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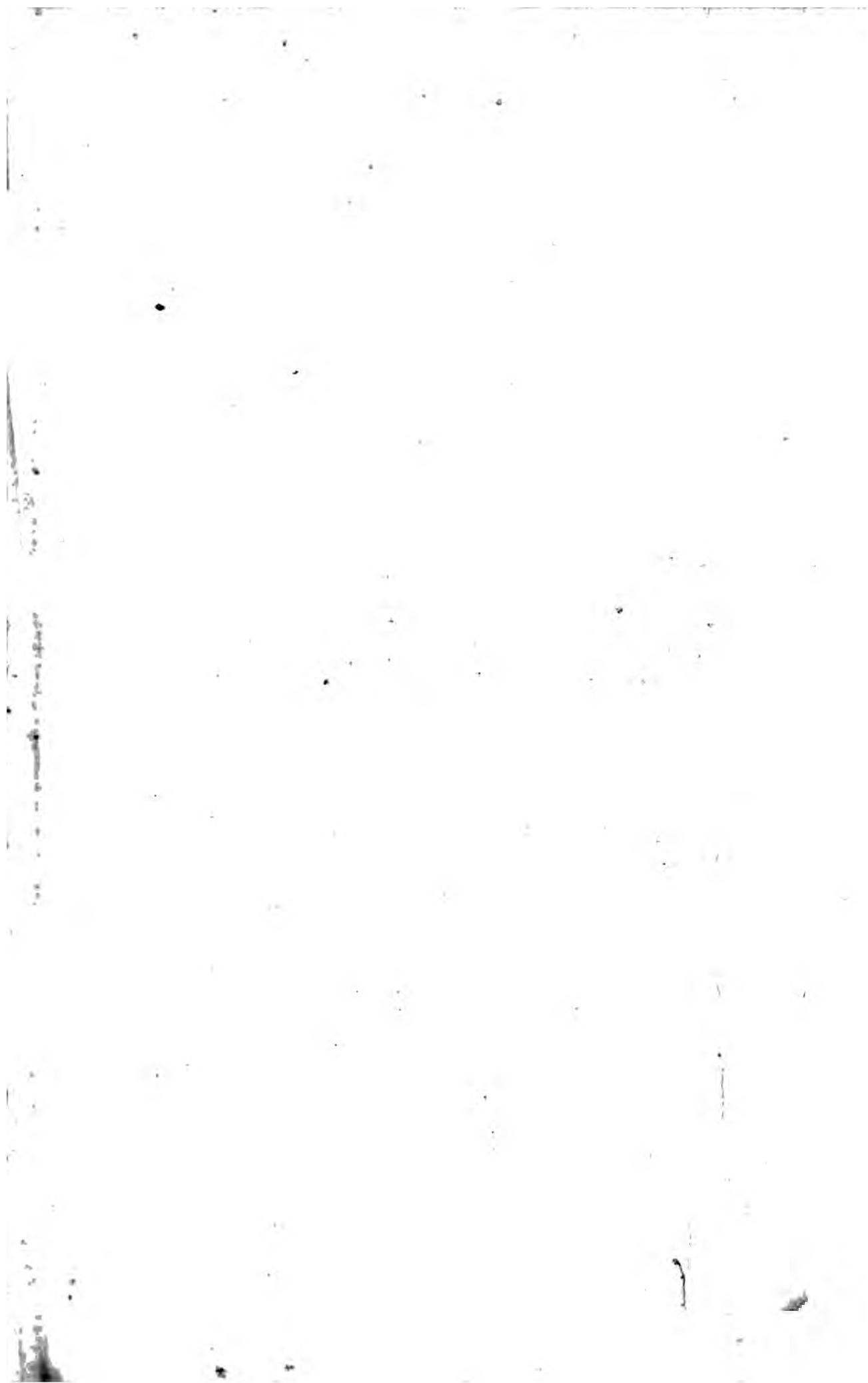


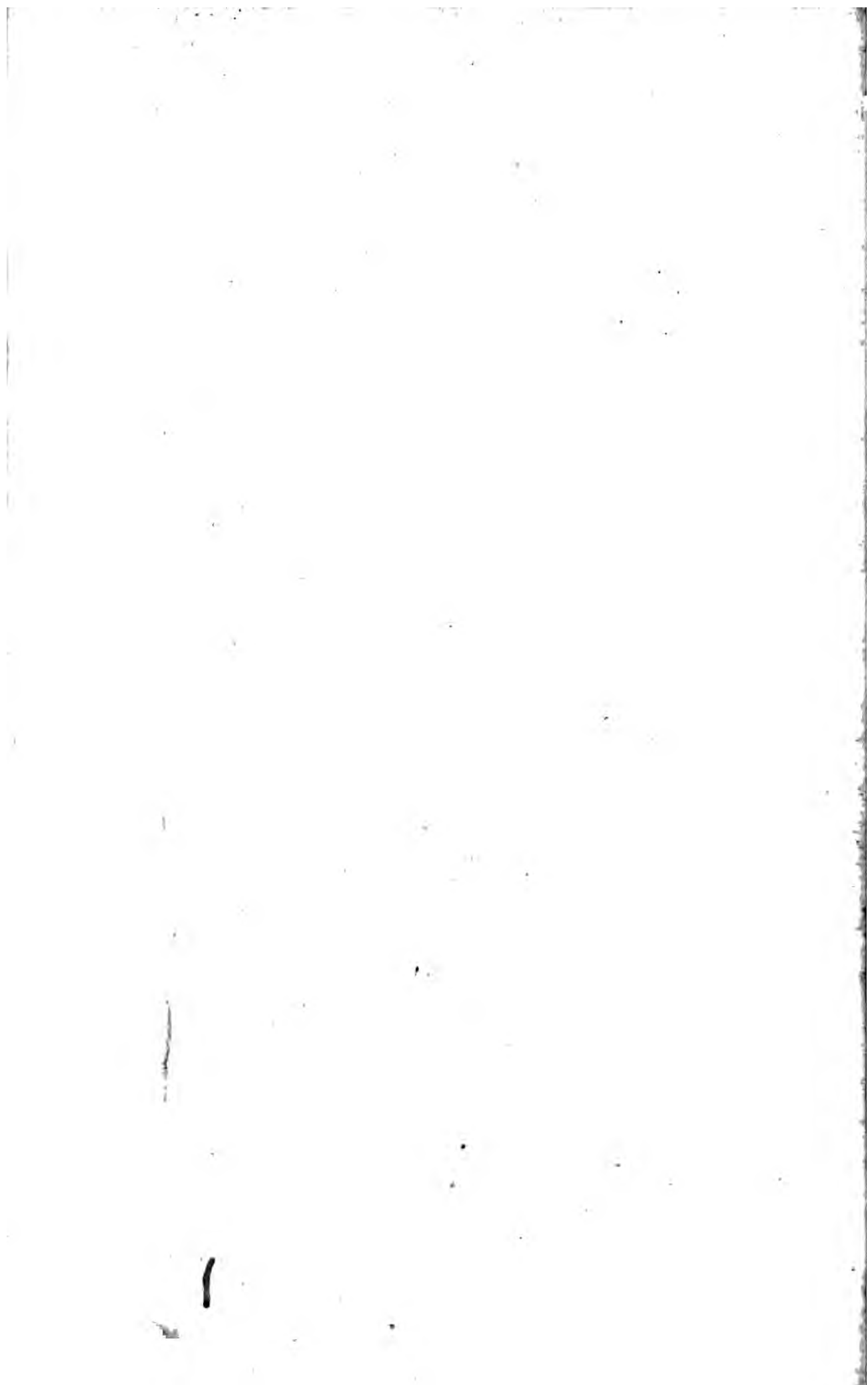
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# P O E M S.

V I Z.

SPRING.	}	To the MEMORY of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. And BRITAN- NIA.
SUMMER.		
AUTUMN.		
WINTER.		
A HYMN on the SEASONS.		

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By JAMES THOMSON.

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D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, at the *Shakespear's Head*,  
GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel and Bible*, And,  
WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Bookfellers  
in *Dame's-street*, M D C C X X X.



S P R I N G:

A

P O E M.

---

By Mr. JAMES THOMSON,  
AUTHOR of SUMMER and WINTER.

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*Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,  
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formosissimus Annus.*  
Virg.

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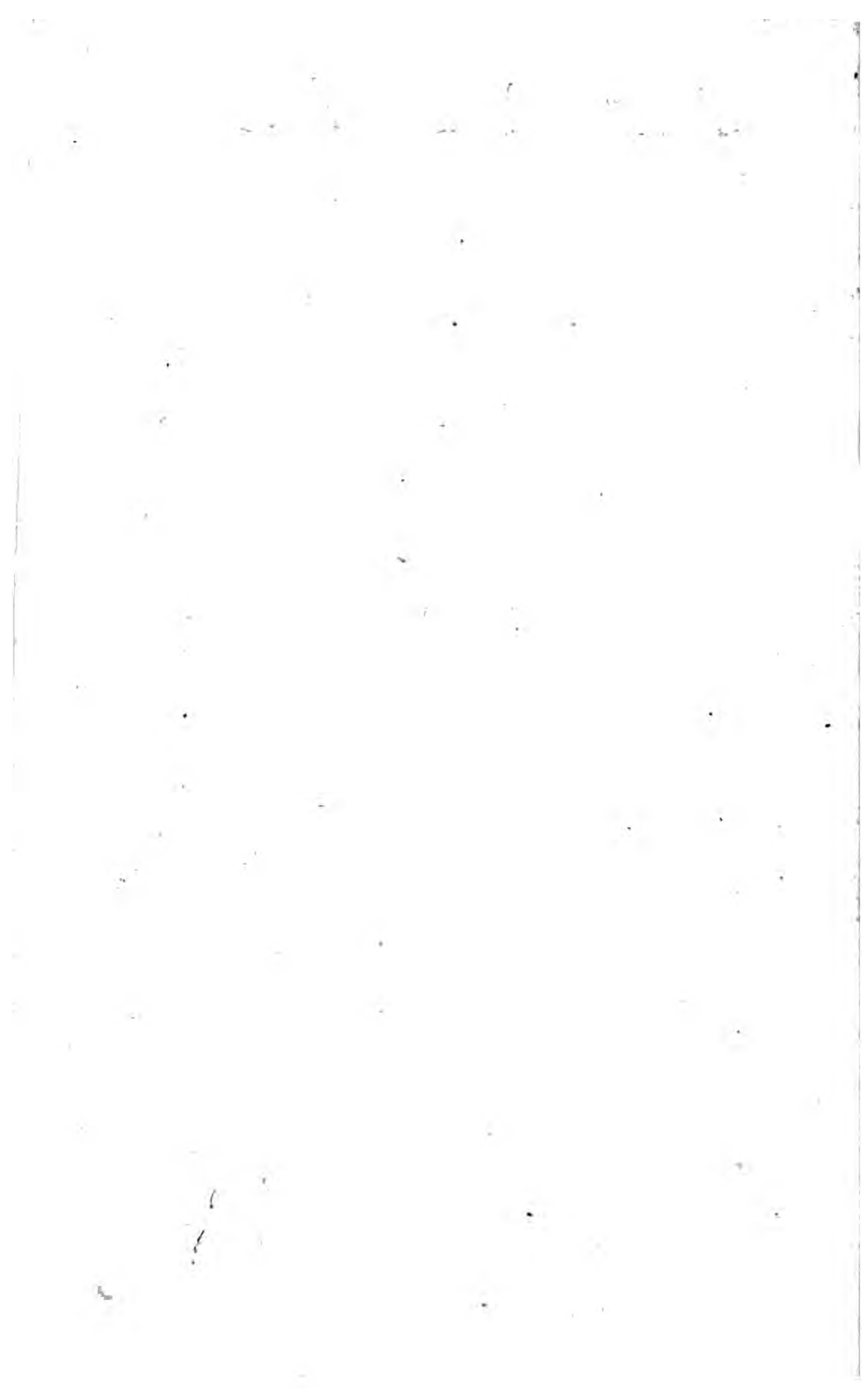
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# SPRING:

A

# POEM.

**C**OME, gentle SPRING, Ætherial Mildness,  
come,  
And from the Bosom of yon dropping  
Cloud,

While musick wakes around, veil'd in a Shower  
Of shading Roses, on our Plains descend.

OH 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.

A 2

AND

AND see where furly 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 sudden 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 Slets  
 Deform the Day delightless ; so that scarce  
 The Bittern knows his Time, with bill ingulph't  
 To shake the sounding Marsh ; or from the Shore  
 The Plovers theirs, to scatter o'er the Heath,  
 And sing their wild Notes to the listening 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 Heaven.

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-us'd Plow  
 Lies in the Furrow loosen'd from the Frost.  
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,  
 They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,  
 Chear'd by the simple Song, and soaring Lark.  
 Mean-while incumbent o'er the shining Share  
 The Master leans, removes th' obstructing Clay,  
 Winds the whole Work, and side-long lays the Glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighb'ring Fields the Sower  
     stalks,  
 With measur'd Step, and lib'ral throws the Grain  
 Into the faithful Bosom of the Earth.  
 The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the Scene.

BE gracious, *Heaven!* for now laborious Man  
 Has done his Due. Ye fostering Breezes blow !  
 Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers descend !  
 And temper all, thou influential Sun,

Into the perfect Year ! Ncr, Ye who live  
 In Luxury and Ease, in Pomp and Pride,  
 Think these lost Themes unworthy of your Ear,  
 'Twas such as these the *Rural Maro* sung  
 To the full *Roman* Court, in all it's Height  
 Of Elegance and Taste. The sacred Plow  
 Employ'd the Kings and Fathers of Mankind,  
 In ancient Times. And Some, with whom compar'd  
 You're but the Beings of a Summer's Day,  
 Have held the Scale of Justice, shook the Lance  
 Of mighty War, then with descending Hand,  
 Unus'd to little Delicacies, seiz'd  
 The Plow, and greatly independent liv'd.

YE generous *Britons* cultivate the Plow !  
 And o'er your Hills, and long with-drawing Vales,  
 Let *Autumn* spread his Treasures to the Sun,  
 Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the Sea,  
 Far thro' his azure, turbulent Extent,  
 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,

Ext\*

## S P R I N G.

Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour  
O'er every Land ; the naked Nations cloath,  
And be th' exhaustless Granary of the World.

No R thro' the lenient Air alone, this Change  
Delicious breathes ; the penetrative Sun,  
His force deep-darting to the dark Retreat  
Of Vegetation, sets the streaming Power  
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 brown-brow'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,  
While the Deer rustle thro' 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 Embrio, unperceiv'd,  
 Within it's Crimson Folds. Now from the Town  
 Buried in Smoak, and Sleep, and noisome Damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,  
 Where Freshness breathes, and dash the lucid Drops  
 From the bent Bush, as thro' the fuming 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 snow-empurpled Shower  
 Of mingled Blossoms; where the raptur'd Eye  
 Travels 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 foggy Wings  
 The bitter Mildew, or dry blowing breathe

Untime-

Untimely Frost ; before whose baleful Blast,  
The full-blown *Spring* thro' all her Foliage shrinks,  
Into a smutty, wide-dejected Waste.  
For oft engender'd by the hazy North,  
Myriads on Myriads, Insect-Armies waft  
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat  
Thro' Buds, and Bark, even to the Heart of Oak  
Their eager Way. A feeble Race ! scarce seen,  
Save to the prying Eye ; yet Famine waits  
On their corrosive Course, and starves the Year.  
Sometimes o'er Cities as they steer their Flight,  
Where rising Vapour melts their Wings away,  
Gaz'd by th' astonish'd Crowd, the horrid Shower  
Descends. And hence the skilful Farmer Chaff  
And blazing Straw before his Orchard burns,  
Till all involv'd in Smoak the latent Foe  
From every Cranny suffocated falls ;  
Or Onions steaming hot beneath his Trees  
Exposes, fatal to the frosty Tribe :  
Nor, from their friendly Task, the busy Bill  
Of little trooping Birds instinctive scares.



THESE are not idle Philosophic Dreams ;  
 Full Nature swarms with Life. Th' unfaithful Fen  
 In putrid Steams emits the living Cloud  
 Of Pestilence. Thro' subterranean Cells,  
 Where searching Sun-Beams never found a Way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf  
 Wants not it's soft Inhabitants. The Stone,  
 Hard as it is, in every winding Pore  
 Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,  
 Which dance unnumber'd to th' inspiring 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, invifible,  
 Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.  
 Each Liquid too, whether of acid Taste,  
 Milky, or strong, with various Forms abounds.  
 Nor is the lucid Stream, nor the pure Air,  
 Tho' one transparent Vacancy they seem,  
 Devoid of theirs. Even animals subsist  
 On Animals, in infinite Descent ;  
 And all so fine adjusted, that the Loss

Of the least Species would disturb the whole.  
 Stranger than this th' inspective Glafs confirms,  
 And to the Curious gives th' amazing Scenes  
 Of less'ning Life; by *Wisdom* kindly hid  
 From Eye, and Ear of Man : for if at once  
 The Worlds in Worlds enclos'd were push'd to Light,  
 Seen by his sharpen'd Eye, and by his Ear  
 Intensely bended Heard, from the choice Cate,  
 The freshest Viands, and the brightest Wines,  
 He'd turn abhorrent, and in Dead of Night,  
 When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with Noise.

