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*Isabella Williamson*

POETIC EFFUSIONS;  
PASTORAL, MORAL, AMATORY,  
AND  
DESCRIPTIVE.

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BY  
WILLIAM PERFECT, M. D.

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.....IN TENUI MUSA.

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## P R E F A C E

BY THE EDITOR.

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PASTORAL Poetry requires a competent knowledge of natural history, a thorough acquaintance with the effect which the transition of the seasons have on a country life, and above all, a simplicity of expression, which is acknowledged to be the unstudied diction, the spontaneous offspring of nature.

Theocritus and Virgil, among the ancients, were allowed to be the most happy and characteristic in their descriptive imagery, and the least laboured in their versification, and if the Author of the present Volume has in his leisure hours caught a spark of imitation of those admired Bards, his purpose will most probably be accomplished.

If in the perusal of the following Poems a consonancy to Nature is conspicuous it may not perhaps

## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

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fail to recommend them to a place in the libraries of the lovers of retirement and the local beauties of sylvan scenery.

The descriptive parts contained in these effusions are warmed by the animating glow of inherent sensibility, and will be found to be not wholly incompatible with the peculiar and appropriate beauties which occur to a constant resident in the country, according to the different changes of the year, when, like the writer of these pages, he shall "copy Nature from her living book." At the same time it is presumed that the moral, amatory, and sentimental parts will be found to convey chaste, tender, and social ideas.

To conclude, our Author appears to have painted each scene, not as it is often aggravated by unwarrantable liberties of fiction, but as in reality it is consonant to the plain, unvarnished language of truth and friendship, as constantly pictured to us by Nature.



# PASTORAL SKETCHES.

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## THE MONTHS.

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### JANUARY.

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“ An icy gale shifting o'er the plain,  
“ Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
“ Arrests the bickering stream.”          Thomson.

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HOW pointed with ice is the air !  
The woodlands bespangled with frost,  
A portrait pellucid prepare,  
Whose beauties in terror are lost.  
Imprison'd and bound is the rill  
Irriguous that stole thro' the mead,  
No more in soft murmurs distil  
Its waters to cherish the reed.

The lake that was curl'd by the breeze  
Is chang'd to a smooth, glassy, plain ;  
Huge icicles hang from the trees  
In pendants of *crystalliz'd* rain.

Cascades that pour'd down by the mill,  
 And whiten'd with foam into rage,  
 Their currents arrested and still,  
 No more in loud clamours engage.

Behold ! o'er the mist-frozen copse  
 What silver-like plumage is spread,  
 More elegant far than the hops  
 That Autumn flung over his head ;  
 Each twig and each blade is adorn'd  
 With pearl-drops so pure and so bright ;  
 The skill of the artist is scorn'd,  
 And recedes at so peerless a fight.

The morning, distressful of mien,  
 From slumbers of sluggish delay,  
 Discovers a wide-wasting scene,  
 At once both terrific and gay ;  
 Aerial treasures of snow  
 The hills and the valleys invest ;  
 With what a bright burden below  
 The bosom of nature's oppress'd !

Impell'd by the season severe,  
 The Red-breast compassion implores ;  
 In Confidence void of all fear,  
 Hops over the fill of our doors ;

And shall we deny the poor guest?

A tribute he'll pay with a song;

No! let him be fed and care's'd,

His visit in safety prolong.

Less social the Lark we descry,

Enshelter'd in stubble so warm,

While in crouds the small warblers fly,

Unwilling, unable to charm.

To farm-yards with sparrows repair,

*For want is an absolute law,*

Petition their poor little fare,

Collected from chaff and from straw.

Intensely so sharp is the cold,

Inactive and lifeless around,

Each scene and each landscape behold,

In Winter's rude adamant bound;

Though Janus elongates the day,

December that nurtur'd the storm

His rigors suspends to convey,

In sadden'd variety's form.

Yet rude devastation is spread,

And chill'd all the animal train;

The path-way dejected I tread,

'Till hope gives a truce to my pain;

The shrub, tho' expos'd to the air,  
 'Tyrannical frost shall repel;  
 Her buds I've dilated with care,  
 And found the young bloom in its cell.

Dear embryo! your leaves shall expand,  
 Revive in the sweet vernal morn,  
 Awake at the touch of her hand,  
 And nature's lov'd season adorn;  
 'The hazels soft catkins unfold,  
 'The snow-drop comes forward the first;  
 Shoot woodbines unfeared of cold,  
 Mezercons seem ready to burst.

Though, rugged old Janus, 'tis thine,  
 Thus cheerless to open the year,  
 Thy honours are great and divine,  
 Illustriously brilliant appear;  
 Panegyric in gladness is seen  
 Thy bounty to own and confess,  
 Since Janus gave birth to a queen\*  
 Whose virtues a nation can bless.

Then, spite of the storms in thy train,  
 The Spring whose gay beauties are lost,  
 The winds and the hard-pelting rain,  
 The hail-stones and cold piercing frost;

\* Whose natal day is celebrated in this month.

THE MONTHS.

---

Come, shepherds, bring laurels and bay,  
Let Janus with garlands be crown'd;  
Be cheerful as rose-loving May,  
For Charlotte in virtue renown'd.

But, Neatherds, go look to the kine,  
Their cribs with fresh fodder supply;  
The task of compassion be thine,  
For herbage the pastures deny;  
And, shepherds, attend to the fold,  
The ewes in the valley despair;  
O save their sweet lambs from the cold!  
They bleat for protection and care.

While the voice of the north is severe,  
And heard o'er the waste with dismay,  
Hark! what is the sound that I hear,  
More sad than the sighs of the day?  
'Tis Delia. Why sorrows my fair?  
What opens the source of her grief,  
Dishevels her fine flowing hair  
Can Corydon render relief?

She weeps o'er poor Emmeline's tomb,  
Who fell as a wreath of the snow,  
In the pride and the prime of her bloom,  
As bright as the heavenly bow;

Her voice was the musick of Spring,  
Her heart was ineffable love,  
Her face all that beauty could bring;  
In mildness she rivall'd the dove.

Thou bright as the Moon on the main,  
My Delia, no longer deplore,  
Nor harrow thy bosom with pain,  
Since Emmeline can be no more;  
Permit that I share in thy woe,  
The privilege can you refuse?  
Together, sweet mourner, we'll go,  
And Death of his triumph accuse.

The hand of remembrance shall raise,  
A column her virtues to save;  
And elegy weep in her praise,  
While Flora empurples the grave;  
No longer be delug'd in tears,  
O grant me your grief to beguile;  
Then free from despondency's fears,  
We'll meet the new year with a smile.

## FEBRUARY:

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" Already now the snow-drop does appear,  
 " The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year;  
 " As Flora's breath by some transforming pow'r,  
 " Had chang'd an icicle into a flower. Mrs. Barbauld.

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DOES frost still imprison the ground,  
 And nature lie buried in snow?  
 From southward warm breezes are found:  
 In muttering hoarse accents to flow;  
 Then torrents of water distil  
 At once all the ice sweep away,  
 To rivers enlarge every rill,  
 And fill the sad vales with dismay:

Shall nature in agony sigh,  
 And pleasure, aston'd at the waste;  
 Dejected with fear turn her eye,  
 From scenes so horrid and haste;  
 Yet hold, gentle goddess, and turn,  
 The rooks are beginning to pair;  
 That Spring shall emerge from her urn,  
 The buds of the currant declare.

To prospects less cheerful O speed,  
 The Muse in her pastoral flight;  
 Come, Flora, enamel the mead,  
 Replenish the earth with delight;  
 Deny not your mantle of green,  
 The landscape is naked and cold;  
 Your promise to cherish the scene  
 The elder's expansions unfold.

