  
 With pebble-rocks and mole-hill swells,  
 May strain description's bursting cheeks,  
 And far outrun the goal it seeks.  
 Not so when ev'ning's purpling hours  
 Hied us away to PERSFIELD's bowers :  
 Here no such danger waits the lay ;  
 Sing on, and truth shall lead the way.  
 Here sight may range, and hearts may glow,  
 Yet shrink from the abyss below ;  
 Here echoing precipices roar,  
 As youthful ardour shouts before ;  
 Here a sweet paradise shall rise  
 At once to greet poetic eyes.  
 Then why does HE dispell, unkind,  
 The sweet illusion from the mind,

YON GIANT\*, with the goggling eye,  
Who strides in *mock sublimity*?  
Giants identified may frown;  
Nature and taste would knock them down:  
Blocks that usurp some noble station,  
As if to curb imagination,  
Which, smiling at the chisel's power,  
Makes better monsters every hour.

Beneath impenetrable green,  
Down, 'midst the hazel stems, was seen  
The turbid stream, with all that past;  
The lime-white deck, the gliding mast;  
Or skiff with gazers darting by,  
Who raised their hands in ecstasy  
Impending cliffs hung overhead;  
The rock-path sounded to the tread,  
Where twisted roots, in many a fold,  
Through moss, disputed room for hold.

THE stranger who thus steals one hour  
To trace thy walks from bower to bower,  
Thy noble cliffs, thy wildwood joys,  
Nature's own work that never cloys,  
Who, while reflection bids him roam,  
Calls not this paradise his *home*,  
Can ne'er, with dull unconscious eye,  
Leave them behind without a sigh.  
Thy tale of truth then, Sorrow, tell,  
Of him who bade *this home* farewell;  
MORRIS of PERSFIELD.—Hark, the strains!  
Hark! 'tis some hoary bard complains!  
The deeds, the worth, he knew so well,  
The force of nature bids him tell.

\* An immense giant of stone, who, to say the best of him, occupies a place where such personages are least wanted, or wished.

## MORRIS OF PERSFIELD.

Who was lord of yon beautiful seat ;  
Yon woods which are towering so high ?  
Who spread the rich board for the great,  
Yet listen'd to pity's soft sigh ?  
Who gave with a spirit so free,  
And fed the distress'd at his door ?  
Our MORRIS of PERSFIELD was he,  
Who dwelt in the hearts of the poor.

But who e'en of wealth shall make sure,  
Since wealth to misfortune has bow'd ?  
Long cherish'd untainted and pure,  
The stream of his charity flow'd.  
But all his resources gave way ;  
O what could his feelings control ?  
What shall curb, in the prosperous day,  
Th' excess of a generous soul ?

He bade an adieu to the town ;  
O, can I forget the sad day ?  
When I saw the poor widows kneel down,  
To bless him, to weep, and to pray.  
Though sorrow was mark'd in his eye,  
This trial he manfully bore ;  
Then pass'd o'er the bridge of the WYE,  
To return to his PERSFIELD no more.

'Twas true that another might feel ;  
That poverty still might be fed ;  
Yet long we rung out the dumb peal,  
For to us noble MORRIS was dead.  
He had not lost sight of his home,  
Yon domain that so lovely appears,

When he heard it, and sunk overcome ;  
He felt it—and burst into tears.

The lessons of prudence have charms,  
And slighted, may lead to distress ;  
But the man whom benevolence warms  
Is an angel who lives but to bless.  
If ever man merited fame,  
If ever man's failings went free,  
Forgot at the sound of his name,  
Our MORRIS of PERSFIELD was he.

CLEFT from the summit, who shall say  
When WIND-CLIFF's other half gave way?  
Or when the sea-waves, roaring strong,  
First drove the rock-bound tide along?  
To studious leisure be resign'd,  
The task that leads the wilder'd mind,  
From time's first birth throughout the range  
Of nature's everlasting change.  
Soon from his all-commanding brow,  
Lay PERSFIELD's rocks and woods below.

BACK over MONMOUTH who could trace  
The WYE's fantastic mountain race?  
BEFORE us, sweeping far and wide,  
Lay out-stretch'd SEVERN's ocean tide,  
Through whose blue mists, all upward blown,  
Broke the faint lines of heights unknown ;  
And still (though clouds would interpose)  
The COTSWOLD promontories rose  
In dark succession : STINCHCOMBE's brow,  
With BERKELEY-CASTLE crouch'd below ;  
And stranger spires on either hand,  
From THORNBURY, on the Glo'ster strand,  
With black-brow'd woods, and yellow fields,  
(The boundless wealth that summer yields,)  
Detain'd the eye, that glanced again  
O'er KINGROAD anchorage to the main.

OR was the bounded view preferr'd,  
 Far, far beneath, the spreading herd  
 Low'd, as the cow-boy stroll'd along,  
 And cheerly sung his last new song.  
 But cow-boy, herd, and tide, and spire  
 Sunk into gloom.—The tinge of fire,  
 As westward roll'd the setting day  
 Fled like a golden dream away.  
 Then CHERSTOW'S ruin'd fortress caught  
 The mind's collected store of thought ;  
 A dark, majestic, jealous frown  
 Hung on his brow, and warn'd us down.  
 'Twas well ; for he has much to boast,  
 Much still that tells of glories lost,  
 Though rolling years have form'd the sod,  
 Where once the bright-helm'd warrior trod  
 From tower to tower, and gazed around,  
 While all beneath him slept profound.  
 E'en on the walls where paced the brave,  
 High o'er his crumbling turrets wave  
 The rampant seedlings.—Not a breath  
 Pass'd through their leaves ; when, still as death,  
 We stopp'd to watch the clouds—for night  
 Grew splendid with increasing light,  
 Till, as time loudly told the hour,  
 Gleam'd the broad front of MARTEN'S TOWER\*,  
 Bright silver'd by the moon.—Then rose  
 The wild notes sacred to repose ;  
 Then the lone owl awoke from rest,  
 Stretch'd his keen talons, plumed his crest,  
 And, from his high embattled station,  
 Hooted a trembling salutation.  
 Rocks caught the "halloo" from his tongue,  
 And PERSFIELD back the echoes flung  
 Triumphant o'er th' illustrious dead,  
 Their history lost, their glories fled.