THE North-East spends his Rage, and now shut up  
 Within his Iron Caves, th' effusive South  
 Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven  
 Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distent.  
 At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining Æther ; but by fast Degrees,  
 In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour fails  
 Along the loaded Sky, and mingling thick  
 Sits on th' Horizon round a settled Gloom.  
 Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed  
 Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,

And

And full of every Hope, and every Joy,  
 The Wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the Breeze  
 Into a perfect Calm ; that not a Breath  
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing Woods,  
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves  
 Of Aspin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd  
 In glassy Breadth, seem thro' delusive Lapse  
 Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,  
 And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks  
 Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploing eye  
 The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense  
 The plummy People streak their Wings with Oil,  
 And wait th' approaching Sign to strike at once  
 Into the general Choir. Ev'n Mountains, Vales,  
 And Forests seem expansive 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 dimply Pool  
 Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow  
 In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.

'Tis scarce to patter heard, the itealing Shower,  
By such as wander thro' the Forest-Walks,  
Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.  
But who would hold the Shade, while *Heaven* descends  
In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,  
And Fruits, and Flowers, on *Nature's* ample Lap?  
Imagination fir'd prevents their Growth,  
And while the verdant Nutriment distills,  
Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

THUS all Day long the full-distended Clouds  
Indulge their genial Showers, and well-shower'd Earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life ;  
Till, in the Western Sky, the downward Sun  
Looks out illustrious from amid the Flush  
Of broken Clouds, gay-shifting to his Beam.  
The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes  
Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro' the Forest streams,  
Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Mist,  
Far-smoaking o'er th' interminable Plain,  
In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.  
Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.  
Full swell the Woods ; their every Musick wakes,

Mix'd

Mix'd in wild Confort with the warbling Brooks  
 Increas'd, th' unnumber'd Bleatings of the Hills,  
 The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,  
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.  
 Mean-time refracted from yon Eastern Cloud,  
 Bestriding Earth, the grand ætherial Bow  
 Shoots up immense! and every Hue unfolds,  
 In fair Proportjon, running from the Red,  
 To where the Violet fades into the Sky.  
 Here, mighty *Newton*, the dissolving Clouds  
 Are, as they scatter round, thy numerous Prism,  
 Untwisting to the Philosophic Eye  
 The various Twine of Light, by Thee pursu'd  
 Thro' all the mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,  
 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 again,  
 Transmuted soon by Nature's Chymistry,  
 The blooming Blessings of the former Day.

THEN

THEN spring the living Herbs, profusely wild  
 O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power  
 Of *Botanist* to number up their Tribes ;  
 Whether he steals along the lonely Dale,  
 In silent Search ; or thro' 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,  
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing Mold,  
 The moistning Current, and prolific Rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? who pierce  
 With holy Eye into these secret Stores  
 Of Life, and Health, and Joy ? The Food of Man  
 While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told  
 A Length of golden Years, unblest 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.

THEN the glad Morning wak'd the gladden'd Race  
 Of uncorrupted Men, nor blush'd to see

The

The Sluggard sleep beneath her sacred Beam.  
 For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away,  
 And up they rose as vig'rous as the Sun,  
 Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,  
 Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.  
 Mean-time 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,  
 Fragrant with Blifs, and only wept for Joy.  
 Nor yet injurious Act, nor surly Deed  
 Was known among these happy Sons of Heaven ;  
 For Reason and Benevolence were Law.  
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on,  
 Clean shone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,  
 And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun  
 Shot his best Rays ; and still the gracious Clouds  
 Drop'd Fatness down ; as o'er the swelling Mead  
 The Herds and Flocks commixing play'd secure.  
 Which when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,  
 The glaring Lion saw, his horrid Heart  
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen Joy.

For Mufick held the whole in perfect peace :  
 Soft sigh'd the Flute ; the tender Voice was heard  
 Warbling the joyous Heart ; the Woodlands round  
 Apply'd their Quire ; and Winds and Waters flow'd  
 In Confonance. ---Such were these Prime of Days.

THIS to the *Poets* gave the golden Age ;  
 When, as they fung in Allegoric Phrafe,  
 The Sailor-Pine had not the Nations yet  
 In Commerce mix'd ; for every Country teem'd  
 With every Thing. Spontaneous Harvests wav'd  
 Still in a Sea of yellow Plenty round.  
 The Forest was the Vineyard, where untaught  
 To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy Grape  
 Burst into Floods of Wine. The knotted Oak  
 Shook from his Boughs the long transparent Streams  
 Of Honey, creeping thro' the matted Grafs.  
 Th' uncultivated Thorn a ruddy Shower  
 Of Fruitage shed, on such as sat below,  
 In blooming Ease, and from brown Labour free,  
 Save what the copious Gathering, grateful, gave.  
 The Rivers foam'd with Nectar ; or diffuse,  
 Silent, and soft, the milky Maze devolv'd.



Nor had the spongy, full-expanded Fleece  
 Yet drunk the *Tyrian* Die. The stately Ram  
 Shone thro' the Mead, in native Purple clad,  
 Or milder Saffron : and the dancing Lamb  
 The vivid Crimfon to the Sun disclos'd.  
 Nothing had Power to hurt ; the savage Soul,  
 Yet untransfus'd into the Tyger's Heart,  
 Burn'd not his Bowels, nor his gamesome Paw  
 Drove on the fleecy Partners of his Play :  
 While from the flowery Brake the Serpent roll'd  
 His fairer Spires, and play'd his pointles Tongue.

BUT now whate'er those gaudy Fables meant,  
 And the white Minutes that they shadow'd out,  
 Are found no more amid these Iron Times,  
 These Dregs of Life ! in which the Human Mind  
 Has lost that Harmony ineffable,  
 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. Anger storms at large,  
 Without an equal Cause ; and fell Revenge

Supports

Supports the falling Rage. Close Envy bites  
 With venom'd Tooth ; while weak, unmanly Fear,  
 Full of frail Fancies, loofens every Power.  
 Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,  
 A pleasing Anguish pining at the Heart.  
 Hope sickens with Extravagance ; and Grief,  
 Of Life impatient, into Madness swells,  
 Or in dead Silence wastes the weeping Hours.  
 These, and a thousand new Emotions more,  
 That from their Mixture spring, distract the Mind  
 With endless Tumult. Whence resulting rise  
 The selfish Thought, a listless Inconcern,  
 Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good ;  
 Then dark Disgust, and Malice, winding Wiles,  
 Sneaking Deceit, and Coward Villany :  
 At last unruly Hatred, lewd Reproach,  
 Convulsive Wrath, and thoughtless Fury quick  
 To every evil Deed. Even Nature's self  
 Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.

HENCE in old Time, they say, a Deluge came ;  
 When the dry-crumbling Orb of Earth, which arch'd  
 Th' imprison'd Deep around, impetuous rush'd,

With Ruin inconceivable, at once  
 Into the Gulph, and o'er the highest Hills  
 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, as hoar *Tradition* tells,  
 Have kept their constant Chace ; the *Winter* keen  
 Pour'd out 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.  
 Clear was the temperate 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 Gloom  
 Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth :  
 With sickly Damps, and cold Autumnal Fogs  
 Sat not pernicious on the Springs of Life.  
 But now from clear to cloudy, moist to dry,  
 And hot to cold, in restless Change revolv'd,

Our

Our drooping Days are dwindled down to nought,  
The fleeting Shadow of a Winter's Sun.

AND yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies  
In lone Obscurity, unpriz'd for Food,  
Altho' the pure, exhilarating Soul  
Of Nutriment, and Health, salubrious breathes,  
By *Heaven* infus'd, along its secret Tubes.  
For, with hot Ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man  
Is now become the Lyon of the Plain,  
And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold  
Fierce drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,  
Nor wore her warming Fleece : nor has the Steer,  
At whose strong Chest the deadly Tyger hangs,  
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
With hunger stung, and wild Necessity,  
Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy Breasts.  
But *Man*, whom *Nature* form'd of milder Clay,  
With every kind Emotion in his Heart,  
And taught alone to weep ; while from her Lap  
She pours ten thousand Delicacies, Herbs,  
And Fruits as numerous as the drops of Rain,

And Beams which gave them Birth : shall He, fair Form !  
 Who wears sweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,  
 And dip his Tongue in Blood ? The Beast of Prey,  
 'Tis true, deserves the Fate in which he deals ;  
 Him from the Thicket let the hardy Youth  
 Provoke, and foaming thro' th' awakened Woods  
 With every Nerve pursue. But you, ye Flocks,  
 What have ye done ? ye peaceful People, what,  
 To merit Death ? You, who have given us Milk  
 In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat  
 Against the Winter's Cold ; whose Usefulness  
 In living only lies. And the plain Ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless Animal,  
 In what has he offended : He, whose Toil,  
 Patient, and ever-ready, cloaths the Fields  
 With all the Pomp of Harvest ; shall he bleed,  
 And wrestling groan beneath the cruel Hands,  
 Even of the Clowns he feeds ? And that perhaps  
 To swell the Riot of the gathering 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 *Heaven* beside forbids the daring Strain,  
 Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a State,  
 Which must not yet to pure Perfection rise.

But yonder breathing Prospect bids the Muse  
 Throw all her Beauty forth, that Daubing all  
 Will be to what I gaze ; for who can paint  
 Like *Nature* ? Can *Imagination* boast  
 Amid his gay Creation Hues like Her's ?  
 And can he mix them with that matchless Skill,  
 And lay them on so delicately sweet,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every Bud that blows ? If Fancy then  
 Unequal fails beneath the lovely Task ;  
 Ah what shall Language do ? Ah where find Words  
 Ting'd with so many Colours ? And whose Power  
 To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays  
 With that fine Oil, these aromatic Gales,  
 Which inexhaustive flow continual round ?

YET, tho' successless, will the Toil delight.  
 Come then ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whose Hearts  
 Have felt the Raptures of refining Love,  
 Oh come, and while the rosy-footed *May*  
 Steals blushing on, together let us walk  
 The Morning Dews, and gather in their Prime  
 Fresh-blooming Flowers, to deck the flowing Hair,  
 And for a Breast which can improve their Sweets.

SEE, where the winding Vale her lavish Stores,  
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the Lilly drinks  
 The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro' the Grass  
 Of Growth luxuriant, or the humid Bank  
 Profusely climbs. Turgent, in every Pore  
 The Gummy Moisture shines, new lustre lends,  
 And feeds the Spirit that diffusive round  
 Refreshes all the Dale. Long let us walk,  
 Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field  
 Of blossom Beans : *Arabia* cannot boast  
 A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence  
 Breathes thro' the Sense, and takes the ravish'd Soul.  
 Nor is the Meadow worthless of our Foot,

Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,  
 The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild,  
 Where, undisguis'd my mimic *Art*, she shows  
 Unbounded Beauty to the boundless Eye.  
 'Tis here that their delicious Task the Bees,  
 In swarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,  
 This Way and that, the busy Nations fly,  
 Cling to the Bud, and, with inserted Tube,  
 It's Soul, it's Sweetness, and it's Manna suck.  
 The little Chymist thus, all-moving *Heaven*  
 Has taught. And oft, of bolder Wing, he dares  
 The Purple Heath, or where the Wild-Thyme grows,  
 And yellow loads him with the luscious Spoil.

At length the finish'd Garden to the View  
 It's Vistas opens, and it's Alleys green.  
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye  
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery Walk  
 Of Covert close, where scarce a Speck of Day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted darts ;  
 Now meets the bending Sky, the River now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,

The



The Forest running round, the rising Spire,  
 Th' ætherial Mountain, and the distant Main.  
 But why so far excursive ? When at Hand,  
 Along the blushing Borders, dewy-bright,  
 And in yon mingled Wilderness of Flowers,  
 Fair-handed *Spring* unbosoms every Grace ;  
 Throws out the Snow-Drop, and the Crocus first,  
 The Daisy, Primrose, Violet darkly blue,  
 Soft-bending Cowslips, and of nameless Dyes,  
 Anemonies, Auriculas, a Tribe  
 Peculiar powder'd with a shining Sand,  
 Renunculas, and Iris many-hued.  
 Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays  
 Her gayest Freaks ; from Family diffus'd  
 To Family, as flies the Father-Dust,  
 The varied Colours run ; and while they break  
 On the charm'd *Florist's* Eye, he wandering stands,  
 And new-flush'd Glories all ecstatic marks.  
 Nor Hyacinths are wanting, nor Junquills  
 Of potent Fragrance, nor Narcissus white,  
 Nor deep Carnations, nor enamel'd Pinks,  
 And show'r'd from every Bush the Damask-Rose.

Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,  
 With Hues on Hues, Expression cannot paint,  
 The Breath of *Nature*, and her endless Bloom.

HAIL, *Mighty Being ! Universal Soul*  
 Of Heaven 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 Æther, and imbibe the Dew.  
 By *Thee* dispos'd into congenial Soils  
 Stands each attractive Plan, 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, influent Dance  
 And lively Fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable-colour'd Scene of things.

ASCENDING from the vegetable World  
 To higher Life, with equal Wing ascend,

My

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.

JUST as the Spirit of Love is sent abroad,  
 Warm thro' the vital Air, and on their Hearts  
 Harmonious seizes, the gay Troops begin  
 In gallant Thought to plume their painted Wings ;  
 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 Musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the Lark,  
 Shrill-voiced, 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. Every Copse

Thick-

Thick-wove, and Tree irregular, and Bush,  
Bending with dewy Moisture o'er the Heads  
Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush,  
And Wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending Throng  
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest Length  
Of Notes, when listening *Philomela* deigns  
To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought  
Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.  
The black-bird whistles from the thorny Brake ;  
The mellow Bull-finch answers from the Grove :  
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze,  
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,  
Thousands beside, thick as the covering Leaves  
They warble under, or the nitid Hues  
Which speck them o'er, their Modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,  
And all these jangling Pipes, when heard alone,  
Here aid the Confort : while the Wood-Dove breathes  
A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates their Gaiety, and all  
 This Waste of Music is the Voice of Love ;  
 Which even to Birds, and Beasts, the tender Arts  
 Of Pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy Kind  
 Try every winning Way inventive Love  
 Can dictate, and in fluttering Courtship pour  
 Their little Souls before Her. Wide around,  
 Respectful, first in airy Rings they rove,  
 Endeavouring by a thousand Tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted Glance  
 Of their regardless Charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening 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,  
 And throwing out the last Efforts of Love,  
 In fond Rotation spread the spotted Wing,  
 And shiver every Feather with Desire.

CONNUBIAL Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods  
 They haste away, each as their Fancy leads,  
 Pleasure, or Food, or latent Safety prompts ;

That

That *Nature's* great Command may be obey'd,  
Nor all these 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  
Resolve to trust their Young. The clefted Tree  
Offers it's kind Concealment to a few,  
Their Food it's Insects, and it's Moss their Nests.  
Others apart far in the grassy Dale  
Their humble Texture weave. But most delight  
In unfrequented Glooms, or shaggy Banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,  
Whose Murmurs sooth them all the live-long Day,  
When for a Season fix'd. Among the Roots  
Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,  
They frame the first Foundation of their Domes,  
Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Manner laid,  
And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But Hurry Hurry thro' the busy Air,  
Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow sweeps  
The slimy Pool, to build his hanging House  
Ingeniously intent. Off from the Back

Of Herds and Flocks a thousand tugging Bills  
 Pluck Hair, and Wool, and oft when unobserv'd  
 Steal from the Barn the Straw ; till soft, and warm,  
 Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

MEAN-TIME the patient Dam assiduous fits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender Task,  
 Or by sharp Hunger, or by smooth Delight,  
 Tho' the whole loos'n'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 flits  
 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. Oh what Passions then,  
 What melting Sentiments of kindly Care  
 Seize the new Parents' Hearts ! away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesigning bear  
 The most delicious Morfel to their Young,

Which

Which equally distributed, again  
 The Search begins. So pitiful, and poor,  
 A gentle Pair on Providential, *Heaven*  
 Call, as they weeping eye their clamant Train,  
 Check their own Appetites, and give them all.

NOR is the Courage of the fearful Kind,  
 Nor is their Cunning less, should some rude Foot  
 Their Woody Haunts molest; stealthy aside  
 Into the Centre of a neighb'ring Bush  
 They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive  
 The rambling School-Boy. Hence around the Head  
 Of Traveller, the white-wing'd Plover wheels  
 Her sounding Flight, and then directly on  
 In long Excursion skims the level Lawn,  
 To tempt you from her Nest. The Wild-Duck hence  
 O'er the rough Moss, and o'er the trackless Waste  
 The Heath-Hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead  
 The hot, pursuing Spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, 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 it's brightning Lustre lost,  
 Nor is that luscious Wildness in their Notes  
 That warbles from the Beech. Oh then desist,  
 Ye Friends of Harmony! this barbarous Art  
 Forbear, if Innocence and Music can  
 Win on your Hearts, or Piety perswade,

But let not chief the Nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd  
 To brook the harsh Confinement of the Cage.  
 Oft when returning with her loaded Bill,  
 Th' astonish'd Mother finds a vacant Nest,  
 By the hard Hands of unrelenting Clowns  
 Rob'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 thro' the Night; and, on the Bough  
 Sad-sitting, still at every dying Fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable Strain

Of winding Woe, till wide around the Woods  
Sigh at her Song, and with her Wail resound.

AND now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds  
Ardent disdain, and weighing oft their Wings,  
Demand the free Possession of the Sky.  
But this glad Office more, and then dissolves  
Parental Love at once ; for needles grown,  
Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.

'Tis on some Evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
When nought but Balm is breathing thro' the Woods  
With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes  
Visit the spacious Heavens, 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, the void Abrupt  
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly  
The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
Or push them off. The surging Air receives  
The plummy Burden ; and their self-taught Wings

Winnow the waving Element. On Ground  
 Alighted bolder, up again they lead  
 Farther and farther on the lengthning Flight ;  
 Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power  
 Rouz'd into Life, and Action, in the Void  
 Th' exoner'd Parents see their soaring Race,  
 And once rejoicing, never know them more.