The snow-drop peeps out of the dell,  
 Bold herald with Winter in rear;  
 Her looks the soft embassy tell,  
 She comes the dark season to cheer.  
 The Daphne-mezerion I see,  
 The wood-laurel too is in bloom;  
 Protruding, the vernal-fawn pea  
 Is ready to burst from its tomb.

Fair minstrel, as early as sweet,  
 Dear wood-lark how welcome's thy note!  
 That Janus has made his retreat  
 We learn from thy musical throat;  
 As herself now expanded the day,  
 Soft Pity,\* appears in the vale;  
 The sportsmen her mandates obey,  
 No longer the woodlands assail.

\* On the 1st and 13th of this month pheasant and partridge shooting ends.



Nor longer with spaniel and gun,  
In stole which the bushes defies,  
Accusing the slow-rising sun,  
To cover young Doriland flies;  
The pheasant beneath the rude thorn  
Her plumage unfearful may spread,  
Or venture to pilfer the corn,  
The husbandman recently shed.

No perils the covey annoy;  
Securely the partridge may pair,  
And taste of connubial joy,  
As Phœbus impregnates the air;  
But mercy is partial; for lo!  
In the moor and the flag-crested fen,  
The snipe feels the death-levell'd blow,  
And woodcocks still bleed in the glen.

Should clouds in succession distress,  
The landscapes still deluge in show'rs,  
The snow on the cottages press,  
Consigning to dulness the hours;  
Yet sorrow disturbs not the soul,  
Content for her residence forms;  
Although to the farthest pole  
Extends the rude waste of the storms.

Content, come with visage serene;  
 Thy image unfold to my view  
 Attendant be Competence seen,  
 I court not the wealth of Peru;  
 The bosom of calmness is thine,  
 Emit but thy silver-soft ray;  
 We hear from thy whispers divine  
 More music than issues from May.

Pastora with mirth fill my reed—  
 Can sounds more harmoniously flow,  
 Panegyrics more justly proceed,  
 Than those which to Delia I owe?  
 For now the bless'd morning appears,  
 My Muse with enchantment to wing;  
 Another we add to her years—  
 The birth-day of Delia, I sing.

Though naked and brown are the laws,  
 And Winter still harrows the day;  
 Aurora transcendently dawns,  
 And Delia enlivens my lay;  
 For her, with each grace in her train,  
 Shall Spring in gay beauty appear;  
 The Summer's varieties reign,  
 And turbulent Winter unsphere.

Prophetic, methinks that my song  
Awakens the earth-cheering breeze;  
The thrushes their sonnets prolong,  
And turtles soft coo in the trees.  
The chaffinch their symphony hails,  
The hedge-sparrow music creates;  
—'Tis Cupid, my fair one, prevails,  
Inspirits the plume-painted states.

A chaplet I'll weave for the morn,  
The myrtle shall fly from her beds;  
Young Flora the offering adorn,  
And flourish wherever she treads;  
Let Delia approve of my lays,  
Accept of the garland I twine;  
The Muse to bright honor she'll raise,  
Whose Bard is her own VALENTINE.

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 M A R C H.
 

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" As yet the trembling year is unconfin'd,  
 " And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
 " Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets  
 " Deform the day delightful.                      Thomson.

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IN mantle of Proteus clad,  
     With aspect ferocious and wild,  
 Now pleafant, now fullen and fad,  
     Now froward, now placid and mild;  
 In his hand from the Zodiac fled,  
     The Aries progreflive is feen;  
 The almond her blossoms has shed  
     Around his unciviliz'd mien.

'Tis March!—How tremendous they blow,  
     Unprison'd, what tempefts arife;  
 From the caverns of Boreas below,  
     The hills feel the blast of the skies;  
 The hills echo loud, and the deep  
     Ascends in huge furies of foam;  
 The fhips o'er the precipice fweep,  
     Through perils implacable roam.

Ye winds, your rude tumults assuage,  
O cease your rough thunder to pour;  
Forbear your tyrannical rage,  
Nor let the young season deplore!  
Let morning your friendship resume,  
Revive Nature's low-bending head;  
Send Zephyr on soft filken plume  
The breath of Favonius to spread.

'Tis done! on the banks of the rill  
The primrose in straw-colour'd vest,  
Annex'd to the gay daffodil,  
Beams, Flora, thy topaz confess;  
The daisy besprinkles the plain,  
What lustre the crocus renews!  
In yellow and purple her train  
The eye with soft pleasure reviews.

The alders their bunches unfold,  
And see on the hedge-rows suspend  
The fallow's soft fringes of gold,  
With leaves of the fuckle to blend;  
When breathes the bland South on the bank,  
The pilewort shines sweetly so young;  
But the vi'let alone we must thank,  
From whom peerless odours are flung.

The Bee bursts her hive in the morn,  
 On Æther piratical sails;  
 Sure sign that our fields she'll adorn,  
 That Flora's alive in the dales;  
 Sure sign that no storm will arise,  
 The face of the day to obscure;  
 But mild and unclouded the skies,  
 The present SERENE will insure.

Behold! the young lamb in the fold,  
 A spectacle pleasing and sweet;  
 O save it, new-dropt, from the cold,  
 For feeble and weak are its feet;  
 The office is soft, and for care  
 His innocence meekly entreats;  
 To the cottage conduct him ye Fair,  
 And feed him whenever he bleats.

From boughs, though so naked and bare,  
 The throstle melodious sings;  
 The rooks render vocal the air,  
 In the tole with industrious wings;  
 The colony form'd to defend  
 Their new habitations, we see  
 Some labour and loaded ascend,  
 Whilst others to plunder agree.

The Muse might a simile draw,  
And liken this scene to a state,  
Where Anarchy tramples on Law,  
Nor fears the bold thought to relate;  
But does in idea compare  
The rooks to a newly-form'd clan,  
Who systems of government rear  
Without either order or plan.

What gifts for my Fair shall I bring?  
The myrtle and March-violet gay,  
Such innocent children of Spring,  
My purest affections convey;  
She comes as the Moon from a cloud,  
My snow-bosom'd Delia appears;  
With soul of mild virtue endow'd,  
And cheek unpolluted with tears.

She smiles, and the buds of the grove  
Instantaneous to foliage expand,  
'The emblem of picturesque love,  
A lambkin she leads in her hand;  
It was the first born of the fold,  
Which, but for her care, had been lost;  
Her tenderness sav'd from the cold,  
'The fatal effects of the frost.

She smiles; and, elate with the sound,  
 Of bells from the hamlet below,  
 All's joy and festivity round,  
 The cause ev'ry shepherd must know;  
 Proclaim that Solander the gay,  
 To Melicent, *fortunate hind*,  
 Forever renown'd be the day,  
 The bridegroom of transport was join'd.

Did Hymen e'er smile with more grace?  
 The Muse is invited a guest;  
 What pleasure enlivens each face!  
 How jocund! how gay! and how blest!  
 Ye shepherds convene on the lea,  
 Let mirth the most sprightly be ours!  
 Come Delia announce the decree,  
 And call up the musical pow'rs.

The crocus of flame-colour'd hue,  
 The hyacinth varied in vest;  
 The sweet polyanthus too,  
 And anemonies wantonly dress'd;  
 The mezereon worthy of praise,  
 Though fraught with no lavish perfume;  
 And willow, whose silver-like rays  
 Are shed from its white velvet bloom;



These poesies collected we'll weave  
A garland for Melicent's brow ;  
Assur'd that she'll gladly receive  
The gifts which her shepherds bestow ;  
The pair will our presents approve,  
And gratefully honour our lay,  
'Tis Nature's own nuptial of love,  
Forever renown'd be the day.