\* Henry Marten, whose signature appears upon the death-warrant of Charles the First, finished his days here in prison.

## BOOK III.

*Departure for Ragland—Ragland Castle—Abergavenny—Expedition up the "Pen-y-Vale," or Sugar-Loaf Hill—Invocation to the Spirit of Burns—View from the Mountain—Castle of Abergavenny—Departure for Brecon—Pembrokes of Crickhowel—Tre-Tower Castle—Jane Edwards.*

PEACE to your white-wall'd cots, ye vales ;  
 Untainted fly your summer gales :  
 Health, thou from cities lov'st to roam,  
 O make the Monmouth hills thy home !  
 Great spirits of her bards of yore,  
 While harvests triumph, torrents roar,  
 Train her young shepherds, train them high  
 To sing of mountain liberty :  
 Give them the harp and modest maid ;  
 Give them the sacred village shade ;  
 Long be Llandenny, and Llansoy,  
 Names that import a rural joy,  
 Known to our fathers, when May day  
 Brush'd a whole twelvemonth's care away.

Far diff'rent joys possess'd the mind,  
 When Chepstow fading sunk behind,  
 And, from a belt of woods full grown  
 Arose immense thy turrets brown,  
 Majestic RAGLAND! Harvests wave  
 Where thund'ring hosts their watch-word gave,  
 When cavaliers, with downcast eye,  
 Struck the last flag of loyalty\* :  
 Then, left by gallant WORC'STER'S band,  
 To devastation's cruel hand  
 The beauteous fabric bow'd, fled all  
 The splendid hours of festival.

\* This castle, with a garrison commanded by the Marquis of Worcester, was the last piece of strength which held out for the unfortunate Charles the First.



No smoke ascends ; the busy hum  
 Is heard no more ; no rolling drum,  
 No high-toned clarion sounds alarms,  
 No banner wakes the pride of arms \* ;  
 But ivy, creeping year by year,  
 Of growth enormous, triumphs here.  
 Each dark festoon with pride upheaves  
 Its glossy wilderness of leaves  
 On sturdy limbs, that, clasping, bow  
 Broad o'er the turrets' utmost brow,  
 Encompassing, by strength alone,  
 In fret-work bars, the sliding stone,  
 That tells how years and storms prevail,  
 And spreads its dust upon the gale.

The man who could unmoved survey  
 What ruin, piecemeal, sweeps away ;  
 Works of the pow'ful and the brave,  
 All sleeping in the silent grave ;  
 Unmoved reflect, that here were sung  
 Carols of joy, by beauty's tongue,  
 Is fit, where'er he deigns to roam,  
 And hardly fit—to stay at home.  
 Spent *here* in peace,—one solemn hour  
 ('Midst legends of the YELLOW TOWER,  
 Truth and tradition's mingled stream,  
 Fear's start, and superstition's dream)  
 Is pregnant with a thousand joys,  
 That distance, place, nor time, destroys ;  
 That with exhaustless stores supply  
 Food for reflection till we die.

ONWARD the rested steeds pursued  
 The cheerful route, with strength renew'd,  
 For onward lay the gallant town,  
 Whose name old custom hath clipp'd down,

\* These magnificent ruins, including the citadel, occupy a tract of ground not less than one-third of a mile in circumference.

With more of music left than many,  
 So handily to ABERGANY.  
 And as the sidelong, sober light  
 Left valleys darken'd, hills less bright,  
 Great BLORENGE rose to tell his tale ;  
 And the dun peak of PEN-Y-VALE  
 Stood like a sentinel, whose brow  
 Scowl'd on the sleeping world below ;  
 Yet even sleep itself outspread  
 The mountain paths we meant to tread,  
 'Midst fresh'ning gales all unconfined,  
 Where Usk's broad valley shrinks behind.

Joyous the crimson morning rose,  
 As joyous from the night's repose  
 Sprung the light heart. The glancing eye  
 Beheld, amidst the dappled sky,  
 Exulting PEN-Y-VALE. But how  
 Could females climb his gleaming brow,  
 Rude toil encount'ring? how defy  
 The wint'ry torrent's course, when dry,  
 A rough-scoop'd bed of stones? or meet  
 The powerful force of August heat?  
 Wheels might assist, could wheels be found  
 Adapted to the rugged ground:  
 'Twas done; for prudence bade us start  
 With three Welsh ponies, and a cart;  
 A red-cheek'd mountaineer, a wit,  
 Full of rough shafts, that sometimes hit,  
 Trudged by their side, and twirl'd his thong,  
 And cheer'd his scrambling team along.

At ease to mark a scene so fair,  
 And treat their steeds with mountain air,  
 Some rode apart, or led before,  
 Rock after rock the wheels upbore;  
 The careful driver slowly sped,  
 To many a bough we duck'd the head

And heard the wild inviting calls  
Of summer's tinkling waterfalls,  
In wooded glens below; and still,  
At every step the sister hill,  
BLORENGE, grew greater; half unseen  
At times from out our bowers of green,  
That telescopic landscapes made,  
From the arch'd windows of its shade;  
For woodland tracts begirt us round;  
The vale beyond was fairy ground,  
That verse can never paint. Above  
Gleam'd (something like the mount of Jove  
But how much, let the learned say,  
Who take Olympus in their way)  
Gleam'd the fair, sunny, cloudless peak  
That simple strangers ever seek.  
And are they simple? Hang the dunce  
Who would not doff his cap at once  
In ecstasy, when, bold and new,  
Bursts on his sight a mountain view.