H I E H from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,  
 Hung o'er the green Sea grudging at it's Base,  
 The Royal Eagle draws his Young, resolv'd  
 To try them at the Sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright  
 As burnish'd Day, they up the blue Sky wind,  
 Leaving dull Sight below, and with fixt Gaze  
 Drink in their native Noon : The Father-King  
 Claps his glad Pinions, and approves the Birth.

A N D should I wander to the rural Seat,  
 Whose aged Oaks, and venerable Gloom  
 Invite the noisy Rook, with Pleasure there,  
 I might the various Polity survey  
 Of the mixt Household Kind. The careful Hen

Calls

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 onward fierce, and beats you from the Bank,  
 Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock spreads  
 His every colour'd Glory to the Sun,  
 And swims in floating Majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove  
 Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

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. Thro' all his lusty Veins  
 The Bull, deep-scorcht, receives the raging Fire.

Of Pasture sick, and negligent of Food,  
 Scarce-seen, he wades among the yellow Broom,  
 While o'er his brawny Back the rambling Sprays  
 Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy Wood  
 Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing Bud  
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless Sense :  
 For, wrapt in mad Imagination, he  
 Roars for the Fight, and idly butting feigns  
 A Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.  
 Such 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 vast th' impetuous Battle mix :  
 While the fair Heifer, redolent, in View  
 Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,  
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every Nerve,  
 Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the sounding Whip ;  
 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 th' aerial Summit takes

Th' informing Gale ; then steep-descending stems  
 The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,  
 Even 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.

NO R, undelighted by the boundless *Spring*,  
 Are the broad Monsters of the Deep : thro' all  
 Their oozy Caves, and gelid Kingdoms 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 the red Lions, her Whelps forgot  
 Amid the thoughtless Fury of her Heart,  
 The lank rapacious Wolf, th' unshapely Bear,  
 The spotted Tyger, fellest of the Fell,  
 And all the Terrors of the *Lybian* Swain,  
 By this new Flame their Native Wrath sublim'd,  
 Roam the resounding Waste in fiercer Bands,  
 And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme  
 I sing, transported 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 little Frolicks play. And now the Race  
 Invites them forth; when swift, the Signal given,  
 They start away, and sweep the circling Mound  
 That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once  
 Of Iron War, in ancient barbarous Times,  
 When disunited *Britain* ever bled,  
 Lost in eternal *Broil*; e'er yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid, indissoluble State,  
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden Head,  
 And o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*  
 Illustrious watch, the Wonder of a World!

WHAT is this mighty *Breath*, ye Curious, say,  
 Which, in a Language rather felt than heard,  
 Instructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breasts  
 These

These Arts of Love diffuses? — What ? but G O D !  
Inspiring G O D ! who boundless Spirit all,  
And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
Subsists, adjusts, and agitates the Whole.  
He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone  
Seems not to work, so exquisitely fram'd  
Is this complex, amazing Scene of Things,  
But tho' conceal'd, to every purer Eye  
Th' informing Author in his Works appears ;  
His Grandeur in the Heavens : the Sun, and Moon,  
Whether that fires the Day, or falling this  
Pours out a lucid Softness o'er the Night,  
Are but a Beam from Him. The glittering Stars,  
By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,  
Still in their Midnight Watches sing of Him.  
He nods a Calm. The Tempest blows His Wrath,  
Roots up the Forest, and o'erturns the Main.  
The Thunder is His Voice ; and the red Flash  
His speedy Sword of Justice. At his touch  
The Mountains flame. He takes the solid Earth,  
And rocks the Nations. Nor in these alone,



In every common Instance *G O D* is seen ;  
 And to the Man, who casts his mental Eye  
 Abroad, unnotic'd Wonders rife. But chief  
 In Thee, Boon *Spring*, and in thy softer Scenes,  
 The smiling *G O D* appears ; while Water, Earth,  
 And Air attest his Bounty, which infils  
 Into the Brutes this temporary Thought,  
 And annual melts their undefining Hearts  
 Profusely thus in Tendernefs, and Joy.

STILL let my Song a nobler Note assume,  
 And fing th' infufive Force of *Spring* on Man ;  
 When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie  
 To raife his Being, and ferene his Soul.  
 Can he forbear to fmile with *Nature* ? Can  
 The stormy *Passions* in his Bosom rowl,  
 While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove  
 Is Melody ? Hence, from the bounteous Walks  
 Of flowing *Spring*, ye fordid Sons of Earth,  
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's Woe,  
 Or only lavish to yourselves,—away.  
 But come, ye generous Breasts, in whose wide Thought,  
 Of

Of all his Works, *Creative Bounty*, most,  
 Divinely burns ; and on your open Front,  
 And liberal Eye, fits, from his dark Retreat  
 Inviting modest Want. Nor only fair,  
 And easy of Approach ; your active Search  
 Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd,  
 Like silent-working *Heaven*, surprizing 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 buxom Plenty o'er the World,  
 And the Sun spreads his genial Blaze for you,  
 Ye flower of Human Race ! In these green Days,  
 Sad-pining 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 his Mind, beyond the Pride of Kings  
 E'er to bestow. Serenity apace  
 Induces Thought, and Contemplation still.  
 By small Degrees the Love of Nature works,  
 And warms the Bosom ; till at last arriv'd

To

To Rapture, and enthusiastic Heat,  
 We feel the present *Deity*, and taste  
 The Joy of *G O D*, to see a happy World.

'Tis *Harmony*, that World-embracing Power,  
 By which all Beings are adjusted, each  
 To all around, impelling and impell'd  
 In endless Circulation, that inspires  
 This universal smile. Thus the glad Skies,  
 The wide-rejoicing Earth, the Woods, the Streams,  
 With every *Life* they hold, down to the Flower  
 That paints the lowly Vale, or Insect-Wing  
 Wav'd o'er the Shepherd's Slumber, touch the Mind  
 To Nature tun'd, with a light-flying Hand,  
 Invisible; quick-urging, thro' the Nerves,  
 The glittering Spirits, in a Flood of Day.

Hence 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

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 th' infectious Sigh, the pleading Eye  
 In meek Submission drest, deject, and low,  
 But full of tempting Guile. Let not the Tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with Adulation smooth,  
 Gain on your purpos'd Wills. Nor in the Bower,  
 Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roses shed a Couch,  
 While Evening draws her crimson'd Curtains round,  
 Trust your soft Minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring Youth beware of Love,  
 And shun th' enchanting Glance, for 'tis too late  
 When on his Heart the Torrent Softness pours.  
 Then Interest sinks to Dirt, and distant Fame  
 Dissolves in Air away. While the fond Soul  
 Is wrapt in Dreams of Ecstasy, and Bliss ;  
 Still paints th' illusive Form, the kindling Grace,

Th:

Th' alluring Smile, the full æthereal Eye  
 Effufing Heaven ; and lifens ardent ftill  
 To the fmall Voice, where Harmony and Wit,  
 A modeft, melting, mingled Sweetnefs, flow.  
 No fooner is the fair Idea form'd,  
 And Contemplation fixes on the Theme,  
 Than from his own Creation wild he flies,  
 Sick of a Shadow. Abfence comes apace,  
 And fhots his every Pang into his Breaft.  
 'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun  
 Lofes his Light. The rofy-bofom'd *Spring*  
 To weeping Fancy pines ; and yon bright Arch  
 Of Heaven low-bends into a dusky Vault.  
 All Nature fades extintt ; and She alone  
 Heard, felt, and feen, poffeffes every Thought,  
 Fills every Sence, and pants in every Vein.  
 Books are but formal Dulnefs, tedious Friends.  
 And fad amid the Social Band he fits,  
 Lonely, and inattentive. From the Tongue  
 Th' unfinifh'd Period falls : while, born away,  
 On fwelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flie  
 To the dear Bofom of his abfent Fair ;

And

And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd  
In melancholy Sits, with Head declin'd,  
And Love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender Trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering Shades, and sympathetic Gloom,  
Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream  
Romantic hangs ; there thro' the penfive Dusk  
Strays, in Heart-thrilling Meditation lost,  
Indulging all to Love : or on the Bank  
Thrown, amid drooping Lillies, 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 thro' the Chambers of the fleecy East,  
Enlighten'd by Degrees, and in her Train  
Leadson the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling Languish of her Beams,  
With soften'd Soul, and woes 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

His sweetly tortur'd Heart into the Page  
Meant for the moving Messenger of Love.  
But ah how faint, how meaningless, and poor,  
To what his Passion swells ! which bursts the Bounds  
Of every Eloquence, and asks for Looks,  
Where Fondness flows on Fondness, Love on Love,  
Entwisting Beams with Her's, and speaking more  
Than ever charm'd, ecstatic Poet sigh'd  
To listening Beauty, bright with conscious Smiles,  
And graceful Vanity. 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 grey Morn  
Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,  
Examine by Love : and then perhaps  
Exhausted Nature sinks a-while to Rest,  
Still interrupted by disorder'd Dreams,  
That o'er the sick Imagination rises,  
And in black Colours paint the mimic Scene.  
Oft with the Charmer of his Soul he talks ;  
Sometimes in Crowds distress ; or if retir'd  
To secret winding, Flower-inwoven Bowers,

Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,  
Just as he kneeling all his former Cares  
Begins to lose in vast oblivious Love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,  
Thro' Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths  
With Defolation 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,  
His Dearer Life extends her beckoning Arms,  
But strives in vain, born by th' outrageous Flood  
To Distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.  
Then a weak, wailing, lamentable Cry  
Is heard, and all in Tears he wakes, again  
To tread the Circle of revolving Woe.  
These are the charming Agonies of Love,  
Whose Misery delights. But thro' the Heart  
Should Jealousy its Venom once diffuse,



'Tis then delightful Misery no more,  
But Agony unmix'd, incessant Rage,  
Corroding every Thought, and blasting all  
The Paradise of Love. Ye Fairy Prospects then,  
Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,  
Farewel! Ye Gleanings of departing Peace,  
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging Plague  
Internal Vision taints, and in a Night  
Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.  
Ay 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 Loveaway, Ten thousand Fears,  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic Views  
Of horrid Rivals, hanging the Charms  
For which he melts in Fondness, eat him up  
With fervent Anguish, and consuming Pine.  
In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,

Deceitful

Deceitful Pride, and Resolution frail,  
 Giving a Moment's Ease. Reflection 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 thro' the Nerves, and boils along the Veins ;  
 While anxious Doubt distracts the tortur'd Heart ;  
 For even the sad Assurance of his Fears  
 Were Heaven to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,  
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,  
 Thro' flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life  
 Of favour'd Rapture, or of cruel Care ;  
 His brightest Aimsextinguish'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 courser Tie of human Laws,

Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,  
 Which bends their Peace, but Harmony itself,  
 Attuning all their Passions into Love ;  
 Where Friendship full-exerts his 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, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
 To bless himself, from fordid 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  
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated Form :  
 While those whom Love cements, in holy Faith,  
 And equal Transport, free as Nature, live,  
 Disdaining Fear ; for what's the World to them,

It's Pomp, it's Pleasure, and it's 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*.  
Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,  
The human Blossom blows ; and every Day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows 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' inspiring Spirit, and to plant  
The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.  
Oh speak the Joy ! You, whom the sudden Tear  
Surprizes often, while you look around,

And

And nothing strikes your Eye but Sights of Bliss,  
All various Nature pressing on the Heart,  
Obedient Fortune, and approving *Heaven*.  
These are the Blessings of diviner Love ;  
And thus their Moments fly ; the *Seasons* thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring World they roll,  
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING  
Sheds her own rosy Garland on their Head :  
Till Evening comes at last, cool, gentle, calm ;  
When after the long vernal Day of Life,  
Enamour'd more, as Soul approaches Soul,  
Together, down they sink in social Sleep.

T H E E N D.

S U M M E R.

A

P O E M.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODDINGTON.

---

By JAMES THOMSON.

---

*With large Additions.*

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D U B L I N :

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M D C C X L.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODDINGTON. 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. Morning. A view of the Sun rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Rural prospects. Summer insects describ'd. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. A groupe of flocks and herds. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country ; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT-BRITAIN. A digression on foreign summers. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over ; a serene afternoon. Bathing. Sun-set. Evening. The whole concluding with the praise of Philosophy.*



# S U M M E R.

**F**ROM yonder fields of æther fair disclos'd,  
Child of the Sun ! illustrious *Summer* comes  
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's  
depth.

He comes, attended by the fultry *Hours*,  
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way ; 5  
While, from his ardent look, the turning *Spring*  
Averts, her 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 sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10

E

And



And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink  
 Of haunted stream that by the roots of oak  
 Rows o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
 And sing the glories of the circling *year*.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit feat 15  
 By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,  
 From thy fix'd serious muse, and raptur'd eye  
 Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look,  
 Creative of the poet, every power  
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, the muse's honour ! and her 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 chastiz'd ; goodness and wit, 25  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,  
 For *Britain's* glory, Liberty, and Man ;  
 O *Dodington* ! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30  
 And teach me to deserve thy best applause.

With

With what a perfect world-revolving power  
 Were first th' unweildy planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void ! thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35  
 That oft has swept the busy race of men,  
 And all their labour'd monuments away,  
 Unresting, changeless, matchless, in their course ;  
 To night and day, with the delightful round  
 Of *Seasons*, faithful ; not excentric once ; 40  
 So pois'd, and perfect is the vast machine.

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, 45  
 The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews !  
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :  
 Till far o'er æther shoots the trembling glow ;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face,  
 White break the clouds away. With tardy step, 50  
 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 eye, and brighten with the dawn.  
 Blue thro' the dusk the smoaking currents shine ; 55  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limp aukward ; while along the forest glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Mufick awakes,  
 The native voice of undiffembled joy ; 60  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arife.  
 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. 65

Falfly luxurious, will not man awake,  
 And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the filent hour,  
 To meditation due, and facred fong.  
 And is there ought in fleep can charm the wife ? 70  
 To lie in dead oblivion, lofing half  
 The fleeting moments of too fhort a life ?  
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd foul !  
 Or elfe to feaverifh vanity alive,  
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' diftemper'd dreams ? 75  
 Who would in fuch a gloomy ftate remain,

Longer

Longer than nature craves ; when every Muse,  
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildy-devious morning walk ?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day, 80  
 Rejoycing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim  
 Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad : and now apparent all,  
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85  
 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 chearer Light !  
 Of all material beings first, and best! 90  
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, red Sun,  
 In whose wide circle worlds of radiance lie  
 Exhaustless Brightness, may I sing of thee! 95

Who would the blessings, first and last, recount,  
 That in a full effusion from thee flow,  
 As soon might number, at the height of noon,

The

The rays that radiate from thy cloudless sphere,  
An universal glory darting round. 100

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne  
Of slow-pac'd *Saturn* to the scarce-seen disk  
Of *Mercury*, lost in excessive blaze. 105

Informer of the planetary train !  
Without whose vital and effectual glance,  
They wou'd be brute, uncomfortable mass,  
And not as now the green abodes of life ;  
How many forms of being wait on thee ! 110  
Inhaling gladness ; from the unfetter'd mind,  
By thee sublim'd, to that day-living race,  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of *Seasons* ! from whose rich-stain'd rays, 115  
Reflected various, various colours rise :  
The freshening mantle of the youthful year ;  
The wild embroidery of the watry vale ;  
With all that cheers the sense, and charms the heart.

The

# S U M M E R.

9

The branching grove thy lusty product stands, 120  
Diffus'd, and deep ; to quench the summer noon,  
And crowd a shade for the retreating swain,  
When on his ruffet fields you look direct.

Fruit is thy bounty too, with juice replete,  
Acid, or mild ; and from thy ray receives 125  
A flavour, pleasing to the taste of man.  
By thee concocted blushes ; and, by thee  
Fully matur'd, into the verdant lap  
Of *Industry* the mellow plenty falls.

Extensive harvests wave at thy command ; 130  
And the bright ear, consolidate by thee,  
Bends unwitholding to the reaper's hand.

Even *Winter* speaks thy power ; whose every blast,  
O'ercaft with tempest, or severely sharp  
With breathing frost, is eloquent of thee, 135  
And makes us languish for thy vernal gleams.  
Shot to the bowels of the teeming earth,  
The repining oar confesses all thy power.  
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence waving War  
Flames

Flames on the day ; hence busy Commerce binds 140  
 The round of nations in a golden chain ;  
 And hence the sculptur'd palace, sumptuous, shines  
 With glittering silver, and refulgent gold.

Th' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee,  
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone ; 145  
 Collected light, compact ; that polish'd bright,  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Shines proudly on the bosoms of the fair.

At thee the ruby lights his deepning glow,  
 A bleeding radiance, grateful to the view. 150  
 From thee the saphire, solid æther, takes  
 His hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct,  
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper verdure dies the robe of Spring, 155  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
 Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams ;  
 Or, flying several from its surface, form  
 A trembling variance of revolving hues, 160  
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The

The very dead creation, from thy touch,  
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
 In brisker measures, the reluctant stream  
 Frisks o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 165  
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys  
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds,  
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 170  
 Reflects, from every fluctuating wave,  
 A glance extensive as the day. But these,  
 And all the much transported muse can sing,  
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
 Unequal far, great delegated source, 175  
 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 ; 180  
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
 Fill'd, over-flowing, all those lamps of heaven,  
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky :



But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel, 185  
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,  
*Almighty Poet!* silent in thy praise ;  
 Thy matchless works in each exalted line,  
 And all the full harmonic universe, 190  
 Would vocal, or expressive, thee attest,  
 The cause, the glory, and the end of all !