Solander, thus favour'd and blest,  
Long cherish the maid of thy heart !  
Dear choice of his undisguis'd breast,  
The passion that's mutual impart ;  
No care shall your union annoy,  
And Hymen perpetually sing,  
"That MARCH was the parent of joy,  
"As well as the FATHER OF SPRING"

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 APRIL.
 

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" Fringing the forests devious edge,  
 " Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge ;  
 " Or to the distant eye displays  
 " Weakly green its budding sprays.            Warton.

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THE blest revolution appears,  
   Descends on the wings of the breeze ;  
 Yon cloud that distills into tears  
   Expands the green robes of the trees ;  
 What blossoms embellish the plain,  
   With cowslips diffuse their perfume ;  
 The Graces, a beautiful train,  
   Advance with the season of bloom.

The Spring in her image complete  
   In smiling vicissitude stands,  
 In gloom, or in showers, or heat,  
   Pervading the fertiliz'd lands ;  
 The song that's so rural and plain,  
   The odours that wake with the dawn,  
 The roses that rise from the rain,  
   Bid swallows glance over the lawn.

Thy harbinger, Summer, I see,  
The stranger's return let me hail ;  
For insects he sports o'er the lea,  
Or hastily skims on the gale.  
Ye breezes, be kind to the guest,  
He fears the sharp tooth of the cold ;  
Blow genial and warm from the west,  
His pastime in sunshine enfold.

The voices of courtship and love,  
In concert are heard o'er the plain ;  
Melodious they pour from the grove,  
And harmony opens her reign,  
Most pleasing by day and by night,  
Sweet Philomel, queen of the shade ;  
I listen to thee with delight,  
Dear bird to thy soft serenade.

Thy song when the ev'ning obtains,  
In the sycamore bow'r I hear ;  
Shall Delia, the pride of our plains,  
Attend to thy strains and revere ;  
Her voice might embellish thy lay,  
But, pensively pleas'd as a friend,  
She lists to thy plaints from the spray,  
'Till her tears with thy symphony blend.

And now shall this season of flow'rs,  
The cuckoo, new visitant, hail;  
Return to our green-twisted bow'rs,  
And tell his monotonous tale.  
While truants to pillage the nest  
Burst into recesses remote,  
Awhile in astonishment rest,  
Then mock her unmusical note.

From the firs that o'ershadow the grove,  
The stock-dove in passionate lay,  
Pours melting effusions of love,  
When opens or closes the day.  
The blackbird is up with the morn,  
To serenade pierces the bush;  
Whilst music, more shrill from the thorn  
Proclaims the delight of the thrush.

Does the East brighten wide with the dawn,  
The lark from her pillow of green  
Ascends from the close or the lawn,  
Ambitiously lofty is seen;  
In vain do we follow her flight,  
She mocks the pursuit of our eyes,  
And sings from so distant a height,  
She seems but a speck in the skies.

How mutual's the toil of the day !  
The rook and his loud-cawing mate,  
The architect's labour display,  
In skill most amazingly great ;  
Enfork'd in the elm's lofty spray,  
The branches entwisting among,  
In cradles compacted of clay,  
Securely they pillow their young.

The chaffinch, mechanic, whose art,  
The ox-eye alone can excel,  
Where boughs in a thicket dispart,  
Constructs her ingenions cell ;  
Without, how enamell'd it seems !  
How elegant ! artful ! and round !  
Besludged with moss, how it beams !  
Within what invention is found !

The wren, of rotundity fond,  
Her ranelagh pins to the wall ;  
The pollard reclin'd o'er the pond,  
Or in thatch that projects from the stall.  
Ye feather'd musicians of Spring,  
Your nests may no dangers annoy !  
O may the fatigue of your wing  
Your broodlings mature into joy !

What blessings the rustics await !  
 The season they hail with a smile ;  
 How happy's the husbandman's fate !  
 Content is the offspring of toil ;  
 Return'd from the labour of day,  
 The faithful delight of his heart  
 Attends on his long-custom'd way,  
 Sensations unfeign'd to impart.

Ye much-envied scenes of repose,  
 Dear sylvan sequestered retreats,  
 Where innocence shields from the woes  
 Attendant on luxury's feats !  
 There, Nature, thy throne we behold,  
 The cottage low sunk in the dale,  
 Where safe with the king of the fold  
 Thy virtues, Simplicity, dwell.

We'll morning's first visit attend,  
 And watch for Aurora's new beam,  
 Then, Celadon, shall we, my friend,  
 Purloin from the stores of the stream ;  
 Afar from the clack of the mill  
 Down stray to the head of the brook ;  
 Or shall we curve round with its rill,  
 And practise the wiles of the hook ?

The trout in his moss-fashion'd bed,  
Reclin'd on his gay-speckled side ;  
How bright are his patches of red ;  
Live rubies that bleed in the tide !  
Shall he sport in the warm sunny ray,  
Still tenant his oozy recess,  
The current disparting in play ;  
Or shall we his pleasures distress ?

Ah no ; thy more delicate breast  
Forbids such enjoyment to gain ;  
Forbids any pleasure to rest,  
Which flows from inflicting of pain ;  
Let others illusion design,  
We'll scorn the unwary to cheat ;  
Surrender the rod and the line,  
And spurn from amusement deceit.

Your Muse shall the season proclaim,  
A chaplet congenial twine ;  
Whilst mine, to ensure herself fame,  
Your essays shall cheerfully join :  
To Pan let us offer our song,  
Perchance he may favour the lay ;  
We cannot too warmly prolong,  
Since APRIL's the MOTHER OF MAY.

## M A Y.

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- " For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,  
 " If not the first the fairest in the year ;  
 " For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,  
 " And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs.

Dryden's Pal. and Arc.

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PROFUSE of her beauties, the May  
 Luxurious comes dancing along ;  
 In purple she dresses the day,  
 And calls up the picturesque song ;  
 Bids rise the live blossoms of snow,  
 Her bounties unbounded we see,  
 From the lap of soft verdure below  
 Bestrewing each bush and each tree.

Her bosom ambrosial behold,  
 Where Zephyrs perpetually sport ;  
 In her tresses of silver and gold  
 The Graces establish their court ;  
 Diffusing her incense, the Earth  
 The festival crowns with her pow'rs ;  
 Flings odors most lavishly forth,  
 The soul of innumerable flow'rs !



Approaches the mother of love,  
The month of unpar'lell'd delight,  
Her hand is the throne of a dove,  
Her garlands embroider'd with white,  
With colours that glow on the view,  
The pallet of Flora is crown'd,  
Whose garment of sky-brighten'd blue  
Reflects the magnificent ground.

How sweetly she presses the plain !  
With aspect most lovely are seen  
The daughters of Spring in her train,  
In all the rich robes of the Scene ;  
Fertility, bountiful maid,  
Awoke by her generous ray,  
Bursts forth in each bud and each blade,  
To cheer and enliven her May.

O let not her empire so bright  
The mildew pernicious invade,  
Her bloom and young foliage, from blight,  
A waste of distemper be made ;  
Soft powers of spring then intreat  
Apollo your fears to behold ;  
Establish your May in her seat,  
Protect her from wind and from cold.

The novel of Nature we read,  
 How pleasing her prospects expand!  
 O'er woodlands, inclosures and mead,  
 New beauties emerge from the land;  
 The carols of Spring from the grove  
 Re-echo harmonious notes;  
 'Tis the innocent music of love,  
 On the bosom of Æther that floats.