Though vast the prospect here became,  
Intensely as the love of fame  
Glow'd the strong hope, that strange desire,  
That deathless wish of climbing higher,  
Where heather clothes his graceful sides,  
Which many a scatter'd rock divides,  
Bleach'd by more years than hist'ry knows,  
Moved by no power but melting snows,  
Or gushing springs, that wash away  
Th' embedded earth that forms their stay.  
The heart distends, the whole frame feels,  
Where, inaccessible to wheels,  
The utmost storm-worn summit spreads  
Its rocks grotesque, its downy beds;  
Here no false feeling sense belies,  
Man lifts the weary foot, and sighs;  
Laughter is dumb; hilarity  
Forsakes at once th' astonish'd eye;

E'en the closed lip, half useless grown,  
Drops but a word, "Look down; look down."

Good Heav'ns! must scenes like these expand,  
Scenes so magnificently grand,  
And millions breathe, and pass away,  
Unbless'd throughout their little day,  
With one short glimpse? By place confined,  
Shall many an anxious, ardent mind,  
Sworn to the Muses, cower its pride,  
Doom'd but to sing with pinions tied?

SPIRIT of BURNS! the daring child  
Of glorious freedom, rough and wild,  
How have I wept o'er all thy ills,  
How blest thy Caledonian hills!  
How almost worshipp'd in my dreams  
Thy mountain haunts,—thy classic streams!  
How burnt with hopeless, aimless fire,  
To mark thy giant strength aspire  
In patriot themes! and tuned the while  
Thy "*Bonny Doon*," or "*Balloch Mile*."  
Spirit of BURNS! accept the tear  
That rapture gives thy mem'ry here  
On the bleak mountain top. Here thou  
Thyself hadst raised the gallant brow  
Of conscious intellect, to twine  
Th' imperishable verse of thine,  
That charms the world. Or can it be,  
That scenes like these were nought to thee?  
That Scottish hills so far excel,  
That so deep sinks the Scottish dell,  
That boasted PEN-Y-VALE had been  
For thy loud northern lyre too mean;  
Broad-shoulder'd BLORENCE a mere knoll,  
And SKYRID, let him smile or scowl,  
A dwarfish bully, vainly proud,  
Because he breaks the passing cloud?

If even so, thou bard of fame,  
 The consequences rest the same :  
 For, grant that to thy infant sight  
 Rose mountains of stupendous height ;  
 Or grant that Cambrian minstrels taught  
 'Mid scenes that mock the lowland thought ;  
 Grant that old TALLIESEN flung  
 His thousand raptures, as he sung  
 From huge PLYNLIMON's awful brow,  
 Or CADER IDRIS, capt with snow ;  
 Such Alpine scenes with them or thee  
 Well suited.—*These* are Alps to me.

LONG did we, noble BLORENGE, gaze  
 On thee, and mark the eddying haze  
 That strove to reach thy level crown,  
 From the rich stream, and smoking town ;  
 And oft, old SKYRID, hail'd thy name,  
 Nor dared deride thy holy fame\*.  
 Long follow'd with untiring eye  
 Th' illumined clouds, that o'er the sky  
 Drew their thin veil, and slowly sped,  
 Dipping to every mountain's head,  
 Dark mingling, fading, wild, and thence,  
 Till admiration, in suspense,  
 Hung on the verge of sight. Then sprung,  
 By thousands known, by thousands sung,  
 Feelings that earth and time defy,  
 That cleave to immortality.

A light gray haze enclosed us round :  
 Some momentary drops were found,  
 Borne on the breeze ; soon all dispell'd ;  
 Once more the glorious prospect swell'd  
 Interminably fair. Again  
 Stretch'd the BLACK MOUNTAIN's dreary chain !

\* A prodigious cleft, or separation in the hill, tradition says, was caused by the earthquake at the crucifixion ; it was therefore termed the Holy Mountain.

When eastward turn'd the straining eye,  
Great MALVERN met the cloudless sky :  
Dark in the south uprose the shores,  
Where Ocean in his fury roars,  
And rolls abrupt his fearful tides,  
Far still from MENDIP's fern-clad sides ;  
From whose vast range of mingling blue  
The weary, wand'ring sight withdrew,  
O'er fair GLAMORGAN's woods and downs,  
O'er glittering streams, and farms and towns,  
Back to the TABLE ROCK, that lowers  
O'er old CRICKHOWEL's ruin'd towers.

Here perfect stillness reign'd. The breath  
A moment hush'd, 'twas mimic death.  
The ear, from all assaults released,  
As motion, sound, and life, had ceased.  
The beetle rarely murmur'd by,  
No sheep-dog sent his voice so high,  
Save when, by chance, far down the steep,  
Crept a live speck, a straggling sheep :  
Yet one lone object, plainly seen  
Curved slowly, in a line of green,  
On the brown heath : no demon fell,  
No wizard foe, with magic spell,  
To chain the senses, chill the heart,  
No wizard guided POWEL's cart ;  
He of our nectar had the care,  
All our ambrosia rested there.  
At leisure, but reluctant still,  
We join'd him by a mountain rill ;  
And there on springing turf, all seated,  
Jove's guests were never half so treated ;  
Journeys they had, and feastings many,  
But never came to ABERGANY ;  
Lucky escape :—the wrangling crew,  
Mischievous to cherish or to brew,  
Was all their sport ; and when, in rage,  
They chose 'midst warriors to engage,



Loud for their fiery steeds they cried,  
 And dash'd th' opposing clouds aside,  
 Whirl'd through the air, and foremost stood  
 'Midst mortal passions, mortal blood!  
 Beneath us frown'd no deadly war,  
 And POWEL's wheels were safer far;  
 As on them without flame or shield,  
 Or bow to twang, or lance to wield,  
 We left the heights of inspiration,  
 And relish'd a mere mortal station;  
 Our object not to fire a town,  
 Or aid a chief, or knock him down;  
 But safe to sleep, from war and sorrow,  
 And drive to BRECKNOCK on the morrow.