To me be nature's volume wide display'd ;  
 And to peruse the broad illumin'd page,  
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence, 195  
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
 My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms  
 Pensive I muse, or with the rising day  
 On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Fierce-flaming up the heavens, the piercing sun 200  
 Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,  
 And morning mists, that hover'd round the hills  
 In party-colour'd bands ; till all unveil'd

The

The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 205

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires ;  
And tyrant heat, disspreading thro' the sky,  
By sharp degrees, his burning influence rains  
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream. 210

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
Before th' unbaiting beam ? so fade the fair,  
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.  
But one, the follower of the sun, they say, 215  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Weeping 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 : 220  
While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The chearful cottage then expecting food,  
The food of innocence, and health ! The daw,  
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks

(That the calm village, in their verdant arms, 225  
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight ;  
 Where on the mingling boughs they fit embower'd,  
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
 Faint, underneath, the homely fowls convene ;  
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 230  
 The house dog, with th' employless grey-hound, 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 bootless snap. Nor shall the muse disdain 235  
 To let the little noisy summer-race  
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,  
 Not mean, tho' simple ; to the sun ally'd,  
 From him their high descent, direct, they draw.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young 240  
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,  
 Lighter, and full of life. From every chink,  
 And secret corner, where they slept away  
 The wintry glooms, by myriads, all at once,  
 Swarming, they pour : green, speckled, yellow, grey, 245  
 Black, azure, brown ; more than th' assisted eye  
 Of poring virtuoso can discern.

Ten thousand forms ! Ten thousand different tribes !  
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool 250  
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the springing Trout,  
 Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-wood glade  
 Delight to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 255  
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
 And every latent herb ; but careful still  
 To shun the mazes of the sounding bee,  
 As o'er the blooms he sweeps. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ; 260  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :  
 Oft, inadvertent, by the boiling stream  
 Are pierc'd to death ; or, weltering in the bowl,  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves 265  
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,  
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap  
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around. 270

Within an inch the dreadful wanderer oft  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.  
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;  
 And, fixing in the fly his cruel fangs,                    275  
 Strides backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,  
 And shriller sound declare extream distress,  
 And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

Echoes the living surface of the ground ;  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,                    280  
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;  
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Let no presuming impious railer tax                    285  
 Creative Wisdom, as if ought 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 his mind ?                    290  
 Thus on the concave of a sounding dome,  
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !

Wanders

Wanders a critic fly ; his feeble ray  
 Extends an inch around, yet blindly bold  
 He dares dislike the structure of the whole:           295  
 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 unflinching accent to conclude  
 That *This* availeth nought ? Has any seen           300  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From *infinite Perfection* to the brink  
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyfs !  
 Recoiling giddy thought : or with sharp glance,  
 Such as remotely-wafting spirits use,           305  
 Beheld the glories of the little world ?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of heavenly wonder, to that *Power*,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.           310

Thick, in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering kingdoms sport ; with tempest-wing,  
 Till *Winter* sweeps them from the face of day.  
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass           315

An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,  
 A season's glitter ! in soft-circling robes,  
 Which the hard hand of *Industry* has wrought,  
 The human insects glow ; by *Hunger* fed,  
 And cheer'd by toiling *Thirst*, they rowl about 320  
 From toy to trifle, 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, 325  
 Healthful, and strong ; full as the summer-rose  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the blooming 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 330  
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load  
 O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll,  
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
 They spread the tawny Harvest to the sun, 335  
 That casts refreshful round a rural smell :  
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

Rises

Rises the ruffet hay-cock thick behind,  
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 340  
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

'Tis raging noon, and, vertical, the sun  
 Shoots thro' th' expanding air a torrid gleam.  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the darted eye 345  
 Can pierce, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all  
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze,  
 Down to the dusty earth the sight, o'erpower'd,  
 Stoops for relief ; but thence ascending streams,  
 And keen reflection pain. Burnt to the heart 350  
 Are the refreshless fields ; their arid hue  
 Adds a new fever to the sickening soul :  
 And o'er their slippery surface wary treads  
 The foot of thirsty pilgrim, often dipt  
 In a cross rill, presenting to his wish 355  
 A living draught : he feels before he drinks !  
 Echo no more returns the sandy sound  
 Of sharpening scythe ; the mower sinking heaps  
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;  
 And scarce a chirping grass hopper is heard 360  
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.

The



The desert reddens ; and the stubborn rock,  
Split to the center, sweats at every pore.

The very streams look languid from afar ;

Or, thro' the fervid glade, impetuous hurl

365

Into the shelter of the crackling grove.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath !

And on thy throbbing temples potent thus

Beam not so hard ! Incessant still you flow,

And still another fervent flood succeeds,

370

Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I fight,

And restless turn, and look around for night ;

Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.

Who can endure ! the too resplendent scene

Already darkens on the dizzy sight,

375

And double objects dance ; unreal sounds

Sing deep around ; a weight of sultry dew

Hangs deathful on the limbs ; shiver the nerves ;

The supple sinews sink ; and on the heart,

Misgiving, horror lays his heavy hand.

380

Thrice happy he ! that 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

And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams, 385  
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,  
 Unfatisfy'd, and fick, tosses in noon.  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
 And all his passions aptly harmoniz'd, 390  
 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, 395  
 As to the hunted hart the falling spring,  
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling fides  
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.  
 Cold thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;  
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye, 400  
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;  
 And life shoots swift thro' every lighten'd limb.

All in th' adjoining brook, that shrills along  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool, 405  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now

Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;  
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose ;  
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand 410  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
 The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
 Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides  
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail, 415  
 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 script, with wholesome viands fill'd ;  
 And there his sceptre-crook, and watchful dog. 420

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
 Of angry hornets 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, 425  
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;  
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills,

Oft

Oft in this season too the horse provok'd,  
 While his big sinews, full of spirits, swell, 430  
 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 steady eye,  
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,  
 Luxuriant, and erect, the feat of strength! 435  
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst,  
 He takes the river 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; 440  
 That, high embowering in the middle air,  
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
 And all is awful, silent gloom around.

These are the haunts of meditation, these 445  
 The scenes where ancient Bards th' inspiring breath,  
 Extatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,  
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,  
 On heavenly errands bent: to save the fall

Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;            450  
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
 To hint pure thought, and warn'd the favour'd soul,  
 For future trials fated to prepare ;  
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives  
 His muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs       455  
 Of dying Saints ; and from the Patriot's breast,  
 ( Backward to mingle in detested war, -  
 But foremost when engag'd ) to turn the death ;  
 And numberless such Offices of love,  
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.            460

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
 A thousand shapes, or glide athwart the dusk,  
 Or stalk majestick on. Arous'd, I feel  
 A sacred terror, and severe delight,  
 Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks, 465  
 Those accents murmur'd in th' abstracted ear,  
 Pronounce distinct. " 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. 470  
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,  
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 " This

" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 " Then fear us not ; but with responsive song, 475  
 " Oft in these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
 " By noisy folly, and discordant vice,  
 " Of nature sing with us, and nature's *God*.  
 " And frequent at the middle waste of night,  
 " Or all day long, in deserts still, are heard, 480  
 " Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid sky,  
 " Around, or underneath, aerial sounds,  
 " Sent from angelic harps, and voices join'd.  
 " A happiness bestow'd by us, alone,  
 " On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear 485  
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

Thus up the Mount, in visionary muse,  
 I stray, regardless whither ; 'till the stun  
 Of a near fall of water every sense  
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking  
                   back, 490  
 I stand aghast, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shaggy brink a spreading flood  
 Rolls fair and placid ; till collected all,

In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground,  
 Th' impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep, 495  
 Thunders and snakes th' astonish'd country round.  
 Now a blue watry sheet ; anon dispers'd,  
 A hoary mist ; then gather'd in again,  
 A darted stream afloat the hollow rock,  
 This way, and that tormented ; dashing thick, 500  
 From steep to steep, with wild, inflected course,  
 And restless roaring to the humble vale.

With the rough prospect tir'd, I turn my gaze,  
 Where, in long vista, the soft-murmuring main  
 Darts a green lustre, trembling thro' the trees ; 505  
 Or to yon silver-streaming threads of light,  
 A showery radiance, beaming thro' the boughs.  
 Invited from the rock, to whose dark cliff  
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
 With upward pinions thro' th' attractive gleam ; 510  
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,  
 Gains on the sun ; while all the feathery race,  
 Smote with afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain. 515  
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,

Mourn-

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, 520  
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds  
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,  
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;  
 There on that rock by *Nature's* chissel carv'd, 525  
 An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head  
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee  
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted sweet  
 Of honey-suckle loads his little thigh.

And what a various prospect lies around ! 530  
 Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And towns betwixt, and gilded streams ; till all  
 The stretching landskip into smoak decays.

Happy *Britannia!* where the Queen of arts,  
 Inspiring vigour, *Liberty* abroad 535  
 Walks thro' the land of Heroes, unconfin'd,  
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.



Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy skies ;  
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;  
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy vallies float 540  
 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 flame, and rise unquell'd,  
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand, 545  
 Thy villa's shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;  
 And *Property* assures it to the swain,  
 Pleas'd, and unweari'd, in his certain toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;  
 And trade, and joy, in every busy street, 550  
 Mingling are heard : even *Drudgery* himself  
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,  
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts 555  
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves  
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold,

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
 By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd, 560  
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first,  
 Or in the list'd plain, or wintry seas.  
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;  
 In genius, and substantial learning high ; 565  
 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 such as under grim oppression groan. 570

Thy Sons of glory many ! thine a *More*,  
 As *Cato* firm, as *Aristides* just,  
 Like rigid *Cincinnatus* nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.  
 Frugal, and wise, a *Walsingham* is thine ; 575  
 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 every glory mix'd, 580

*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 resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe, 585  
 Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted saw,  
 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. 590  
 A *Hambden* thine, 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* fierce.  
 Nor can the muse the gallant *Sidney* pass, 595  
 The plume of war ! with every laurel crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
 Nor him of later name, firm to the cause  
 Of *Liberty*, her rough determin'd friend,  
 The *British Brutus* ; whose united blood 600  
 With *Russel*, thine, thou patriot wife, and calm,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;  
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk  
 In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown

In *Sages* too, far as the sacred light 605  
 Of science spreads, and wakes the muse's song.  
 Thine is a *Bacon* form'd of happy mold,  
 When *Nature* smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul,  
*Plato*, the *Stagyrite*, and *Tully* join'd. 610  
 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. 615  
 What need I name thy *Boyle*, whose pious search  
 Still fought the great *Creator* in his works,  
 By sure experience led ? And why thy *Locke*,  
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?  
 Let comprehensive *Newton* speak thy fame, 620  
 In all philosophy. For solemn song,  
 Is not wild *Shakespear* nature's boast, and thine ?  
 And every greatly amiable muse  
 Of elder ages in thy *Milton* met ?  
 His was the treasure of two thousand years, 625

---

\* *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

Seldom indulg'd to man ; a god-like mind,  
 Unlimited, and various, as his *Theme* ;  
 Astonishing as *Chaos* ; as the bloom  
 Of blowing *Eden* fair ; soft as the talk  
 Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* sublime. 630

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, 635  
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white  
 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, 640  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
 The neck flight-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 coasts, set up,

At

At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shore  
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ; 650  
 Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults  
 Baffling, like 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, 655  
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;  
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent  
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;  
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;  
*Courage* compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*, 660  
 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,  
 While, copious life inform'd, and all awake : 665  
 While in the radiant front, superior shines  
 That first paternal *Virtue*, *public Zeal*,  
 Who casts o'er all an equal, wide survey,  
 And ever musing on the common weal,  
 Still labours glorious with some brave design, 670

Thus far transported by my country's love,  
 Nobly digressive from my theme, I've aim'd  
 To sing her praises in ambitious verse ;  
 While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,  
 The various summer-horrors, which infest  
 Kingdoms that scorch below severer suns ;

Kingdoms on which, direct, the flood of day  
 Oppressive falls, and gives the gloomy hue,  
 And feature gross ; or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
 Wan jealousy, red rage, and fell revenge, 680  
 Their hasty spirits prompts. Ill-fated race !  
 Altho' the treasures of the sun be theirs,  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines ;  
 Whence, over sands of gold, the *Niger* rolls  
 His amber wave ; while on his balmy banks 685  
 Or in the spicy *Abyssinian* vales,  
 The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink  
 Intolerable day, yet in their coats  
 A cooling juice contain. Peaceful beneath,  
 Leans the huge elephant ; and in his shade 690  
 A multitude of beauteous creatures play,  
 And birds of bolder note rejoice around.

And

And oft amid their aromatic groves,  
 Touch'd by the torch of noon, the gummy bark,  
 Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath. 695  
 Instant, so swift the ruddy ruin spreads,  
 A cloud of incense shadows all the land ;  
 And, o'er a thousand thundering trees at once,  
 Riots with lawless rage the running blaze :  
 But chiefly should fomenting winds assist, 700  
 And doubling blend the circulating waves  
 Of flame tempestuous ; or directly on,  
 Far-streaming, drive them thro' the forest's length.

But other views await ; where heaven above  
 Glows like an arch of brass ; and all below, 705  
 The brown-burnt earth amass of iron lies ;  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and every verdure spoilt ;  
 Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary waste ;  
 Thin-cottag'd ; and in time of trying need,  
 Abandon'd by the vanish'd brook ; like one 710  
 Of fading fortune by his treacherous friend.

Such are thy horrid desarts, *Barca* ; such,  
*Zaara*, thy hot inhospitable sands ;

Conti-



Continuous rising often with the blast,  
 Till the sun sees no more ; and unknit earth, 715  
 Shook by the south into the darken'd air,  
 Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er the waste.

Hence late expos'd (if distant fame says true)  
 A smother'd city from the sandy wave  
 Emergent rose ; with olive-fields around, 720  
 Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,  
 Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.  
 For by the nitrous penetrating salts,  
 Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd, and preserv'd,  
 Each object hardens gradual into stone, 725  
 Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps.  
 The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd crowd  
 The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd  
 By sudden fate, and live on every face  
 The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art. 730  
 Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand,  
 Delighted even in death ; and each for each  
 Feeling alone, with that expressive look,  
 Which perfect *Nature* only knows to give.  
 And there the father agonizing bends 735

Fond

Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train  
 Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why.  
 The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,  
 With horror staring; while in council deep  
 Assembled full, the hoary-headed fires 740  
 Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate.  
 As when old *Rome*, beneath the raging *Gaul*,  
 Sunk her proud turrets, resolute on death,  
 Around the *Forum* sat the grey divan  
 Of *Senators*, majestic, motionless, 745  
 With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes  
 Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;  
 Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn fight  
 The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them *Gods*.

'Tis here that *Thirst* has fix'd his dry domain; 750  
 And walks his wide, malignant round, in search  
 Of pilgrim lost; or on the \* *Merchant's* tomb

Trium.

---

\* *In the desert of Araoan are two tombs with inscriptions on them, importing that the persons there interred were a rich Merchant, and a poor Carrier, who both*

Triumphant sits, who for a single cruise  
 Of unavailing water paid so dear :  
 Nor could the gold his hard associate save.

Here the green serpent gathers up his train, 755  
 In orbs immense ; then darting out anew,  
 Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd brake ;  
 And, lolling frightful, guards the scanty fount,  
 If fount there be : or of diminish'd size,  
 But mighty mischief, on th' unguarded swain 760  
 Steals, full of rancour. Here the savage race  
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of blood,  
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
 His sacred eye. The rabid tyger then,  
 The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard, 765  
 (Bespeckled fair, the beauty of the waste)  
 In dire divan, surround their *shaggy King*,  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the burning sand,  
 With planted step ; while an obsequious crowd  
 Of grinning forms at humble distance wait. 770

These

---

*both died of thirst ; and that the former had given to  
 the latter ten thousand ducats for one cruise of water.*

These all together join'd from darksome caves,  
 Where o'er gnaw'd bones they slumber'd out the day,  
 By supreme hunger smit, and thirst intense,  
 At once their mingling voices raise to *Heaven* ;  
 And, with imperious and repeated roars, 775  
 Demanding food, 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. Ceaseless he sits, 780  
 Sad on the jutting eminence, and views  
 The rolling main, that ever toils below ;  
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds. 785  
 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 his continual thro' the tedious night.

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 790  
 Of monsters, unappall'd from stooping *Rome*,  
 And

And haughty *Cæsar*, *Liberty* retir'd,  
 With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* wilds :  
 Disdainful of *Campania's* fertile plains,  
 And all the green delights of *Italy* ; 795  
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
 And fawning take the blessings once her own.

What need I mention those inclement skies,  
 Where frequent, o'er the sickening city, *Plague*,  
 The fiercest son of *Nemesis divine*, 800  
 Collects a close, incumbent night 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 805  
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand  
 Of drooping *Justice*, ineffectual, falls  
 The sword, and balance. Mute the voice of Joy ;  
 And hush'd the murmur of the busy world.  
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad, 810  
 And rang'd at open noon by beasts of prey,  
 And birds of bloody beak. The sullen door  
 No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice  
 Of fervent Want. Even soul-attracted friends,  
 And

And relatives endear'd for many a year, 815  
 Savag'd by woe, forget the social tye,  
 The close engagement of the kindred heart ;  
 And, sick in solitude, successive die,  
 Untended, and unmourn'd. While to compleat  
 The scene of desolation, wide around, 820  
 Denying all retreat, the grim guards stand,  
 And give the flying Wretch a better death.

Much of the force of foreign *Summers* still,  
 Of growling hills that shoot the pillar'd flame,  
 Of earthquake, and pale-famine, could I sing ; 825  
 But equal scenes of horror call me home.