Come Pales, if pastoral lay  
 Your fancy to transport has led,  
 Encomiums let's sing on the May,  
 Assist me the portrait to spread.  
 Come Pan with thy seven-form'd reed,  
 Sylvanus thy neighbour invite;  
 The Muse in her progress to speed,  
 Through paths of incessant delight.

See Pales appears on the plain,  
 In mantles of dew-freshen'd green,  
 Delighted unites in my train,  
 With mildness and peace in her mien;  
 Ye shepherds, your fleece-coated charge  
 Her mandate it is to release,  
 Ye bleaters go ramble at large,  
 Unfolded go wander in peace.

The maple and plane-tree in bloom  
Embellish each sylvan retreat,  
And Flora purloins from her loom,  
To canopy over each feat.  
Profuse through the park in the vale,  
The hawthorn, first minion of May,  
Her bosom unfolds to the gale,  
In blossoms exub'rant and gay.

The pink many-varied of vest  
The yellow and white asphodel,  
And tulip in pageantry drest,  
Are emulous each to excel.  
The rose, royal empress of sweets,  
In path of the fashion'd parterre,  
The suckles and jessamine greets  
Sweet maids that her presence revere.

Deep hid in the lap of the dale,  
Of elegance simple the queen,  
To lavish her sweets on the gale,  
The Lilly down-bosom'd is seen ;  
The orchis and foxglove appear  
The harebell recrimsons the shade,  
Sweet goddess that paints the new year,  
Thy pallet each landscape is made.

Come Delia, dear Hebe of youth,  
 O come with thy dark-azure eye;  
 How sweet to my heart is thy truth,  
 To the arms of thy Corydon fly.  
 See May from yon rose-shedding cloud  
 Restorer of pleasure descend,  
 Zephyrus awaits on the croud,  
 Of sports which her levee attends:

Of Sol the bright daughter each hour,  
 As devious we wander along,  
 Shall smile as a beam on the show'r,  
 And Philomel lavish her song.  
 With innocence lovely our guide  
 Thou sweeter by far than the May,  
 And mutual content by our side,  
 The season of blifs we'll survey.

The soft renovation enjoy,  
 My fair with placidity blest;  
 No trouble shall ever annoy  
 The halcyon May of thy breast.  
 But pleasure that's virtuous and pure,  
 Your heart true felicity bring,  
 Through a series of time to insure  
 In your mind a perpetual spring.

And now when the star of the morn  
Comes dancing on day-break's first gleam,  
I'll pluck from the sloe-bearing thorn  
The nest by the side of the stream.  
'Two black-birds whose conjugal care,  
I guarded for Delia's own sake,  
Have finish'd their nursery there,  
The young ones are ready to take.

Does Pity, dear Maid, give you pain?  
I see her own pearls in your eye,  
My hand from the deed shall refrain,  
The offspring be suffer'd to fly;  
Whose parents shall blend with their young,  
In gratitude harmony join;  
We'll hear their soft canzonets sung,  
Abash'd that the offer was mine.

'Tis Nature, spontaneous thy smile,  
With gladness the earth is elate,  
One carpet of velvet the soil,  
Extends in superlative state,  
The plume-painted minstrels of song  
Commingle in concert their lays,  
In notes which to rapture prolong,  
The Season's Creator to praise.

THE MONTHS.

Shall man be deficient in grace?

Let gratitude banish the thought!

The hand of Divinity trace,

Through May with munificence fraught.

The Muse, admiration, thy friend

Shall join in the sacred repast,

The knee of thanksgiving to bend

For blessings both present and past.

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**J U N E.**

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“ Now genial suns and gentle breezes reign,  
“ And Summer’s fairest splendours deck the plain ;  
“ Exulting Flora views her new-born rose,  
“ And all the ground in short-liv’d beauty glows.”

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THE dog-rose of light-blushing hue,  
Or painted in crimson-like vest ;  
So fair in her bloom to the view,  
The hedge-rows in splendour has drest.  
The season of pleasure my lay  
Extends to the country so bright ;  
The sweets of the new-tedded hay,  
Each object of sound and of sight.

The trees we behold in full dress,  
Profusion of flowers around,  
The beauties of Nature confess.  
In vivid sublimity crown’d.  
On the banks of the river so clear,  
Emerg’d from its wave are the flocks,  
They mark the gay time of the year,  
Depriv’d of their white fleecy locks.

Pass'd over the soft copious shower,  
 The sweets of Arabia we find,  
 From beds of green clover in flower,  
 And bee-loving suckles resign'd.  
 More delicious the odours that rise,  
 On gales from the blue-blossom'd bean,  
 All sweetness herself can comprise,  
 Is pour'd in extent through the scene.

Whilst Summer, bright child of the sun,  
 With mildness rekindles his fire,  
 And June by his courtesy won  
 Apparels in golden attire;  
 My Muse the oblation shall pay,  
 Of Laureats the theme and the sport;  
 Who, pension'd, proud measures array,  
 To flatter the ear of a court!

Admit honest zeal to prevail  
 Unbrib'd and unpolish'd to sing;  
 Bear hence each favonian gale  
 The strain she devotes to her king.  
 No Laureat! -- what merit have I,  
 Pretension to fabricate praise?  
 Unpatron'd and low, yet too high  
 To flatter in time-serving lays.



My heart, by sincerity led,  
The day of his birth shall revere;  
Let PEACE but her Olive branch spread,  
Extend through each subsequent year;  
From Britons warm wishes emanate,  
To powers celestial ascend,  
That war cease to crimson the plain,  
And all his sad horrors suspend.

In vain shall humanity plead!  
The widow and orphan in tears;  
Whole nations in sorrow and need,  
O'erwhelm'd with distraction and fears!  
Dove-visag'd, then let her descend,  
Her sweets more than Hybla bestow,  
Of art and of science the friend,  
Renew her lost comforts below.

Methinks the compassionate Maid  
Diffuses her halcyon breath,  
Sheaths up the red murderer's blade,  
And stays the progression of death:  
Bids culture smile over the plain,  
And plenty no longer recede,  
The nymphs and the shepherds again  
Go dance to the pastoral reed.

Behold in what splendour appears,  
 In majesty boundless and wide ;  
 The sun through the dawn's pearly tears,  
 Pouring forth his ineffable tide :  
 Bright clad in illustrious array,  
 He warms the ethereal gale,  
 Which nurtures the pride of the day,  
 Pervading the green-herbag'd dale.

The bleatings of sheep from the hill,  
 Th' umbrageous peace of the grove,  
 The murmurs that rise from the rill,  
 The flute from the fashion'd alcove ;  
 The zephyrs that pinion the hours,  
 The fragrance they widely diffuse,  
 The pasture thick-checker'd with flowers,  
 Are themes that embellish my Muse,

How smooth and how tranquil the stream  
 Meanders the vallies along,  
 Its crystal improv'd by the beam  
 That awakens Aurora's first song.  
 The leaf by the gale unoppress'd,  
 The landscapes of beauty and grace,  
 Soft transports convey to the breast,  
 The smiles of the heart to the face.

Yet whither, my Muse, would you stray,  
 Evading this season of sweets ?  
 Why turn from the purple-ey'd day,  
 From pleasure's unclouded retreats ?  
 From beeches most vivid of shade,  
 The lime that elongates the lawn,  
 The oak in dark foliage array'd,  
 Ah ! why are thy visits withdrawn ?

Withdrawn from the park and the field,  
 Where plenty and happiness reign ;  
 The smiles of benevolence yield,  
 The blessings from Summer we gain.  
 Ah ! why by yon sorrowful yew,  
 Of dark and disconsolate shade,  
 Must Elegy, weeping, renew  
 Affliction admitting no aid ?

Shall HONESTO\*, my Father and Friend,  
 Around whose respectable tomb,  
 The Virtues disconsolate bend,  
 In plaint ceaseless dirges resume !