HEAVY and low'ring, crowds on crowds,  
 Drove adverse hosts of dark'ning clouds,  
 Low o'er the vale, and far away,  
 Deep gloom o'erspread the rising day;  
 No morning beauties caught the eye,  
 O'er mountain top, or stream, or sky,  
 As round the castle's ruin'd tower  
 We mused for many a solemn hour;  
 And, half-dejected, half in spleen,  
 Computed idly, o'er the scene,  
 How many murders there had dyed  
 Chiefs and their minions, slaves of pride;  
 When perjury, in every breath,  
 Pluck'd the huge falchion from its sheath,  
 And prompted deeds of ghastly fame,  
 That hist'ry's self might blush to name\*.

At length through each retreating shower,  
 Burst, with a renovating power,  
 Light, life, and gladness; instant fled  
 All contemplations on the dead.

\* In Jones's History of Brecknockshire, the castle of Abergavenny is noticed as having been the scene of the most shocking enormities.

Who hath not mark'd, with inward joy,  
 The efforts of the diving boy ;  
 And, waiting while he disappear'd,  
 Exulted, trembled, hoped, and fear'd ?  
 Then felt his heart, 'midst cheering cries,  
 Bound with delight to see him rise ?  
 Who hath not burnt with rage, to see  
 Falsehood's vile cant, and supple knee ;  
 Then hail'd, on some courageous brow,  
 The power that works her overthrow ;  
 That, swift as lightning, seals her doom,  
 " Hence, miscreant ! vanish !—truth is come ?"  
 So PEN-Y-VALE upheaved his brow,  
 And left the world of fog below ;  
 So SKYRID, smiling, broke his way  
 To glories of the conqu'ring day ;  
 With matchless grace, and giant pride,  
 So BLORENCE turn'd the clouds aside,  
 And warn'd us, not a whit too soon,  
 To chase the flying car of noon,  
 Where herds and flocks unnumber'd fed  
 Where USK her wand'ring mazes led.  
 Here on the mind, with powerful sway,  
 Press'd the bright joys of yesterday ;  
 For still, though doom'd no more t'inhale  
 The mountain air of PEN-Y-VALE,  
 His broad dark skirting woods o'erhung  
 Cottage and farm, where careless sung  
 The labourer, where the gazing steer  
 Low'd to the mountains, deep and clear.  
 SLOW less'ning BLORENCE, left behind  
 Reluctantly his claims resign'd,  
 And stretch'd his glowing front entire,  
 As forward peep'd CRICKHOWEL spire ;  
 But no proud castle's turrets gleam'd ;  
 No warrior Earl's gay banner stream'd.  
 E'en of thy palace, (grief to tell !)  
 A tower—without a dinner bell ;

An arch—where jav'lin'd sentries bow'd  
 Low to their chief, or fed the crowd,  
 Are all that mark where once a train  
 Of *Barons* graced thy rich domain,  
 Illustrious PEMBROKE\* ! drain'd thy bowl,  
 And caught the nobleness of soul—  
 The harp-inspired, indignant blood  
 That prompts to arms and hardihood.

To muse upon the days gone by,  
 Where desolation meets the eye,  
 Is double life ; truth, cheaply bought,  
 The nurse of sense, the food of thought,  
 Whence judgment, ripen'd, forms, at will,  
 Her estimates of good or ill ;  
 And brings contrasted scenes to view,  
 And weighs the *old* rogues with the *new* ;  
 Imperious tyrants, gone to dust,  
 With tyrants whom the world hath cursed  
 Through modern ages.—By what power  
 Rose the strong walls of old TRE-TOWER  
 Deep in the valley ; whose clear rill  
 Then stole through wilds, and wanders still  
 Through village shades, unstain'd with gore,  
 Where war-steeds bathe their hoofs no more ?

Empires have fallen, armies bled,  
 Since yon old wall, with upright head,  
 Met the loud tempest ; who can trace  
 When first the rude mass, from its base,  
 Stoop'd in that dreadful form ? E'en thou,  
 JANE, with the placid silver brow,  
 Know'st not the day, though thou hast seen  
 A hundred† springs of cheerful green,

\* Part of the original palace of the powerful Earls of Pembroke is still undemolished by time.

† Jane Edwards, or, as she pronounced it, *Etwards*, a tall, bony, upright woman, leaning both hands on the head of her stick, and in her manners venerably impressive, was then at the age of one hundred. She was living in 1809, then one hundred and two.

A hundred winters' snows increase  
That brook,—the emblem of thy peace.  
Most venerable dame ! and shall  
The plund'rer, in his gorgeous hall,  
His fame with Moloch-frown prefer,  
And scorn *thy* harmless character,  
Who scarcely hear'st of his renown,  
And never sack'd or burnt a town?  
But should he crave, with coward cries,  
To be Jane Edwards when he dies,  
*Thou'lt* be the CONQUEROR, old lass,  
So take thy alms, and let us pass.

FORTH, from the calm sequester'd shade,  
Once more approaching twilight, bade ;  
When, as the sigh of joy arose,  
And while e'en fancy sought repose,  
One vast transcendent object sprung,  
Arresting every eye and tongue.  
Strangers, fair BRECON ! wondering, scan  
The peaks of thy stupendous VANN :  
But how can strangers, chain'd by time,  
Through floating clouds his summit climb ?  
Another day had almost fled ;  
A clear horizon, glowing red,  
Its promise on all hearts impress'd,  
Bright sunny hours, and Sabbath rest.

## BOOK IV.

*The Gaer, a Roman Station—Brunless Castle—The Hay—Funeral Song, "Mary's Grave"—Clifford Castle—Return by Hereford, Malvern Hills, Cheltenham, and Gloucester, to Uley—Conclusion.*

'Tis sweet to hear the soothing chime,  
And, by thanksgiving, measure time,  
When hard-wrought poverty a while  
Upheaves the bending back to smile;  
When servants hail, with boundless glee,  
The sweets of love and liberty.