For, now, flow-settling, o'er the lurid grove,  
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains  
 The broad possession of the sky, furcharg'd  
 With wrathful vapour, from the damp abrupt, 830  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence nitre, sulphur, vitriol, on the day  
 Steam, and fermenting in yon baleful cloud,  
 Extensive o'er the world a reddening gloom !  
 In dreadful promptitude to spring, await 835  
 The high command. Aboding silence reigns

Dread

Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound,  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rowls o'er the trembling earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And stirs the forest-leaf without a breath. 840

Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes  
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens  
 Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook, 845  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis dumb amaze, and listening terror all ;  
 When to the quicker eye the livid glance  
 Appears far south, emissive thro' the cloud ; 850  
 And, by the powerful breath of *God* inflate,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice ;  
 At first low-muttering ; but at each approach,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet 855  
 Of various 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,

Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal 860  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous hail,  
In the white, heavenly magazines congeal'd ;  
And often fatal to the unshelter'd head  
Of man, or rougher beast. Wide-rent the clouds 865  
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its rage unquench'd,  
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',  
Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling balls.  
And strikes the shepherd, as he shuddering fits,  
Prefaging ruin, mid the rocky clift. 870  
His inmost marrow feels the gliding flame ;  
He dies ; and, like a statue grim'd with age,  
His live dejected posture still remains ;  
His ruffet sing'd, and rent his hanging hat ;  
Against his crook his footy cheek reclin'd ? 875  
While, whining at his feet, his half-stun'd dog,  
Importunately kind, and fearful, pats  
On his insensate master for relief.

Black from the stroak, above, the mountain pine,  
A leaning shatter'd trunk, stands scath'd to heaven, 880  
The talk of future ages ; and, 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,       885  
 And ox half-rais'd. A little further, burns  
 The guiltless cottage ; and the haughty dome  
 Stoops to the base. In one immediate flash,  
 The forest falls ; or, flaming out, displays  
 The savage-haunts, unpierc'd by day before.       890  
 Scar'd is the mountain's brow ; and from the cliff  
 Tumbles the smitten rock. The desert shakes,  
 And gleams, and grumbles, thro' his deepest dens.

Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought ;  
 And yet not always on the guilty head       895  
 Falls the devoted flash. Young *Celadon*  
 And his *Amelia* were a matchless twain ;  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,       900  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time alarm'd the heart

Of

Of *Innocence*, and undissembling *Truth*.

'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish, 905  
 The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Struck from the charming eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 910  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

Thus pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled; till in evil hour 915  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far. Her breast presageful heav'd  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek. 920  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In heaven repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed, 925  
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,

“ Fair innocence ! thou stranger to offence,  
 “ And inward storm ! *He*, who yon skies involves  
 “ In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,  
 “ With full regard. O'er thee the secret shaft 930  
 “ That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour  
 “ Of noon, flies hurtless ; and that very voice,  
 “ Which thunders terror thro' the conscious heart,  
 “ With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 “ 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 935  
 “ To clasp perfection ! ” From his void embrace,  
 (Mysterious heaven !) that moment, in a heap  
 Of pallid ashes fell the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Struck by severe amazement, hating life, 940  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !  
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,  
 The well-dissembl'd mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds 945  
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable the blue,  
 Delightful swells into the general arch,  
 That copes the nations. Nature from the storm  
 Shines out afresh ; and thro' the lighten'd air

A higher lustre and a clearer calm, 950  
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign  
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
 Set off abundant by the level ray,  
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around, 955  
 Joyn'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' 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 this lower world ? 960  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky,  
 After the tempest puff his idle vows,  
 And a new dance of vanity begin,  
 Scarce ere the pant forsake the feeble heart ? 965

Chear'd by the setting beam, the sprightly youth  
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands  
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid  
 To meditate the Blue profound below ; 970  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.

His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek  
 Instant emerge ; and thro' the flexile wave,  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes, 975  
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;  
 While, from his polish'd fides, a dewy light  
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade,  
 Where winded into lovely solitudes 980  
 Runs out the rambling dale, that *Damon* sat,  
 Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse :  
*Damon*, who still amid the savage woods,  
 And lonely lawns the force of beauty scorn'd,  
 Firm, and to false philosophy devote. 985  
 The brook ran babbling by ; and sighing weak,  
 The breeze among the bending willows play'd :  
 When *Sachariffa* to the cool retreat,  
 With *Amoret*, and *Musidora* stole.  
 Warm in their cheek the sultry season glow'd ; 990  
 And, robb'd in loose array, they came to bathe  
 Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 Tall, and majestic, *Sachariffa* rose,  
 Superior treading, as on *Ida's* top

(So *grecian* bards in wanton fable fung) 995  
 High-shone the sifter and the wife of *Jove*.  
 Another *Pallas Mufidora* seem'd,  
 Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look  
 A surer conquest of the sliding heart.  
 While, like the *Cyprian* goddess, *Amoret*, 1000  
 Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,  
 And all one softness, melted on the sense.  
 Nor *Paris* panted stronger, when aside  
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine  
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms, 1005  
 Than, *Damon*, thou ; the stoick now no more,  
 But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,  
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk they drew ;  
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone ;  
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1010  
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
 Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still,  
 When from their naked limbs of glowing white,  
 In folds loose-floating felt the fainter lawn ;  
 And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves ; 1015  
 With fancy blushing ; at the doubtful breeze  
 Arouz'd, and starting, like the fearful fawn,

\* So stands the statue that enchants the world,  
 Her full proportions such, and bashful so  
 Bends ineffectual from the roving eye. 1020  
 'Then to the flood they rush'd ; the plunging fair  
 The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd ;  
 And, every beauty softening, every grace  
 Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed :  
 As shines the lilly thro' the crystal mild ; 1025  
 Or as the rose amid the morning-dew  
 Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,  
 While thus they wanton'd ; now beneath the wave,  
 But ill conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks  
 That half-embrac'd them in a humid veil, 1030  
 Rising again ; the latent *Damon* drew  
 Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,  
 As put his harsh philosophy to flight,  
 The joyless search of long-deluded years ; 1035  
 And *Musidora* fixing in his heart,  
 Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.  
 This is the purest exercise of health,  
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;

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\* *The Venus of Medicis.*

Nor when, the brook pellucid, Winter keens,  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink, 1040  
 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, 1045  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
 Even from the body's purity the mind  
 Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
 Just o'er the verge of day. The rising clouds, 1050  
 That shift perpetual in his vivid train,  
 Their watry mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,  
 Unfold the hidden riches of his ray ;  
 And chase a change of colours, round the sky.  
 'Tis all one blush from east to west ! and now,  
 Behind the dusky earth, he dips his orb ; 1055  
 Now half immers'd ; and now a golden curve  
 Gives one faint glimmer, and then disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,  
 Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void ; 1060  
 As



As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
 This moment hurrying all th' impassion'd soul,  
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
 The dreamer of this earth, a cheerless blank :  
 A fight of horror to the cruel wretch : 1065  
 Who, rowling in inhuman pleasure deep,  
 The whole day long has made the widow pine ;  
 And snatch'd the morsel from her orphan's mouth,  
 To give his dogs. But to the tuneful mind,  
 Who makes the hopeless heart to sing for joy, 1070  
 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, 1075  
 All ether fading, 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 die,  
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still, 1080  
 In circle following circle, gathers round,  
 To close the face of things. A fresher breeze  
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream

Sweeping

Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;  
 While the quail clamours for his running mate. 1085

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves  
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;  
 The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means, 1090  
 Loves fond, by the sincerest language shown  
 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, 1095  
 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 himself to lift the hated hand 1100

Of violence ; by men cast out from life,  
 And after death, to which they drove his hope,  
 Into the broad way side. The ruin'd tower  
 Is also shun'd ; whose hoary chambers hold,  
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yielding ghost. 1105

Among

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
 The glow-worm lights his lamp ; and, thro' the dark,  
 Twinkles a moving gem. On *Evening's* heel,  
*Night* follows fast ; not in her winter-robe  
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1110  
 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 1115  
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
 Doubtful if seen : whence sudden *Vision* turns  
 To heaven ; where *Venus*, in the starry front,  
 Shines eminent ; and from her genial rise,  
 When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh, 1120  
 Sheds influence on earth, to love, and life,  
 And every form of vegetation kind.  
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
 With glad peruse, the lambent lightnings shoot  
 A-cross the sky ; or horizontal dart 1125  
 O'er half the nations, in a minute's space,  
 Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,  
 And silence, ere the various talk begin.

The

The vulgar stare ; amazement is their joy,  
 And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd ! 113  
 But scrutinous *Philosophy* looks deep,  
 With piercing eye, into the latent cause ;  
 Nor can she swallow what she does not see.  
 With thee, serene *Philosophy* ! with thee,  
 And thy high praises, let me crown my song ! 1135  
 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 sooth the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of cœlestial day. 1140  
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
 She soaring spurns, with elevated pride,  
 The tangling mass of cares, and low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,  
 The heights of Science, and of Virtue gains, 1145  
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round  
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,  
 To reason's, and to Fancy's eye display'd :  
 The *First* up-tracing from the vast inane,  
 The chain of causes and effects to *Him*, 1150  
 Who, all-sustaining, in himself, 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, 1155  
 A world swift-painted on th' attentive 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, 1160  
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unassisted man ?  
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,  
 In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd furr  
 Rough-clad : devoid of every honest art, 1165  
 And elegance of life. Nor home, nor joy  
 Domestick, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
 Nor moral excellence, nor social blifs,  
 Nor law were his ; nor property ; nor swain,  
 To turn the furrow ; nor mechanic hand, 1170  
 Harden'd to toil ; nor sailor bold ; nor trade,  
 Mother severe of infinite delights ?  
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,

And

And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!  
 Whose horrid circle had made human life 1175  
 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 crouds  
 Ply the tough oar, *Philosophy* directs, 1180  
 Star-led, the helm ; or like the liberal breath  
 Of urgent heaven, invifible, the fails  
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this évanefcent fpeck of earth  
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high 1185  
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze  
 Creation thro' ; and, from that full complex  
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
 Of *the fole Being* right, who fpoke the word,  
 And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view, 1190  
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom fwift ſhe turns  
 Her eye ; and infant, at her virtual glance,  
 Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear ;  
 Compound, divide, and into order ſhift.  
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up 1195  
 To notion quite abſtract ; where firſt begins

The

The world of spirits, action all, and life  
 Immediate, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,  
 So wills *Eternal Providence*, fits deep.

Enough for us we know that this dark state, 1200

In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,

This infancy of being, cannot prove

The final issue of the works of *God* ;

By *Love* and *Wisdom* inexpressive form'd,

And ever rising with the rising mind. 1205

T H E E N D.

# AUTUMN.

A

# POEM.

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By JAMES THOMSON.

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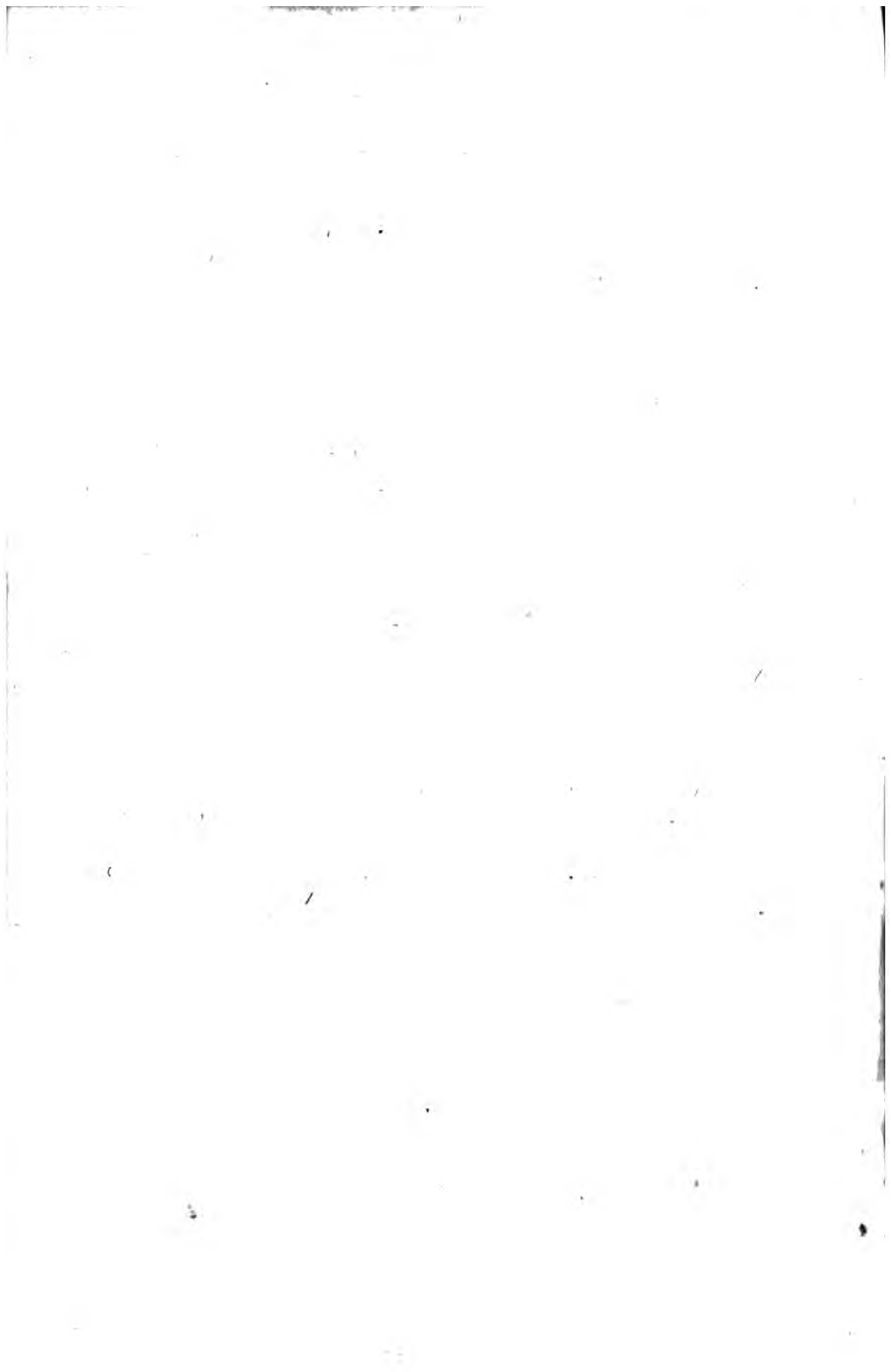
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# *AUTUMN.*

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

*ARTH<sup>R</sup>. ONSLOW, Esq;*

Speaker of the HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject propos'd. Address to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reaping. A tale. 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, enquiring 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, moon-light. Autumnal Meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshine day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyrick on a philosophical country life.*



# AUTUMN.



ROWN'D with the fickle, 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.

*Onflow!* the muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignity her song,

A 3

10  
Would

Would from the *public voice* thy gentle ear  
 A While engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy Thought,  
 Spread on thy Front, and in thy conduct glow ;  
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15  
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence  
 A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.  
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,  
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
 Whene'er her Country rushes on her heart, 20  
 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 25  
 Of parting *Summer*, a serener blue,  
 With golden light irradiate, wide invests  
 The happy World. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below, 30  
 Unbounded harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain ;

A U T U M N.

7

A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 38  
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 black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
A gayly checker'd, wide-extended view, 40  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Convolv'd, and 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 gentleart, 45  
And all the soft civility of life;  
Raiser of human kind! by *Nature* cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
With various powers of deep efficiency 50  
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 liberal hand 55

Of *Bounty* scatter'd o'er the savage year.  
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
 With beasts of prey; or for his acron-meal  
 Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!  
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the red north, 60  
 With winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost.  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;  
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.  
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65  
 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 crouds; and thus his days 70  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:  
 A waste of time! till *Industry* approach'd,  
 And rows'd him from his miserable sloth;  
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,  
 Where lavish *Nature* the directing hand 80  
 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,

A U T U M N.

9

On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 85

Gave the tall antient forest to his ax ;

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, 90

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 stopt at barren, bare necessity ;

95

But still advancing bolder, led him on,

By hardy patience, and experience slow,

To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;

And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,

Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,

100

And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

Then gathering men their natural pow'rs combin'd,

And form'd a *Public* ; to the general good

Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.

For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,

105

The free, and fairly represented *Whole* ;

For this devis'd the holy guardian laws,

Di-



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 themselves have rais'd.

110

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 rose;  
 And stretching street on street by thousands led,  
 From twining woody haunts, and the tough yew  
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.  
 'Twas nought but labour, the whole dusky groupe  
 Of clustering houses, and of mingling men,  
 Restless design, and execution strong.  
 In every street the sounding hammer ply'd  
 His massy task; while the corrosive file,  
 In flying touches, form'd the fine machine.

115

120

125

Then

A U T U M N.

11

Then *Commerce* brought into the public walk  
 The busy Merchant; the big ware-house built; 130  
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street  
 With foreign plenty; and on thee, thou *Thames*,  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!  
 Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,  
 Seiz'd for his grand resort. On either hand, 135  
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
 Shot up their spires; bellying the sheet between  
 Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk  
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along  
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around, 140  
 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. 145

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
 His ample roof; and *Luxury* within  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores. The canvas smooth,  
 With glowing life protuberant to the view  
 Embodied rose. The statue seem'd to breathe, 150  
 And

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 153  
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 160  
These full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
That, waving round, recal 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, 165  
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, bandied round and round, the rural talk, 170  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest  
Fly hearty to deceive the tedious time,

And

A U T U M N.

13

And chearly steal the fultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the flocks;

And, conscious, glancing oft this way and that

175

His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,

Spike after spike their sparing harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husband-men! but fling

From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,

180

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,

185

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.