\* The Author's Father died in this month ; he therefore deploras his loss as an anniversary tribute of filial love and esteem.

While memory, genius, and worth,  
The red eye of Sorrow dilate,  
Dejected bow down to the earth,  
And weep his immutable fate.

Shall he be forgot whom I lov'd,  
Whose breast was all gentle and kind ;  
Of principles noble approv'd,  
The Christian in precept and mind ?  
Can time soothe the sigh of my breast ?  
The thunder that rolls on the hill  
Shall sooner be sooth'd into rest,  
Its light'ning no terrors infil.

Receive then my measure of woe,  
Thou dearest and much-honour'd shade,  
If virtue departed may know  
Affection by relatives paid.  
And yearly as Summer, bedeck'd  
With splendour and wealth, shall return,  
Remembrance fresh wreaths shall collect  
Of cypress to garnish thy urn !

## JULY.

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“ Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets hail !

“ Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !

“ Ye ashes, wild resounding o'er the steep !

“ Delicious is your shelter to the soul,

“ As to the hunted hart the falling spring.

Thomson.

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YE Dryads who woo the recess  
 Where the oak's ample shadows extend ;  
 To your haunts of retirement I press,  
 The Muse they so fondly befriend.  
 From Morning too brilliant I stray,  
 From Sol's fierce meridian blaze,  
 When mute is the chorister's lay,  
 And pointed his vertical rays.

Retirement, how sweet is thy pow'r !  
 I fly from the indolent breeze,  
 Retreat from the hot-panting hour ;  
 Receive me ye gloom-shedding trees !  
 With you lonely silence prevails,  
 You shelter my Celadon's feat,  
 Whose cot no ambition affails,  
 Save that to be honest and neat.

No sycophant here shall be heard,  
 Where friendship soft quietude seeks;  
 Sincerity utters the word,  
 From lips of veracity speaks.  
 What though in this temperate scite,  
 This hermitage decent and clean,  
 No pane of high polish the light  
 Reflects to illumine the scene;

What though on the unadorn'd wall  
 Her chissel does sculpture deny,  
 No portal conduct to the hall,  
 Where paintings replenish the eye;  
 Yet here to the garden of sweets  
 Calm Solitude leads by the hand  
 The hind whom felicity greets,  
 And scorns the least wish to be grand.

The bright fascination of wealth  
 No envy to Celadon brings;  
 Be his but contentment and health,  
 With pity he looks down on kings;  
 Exempt from vexation and strife,  
 Devotion pours balm on his breast.  
 How smooth is that tenor of life,  
 Whose conscience yields poppies of rest!

Though lost are the posies of Spring,  
 Their blossoms all gone to decay;  
 Runcina the lily shall bring,  
 As sweet and as soft as the May.  
 Transcendently white are her flow'rs,  
 Most gratefully fair to the sight,  
 In silver-like grandeur she tow'rs,  
 The garden's first pride and delight.

The amaranth has not denied  
 The eglantine's blossom to join,  
 The currant I see by her side  
 Couch'd under the far-spreading vine;  
 The boughs of the cherry and pear,  
 A canopy mutually form,  
 His cottage from perils to spare,  
 When rages the war of the storm.

And clouds now collecting behold,  
 Opaque is the regent of light,  
 What horrors at mid-day unfold!  
 Appears an unseasonable night!  
 The thunder, impressive of pain,  
 Rolls awfully solemn around,  
 And now it reverberates again,  
 Tremendous indeed is the sound!

How dark, and how dismal's the scene !  
 Now rushes in torrents the rain ;  
 Red flames of fate intervene,  
 How shakes with convulsion the plain !  
 Let elements fretful contend  
 All ether dissolve in a blaze ;  
 To the soul of my unappall'd friend  
 Their fury no terror conveys.

The wonderful concert is o'er,  
 Hush'd all its impetuous rage,  
 Great Ruler ! to Thee let me pour  
 The thanks which my bosom engage.  
 The tempest is o'er, and the sun  
 Descends with his Thetis to rest ;  
 If e'er by my theme thou wast won,  
 Come, Delia, dear queen of my breast !

Lo Ev'ning, meek daughter of Day,  
 As thee in appearance serene,  
 Her smiles shall enliven my lay,  
 So calm and unclouded her mien.  
 The lark to her nestlings descends,  
 The wood deepens faster to brown ;  
 To home the poor cottager bends,  
 And lays him contentedly down.



The flocks and the herds all at large,  
Their coverts of coolness now leave;  
To taste of the rill's verdant marge,  
And share the soft gifts of the eve.  
The swallow, in search of his prey,  
Skims lightly o'er thistle and brake;  
Glides swift as for plunder or play,  
He dashes the bed of the lake.

How bright are the smiles of thy youth,  
Where Summer perpetually reigns !  
Thou gem of original truth,  
We'll join in the dance of the plains.  
Through fields where the purple-ey'd tare  
Blooms lavish thy presence to greet,  
To glades of refreshment repair,  
Where offers the moss-cushion'd seat.

To gain a repast for the eye,  
Yon eminence let us explore,  
There, Delia, together descry  
The streamers that crimson the shore.  
Till day by gradation shall fade,  
The evening's last shadows prevail ;  
And Cynthia soft mantled in shade,  
Full-orb'd, tells her marvellous tale.

Sole boast of my pastoral lay,  
Dear Maid of my uniform love;  
The morn of the long summer's day,  
And noon must to ev'ning remove;  
But soon, when her shadows are fled,  
Aurora the day shall renew;  
The sun shall arise from his bed,  
And relumine each beautiful view.

How like is the portrait of man!  
The morn of his infancy fades;  
The race of his manhood soon ran,  
Then age bends him down to the shades;  
But as bright as Aurora's return,  
Regenerate man shall arise,  
Triumphant burst forth from his urn,  
And beam in the bliss of the skies.

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**AUGUST.**

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“ Fair plenty now begins her golden reign,  
“ The yellow fields thick-wave with ripen'd grain ;  
“ Joyous the swains renew their sultry toil,  
“ And bear in triumph home the harvest's wealthy spoil.”

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**STREWS** Nature her blessings around,  
The labours of Harvest my theme ;  
**Autumnus**, redundantly crown'd,  
Pours Plenty's unlimited stream.  
To Summer, no longer admir'd,  
The Muse bids reluctant farewell !  
Her beauties, so nearly expir'd,  
Laments from the shade of the dell.

Right cheerful of heart, the rude train  
From industry's tenements pour,  
'Thick-people the gold-garnish'd plain,  
Demanding of Ceres her store.  
To Leo bright Phœbus inclin'd,  
Plump Autumn is ripen'd to birth ;  
To splendid Aquarius config'n'd,  
Proceeds on her journey the earth.

From realms of retirement the hare  
 Quick, conscious of jeopardy, springs;  
 While Perdix the voice of rude care  
 Avoids on vociferous wings.  
 Ah me! hapless bird, o'er thy head  
 Fate hovers destruction to send;  
 In vain for thy safety I shed  
 The plaints which my feelings extend.

Behold o'er the widen'd champaign  
 Rich sheaves of the sun-ripen'd corn;  
 High-rais'd on the slow-moving wain,  
 The ricks to replete and adorn.  
 In ridges the barley inclin'd,  
 Beams white to the fugitive eye;  
 Each scene represents to the mind  
 A Providence warm from the sky.

How pleasing's the prospect around!  
 How fair to the eye and the heart!  
 Benevolence smiles at the sound,  
 Her sentiments sweetly impart.  
 She points to the sheaf vested fields,  
 Presenting the portrait of woe;  
 Gives wealth all beneficence yields,  
 —That first of all joys—to bestow.