Seldom has worship cheer'd my soul  
With such invincible control!  
It was a bright benignant hour,  
The song of praise was full of power;  
And, darting from the noon-day sky,  
Amidst the tide of harmony,  
O'er aisle and pillar glancing strong,  
Heav'n's radiant light inspired the song.  
The word of peace, that can disarm  
Care with its own peculiar charm,  
Here flow'd a double stream, to cheer  
The Saxon\* and the Mountaineer,  
Of various stock, of various name,  
Now join'd in rights, and join'd in fame.

YE who religion's duty teach,  
What constitutes a Sabbath breach?  
Is it, when joy the bosom fills,  
To wander o'er the breezy hills?  
Is it, to trace around your home  
The footsteps of imperial Rome?  
Then guilty, guilty let us plead,  
Who, on the cheerful rested steed,

\* Divine service is performed alternately in English and Welsh

In thought absorb'd, explored, with care,  
 The wild lanes round the silent GAER\*,  
 Where conqu'ring eagles took their stand;  
 Where heathen altars stain'd the land;  
 Where soldiers of AUGUSTUS pined,  
 Perhaps, for pleasures left behind,  
 And measured, from this lone abode,  
 The new-form'd, stony, forest road,  
 Back to CAERLEON'S southern train,  
 Their barks, their home, beyond the main:  
 Still by the VANN reminded strong  
 Of Alpine scenes, and mountain song,  
 The olive groves, the cloudless sky,  
 And golden vales, of Italy.

With us 'twas peace, we met no foes;  
 With us far diff'rent feelings rose.  
 Still onward inclination bade:  
 The wilds of MONA'S Druid shade,  
 SNOWDON'S sublime and stormy brow,  
 His land of Britons stretch'd below,  
 And PENMAN MAWR'S huge crags, that greet  
 The thund'ring ocean at his feet,  
 Were all before us. Hard it proved  
 To quit a land so dearly loved;  
 Forego each bold terrific boast  
 Of northern Cambria's giant coast.  
 Friends of the harp and song! forgive  
 The deep regret that, whilst I live,  
 Shall dwell upon my heart and tongue:  
 Go, joys untasted! themes unsung!  
 Another scene, another land,  
 Hence shall the homeward verse demand.

\* A road must have led from Abergavenny, through the Vale of the Usk, north-west to the "Gaer," situated two miles north-west of Brecon, on a gentle eminence, at the conflux of the rivers Esker and Usk. Mr. Wyndham traced parts of walls, which he describes as exactly resembling those at Caerleon; and Mr. Lemon found several bricks, bearing the inscription of LEG. II. AVG.



Yet fancy wove her flow'ry chain,  
 Till "farewell Brecon" left a pain,  
 A pain that travellers may endure ;  
 Change is their food, and change their cure.  
 Yet, oh, how dream-like, far away,  
 To recollect so bright a day !  
 Dream-like those scenes the townsmen love,  
 Their tumbling USK, their PRIORY GROVE,  
 View'd while the moon cheer'd, calmly bright,  
 The freshness of a summer's night.

HIGH o'er the town, in morning smiles,  
 The blue VANN heaved the deep defiles ;  
 And ranged, like champions for the fight,  
 Basking in sun-beams on our right,  
 Rose the BLACK MOUNTAINS, that surround  
 That far-famed spot of holy ground,  
 LLANTHONY, dear to monkish tale,  
 And still the pride of EWAIS VALE.  
 No road-side cottage smoke was seen,  
 Or rarely, on the village green :  
 No youths appear'd, in spring-tide dress,  
 In ardent play, or idleness.  
 Brown waved the harvest, dale and slope  
 Exulting bore a nation's hope ;  
 Sheaves rose as far as sight could range,  
 And every mile was but a change  
 Of peasants lab'ring, lab'ring still,  
 And climbing many a distant hill.  
 Some talk'd, perhaps, of spring's bright hour,  
 And how they piled, in BRUNLESS TOWER \*,  
 The full-dried hay. Perhaps they told  
 Tradition's tales, and taught how old  
 The ruin'd castle ! False or true,  
 They guess'd it—just as others do.

\* The only remaining tower of Brunless Castle now makes an excellent hay-loft; and almost every building on the spot is composed of fragments.

Lone tower ! though suffer'd yet to stand,  
Dilapidation's wasting hand  
Shall tear thy pond'rous walls, to guard  
The slumb'ring steed, or fence the yard ;  
Or wheels shall grind thy pride away  
Along the turnpike road to HAY,  
Where fierce GLENDOW'R's rude mountaineers  
Left war's attendants, blood and tears,  
And spread their terrors many a mile,  
And shouted round the flaming pile.  
May Heav'n preserve our native land  
From blind ambition's murdering hand ;  
From all the wrongs that can provoke  
A people's wrath, and urge the stroke  
That shakes the proudest throne ! Guard, Heav'n,  
The sacred birthright thou hast given ;  
Bid justice curb, with strong control,  
The desp'rate passions of the soul.

Here ivy'd fragments, lowering, throw  
Broad shadows on the poor below,  
Who, while they rest, and when they die,  
Sleep on the rock-built shores of WYE.

To tread o'er nameless mounds of earth,  
To muse upon departed worth,  
To credit still the poor distress'd,  
For feelings never half express'd,  
Their hopes, their faith, their tender love,  
Faith that sustain'd, and hope that strove,  
Is sacred joy ; to heave a sigh,  
A debt to poor mortality.  
Funereal rites are closed ; 'tis done ;  
Ceased is the bell ; the priest is gone ;  
What then if bust or stone denies  
To catch the pensive loit'rer's eyes,  
What course can poverty pursue ?  
What can the *poor* pretend to do ?  
O boast not, quarries, of your store ;  
Boast not, O man, of wealth or lore :

The flowers of nature here shall thrive,  
 Affection keep those flowers alive ;  
 And they shall strike the melting heart,  
 Beyond the utmost power of art ;  
 Planted on graves, their stems entwine,  
 And every blossom is a line  
 Indelibly impress'd, that tends,  
 In more than language comprehends,  
 To teach us, in our solemn hours,  
 That we ourselves are dying flowers.