190

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 lost far up

Amid the windings of a woody vale;

195

Safe

Safe from the cruel blasting arts of man;  
 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, 200  
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground deject, and darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers: 205  
 Or when the stories that her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune flatter'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, 210  
 Veil'd in a simple robe; 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 among the Woods; if city-dames 215  
 Will deign their faith. ' And thus she went compell'd  
 By strong necessity, with as serene,  
 And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,  
 To glean *Palamon's* fields. The pride of swains

*Palamon* was, the generous, and the rich, 220  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy,  
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song  
 Transmits from ancient, incorrupted times;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 And free to follow nature was the mode. 225  
 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. 230  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast 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 235  
 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, and harmonious shap'd, 240  
 Where sense sincere, and goodness seem'd 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, 245  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;  
 Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.  
 I've heard that, in some waste obscure retreat,  
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride, 250  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His aged widow and his daughter live;  
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 Romantick wish, would this the daughter were!

When, strict enquiring, from herself he found 255  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 The bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak  
 The mingling passion that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold; 260  
 And as he run 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

As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just, 265  
 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? Oh yes! the very same,  
 The soften'd image of my noble friend, 270

Alive, his every feature, every look,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than spring!  
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,  
 That nourish'd up my fortune, say, ah where,  
 In what unsmiling desert, hast thou drawn 275

The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?  
 Into such beauty spread? and blown so white?  
 Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.  
 O let me now, into a richer soil, 280

Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy!  
 It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits

*Acasto's* daughter, his, whose open stores, 285  
 Tho' vast, were little to his ample heart,  
 The Father of a country, thus to pick



The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand, 290  
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;  
 With harvest shining all these fields are thine ;  
 And, if my wishes may presume so far,  
 Their master too, who then indeed were blest,  
 To make the daughter of *Acasto* so. 295

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 300  
 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 ; 305  
 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 mutual blifs, and rear'd 310

AUTUMN.

19

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 315  
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.  
But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells;  
And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere, 320  
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, 325  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,  
Tho' plying to the blast, its seizing force; 330  
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 glomerating tempest glows, and still 335  
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the fordid wave.  
 Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim.  
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks 340  
 The river lift; before whose weighty rush,  
 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. 345  
 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 350  
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of clamant 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, 355  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;  
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,

Which

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. 360

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
 The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the muse to sing the *rural game*.  
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck, 365  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,  
 Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;  
 As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, watchful and every way 370  
 Thro' the rough stubble turn'd the secret eye.  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
 Their useless wings, intangled more and more:  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun, 375  
 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 else dispers'd,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind. 380

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
 Nor will she stain her spotless theme with such;  
 Then most delighted, when she smiling sees  
 The whole mix'd animal creation round  
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her; 385  
 This falsely chearful, 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 roam'd the dark; 390  
 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 rage  
 Of the worst monster that e'er howl'd the waste, 395  
 For sport alone takes up the cruel tract,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.  
 Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd, 400  
 To laugh at anguish, and rejoice in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare!  
 Shook from the corn, and now to some lone feat  
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furz, 405  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;  
 The thifty lawn; the thick, intangled broom;  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank, 410  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.  
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she fits  
 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 415  
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,  
 In scatter'd, fullen openings, far behind,  
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
 The fighting gale, she springs amaz'd, and all 420  
 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 chace; and the loud hunter's shout;  
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all 4  
 Mix'd in 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, fear-arous'd, 430  
 Gives all his swift, aerial soul to flight.

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.  
 Deception short ! tho' flecter than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north, 435  
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract  
 Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again  
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth 440  
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.

He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing fees  
 The glades, mild-opening to the golden day ;  
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
 He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy. 445

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 quick consent, avoid th' infectious maze.  
 What shall he do ? his once so vivid nerves, 450

So full of buoyant soul, inspire no more  
 The fainting course ; but wrenching, 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 ; 445  
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the filvan youth  
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence, 460  
 Must have the chace ; behold, despising flight,  
 The rous'd-up lyon, resolute, and slow,  
 Advancing full on the protended spear,  
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.  
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood, 465  
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe  
 Vindictive fix, for murder is his trade :  
 And, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
 Grins near destruction, to the monster's heart  
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm. 470

These Britain knows not ; give, ye Britons, then  
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour

Loose



Loose on the fly destroyer of the flock.  
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue. 475  
 Thro' the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge  
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morafs  
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness  
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood  
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full; 480  
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks  
 Your triumph found sonorous, running round,  
 From rock to rock, in circling echo tost;  
 Then snatch the mountains by their woody tops;  
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn, 485  
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
 For happy he? who tops the wheeling chace;  
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack; 490  
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,  
 Without complaint, th' by an hundred mouths  
 At once tore, merciless. Thrice happy he!  
 At hour of dusk, while the retreating horn  
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown, 495  
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,

## A U T U M N.

Depending decent from the roof; and spread  
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,  
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils;  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

500

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;  
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoaking firloin, stretch'd immense  
From side to side; on which, with fell intent,  
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,  
It stomach keen can intervals allow,  
Relating how it ran, and how it fell.

505

510

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, reviving 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.

515

Nor wanting is the brown october, drawn

Ma.

Mature, and perfect, from his dark retreat 520  
 Of thirty years; and now his honest front  
 Flames in the light refulgent, nor ashamed  
 To vie it with the vineyard's best produce.  
 Perhaps a while, amusive, thoughtful Whisk  
 Walks gentle round, beneath a cloud of smoak, 525  
 Wreath'd, fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,  
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The founding gammon: while romp-loving misfs  
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid  
 Aside, frequent, and full, the dry divan 530  
 Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly;  
 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch  
 Indulg'd askew; 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,  
 Vociferate at once by twenty tongues,  
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds, 540  
 To church, or mistress, politicks, or ghost,  
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex.

Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,  
 Th' impatient catch burst from the joyous heart.  
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;      545  
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,  
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;  
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
 Mix in the music of the day again.  
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep      550  
 The dark night long, falls murmuring towards morn;  
 So their mirth gradual sinks. Their feeble tongues,  
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,      555  
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,  
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.  
 Then, sliding sweet, they drop. O'erturn'd above  
 Lies the wet, broken scene; and stretch'd below,  
 Each way, the drunken slaughter; where astride      560  
 The lubber Power himself triumphant sits,  
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
 And steeps them, silent all, in sleep till morn.

But if the rougher sex by this red sport  
 Are hurry'd wild, let not such horrid joy  
 E'er stain the bosom of the *British Fair*.

565

Far

Far be the spirit of the chace 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 ; 570  
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
 Made up of blushes, tenderness, and fears,  
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
 With every motion, every word, to wave  
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ; 575  
 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, 580  
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
 Thro' loves enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,  
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress !  
 And fashion'd all to harmony, alone, 585  
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
 In rapture warbled from the radiant lip ;  
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,

AUTUMN.

31

To swim along, and swell the mazy dance; 590  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;  
To play the pencil, turn th' instructive page;  
To give new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race  
To rear their graces into second life; 595  
To give society its highest taste;  
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every kinder, care-elusive art,  
To raise the glory, animate the joys, 600  
And sweeten all the toils of human life;  
This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildy-winding-brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array 605  
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise; the cluster'd nut for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
Or, where they burnish on the topmost bough, 610  
With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,

A

A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 As are the ringlets of *Melinda's* hair :  
*Melinda* form'd with every grace compleat, 615  
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife,  
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy, joy-refounding fields,  
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
 Of *Autumn*, unconfin'd; and vital taste 620  
 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. 625  
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;  
 In species different, but in kind the same,  
 By *Nature's* all-refining hand prepar'd,  
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
 In ever-changing composition mixt. 630  
 So fares it with those 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 635  
 The

The piercing cyder for the thrifty tongue :  
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,  
*Phillips*, facetious bard, the second thou  
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,  
 With *British* freedom sing the *British* song ; 640  
 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 last, best beams 645  
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day ;  
 Oh lose me in the green, majestic walks  
 Of, *Dodington*! thy seat, serene, and plain ;  
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,  
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs, 650  
 In boundless prospect, yonder shagg'd with wood ;  
 Here rich with harvest ; and there white with flocks.  
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ; 655  
 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 bow'r, and winding walk  
 They twine the bay for thee. Here oft alone, 660  
 Fir'd by the thirst of thy applause, I court  
 Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book  
 Of *Nature*, ever open; aiming thence,  
 Heart-taught like thine, to learn the moral song.  
 And, as I steal along, the sunny wall, 665  
 Where *Autumn* basks, with Fruit empurpled deep,  
 My theme still urges in my vagrant thought;  
 Presents the downy peach; the purple plumb,  
 With a fine bluish mist of animals  
 Clouded; the ruddy nectarine; and dark, 670  
 Beneath his ample leaf the luscious fig.  
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
 Hangs out her clusters, swelling to the south;  
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment *Fancy's* rapid flight 675  
 To vigorous foils, and climes of fair extent;  
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
 The vineyard heaves refulgent on the day;  
 Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 680  
 From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heighten'd blaze.

Low

Low bend the gravid boughs. The clusters clear,  
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
 Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes  
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew. 685  
 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. 690  
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,  
 And foams unbounded with the masy flood;  
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,  
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy  
 The Claret smooth, deep as the lip we press, 695  
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;  
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,  
 As is the wit it gives, the bright Champaign.

Now by the cool, declining year condens'd,  
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd 700  
 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 deep betwixt contending kingdoms lays 705  
 The rocky, long division; while aloft,  
 His piny top is, lessening, lost in air:  
 No more his thousand prospects fill the view  
 With great variety; but in a night  
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense, 710  
 Sink dark, and total. Nor alone immerst;  
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain.  
 Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems  
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.  
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun 715  
 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 thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,  
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste, 720  
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
 Wreath'd close around, in deeper circles still  
 Successive floating, Sits the general fog  
 Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,  
 A formless, grey confusion covers all. 725  
 As when of old (so sung the *hebrew* bard)  
 Light, uncollected, thro' the Chaos urg'd

Its

Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn  
His endless train forth from the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin 730  
To smok along the hilly country, these,  
With mighty rains, the skill'd in nature say,  
The mountain-cisterns fill, those grand reserves  
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;  
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play, 735  
And their unfailing stores the rivers draw.

But is this equal to the vast effect?  
Is thus the *Volga* fill'd? the rapid *Rhine*?  
The broad *Euphrates*? all the unnumber'd floods,  
That large refresh the fair-divided earth; 740  
And, in the rage of summer, never cease  
To send a thundering torrent to the main?

What tho' the sun draws from the steaming deep  
More than the rivers pour? How much again,  
O'er the vexed surge, in bitter-driving showers, 745  
Frequent returns, let the wet sailor say:  
And on the thirsty down, far from the burst  
Of springs, how much, to their reviving fields,  
And feeding flocks, let lonely shepherds sing.

But sure 'tis no weak, variable cause, 750  
 That keeps at once ten thousand thousand floods,  
 Wide-wandering o'er the world, so fresh, and clear,  
 For ever flowing, and for ever full.  
 And thus some sages, deep-exploring, teach :  
 That, where the hoarse, innumerable wave, 755  
 Eternal, lashes the resounding shore ;  
 Suck'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way,  
 The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise ;  
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
 They leave each saline particle behind, 760  
 And clear, and sweeten, as they soak along.  
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
 Tho' here and there in lowly plains it springs,  
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze, 765  
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. The vital stream  
 Hence, in its subterranean passage, gains,  
 From the wash'd mineral, that restoring power, 770  
 And salutary virtue, which a new  
 Strings every nerve, calls up the kindling soul  
 Into the healthful cheek, and joyous eye :

And

And whence, the royal maid, *Amelia* blooms  
 With new-flush'd graces; yet reserv'd to blefs,  
 Beyond a crown, some happy prince; and shine,  
 In all her mother's matchless virtues drest,  
 The *Carolina* of another land.

775

While *Autumn* scatters his departing gleams,  
 Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play  
 The swallow-people; and toft wide around,  
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
 The feather'd eddy floats. Rejoycing once,  
 E're to their wintry flumbers they retire;  
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,  
 And where the cavern sweats, as fages dream,  
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
 With other kindred birds of feafon, there  
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months  
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now  
 Innumeros wings are in commotion all.

780

785

790

Where the *Rhine* lofes his majestic force  
 In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep  
 By diligence amazing, and the ftrong,  
 Unconquerable hand of *Liberty*,

795

The

The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,  
 Consulting deep, and various, e're they take  
 Their plummy voyage thro' the liquid sky,  
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,  
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings, 800  
 And many a circle; many a short essay  
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,  
 The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high  
 Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls, 805  
 Boils round the naked, melancholy isles  
 Of farthest *Thule*, and the *Atlantic* surge  
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;  
 Who can recount what transmigrations there  
 Are annual made? What nations come and go? 810  
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,  
 And white resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain, harmless native his small flock,  
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 815  
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks

Dire-

Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;  
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up  
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 820  
 Of luxury. And here a while the muse,  
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
 Sees *Caledonia* in romantick view :  
 Her airy mountains, from the gelid main,  
 Invested with a keen, diffusive sky, 825  
 Breathing the soul acute; the forests huge,  
 Incult, robust, and tall, by *Nature's* hand  
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,  
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth  
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 830  
 With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed*, pure parent-stream,  
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
 O'er *Orca*, or *Betubium's* highest peak.  
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school 835  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited  
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage  
 She took her western flight. A generous race  
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave,  
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard, 840  
 To hold a hapless, undiminish'd state;



Too much in vain! Hence of ignoble bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd, 845  
 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 plac'd; 850  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
 Thro' 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? 855  
 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 860  
 Defraud us of the glittering, finny swarms,  
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;  
 How all enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,

Unchalleng'd, round the sea-incircled globe; 865  
 And thus united *Britain Britain* make  
 Intire, th' imperial *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. 870  
 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 politest turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd, 875  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field,  
 While thick around the deadly tempest flew.  
 And when the trumpet, kindling war no more,  
 Pours not the flaming squadrons o'er the field; 880  
 But, fruitful of fair deeds, and mutual faith,  
 Kind peace unites the jarring world again;  
 Let the deep olive thro' thy laurels twine.  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate: 885  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.

Thee,

Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great, 890  
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,  
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;  
 And seldom has she felt the friend like thee,

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round 895  
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
 Of every hue, from wan, declining green  
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,  
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the *Season* in its latest view. 900

Mean-time, 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, 905  
 And thro' their uvid pores his temper'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

And soar above this little scene of things; 910  
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
 To sooth 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, 915  
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard  
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widow'd longster pours his plaint  
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.  
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks, 920  
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
 Robb'd of their tuneful soul, now shivering sit  
 On the dead tree, a dull, despondent flock!  
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes, 925  
 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! 930  
 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 starting such as, studious, walk below, 935  
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.  
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy ruin streams;  
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale, 940  
 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 bolder fruits falls from the naked tree; 945  
 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, 950  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
 The soft'en'd feature, and the beating heart,  
 Pierc'd deep with many a secret pang, declare.

O'er

A U T U M N.

47

O'er all his soul his sacred influence breaths ;  
In all the bosom triumphs, all the nerves ; 955  
Inflames imagination ; thro' the sense  
Infuses every tendernefs ; and far  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
Tenthousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
As never mingled with the Vulgar's dream, 960  
Croud 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 965  
Of human kind ; the large, ambitious wish,  
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth,  
Lost in obscurity ; th' indignant scorn  
Of mighty pride ; the fearless, great resolve ;  
The wonder that the dying patriot draws, 970  
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;  
Th' arousing pant 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 ! 975  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales !

To

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, thro' the void 980  
 Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear.

And now the western sun withdraws the day;  
 And humid evening, gilding o'er the sky,  
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd  
 Th' ascending vapour throws. Where waters ooze, 985  
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along  
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon  
 Full orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,  
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east. 990  
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
 (Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
 And oceans roll, as optic tube descries)  
 A lesser earth gives all his blaze again,  
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day. 995  
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
 Now up the pure cerulean ride sublime.  
 Wide the pale deluge floats; and streaming mild  
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,

While

While rocks, and floods reflect the quivering gleam, 1000  
 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 thro' the depth of heaven; 1005  
 Or quite 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, then all at once converge 1010  
 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 thro' the crowd, 1015  
 The *Pannic* runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
 Throng with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;  
 Till the long lines of full-extended war  
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood 1020  
 Rows a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.



As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
 On all side swells the superstitious din,  
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
 Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd, 1025  
 And, late at night, in swallowing earthquake funk,  
 Or painted hideous with ascending flame;  
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;  
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;  
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck 1030  
 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 1035  
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
 Of this appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
 A solid shade, immense. Sunk in the gloom  
 Magnificent, and vast, are heaven and earth. 1040  
 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

A U T U M N.