Succeeds harvest-home, and good cheer

The peasant regales for his toil;

How cordial his mirth and sincere,

Whose industry ends with a smile!

The heart that's inductive to give

Festivity's feast to the poor,

Shall sweet satisfaction receive,

And self-approbation ensure.

'Though, Flora, curtail'd is thy pow'r,

No more on thy carpet we tread,

The commons *one rich purple flow'r,*

Survey'd from the seat of the shed.

The swallow, long-wing'd, disappears,

Nor skims o'er the waste of the ling,

Migrating, her passage she steers

To climes re-enliven'd with spring.

Digressive, shall critics excuse

The Bard for a moment to stray;

Shall, critics, at peace be my Muse?

'Too mean for their mark is her lay.

'Twas now, when with equipoiz'd scales,

Fair Libra conducted the hour,

From wings of igniferous gales,

Sooth'd labours exertions of pow'r.

And now, when Amanda the fair,  
 The rose-bud of innocent truth,  
 (Sole pride of an antique pair,  
 Who labour'd and lov'd from their youth),  
 To Ceres a tribute preferr'd,  
 Twin turtles just warm from their nest,  
 A fillet of blue on each bird  
 Flow'd carelessly over its breast.

From cottage deep-lapp'd in the close,  
 Where silence on pillow of down  
 Bids rustic contentment repose,  
 In comforts unknown to a crown.  
 Amanda slow saunter'd along,  
 With bosom divested of care,  
 Beguiling her way with a song,  
 Though simple, of elegant air.

Leander, the subtle and gay,  
 From revels of harvest return'd,  
 Impeded the nymph on her way,  
 And her errand ingeniously learn'd.  
 Suffice that, seductive of art,  
 The present to Ceres denied,  
 Obtain'd by the force of his dart,  
 Sly Cupid embezzled with pride.

Forbid the dark hint to expose!  
Forbid it compassionate care,  
Yet now, that she rivals the rose  
The Muse can no longer declare.  
Misguided Amanda, how lost!  
Discretion permitted to sleep,  
O'er bosoms of beauty thy frost,  
Contempt, will maliciously creep.

Learn hence, ye fair queens of desire,  
Let virtue your persons protect,  
From modesty scorn to retire,  
She robes you with lasting respect.  
Though art with attraction's combin'd,  
The whispers of prudence approve;  
Lest you, like Amanda, should find  
That AUTUMN's the WINTER of LOVE!

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 S E P T E M B E R.
 

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" In his mid career the spaniel struck  
 " Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 " Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,  
 " Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
 " As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 " Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,  
 " Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye."

Thomson.

SHALL sorrow dash gall on my strain ?

While echo, alarm'd in the dale,  
 Refounds to compassionate pain,  
 That flows for the partridge and quail,  
 Responds to the merciless gun.  
 If cruelties harbour a joy,  
 Then, Doriland, rise with the sun,  
 For PRIVILEGE grants to destroy.

I sigh at the cruel decree,  
 My minstrelsy pity implores.  
 As well might the Muse for the sea  
 Fix bounds to its stretch on the shores.  
 'Tis done ! and the covey must bleed,  
 The plume of the stubble must fall ;  
 In silence I shrink at the deed,  
 Since pity is deaf to my call.



Though Nature seems prone to decay,  
 The coverts more ruffet appear ;  
 Contracted the length of the day ;  
 Foretokens the fall of the year.  
 Some mellow-ton'd songsters I hear,  
 The woodlark, the black-bird, and thrush ;  
 In concert, Autumnus to cheer,  
 The red wings re-visit the bush.

Diminish'd of verdure, the trees,  
 The ensigns of Autumn, succeed ;  
 Though chill'd, and unpleasant, the breeze,  
 At morning and eve, o'er the mead.  
*September* revolves with delight,  
 A coronet circles his head ;  
 Emboss'd with bright blossoms of white,  
 That hops most luxuriantly spread !

His mantle the vine-leaves compose,  
 A holyhock sceptres his hand ;  
 Th' arbutus and larkspur and rose  
 Disdain not their charms to expand.  
 Bloom lupines and sweet-scented peas,  
 The tamarisk modest of hue ;  
 The bear clad in scarlet to please,  
 And aconite's prodigal blue.

His reign shall the cricket attend,  
 The green-coated herald of cold ;  
 Does Winter this messenger send,  
 His embassy drear to unfold ?  
 But why, peevish insect, thus pine ?  
 Has Fate then ordain'd thee to weep,  
 Whi'e querelous notes, ever thine,  
 Forbid the refreshment of sleep ?

And thou, on the wings of dull sound,  
 That swings the sad knell of the day ;  
 O say, on what circumstance bound,  
 Agility hastens thy way ?  
 Why thus giant beetle dost roam,  
 In ebony panoply dress'd,  
 By war art thou urg'd from thy home ?  
 Or art thou by enemies prest ?

Come, Delia, most elegant maid,  
 As soft and serene as the day ;  
 The gardens of saffron pervade,  
 Or gifts of Pomona survey.  
 I'll pluck thee choice fruit from the tree,  
 The garden her tribute shall pour ;  
 The woodlands re-echo for thee,  
 The hazel surrender her store.

When ev'ning's brown shadows extend  
 To my bow'r, still crested with green,  
 Without invitation, my friend,  
 Will Celadon honour the scene ?  
 Of Phœbus we'll catch the last gleam,  
 While friendship our numbers shall fill,  
 Respond to the lapse of the stream,  
 That steals from the foot of the hill.

Or when, with her crimson, the Morn  
 Dispels the delusions of Night ;  
 The landscape appears newly born,  
 And presents early THROGS to the fight.  
 The peasants, arouz'd to their toil,  
 With nymphs o'er the eminence gain ;  
 Where Cantium, with many a smile,  
 Of Ceres invites the rude train.

O then let's, in early career,  
 The *industrious vulgar* survey ;  
 To mirth and to jocus give ear,  
 For jocus and mirth lead the day.  
 The plant \* interdicted no more,  
 With foscules of silver behold ;  
 While planters enrich'd by its store,  
 Convert it to ingots of gold.

\* In 1428, Hops were petitioned against in Parliament as a pernicious weed.

What need that the Muse should essay,  
 Or hint to the liberal breast ;  
 That he who is happy to-day,  
 With pity should eye the distress'd.  
 Want planters this precept to learn,  
 When Providence, pleas'd to bestow,  
 Asks only the grateful return,  
 To feel for the children of woe !

And shall the remonstrance of need  
 (The abject and wretched unseen)  
 To plenty unpitied proceed,  
 And return with disconsolate mien ?  
 Forbid it, ye Virtues, whose tears  
 Distil at the plaints of distress,  
 Whose sympathy sorrow uprears,  
 Whose arms are extended to bless !

But where, ye Pierian Nine,  
 Are your measures of harmony pour'd ?  
 In humaniz'd cadence divine,  
 For whom is your melody stor'd ?  
 The bells, o'er the mist-crested ground,  
 Delightfully usher a peal ;  
 That Hymen has sanction'd the sound,  
 My heart is the Muse that must feel.

This day, to her Celadon's breast,

The peerless Penelope gives;

September, be ever confess'd

What honour thy empire receives.

Bless'd pair! for whom Hymen has wove

A wreath of unchangeable peace,

And supplicates blessings from Jove,

'The nuptial delights to increase.

Ye Graces your beauties that lend,

Ye Virtues, that shed hallow'd fire,

Felicities beam on my friend,

The warmest first lay of my lyre!

Fill, Heaven, their measure of joys,

Be health and contentment its base;

Renown'd for *his* truth be their boys,

Their girls for *her* softness and grace!