What if a father buried here  
 His earthly hope, his friend most dear,  
 His only child? Shall his dim eye,  
 At poverty's command, be dry?  
 No, he shall muse, and think, and pray,  
 And weep his tedious hours away ;  
 Or weave the song of woe to tell  
 How dear that child he loved so well.

#### MARY'S GRAVE.

No child have I left, I must wander alone,  
 No light-hearted Mary to sing as I go,  
 Nor loiter to gather bright flowers newly blown ;  
 She delighted, sweet maid, in these emblems  
 of woe.

Then the stream glided by her, or playfully boil'd  
 O'er its rock-bed unceasing, and still it flows  
 free ;

But her infant life was arrested, unsoil'd  
 As the dew-drop, when shook by the wing of  
 the bee.

Sweet flowers were her treasures, and flowers  
 shall be mine ;

I bring them from Radnor's green hills to her  
 grave :

Thus planted in anguish, oh let them entwine  
 O'er a heart once as gentle as Heav'n e'er gave.  
 Oh, the glance of her eye, when at mansions of  
 wealth

I pointed, suspicious, and warn'd her of harm ;  
 She smiled in content, 'midst the bloom of her  
 health,  
 And closer and closer still hung on my arm.

What boots it to tell of the sense she possess'd,  
 The fair buds of promise that mem'ry endears?  
 The mild dove, affection, was queen of her breast,  
 And I had her love, and her truth, and her  
 tears ;

She was mine. But she goes to the land of the  
 good,

A change which I must, and yet dare, not de-  
 plore :

I'll bear the rude shock like the oak of the wood ;  
 But the green hills of Radnor will charm me  
 no more.

RUINS of greatness, all farewell ;  
 No Chepstows here, no Raglands tell,  
 By mound, or foss, or mighty tower,  
 Achievements high in hall or bower ;  
 Or give to fancy's vivid eye  
 The helms and plumes of chivalry.  
 CLIFFORD has fall'n, how'er sublime,  
 Mere fragments wrestle still with time ;  
 Yet as they perish, sure and slow,  
 And rolling dash the stream below,  
 They raise tradition's glowing scene,  
 The clue of silk, the wrathful queen,  
 And link, in mem'ry's firmest bond,  
 The love-lorn tale of Rosamond\*.

\* Clifford Castle is supposed to have been the birth-place of  
 Fair Rosamond.

How placid, how divinely sweet,  
The flow'r-grown brook that, by our feet,  
Winds on a summer's day ; e'en where  
Its name no classic honours share,  
Its springs untraced, its course unknown,  
Seaward, for ever rambling down !  
*Here*, then, how sweet, pellucid, chaste ;  
'Twas *this* bright current bade us taste  
The fulness of its joy. Glide still,  
Enchantress of PLYNLIMON HILL,  
Meandering WYE ! Still let me dream,  
In raptures, o'er thy infant stream ;  
For could th' immortal soul forego  
Its cumbrous load of earthly woe,  
And clothe itself in fairy guise,  
Too small, too pure, for human eyes,  
Blithe would we seek thy utmost spring,  
Where mountain-larks first try the wing ;  
There, at the crimson dawn of day,  
Launch a scoop'd leaf, and sail away,  
Stretch'd at our ease, or crouch below,  
Or climb the green transparent prow,  
Stooping where oft the blue-bell sips  
The passing stream, and shakes and dips ;  
And when the heifer came to drink,  
Quick from the gale our bark would shrink,  
And huddle down amidst the brawl  
Of many a five-inch waterfall,  
Till the expanse should fairly give  
The bow'ring hazel room to live ;  
And as each swelling junction came,  
To form a riv'let worth a name,  
We'd dart beneath, or brush away  
Long-beaded webs, that else might stay  
Our silent course ; in haste retreat,  
Where whirlpools near the bull-rush meet ;  
Wheel round the ox of monstrous size ;  
And count below his shadowy flies ;

And sport amidst the throng ; and when  
 We met the barks of giant men,  
 Avoid their oars, still undescried,  
 And mock their overbearing pride ;  
 Then vanish by some magic spell,  
 And shout, " Delicious WYE, farewell !"

'Twas noon, when o'er thy mountain stream,  
 The carriage roll'd, each pow'ful gleam  
 Struck on thy surface, where, below,  
 Spread the deep heaven's azure glow ;  
 And water-flowers, a mingling crowd,  
 Waved in the dazzling silver cloud.  
 Again farewell ! The treat is o'er !  
 For me shall Cambria smile no more ;  
 Yet truth shall still the song sustain,  
 And touch the springs of joy again.

Hail ! land of cyder, vales of health !  
 Redundant fruitage, rural wealth ;  
 Here, did *Pomona* still retain  
 Her influence o'er a British plain,  
 Might temples rise, spring blossoms fly  
 Round the capricious deity ;  
 Or autumn sacrifices bound,  
 By myriads, o'er the hallow'd ground,  
 And deep libations still renew  
 The fervours of her dancing crew.  
 Land of delight ! let mem'ry strive  
 To keep thy flying scenes alive ;  
 Thy grey-limb'd orchards, scattering wide  
 Their treasures by the highway side ;  
 Thy half-hid cottages, that show  
 The dark green moss, the resting bough,  
 At broken panes, that taps and flies,  
 Illumes and shades the maiden's eyes  
 At day-break, and, with whisper'd joy,  
 Wakes the light-hearted shepherd boy :



These, with thy noble woods and dells,  
 The hazel copse, the village bells,  
 Charm'd more the passing sultry hours  
 Than HEREFORD, with all her towers.