51

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' 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 gathered trails  
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;  
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
 Now sunk and now renew'd, he's quite absorpt,  
 Rider and horse into the miry gulph:  
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,  
 And plaintive children his return await,  
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,  
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
 The meteor fits; and shews the narrow path,  
 That winding leads thro' 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 mounting sun dispels the fog;  
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam,  
 And hung on every spray, on every blade 1070  
 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 whelm'd o'er sulphur: while, undreaming ill, 1075  
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
 Sat tending publick 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; 1080  
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,  
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.  
 And was it then for this ye roam'd the spring,  
 Intent from flower to flower? for this ye toil'd 1085  
 Ceaseless the burning summer-heats away?  
 For this in *Autumn* search'd the blooming waste,  
 Nor lost one sunny gloam? for this sad fate?  
 O man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,  
 Shall prostrate nature groan beneath your rage, 1090  
 Awaiting

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 1095  
 Again regale them on some smiling day?  
 Hard by, 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. 1100  
 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, 1051  
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
 Into a gulph of blue, sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,  
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,  
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all. 1110  
 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 1115  
 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* bid to do his worst. 1120  
 While loose to festive joy, the country round  
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
 Care shook away. The toil-invigorate youth,  
 Not needing the melodious impulse much,  
 Leaps wildly graceful, in the lively dance. 1125  
 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 struggle twists, 1130  
 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 1135  
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,

Deep

Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the *rural life*.  
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate  
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd 1140  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd,  
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride, and gaze of fools! opprels him not, 1145  
 What tho' 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 tho' his wine  
 Flows not from brighter gems; nor sunk in beds, 1150  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night;  
 Or, thoughtless, sleeps at best in idle state.  
 What tho' depriv'd of these fantastic joys,  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain; 1155  
 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*. 1160

When heaven descends in show'rs; 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, 1165  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay: 1170  
 Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or long,  
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too lives simple truth; plain innocence;  
 Unfully'd beauty; sound, unbroken youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd; 1175  
 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, 1180  
 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

Let some far-distant from their native soil,  
 Urg'd, or by want, or harden'd avarice, 1185  
 Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let This thro' cities work his ardent way,  
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,  
 The social sense extinct; and That ferment  
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd, 1190

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, 1195

And slippery pomp delight, in dark cabals;  
 Wreath 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, 1200

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, 1205

To *Nature's* voice attends, from day to day,  
 And month to month, thro' the revolving Year;



Admiring fees her in her every shape :  
 Feels all her fine emotions at his heart ;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more. 1210  
 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 quite enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,  
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain. 1215  
 In *Summer* he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as from frigid *Tempe* want to fall,  
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the muse, of these  
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;  
 Or what she dictates writes ; and, oft an eye 1220  
 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 general joy, his heart distends  
 With gentle throws ; and thro' the tepid gleams 1225  
 Deep-musing, then the 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 bury'd earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies, 1230  
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,

Pour

Pour every lustre on th' astonish'd 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; 1235

Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,

E'ates his being, and unfolds his powers;

Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of love, and kindred too he feels,

The modest eye, whose beams on his alone 1240

Extatic 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; 1245

For happiness, and true philosophy

Still are, and have been of the smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,

And guilty cities, never knew; the life,

Led by primæval ages, incorrupt, 1250

When *God* himself, and *Angels* dwelt with men!

Oh *Nature*! all-sufficient! over all!

Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!

Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,

World

World beyond world, in infinite extent, 1255  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,  
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep  
 Light my blind way: the mineral *Strata* there;  
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world; 1260  
 O'er that 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; 1264  
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
 But if to that unequal; if the blood,  
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbids  
 That best ambition; under closing shades,  
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook, 1270  
 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*!

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order of the season, various storms described. Rain.  
Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perish-  
ing among them. A short digression into RUSSIA.  
The Wolves in ITALY. A winter-evening described,  
as spent by philosophers; by the country-people; in the  
city. Frost. Its effect, within the polar circle. A thaw.  
The whole concluding with philosophical reflections on a  
future state.*

W I N-



# WINTER.



When 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! 5  
Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,  
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful 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 thro' your rough domain; 10  
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 red evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15  
 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* :  
 Skim'd the gay *Spring* ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20  
 Attempted thro' 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 ; 25  
 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.  
 For thee the graces smooth ; thy softer thoughts 30  
 The Muses tune ; nor art thou skill'd alone  
 In awful schemes, the management of states,  
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :  
 But equal goodness ; sound integrity ;

W I N T E R.

7

A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul, 35  
 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; and, the publick hope 40  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the muse  
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

When *Scorpio* gives to *Capricorn* the sway,  
 And fierce *Aquarius* fouls th' inverted year;  
 Retiring to the verge of heaven, the sun 45  
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.  
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
 Thro' the thick air; as at dull distance seen,  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky; 50  
 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.  
 Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast, 55  
 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,  
 Thro' nature shedding influence malign, 60  
 And rouses all the seeds of dark disease.

The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
 And black with horrid views. The cattle droop  
 The conscious head; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Red from the plow, the dun discolour'd flocks, 65  
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
 Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;  
 And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,  
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook, 70  
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
 Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
 Striding the gloomy blast. First rains obscure  
 Drive thro' the mingling skies, with vapour vile; 75  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods;  
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unfightly plain  
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up 80

The

W I N T E R.

9

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 lowe, their wonted stalls,  
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.

85

Thither the household, feathery people crowd,  
The crested cock with all his female train,  
Pensive, and wet. Mean-while the cottage-swain  
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

90

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
And the mix'd ruins of its banks o'er spread,  
At last the rous'd-up river pours along,  
Resiftless, roaring; dreadful down it comes  
From the chapt mountain, and the mossy wild,  
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far:  
Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads,  
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,  
Betwixt two meeting hills it bursts a way,

95

100

Where



Where rocks, and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;  
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 105  
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

*Nature!* great parent! whose continual 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! 110  
 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 subtil beings! say,  
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd, 115  
 Against the day of tempest perilous?  
 In what far-distant region of the sky,  
 Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

Late in the lowring sky, red, fiery streaks  
 Begin to flush about; the reeling clouds 120  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey: while rising flow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her fully'd orb.  
 The Stars obtuse emit a shivering ray; 125  
 Snatch'd

Snatch'd in short eddies plays the fluttering straw;  
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and, skreaming wild,  
 The circling sea-fowl rise; while from the shore,  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave,  
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice, 130  
 That solemn-founding bids the world prepare.  
 Then issues forth the storm, with mad controul,  
 And the thin fabrick of the pillar'd air  
 O'erturns at once. Prone, on the passive main,  
 Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust 135  
 Turns from the bottom the discolour'd deep.  
 Thro' the loud night, that bids the waves arise,  
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
 Seems, as it sparkles, all around to burn.  
 Mean-time whole oceans, heaving to the clouds, 140  
 And in broad billows rowling gather'd seas,  
 Surge over surge, burst in a general roar,  
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
 Wild as the Winds athwart the howling waste  
 Of mighty waters. Now the hilly wave 145  
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
 The full-blown *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.  
 Emerging thence again, before the breath

Of all-exerted heaven they wing their course, 150  
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
 Or sand insidious break not their career,  
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.  
 Nor raging here alone unrein'd at sea,  
 To land the tempest bears; and o'er the cliff, 155  
 Where screams the sea-mew, foaming unconfin'd,  
 Fierce swallows up the long-resounding shore.

The mountain growls; and all its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
 Lone on its midnight side, and all aghast, 160  
 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 165  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
 Thus struggling thro' 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. 170  
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.

Then

Then too, they say, tho' all the burthen'd air  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 That, utter'd by the demon of the night, 175  
 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, 180  
 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 waste. The weary clouds,  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom. 185  
 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. 190

And 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, 195  
 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 thy self! 200  
 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 come: and fuming dun 205  
 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. 210  
 Thro' 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. Sudden the fields  
 Put on their winter-robe, of purest white. 215  
 'Tis

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,  
 Along the mazy stream. The leafless woods  
 Bow their hoar heads. And, ere the languid sun  
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill, 220  
 Is one wild, dazzling waste. 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 225  
 That Providence allows. The Red-breast sole,  
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
 His shivering fellows, and to trusted man  
 His annual visit pays. New to the dome 230  
 Against the window beats, then brisk alights  
 On the warm Hearth, and hopping o'er the floor  
 Eyes all the smiling *Family* eskance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums 235  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset

By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 240  
 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 thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, 245  
 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 burthen of whole wintry plains! 250  
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; till upwards 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, 255  
 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, 260  
 Of

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the white abrupt ; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray :  
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,                   265  
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
 In many a vain effort. How sinks his soul !  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
 When for the dusky spot, that fancy feign'd                   270  
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
 Far from the tract, and blest abode of man :  
 While round him night resistless closes fast,  
 And ev'ry tempest, howling o'er his head,                   275  
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild,  
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,  
 Of faithless boggs ; of precipices huge,                   280  
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown,  
 What water, of the still unfrozen eye,  
 In the loose marsh, or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.



These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks 285  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
 Mixt with the tender anguish nature shoots  
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 290  
 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 rack, demand their fire,  
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 295  
 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 stronger vitals creeping cold,  
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 300  
 Unstretch'd, 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; 305  
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel this very moment, death

And

And all the sad variety of pain,  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 310  
 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 315  
 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; 320  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.  
 Even in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rackt with honest passions, droop 325  
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 Like wailing pensive ghosts awaiting theirs,  
 And point the parting pang. Thought but fond man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, 330  
 That one incessant struggle render life,  
 One scene of toil, of anguish, and of fate,

Vice in his high career wou'd stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm, 335  
 And his 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 few, 340  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive fought  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where Misery moans;  
 Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,  
 And poor Misfortune feels the lash of Vice. 345  
 While in the land of liberty, the land  
 Whose every street, and public meeting glows  
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:  
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
 Tore from cold, wintry limbs the tatter'd robe; 350  
 Even 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 various nameless ways, 355  
 That

That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.  
 Hail patriot-band! who, scorning secret scorn,  
 When Justice, and when Mercy led the way,  
 Dragg'd the detected monsters into light,  
 Wrench'd from their hand Oppression's iron rod, 560  
 And bade the cruel feel the pains they gave.  
 Yet stop not here; let all the land rejoice,  
 And make the blessing unconfi'd, as great.  
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd. 365  
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious men  
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
 Oh glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
 And every man within the reach of right. 370

Yet more outrageous is the season still,  
 A deeper horror, in *Siberian* wilds;  
 Where winter keeps his unrejoicing court,  
 And in his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard. 375  
 There thro' the ragged woods absorpt in snow,  
 Sole tenant of these shades, the shaggy bear,

With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
 Slow-pac'd and sower as the Storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath the drifted snow ; 380  
 And, scorning the complainings of distress,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.  
 While tempted vigorous o'er the marble waste,  
 On sleds reclin'd, the furry *Russian* sits ;  
 And, by his rein-deer drawn, behind him throws 385  
 A shining kingdom in a winter's day.

Or from the cloudy *Alps*, and *Appenine*,  
**E**apt with grey mists, and everlasting snows ;  
 Where nature in stupendous ruin lies,  
 And from the leaning rock, on either side, 390  
 Gush out those streams that classic long renowns :  
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !  
 Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !  
 Assembling wolves in torrent troops descend ;  
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along, 395  
 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. 400

Rapacious

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance  
 The generous lyon stands in soften'd gaze, 405  
 Here bleeds, a haplets, undistinguish'd prey.  
 But if, appriz'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 410  
 The shrowded body from the tomb; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 In the wild depth of *Winter*, while without  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat, 415  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
 Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
 To chase the cheerless gloom. There let me sit, 420  
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead,  
 Sages of antient time, as Gods rever'd,  
 As Gods beneficent, who blest mankind

With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world,  
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside 425  
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass  
 Before my wondering eyes.— First *Socrates*,  
 Whose simple question to the folded heart  
 Stole unperceiv'd, and from the maze of thought 430  
 Evolv'd the secret truth— a god-like man!  
*Solon* the next, who built his common-weal  
 On equity's wide base. *Lycurgus* then,  
 Severely good; and him of rugged *Rome*,  
*Numa*, who soften'd her rapacious sons. 435  
*Cimon* sweet-soul'd, and *Aristides* just;  
 With that attemper'd \* Hero, mild, and firm,  
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
 Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in extreme.  
*Scipio*, the human warrior, gently brave; 440  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade,  
 With friendship, and philotophy, retir'd.

---

\* *Timoleon*.

Andeual to the best, the \* *Theban* twain,  
 Who, single rais'd their country into fame. 445  
 Thousands behind, the boast of *Greece* and *Rome*,  
 Whom Virtue owns, the tribute of a verse  
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?  
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?  
 But see who yonder comes! in sober state, 450  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:  
 'Tis *Phœbus* felt, 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, 455  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.  
 Nor absent are those tuneful shades, I ween,  
 Taught by the Graces, whose enchanting touch  
 Shakes every passion from the various string;  
 Nor those, who solemnize the moral scene. 460

First of your kind! society divine!  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
 And mount my soaring soul to deeds like yours.  
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

---

\* *Pelopidas* and *Epaminondas*.



See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 465  
 Save *Lycidas* the friend, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the muses' hill will *Pope* descend,  
 To raise the sacred hour, to make it smile, 470  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
 For tho' not sweeter his own *Homer* sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of various turn, 475  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:  
 With them would search, if this unbounded frame  
 Of nature rose from unproductive night,  
 Or sprung eternal from th' *eternal Cause*,  
 Its springs, its laws, its progress and its end. 480  
 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.  
 Thence would we plunge into the moral world; 485  
 Which, tho' more seemingly perplex'd, moves on  
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,  
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all

W I N T E R.

27

In univ'ersal good. Historic truth  
Should next conduct thro' the deeps of time: 490  
Point us how empire grew, revolv'd, and fell,  
In scatter'd states; what maketh the nations smile,  
Improves their foil, and gives them double suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd, 495  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the glorious flame  
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress 500  
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, 505  
Thro' 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, 510  
And when with these the serious soul is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes

Of

Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
 Unnumber'd pictures, fleeting o'er the brain,  
 Yet rapid still renew'd, and pour'd immense 515  
 Into the mind, unbounded without space:  
 The great, the new, the beautiful; or mix'd,  
 Burlesque, and odd, the risible and gay;  
 Whence vivid Wit, and Humour, droll of face,  
 Call laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 520

Mean-time the village rouzes 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 525  
 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 fide-long maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep; 530  
 The leap, the flap, 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 publick haunt,  
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse, 535  
 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 gulph  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace, 540  
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.  
 Rises the dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
 The circle deepens; rain'd from radiant eyes, 545  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
 While, thick as insects in the 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; 550  
 And *Belvidera* pours her soul in love.  
 Assenting terror shakes; the silent tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the *comic Muse*  
 Holds to the world the picture of itself,  
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh. 555

Clear

Clear frost succeeds; and thro' the blue serene,  
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies:  
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
 Storing afresh with elemental life.  
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds 560  
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;  
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,  
 In swifter fallies darting to the brain;  
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool; 565  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
 All nature feels the renovating force  
 Of *Winter*, only to the thoughtless eye  
 In desolation seen. The vacant glebe  
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul, 570  
 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 fullen deeps,  
 Amazing, open to the shepherd's gaze, 575  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, Frost? and whence are thy keen stores  
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,

Whom

Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,

580

Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd

Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense

Thro' water, earth and ether? Hence at eve,

Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,

With the still rage of *Winter* deep suffus'd,

585

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,

Ruffles no more; but to the sedgy bank

590

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 detrudded river growls below.

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects

595

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 many founding plain

600

Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,

Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

Shine:

Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls, 605  
 Thro' 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: 610  
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,  
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,  
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;  
 The liquid kingdom all to solid turn'd; 615  
 Wide-spouted o'er the brow, the frozen brook,  
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;  
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;  
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,  
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread 620  
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,  
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
 While every work of man is laid at rest, 625  
 Fond

Fond o'er the river fath, and shuddering view  
 The doubtful deeps below. Or where the lake  
 And long canal the cerule plain extend,  
 The city pours her thousands, swarming all,  
 From every quarter : and, with him who slides; 630  
 Or skating sweeps, swift as the winds, along,  
 In circling poise ; or else disorder'd falls,  
 His feet, illuded, sprawling to the sky,  
 While the laugh rages round ; from end to end,  
 Encreasing still, resounds the crowded scene. 635

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.  
 The mountain still his azure gloss maintains, 640  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
 Relents a while to the reflected ray ;  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
 Myriads of gems, that, by the breeze diffus'd,  
 Gay-twinkle thro' the gleam. Heard thick around, 645  
 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. 650

But what is this? these infant tempests what?  
The mockery of *Winter*: should our eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the frozen zone;  
Where more than half the joyless year is night;  
And, failing gradual, life at last goes out. 655  
There undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
And icy mountains there, on mountains pil'd,  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
Shapeless, and white, an atmosphere of clouds. 660  
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the main,  
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Shake the firm pole, and make an ocean boil.  
Whence heap'd abrupt along the howling shore, 665  
And into various shapes (as fancy leans)  
Work'd by the wave, the crystal pillars heave,  
Swells the blue portico, the gothic dome  
Shoots fretted up; and birds, and beasts, and men,  
Rise into mimic life, and sink by turns. 670  
The restless deep itself cannot resist

The

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, 675  
 Shag'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; 680  
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,  
 Falls horrible. Such was the \* *Briton's* fate,  
 As with first prow, ( What have not *Britons* dar'd!)  
 He for the passage fought, attempted since 685  
 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  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew, 690  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

---

\* Sir *Hugh Willoughby* sent by *Queen Elizabeth* to discover the north-east passage.

Hard by these shores, the last of mankind live;  
 And, scarce enliven'd by the distant sun, 695  
 ( That rears and ripens man, as well as plants )  
 Here Human Nature just begins to dawn.  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They wear the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
 Lie the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song, 700  
 Nor tenderness they know; nor ought of life,  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.  
 Till long-expected morning looks at length  
 Faint on their fields ( Where *Winter* reigns alone )  
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace. 705

Muttering, the winds at eve, with hoarser voice  
 Blow blustering from the south. The frost subdu'd,  
 Gradual, resolves into a trickling thaw.  
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends;  
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell, 710  
 Impatient for the day. Broke 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

W I N T E R.

37

Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas, 715  
That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave——  
And bark! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted main: at once it bursts, 720  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark, the wretch's last resort,  
That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks 725  
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, 730  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,  
And his unweildy train, in horrid sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,  
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore, 735  
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 fruitless toil  
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe, 740  
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! --- dread *Winter* has subdu'd the year,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the desert plains.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends 745  
 His solitary empire. Here, fond man!

Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer*'s ardent strength,  
 Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age,  
 And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last, 750

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,  
 Those dreams of greatness? those unolid hopes  
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? 754  
 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, mankind's never-failing friend,  
 His guide to happiness on high.—And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth 760  
 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

765

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presuming! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that *Power*,

And *Wisdom* oft arraign'd: see now the cause,

770

Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,

And dy'd, 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*,

775

In palaces, lay prompting his 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,

780

Imbitter'd all our blifs. Ye good distrest!

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand

Beneath life's pressure, yet a little while,

And what you reckon evil is no more;

The storms of *Wintry time* will quickly pass,

785

And one unbounded *SPRING* encircle all.

*The END.*



A

# H Y M N

## On the SEASONS.



THESE, 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 forests live;

And

A H Y M N.

41

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes thy Glory in the *Summer*-months,

With light, and heat, severe. Prone, then thy Sun

Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year.

10

And oft thy voice in awful Thunder speaks;

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

A yellow-floating pomp, thy Bounty shines

In *Autumn* unconfin'd. Thrown from thy lap,

15

Profuse o'er nature, falls the lucid shower

Of beamy fruits; and, in a radiant stream,

Into the stores of *steril Winter* pours.

In *Winter* dreadful *Thou!* with clouds and storms

Around *Thee* thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,

20

Horrible blackness! On the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, *Thou* bid'st the world below,

And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,

Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,

25

Yet so harmonious mixt, so fitly join'd,

One following one in such enchanting sort,

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade,

And all so forming such a perfect whole,

That, as they still succeed, they ravish still,

30

But



But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks *Thee* not, 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*; 35  
 Flings from the sun direct the *flaming Day*;  
*Feeds* every creature; hurls the *Tempest* forth;  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend; join every living soul, 40  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and ardent, raise  
 An universal *Hymn!* to *Him*, ye gales,  
 Breathe soft; whose spirit teaches you to breathe.  
 Oh talk of *Him* in solitary glooms! 45  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown void with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage. 50  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;

**A H Y M N.**

43

**Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze**

**Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,**

55

**A secret world of wonders in thy self**

**Sound his tremendous praise; whose greater voice**

**Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.**

**Roll up your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,**

**In mingled clouds to *Him*; whose sun elates,**

69

**Whose hand perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.**

**Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to *Him*:**

**Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,**

**Homeward, rejoicing with the joyous moon.**

**Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep**

65

**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 darting wide,**

70

**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 dreadful hymn.**

**Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,**

75

**Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,**

**Ye vallies, raise; for the *great Shepherd* reigns;**

**And**

And yet again the golden age returns.  
 Wildest of creatures, be not silent here ;  
 But, hymning horrid, let the desert roar. 80  
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a general 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 thro' the midnight hour, 85  
 Trilling, prolong the wildly-luscious note ;  
 That night, as well as day may vouch his praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;  
 At once the head, the heart, and mouth of all,  
 Crown the great *Hymn* ! in swarming cities vast, 90  
 Concourse of men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base ;  
 And, as each mingling frame encreases each,  
 In one united ardor rise to heaven. 95  
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
 To find a fane in every sacred grove ;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's chaunt,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the *God of Seasons*, as they roll. 100  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,

A H Y M N.

45

Whether the *Blossom* blows, the *Summer-Ray*;  
Ruffles the plain, delicious *Autumn* gleams;  
Or *Winter* rises in the reddening east;  
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more, 105  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to hostile barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam 110  
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;  
Rolls the same kindred *Seasons* round the world,  
In all apparent, wise, and good in all; 115  
Since *He* sustains, and animates the whole;  
From seeming evil still educes good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression.— But I lose  
My self in *Him*, in light ineffable! 120  
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

*The End.*



A

P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of

S<sup>R</sup>. *ISAAC NEWTON.*

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE

*Sir Robert Walpole.*



HALL the great soul of *Newton*  
quit this earth,

To mingle with his stars; and every  
muse,

Astonish'd into silence, shun the  
weight

Of honours due to his illustrious name?

But

*To the Memory of, &c.*

47

But what can man?--- Even now the fons of light  
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.  
Yet am not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,  
Ethereal Flames! ambitious, I aspire  
In Nature's general symphony to join.

5

10

And what new wonders can ye show your guest!  
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil  
Clouded in dust, from *Motion's* simple laws,  
Could trace the secret hand of *Providence*,  
Wide-working thro' this universal frame.

15

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the *Suns*,  
And *Planets* to their spheres! th' unequal task  
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd  
O'er erring Man the year, and oft disgrac'd  
The pride of schools, before their course was known  
Full in its causes and effects to him,  
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd  
Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;  
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,

20

25

And

And with heroic patience years on years  
 Deep-searching, saw at last the *System* dawn,  
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone:

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!  
 And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*,  
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys  
 In some small fray victorious! when instead  
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd  
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds  
 Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself  
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid  
 Her every latent Glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our *solar Round*  
 First gazing thro', he by the blended power  
 Of *Gravitation* and *Projection* saw  
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
 From unassisted vision hid, the *Moons*  
 To chear remoter planets numerous pour'd,  
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.  
 He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,  
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.

*Sir* ISAAC NEWTON. 49

Her every motion clear-discerning; He 50  
Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught  
Why now the mighty mafs of water fwells  
Refiftlefs, heaving on the broken rocks,  
And the full river turning; till again  
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves 55  
A yellow wafte of idle fands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
Thro' the blue Infinite; and every *Star*,  
Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
Pours on the eye, or aftronomie tube, 60  
Far ftretching, fnatches from the dark abyfs,  
Or fuch as farther in fucceffive skies  
To fancy fhine alone, at his approach  
Blaz'd into *Suns*, the living centre each  
Of an harmonious fystem: all combin'd, 65  
And rul'd unerring by that fingle power,  
Which draws the ftone projected to the ground.

O unprofufe magnificence divine!  
O *Wisdom* truly perfect! thus to call  
From a few caufes fuch a fcheme of things, 70  
Effects fo various, beautiful, and great,



An universe compleat! and O belov'd  
 Of heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye;  
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scan'd  
 The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

75

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd  
 The *Comet* thro' the long *Eliptic* curve,  
 As round innumerable worlds he wound his way;  
 Till, to the forehead of our evening sky  
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,  
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

80

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule  
 Of whirling *Vortices*, and circling *Spheres*,  
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.  
 The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain  
 To keep at odds with demonstration strong,  
 And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze  
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,  
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,  
 When *Newton* rose, our philosophic sun.

85

90

Th' aerial flow of *Sound* was known to him,  
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,

Till

Till the touch'd organ takes the meaning in,  
Nor could the darting *Beam*, of speed immense,  
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye. 95  
Even *Light it self*, which every thing displays,  
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;  
And from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,  
Collecting every ray into his kind, 100  
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
Of *Parent-Colours*. First the flaming *Red*  
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny *Orange* next;  
And next delicious *Yellow*; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing *Green*. 105  
Then the pure *Blue*, that swells autumnal skies,  
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,  
Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.  
While the last gleamings of refracted light 110  
Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away.  
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath. 115  
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,

And myriads still remain ——— Infinite source  
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image ought so fair,  
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook! 120  
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!  
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare  
How just, how beautiful the *refractive Law*.

The noiseless *Tide of Time*, all bearing down 125  
To vast Eternity's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stem'd alone; and to the source (involv'd  
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd  
His lights at equal distances, to guide 130  
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who  
His high discoveries sing? when but a few  
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds  
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought, 135  
How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What

What wonder thence that his *Devotion* swell'd  
 Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,  
 Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
 The finish'd University of things, 149  
 In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
 Forbear incessant to adore that *Power*  
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole.

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,  
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life, 145  
 All unwith-held, indulging to his friends  
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,  
 Oh speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,  
 How greatly humble, how divinely good;  
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth; 150  
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,  
 And panting for perfection: far above  
 Those little cares, and visionary joys,  
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart, 155  
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.  
 This, *Conduit*, from thy rural hours we hope;  
 Asthro' the pleasing shade, where Nature pours

Her every sweet, in studious ease you walk ;  
 The social passions smiling at thy heart,  
 That glows with all the recollected sage.

160

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,  
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights  
 That reach impatient at immortal life,  
 Against the prime endearing privilege  
 Of Being dare contend, say, can a soul  
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,  
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath  
 Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,  
 And then for ever lost in vacant air ?

165

170

But hark ! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
 Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
 Sound thro' the world——— “ ‘Tis done!——— *The*  
*measure's full;*

“ *And I resign my charge.* Ye mouldering stones,  
 That build the towering pyramid, the proud  
 Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd  
 By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
 The worship'd name of hoar antiquity,  
 Down to the dust ! what grandeur can ye boast

175

While

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 55

While *Newton* lifts his column to the skies, 180  
Beyond the waste of time.——— Let no weak drop  
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,  
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,  
And Elegiac song. But *Newton* calls 185  
For other Notes of gratulation high,  
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds  
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
And hymns their author with his glad compeers.

O *Britain's* boast! whether with angels thou 190  
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,  
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;  
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing.  
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost, 195  
And grateful adoration, for that light  
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,  
From *Light Himself*; Oh look with pity down  
On human-kind, a frail erroneous race!  
Exalt the spirit of a downward world! 200  
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
And be her *Genius* call'd! her studies raise,

Correct her manners, and inspire her youth.

For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,

And glories in thy name; she points thee out

205

To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:

While in expectance of the second life,

When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust

Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

*The End.*

*B R I-*



# *B R I T A N N I A,*

A

# P O E M.



S on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,  
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,  
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:  
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the  
gale,

That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;  
Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.  
Hung o'er the deep from her majestick brow  
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.

Nor



Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek ;  
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the Main. 10  
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd  
 Her dove-like wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,  
 Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the Queen  
 Of nations spoke; and what she said the Muse  
 Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse. 15

Even not yon sail, that, from the sky-mixt wave,  
 Dawns on the sight, and wafts the *Royal Youth*,  
 A freight of future glory to my shore ;  
 Even not the flattering view of golden days,  
 And rising periods yet of bright renown, 20  
 Beneath the *Parents*, and their endless line  
 Thro' late revolving time, can sooth my rage ;  
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares  
 Intest the trading flood, full of vain War  
 Despise my Navies, and my Merchants seize ; 25  
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam  
 The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,  
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine :  
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.  
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt? 30  
 This

This tame beseeching of rejected peace ?

This meek forbearance ? this unnative fear,

To generous *Britons* never known before ?

And sail'd my fleets for this ; on *Indian* tides

To float, unactive, with the veering winds ?

35

The mockery of war ! while hot disease,

And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,

For action ardent ; and amid the deep,

Inglorious, sunk them in a watry grave.

There now they lie beneath the rowling flood,

40

Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd ;

And back the weeping war-ship comes again,

Dispirited, and thin ; her sons asham'd

Thus idly to review their native shore ;

With not one glory sparkling in their eye,

45

One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,

The violated Merchant comes along ;

That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale

Hedrew, and sweat beneath Equator furs,

By lawless force detain'd ; a force that soon

50

Would melt away, and every spoil resign,

Were once the *British* lion heard to roar.

Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,

In their own well-asserted element,

Dares rouse to wrath the Masters of the Main ? 55  
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war  
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports  
 In smoaky ruin ? and his guilty stores,  
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,  
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep, 60  
 Or led the glittering prize into the *Thames* ?

There was a time (Oh let my languid sons  
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)  
 When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,  
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge ; like a whole heaven 65  
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.  
 Gaily the splendid Armament along  
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,  
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast ;  
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the dream 70  
 Of easy conquest ; while their bloated war,  
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force  
 Of ages held in its capacious womb.  
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,  
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75  
 With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,  
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate

Refistless

Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides ;  
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame ;  
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80  
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.  
 Then too from every promontory chill,  
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,  
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm,  
 Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast, 85  
 The scatter'd remnants drove ; on the blind shelve,  
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,  
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the Northern Main  
 Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

Such were the dawnings of my liquid reign ; 90  
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,  
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful *Blake*  
 Aw'd angry nations with the *British* Name,  
 Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,  
 Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval arm. 95  
 Ah what must these immortal spirits think  
 Of your poor shifts ? these, for their country's good,  
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,  
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.  
 Ah how with indignation must they burn ? 100

(If ought, but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)  
 With shame? with grief? to see their feeble sons  
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,  
 For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,  
 And their veins bleed thro' many a toiling age. 105

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!  
 Fair *Peace*! how lovely, how delightful thou!  
 By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,  
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,  
 And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil 110  
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,  
 Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.  
 Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,  
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,  
 'Trickling distils into the verdant glebe; 115  
 Instead of mangled carcasses, sad-seen,  
 When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the field;  
 When only shining shares, the crooked knife,  
 And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;  
 When the land blushes with the rose alone, 120  
 The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.  
 Oh, *Peace*! thou source, and soul of social life;  
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence,

Science his views enlarges, Art refines,  
 And swelling Commerce opens all her ports; 125  
 Blest be the Man divine, who gives us Thee!  
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,  
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;  
 Who sheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun  
 Into the well-pil'd armoury returns; 130  
 And, every vigour from the work of death,  
 To grateful industry converting, makes  
 The country flourish, and the city smile.  
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings;  
 And him the smiling mother to her train. 135  
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,  
 Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,  
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,  
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,  
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave? 140  
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,  
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.  
 Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends  
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;  
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace, 145  
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not *Peace!* the Patriot bear for thee?  
 What painful patience? What incessant care?  
 What mixt anxiety? What sleepless toil?  
 Even from the rash protected what reproach? 150  
 For he thy value knows; thy friendship he  
 To human nature: but the better thou,  
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more  
 Inevitable *War*; when ruffian force  
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state: 155  
 Then the good easy man, whom reason rules;  
 Who, while unhurt, knew nor offence, nor harm,  
 Rous'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,  
 With sharp, and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons  
 Of violence confounds; firm as his cause, 160  
 His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;  
 His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:  
 And, as he charges thro' the prostrate war,  
 His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more  
 To dare the sacred vengeance of the just. 165

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more  
 Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep  
 The least beginning injury receives?  
 What better cause can call your lightning forth?

Your

Your thunder wake? Your dearest life demand? 170  
 What better cause, than when your country sees  
 The fly destruction at her vitals aim'd?  
 For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,  
 To keep your Trade intire, intire the force,  
 And honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch, 175  
 Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.  
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,  
 By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;  
 But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,  
 Unconquerable still: let none escape, 180  
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.  
 Is there the man, into the lyon's den  
 Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?  
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath  
 The slumbring terrors of a *British* Fleet? 185  
 Then ardent rise! Oh great in vengeance rise!  
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:  
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,  
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state  
 At oncetheir welfare and their duty know. 190  
 This is your glory; this your wisdom; this  
 The native power for which you were design'd  
 By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,



That e'er was seated on the subject sea;  
 A state, alone, where *Liberty* should live, 195  
 In these late times, this evening of mankind  
 When *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Carthage* are no more,  
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.  
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;  
 For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot 200  
 Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts  
 Swell with a sullen courage, growing still  
 As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this  
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.  
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power, 205  
 Undangerous to the publick, ever prompt,  
 By lavish Nature thrust into your hand:  
 And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense  
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell,  
 Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore, 210  
 Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,  
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.  
 For should the sliding fabrick once give way,  
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,  
 It gathers ruins it rolls along, 215  
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,  
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies,  
 And

And should the big redundant flood of Trade,  
 In which ten thousand thousand Labours join  
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide 220  
 Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,  
 Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point  
 Its course another way, o'er other lands  
 The various treasure would resistless pour,  
 Ne'er to be won again; its antient tract 225  
 Left a vile channel desolate, and dead,  
 With all around a miserable waste.  
 Not *Egypt*, were, her better heaven, the *Nile*  
 Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,  
 And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach 230  
 Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash  
 An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain;  
 (Whence wond'ring fable trac'd him from the sky)  
 Even not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd  
 On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year, 235  
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,  
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,  
 Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,  
*Britons*, your boasted isle: her Princess sunk;  
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust; 240  
 Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;

With rapid wing her riches fled away;  
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign  
 Of what she was; her Merchants scatter'd wide?  
 Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,  
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,  
 The cheerful voice of labour heard no more.

245

Oh let not then waste Luxury impair  
 That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves  
 And your own proper happiness creates!  
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating plague  
 Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,  
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,  
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart:  
 Of Liberty; the high conception blast;  
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn  
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish  
 For general good, erasing from the mind:  
 While nought save narrow Selfishness succeeds,  
 And low design, the sneaking passions all  
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.  
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,  
 Sapping the very frame of government,  
 And life, a total dissolution comes;

250

255

260

Sloth,

*B R I T A N N I A.* 69

Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear, 265  
Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;  
The human being almost quite extinct;  
And the whole state in broad Corruption sinks,  
Oh shun that gulph: that gaping ruin shun!  
And countless ages roll it far away 270  
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,  
The light of life! the sun of human kind!  
Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow flame,  
Even where the keen depressive North descends,  
Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers! 275  
While slavish Southern climates beam in vain,  
And may a publick spirit from the *Throne*,  
Where every Virtue sits, go copious forth  
Live o'er the land! the finer Arts inspire;  
Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head, 280  
Blow the fresh Breeze, bid Industry rejoice,  
And the rough Sons of lowest Labour smile.  
As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West  
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes  
Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world. 285

But haste we from these melancholy shores,  
Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint

Pour

Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;  
That let us roam; and where we find a spark  
Of publick virtue, blow it into flame.

290

And now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet  
In awful senate; thither let us fly;  
Burn in the Patriot's thought, flow from his tongue  
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,  
And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round.

295

This said; her fleeting form, and airy train,  
Sunk in the gale; and naught but ragged rocks  
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard  
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

*The E N D.*