## OCTOBER.

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" Those virgin leaves, of purest vivid green,  
 " Which charm'd e'er yet they reembl'd on the trees,  
 " Now cheer the sober landscape in decay!"

---

Thomson.

OF visage, deep-wrinkled with care,  
 His temples oak-garlands surround;  
 With haws, and with acorns, his hair,  
 And starwort and saffron is bound.  
 The dam'sen, her purple bestows,  
 A sash o'er his shoulder to throw;  
 In negligence easy it flows,  
 Commingled with spots of the sloe

His right-hand a scorpion retains,  
 High-lifted it writhes in the air;  
 His left a rush basket sustains,  
 Replete with the chefnut and pear.  
 His franchise it is to convoke  
 Thick fogs of blue mist on the hill,  
 Ascending like columns of smoke,  
 Exhal'd from the vale-loving hill.

He comes;—shall my Muse wake the reed ?

Ah where are the notes of the bough ?

When whilom the beech in the mead,

Attested the villager's vow.

Where Philomel's pastoral lay

Proclaim'd her melodious pain,

The kids with the lambkins in play,

Skipp'd frolicksome over the plain.

She flies from the dun-cover'd grove,

Nor sings of past pleasures serene ;

When zephyrs invited to love,

And Delia was extacy's queen.

When near the smooth lapse of the brook,

I sought through the whisp'ring vale ;

The roses which, painting her crook,

Compar'd to her blushes, were pale.

No more to the brook must I stray,

From the whispering vallies exil'd,

No longer fond zephyrs shall play,

Round Delia that linger'd and smil'd.

Farewe'l to the gay-flaunting hop,

The garden so fair to the sight ;

But woodbine still blooming I'll crop,

And convey to my fair with delight.

I'll seek for Autumnal perfume,  
 The fuckle rejects not her sweets;  
 Convolvuli offer their bloom;  
 To decorate Delia's retreats.  
 The pheasant I'd bear to my maid,  
 But shrink from the present with fear;  
 Lest, into soft sorrow betray'd,  
 Her eyes be suffus'd with a tear.

To earth's fost'ring bosom the swain,  
 Tenacious of Nature's command,  
 Consigns, with attention, the grain,  
 So grateful to industry's hand.  
 The martin our eaves has forsook,  
 The woodcock revisits the glen,  
 The mallard repairs to the brook,  
 The wild-geese abandons the fen.

Shall rapine with murder be join'd?  
 O spare from perdition the hive!  
 Some process by far less unkind  
 To plunder its treasures contrive!  
 —Now hear the loud pack o'er the field,  
 In trail of the fugitive hare;  
 No longer, in safety conceal'd,  
 She trusts to the brake or the tare.



But who is this envoy of woes,  
 That wakes with Aurora's first ray,  
 His tuneful complaints to disclose,  
 From vine or from jessamine spray?  
 He sings desolation to come,  
 Stern Winter predicts from aloof;  
 My shed, social bird, be thy home,  
 Securely perch under my roof.

Dost grieve that the Summer is past,  
 The trees their green ornaments shed;  
 That omens of Winter so fast,  
 Impending press over thy head?  
 Prolong, gentle red-breasts thy strain,  
 Contagious shall usher thy moan;  
 My sympathies share in thy pain,  
 Thy sorrows, poor bird, be my own!

Pomona, in straw-colour'd vest,  
 With berry-strung black solitaire;  
 The gossamer's gauze on her breast,  
 And marigold beams in her hair.  
 October had met in the close,  
 Paid court to her presence and shape,  
 Vertumnus in jealousy rose,  
 Suspecting the god of the grape.

But he was derang'd in the vale,  
 While satyrs his orgies sustain ;  
 My paths from his feasts I'll curtail,  
 And shun his incontinent train.  
 Yet, Bacchus, to honour thy sway,  
 The fig and the vine let me bring ;  
 Though the Muse for the present delay  
 The games of the vintage to sing.

Now mid-day is silent around,  
 The gloom of ag'd cypress I'll seek ;  
 Yon turf, with the osier fresh bound,  
 My heartfelt dejection shall speak :  
 Leander, my much-valu'd friend,  
 The Muse, in remembrance, essays  
 From friendship in sadness to send  
 What elegy weaves into lays.

The Virtues resorted to see  
 Thy solitude's sacred retreat,  
 Made innocence grandeur to thee,  
 Whose soul was serenity's seat.  
 No wealth nor parade could annoy,  
 The mines of contentment thy own ;  
 While competence kindled that joy  
 Which seldom awaits on a throne

Obscurity mark'd his estate,  
Yet unimpair'd health was his lot ;  
He scorn'd the least wish to be great,  
Whose pomp was the peace of a cot.  
How warm and sincere was his strain,  
With simple morality fraught !  
Devoutly religious, though plain,  
He spoke to the GOD of his thought.

Ambition estrang'd from his breast,  
Unknown to all clamour and strife ;  
Rank poisons, corrosive of rest,  
Those furies that harrow up life.  
Yet pensive and thoughtful he grew,  
The mate of his youth was no more ;  
The friend of his age, ever true,  
His feelings intensely deplore !

I saw him one day near the oak  
That measures a shade of extent ;  
In silence his misery spoke,  
Despondence to solitude lent.  
His brow was as dark as the shade  
October had cast o'er the dell ;  
Nor long did he grieve in the glade,  
But languishing droop'd till he fell.

## NOVEMBER.

---

“ In pensive guise  
 “ Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead ;  
 “ And through the sadden'd grove where scarce is heard  
 “ One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.”

Thomson.

---

AH, whither, bright God of the Spring !  
 Art thou and thy blessings withdrawn ?  
 The warblers that prune the gay wing  
 No longer enliven the dawn.  
 Ye breezes of softness, ah, where  
 Are you and your odours exil'd ?  
 No longer you sport through the air,  
 Invitingly pleasant and mild.

Of verdure the loss do we moan,  
 Lament that the sun's soothing rays  
 To climates more southern are gone,  
 And darken'd our spiritless days ?  
 Such feelings are common to all.  
 Lo, Nature must sympathize too ;  
 But, though she descends to her fall,  
 At intervals smiles on the view \*.

\* “ The past descending year yet pleasing still.”

Does the woodcock, itinerant, come,  
For nurture solicit our plains?  
Ah why thus abandon his home,  
To crimson the sport of our swains,  
Who rise with the dawn for their game,  
And pierce through the spring and the copse,  
With eagerness level their aim,  
When the emigrant flutters and drops?

Ye streams that run purling along,  
Your banks your own Flora has fled,  
And Philomel issues no song,  
From verdure that bower'd her head.  
The bleating of lambs from the fold  
No longer in symphony blends;  
No tale of soft passion is told,  
Where arching the sycamore bends.

Ah where is the couch of green moss  
Which erst for my Delia I found,  
As cheerful we wander'd across  
The cowslip and daisy-dress'd ground.  
No more to the bine-twisted bow'r,  
With Delia, delighted I run,  
In coolness to pass the still hour,  
Eluding the heat of the sun.

See Nature so pensive is grown,  
 Her tears steep in dew all the plain ;  
 Congenial to her's is my own,  
 But avails not our mutual pain ;  
 November, the tomb of the year,  
 Usurps with tyrannical hand ;  
 His horrors successive appear,  
 Successive stalk over the land.

His glooms all around her arise,  
 Does Sol with less lustre appear ;  
 Beam pale from his throne in the skies,  
 Or shine unempowered to cheer ?  
 Your funeral notes in the wind,  
 I hear, ye disconsolate shades ;  
 Your foliage so sickly resign'd,  
 Shrouds over the face of the glade.