Sweet was the rest, with welcome cheer,  
 But a far nobler scene was near;  
 And when the morrow's noon had spread,  
 O'er orchard stores, the deep'ning red,  
 Behind us rose the billowy cloud,  
 That dims the air to city crowd.

And deem not that, where cyder reigns  
 The beverage of a thousand plains,  
 Malt, and the liberal harvest horn,  
 Are all unknown, or laugh'd to scorn;  
 A spot that all delights might bring,  
 A palace for an eastern king,  
 CANFROME\*, shall from her vaults display  
 John Barleycorn's resistless sway.  
 To make the odds of fortune even,  
 Up bounced the cork of "*seventy-seven*,"  
 And sent me back to school; for *then*,  
 Ere yet I learn'd to wield the pen,  
 (The pen that should all crimes assail,  
 The pen that leads to fame—or jail,  
*Then* steam'd the malt, whose spirit bears  
 The frosts and suns of thirty years!

Through LEDBURY, at decline of day,  
 The wheels that bore us roll'd away  
 To cross the MALVERN HILLS. 'Twas night;  
 Alternate met the weary sight  
 Each steep, dark, undulating brow,  
 And WORC'STER'S gloomy vale below.  
 Gloomy no more, when eastward sprung  
 The light that gladdens heart and tongue;

\* This noble seat exhibits, in a striking manner, the real old English magnificence and hospitality of the last age.

When morn glanced o'er the shepherd's bed,  
And cast her tints of lovely red  
Wide o'er the vast expanding scene,  
And mix'd her hues with mountain green ;  
Then, gazing from a height so fair,  
Through miles of unpolluted air,  
Where cultivation triumphs wide,  
O'er boundless views on every side,  
Thick-planted towns, where toils ne'er cease  
And far-spread silent village peace ;  
As each succeeding pleasure came,  
The heart acknowledged MALVERN's fame.

Oft glancing thence to Cambria still,  
Thou yet wert seen, my fav'rite hill,  
Delightful PEN-Y-VALE ! Nor shall  
Great MALVERN's high imperious call  
Wean me from thee, or turn aside  
My earliest charm, my heart's strong pride.

Boast, MALVERN, that thy springs revive  
The drooping patient, scarce alive ;  
Where, as he gathers strength to toil,  
Not e'en thy heights his spirit foil,  
But nerve him on to bless, t' inhale,  
And triumph in the morning gale ;  
Or noon's transcendent glories give  
The vigorous touch that bids him live.  
Perhaps e'en now he stops to breathe,  
Surveying the expanse beneath :  
Now climbs again, where keen winds blow,  
And holds his beaver to his brow ;  
Waves to the *Wrecker* his pale hand,  
And, borrowing Fancy's magic wand,  
Skims over WORC'STER's spires away,  
Where sprung the blush of rising day ;  
And eyes with joy sweet *Hagley Groves*,  
That taste reveres and virtue loves ;  
And stretch'd upon thy utmost ridge,  
Marks Severn's course, and UPTON-bridge,

That leads to home, to friends, or wife,  
 And all thy sweets, domestic life :  
 While starts the tear, his bosom glows,  
 That consecrated *Avon* flows  
 Down the blue distant vale, to yield  
 Its stores by TEWKESBURY'S deadly field,  
 And feels whatever can inspire,  
 From history's page or poet's fire.

BRIGHT vale of Severn ! shall the song  
 That wildly devious roves along,  
 The charms of nature to explore,  
 On history rest, or themes of yore ?  
 More joy the thoughts of home supply :  
 Short be the glance at days gone by,  
 Though gallant TEWKESBURY, clean and gay,  
 Hath much to tempt the traveller's stay—  
 Her noble abbey, with its dead,  
 A powerful claim : a silent dread,  
 Sacred as holy virtue, springs  
 Where rests the dust of chiefs and kings ;  
 With his who by foul murder died,  
 The fierce Lancastrian's hope and pride,  
 (When brothers brothers could destroy,)  
 Heroic Margaret's *red-rose* boy\*.

Muse, turn thee from the field of blood,  
 Rest to the brave, peace to the good :  
*Avon*, with all thy charms, adieu !  
 For CHELTENHAM mocks thy pilgrim crew ;  
 And like a girl in beauty's power,  
 Flirts in the fairings of an hour.

Queen of the valley ! soon behind  
 Gleam'd thy bright fanes, in sun and wind,  
 Fair Glo'ster. Though thy fabric stands,  
 The boast of Severn's winding sands,

\* Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, taken prisoner with his mother, Margaret of Anjou, at the battle of Tewkesbury, and murdered by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third.

If grandeur, beauty, grace, can stay  
 The traveller on his homeward way.  
 There rests the Norman prince who rose  
 In zeal against the Christians' foes,  
 Yet doom'd at home to pine and die,  
 Of birthright robb'd, and liberty ;  
 His tide of wrongs he could not stem,  
 His brothers filch'd his diadem\*.  
 There sleeps the king who aim'd to spurn  
 The daring Scots, at Bannockburn ;  
 But turn'd him back, with humbled fame,  
 And *Berkley's* " shrieks †" declare his name.  
 Cease, cease the lay—the goal is won—  
 Yet memory still shall revel on.  
 Fast closed the day, the last bright hour,  
 The setting sun, on DURSLEY tower,  
 Welcomed us home, and forward bade,  
 To ULEY valley's peaceful shade.

WHO so unfeeling, who so bold,  
 To judge that fictions, idly told,  
 Deform my verse, that only tries  
 To consecrate realities ?  
 If e'er th' unworthy thought should come,  
 Let strong conviction strike them dumb.  
 Go to the proof ; your steed prepare,  
 Drink nature's cup, the rapture share ;  
 If dull you find your devious course,  
 Your tour is useless—sell your horse.  
 Ye who, ingulf'd in trade, endure  
 What gold alone can never cure ;  
 The constant sigh for scenes of peace,  
 From the world's trammels free release,  
 Wait not, (for reason's sake attend,)  
 Wait not in chains till times shall mend ;

\* The eldest son of William the Conqueror was imprisoned eight-and-twenty years by his own brother.

† " Shrieks of an agonizing king."

Till the clear voice, grown hoarse and gruff,  
Cries, "Now I'll go, I'm rich enough."  
Youth, and the prime of manhood, seize;  
Steal ten days' absence, ten days' ease;  
Bid ledgers from your minds depart;  
Let mem'ry's treasures cheer the heart;  
And when your children round you grow,  
With opening charms and manly brow,  
Talk of the WYE as some old dream,  
Call it the wild, the wizard stream;  
Sink in your broad arm-chair to rest,  
And youth shall smile to see you bless'd.

Artists, betimes your powers employ,  
And take the pilgrimage of joy;  
The eye of genius may behold  
A thousand beauties here untold;  
Rock, that defies the winter's storm;  
Wood, in its most imposing form,  
That climbs the mountain, bows below,  
Where deep th' unsullied waters flow.  
Here *Gilpin's* eye, transported, scann'd  
Views by no tricks of fancy plann'd;  
*Gray* here, upon the stream reclined,  
Stored with delight his ardent mind.  
But let the vacant trifler stray  
From thy enchantments far away;  
For should, from fashion's rainbow train,  
The idle and the vicious vain  
In sacrilege presume to move  
Through these dear scenes of peace and love,  
The *spirit of the stream* would rise  
In wrathful mood and tenfold size,  
And nobly guard his COLDWELL SPRING,  
And bid his inmost caverns ring;  
Loud thund'ring on the giddy crew,  
"My stream was never meant for you"  
But ye, to nobler feelings born,  
Who sense and nature dare not scorn,

Glide gaily on, and ye shall find  
The blest serenity of mind  
That springs from silence; or shall raise  
The hand, the eye, the voice of praise.  
Live then, sweet stream! and henceforth be  
The darling of posterity;  
Loved for thyself, for ever dear,  
Like beauty's smile and virtue's tear,  
Till Time his striding race give o'er,  
And Verse itself shall charm no more.

THE END.

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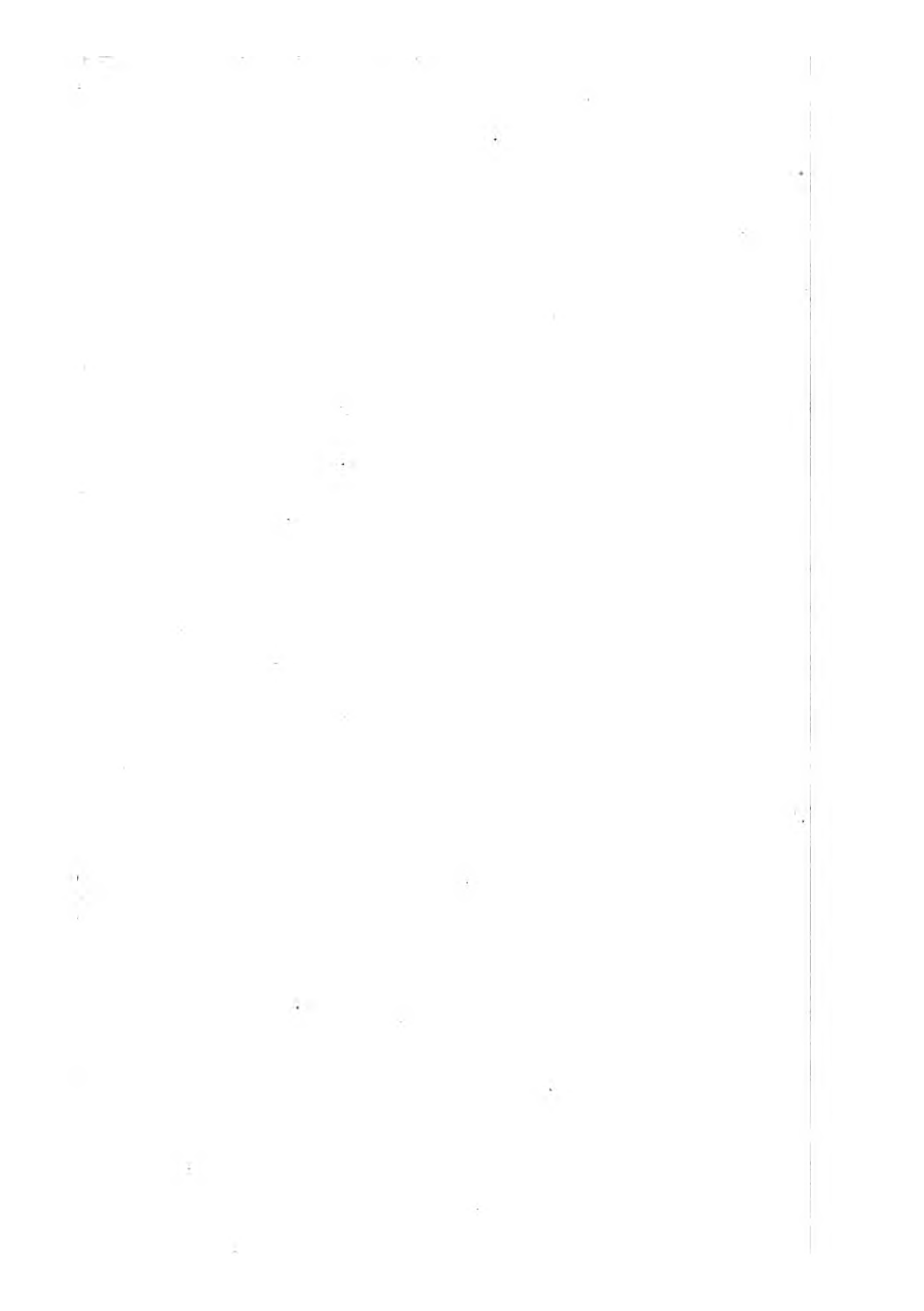
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