To pine and weep over your bier  
 Melpomene shall not refuse ;  
 The fall of the leaf and the year  
 Such heart-feeling sorrow renews.  
 While tuneless and sad as the breeze  
 Are strains that arise from the spray ;  
 Of the naked cold quiv'ring trees,  
 Sepulchral sad signs of decay.

Might fancy, excursive of wing,  
 When all is so baleful and bleak,  
 In simile venture to sing,  
 Yon cope on the brow let her seek.  
 The yew in its centre compare  
 To some prelate whose reverend head  
 Reclines sympathetic with care  
 To close the last rites of the dead.

Who knows but that Priest of the shade  
 By Nature herself is ordain'd,  
 In vestments too sacred to fade,  
 And through every season sustain'd.  
 In SPRING to invite the warm breeze  
 That wakens the bud as it blows;  
 In Summer to guard the green trees,  
 In Winter to hush all their woes.

Does aught soothe the blast on the heath,  
 'The griefs that arise from the grove,  
 The rigours above and beneath?  
 'Tis undisguis'd friendship and love.  
 Those myrtles of peace and repose,  
 Cherubic contentment be their guide;  
 They soften the season of woes,  
 And make all its terrors subside.

Then where does my Celadon rove,  
 The friend of my analysed breast?  
 And where is that empress of love,  
 My Delia, with innocence blest?  
 Can Winter to Celadon bring  
 The arrows which friendship annoy?  
 Or Lethe e'er venture to spring  
 O'er such a pure fountain of joy?

Shall Delia, whose heart is the seat  
 Where love the most faithful is stor'd,  
 Unfeelingly fly my retreat,  
 By Winter's rude visit explor'd?  
 No, Celadon, no; to complain  
 Of goodness attach'd to thy heart,  
 Would cross our connexion with pain,  
 Ungrateful in me to relate.

Integrity, artless of form,  
 In vest of sincerity's thine;  
 Unruffled, unhurt by the storm,  
 Though tempests of life shall combine.  
 Let Winter approach to destroy  
 The comforts thy presence can bring;  
 When Celadon comes we'll enjoy,  
 And soften his gloom into Spring.



Nor let me of Delia complain,  
Though the trees their gay verdure resign;  
The North bids his tyrannies reign,  
And Phœbus, for clouds, cannot shine.  
She comes: in her presence is love,  
Her eyes are the heralds of joy,  
November no longer shall prove  
The season of grief and annoy.

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---

 DECEMBER.
 

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“ See Winter comes to rule the varied year,

“ Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,

“ Vapours, and clouds, and storms.”

Thomson.

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VEGETATION, disrob'd of her charms,

In verdure no longer is dress'd ;

The sun has deserted her arms,

And mantles no more on her breast :

Whilst evergreens frowning intrude,

In foliage deep darken'd I spy ;

And mosses with fruitage endu'd

Give pleasure to Botany's eye.

The bat, mid this season of gloom,

In death-like torpidity lost,

Immur'd in her membranous tomb,

Defies the hard hand of the frost.

From yonder old ivy-bound pile,

The red-breast, last friend to the plain,

The desolate day to beguile,

Pours his lone but enliv'ning strain.

Uncouth and unblest were my mind,  
As sullen dark shades of the eve ;  
Could I now some circumstance find,  
When dirgeful the cricket shall grieve.  
Then let Contemplation explore  
Our toils and our vanities too,  
False pleasures that ebb from the shore,  
As we the gay phantoms pursue.

Soft nurse of reflexion ! thy pow'r  
Can dissipate solitude's shade,  
And brighten December's dark hour,  
By Nature's obituary made.  
Thy whispers, sobriety's queen,  
Are hymns to the ear of my mind,  
Delightfully fair is thy mien,  
By wisdom and reason refin'd.

Advanc'd desolations appear,  
December, how direful thy frown !  
The knell of the fast-flowing year  
Depresses both village and town.  
MEDITATION ! O come from thy cell,  
Though Nature seems prone to decay ;  
Thy presence her fears shall dispel,  
And lengthen the short-living day.

Emotions which flow from thy song,  
 Most peaceful and pain-soothing guests,  
 The blessings of hope shall prolong,  
 The mind of depression divest.  
 What though the pale season denies  
 Those beauties that brighten the Spring,  
 On pinions borne down from the skies,  
 'Tis thine, pure contentment to bring.

When odours replenish the gale,  
 The streamlets run purling along,  
 The zephyrs diffusive prevail,  
 And Philomel warbles her song.  
 The music of Nature display'd  
 In notes unambitiously wild,  
 The fawns skip and bound in the glade,  
 And all is delightfully mild.

When round us awaken the flowers,  
 Fair children of purest perfume,  
 Descend in refreshment the show'rs,  
 To nurture the innocent bloom.  
 Ætherial mildness around  
 Revives with congenial ray,  
 Enamels the spring-garnish'd ground,  
 And pleasure leads forward the day.

When landfkips with transports defcried,  
 Bright Summer presents to the view,  
 In robes too expreffive of pride,  
 Though the mirror of Nature be true.  
 When Autumn hard labour repay,  
 And Plenty diffufes her crops;  
 Wide fcatters her filver foft rays,  
 Through gardens thick-cluster'd with hops.

When SUMMER, or AUTUMN, or SPRING,  
 Their treasures alternate difpenfe,  
 Viciffitudes pleafing you bring,  
 The grateful remembrance of fenfe.  
 But Winter, though wrapt in a cloud,  
 Bright gratitude's tribute excites,  
 All Nature proclaims it aloud,  
 DECEMBER is fraught with delights.

To earth fhall fome feraph of love  
 In tides of full harmony pour,  
 His mandates commiffion'd above  
 The race of mankind to reftore.  
 On pinions of rapture he brings  
 The MERCIES of UNBOUNDED SPACE!  
 As ftream from empyreal fprings  
 His miffions of peace and of grace.

Devotion, elate at the sound,  
Her incense prepares for the morn ;  
When tidings of gladness around  
Proclaim a MESSIAH was born !  
Superlative news to the breast,  
Replete with this knowledge divine ;  
Where the virtues of innocence rest,  
Religion's best triumphs are thine.

Let warm acclamations ascend,  
Festivity reason revere,  
And charity, virtue's fast friend,  
The head of pale sorrow uprear.  
Let wealth all her scorn lay aside,  
To poverty's call lend an ear ;  
And practice the soul-lifting pride,  
In robbing distress of a tear !

TO FRIENDSHIP.

THE ev'ning how calm it appears,  
How tranquil ! how pleasant ! and cool ;  
From labour returning they steers,  
Refresh at the green-crested pool.  
Come, Celadon, pomp lay aside,  
To grandeur no longer attend ;  
Thou foe to unciviliz'd pride,  
To me thou unvarying friend.

The shepherds sing carols of love,  
The ploughmen are blithe on their way ;  
The turtle's soft coo in the grove.  
The green is all jocund and gay ;  
With music re-echoes the glade,  
The valley with harmony rings ;  
The tabor and pipe in the shade  
Make the rustics as happy as kings.

In friendship together we'll walk,  
And mark the decline of the day,  
With cheerfulness wander and talk,  
Till Phœbus withdraw his last ray.

Then to my lov'd cottage repair,  
 And share the convivial glass;  
 What pleasure to hear you declare  
 The charms of your favourite lass.

---

S O N N E T

ON PRESENTING DELIA WITH A ROSE IN  
 SEPTEMBER.

TWAS the last that my garden had left,  
 That, Autumn, I snatch'd from thy brow;  
 A rose of its fragrance bereft,  
 For it serv'd to enliven my vow.  
 Though robb'd of its vernal perfume,  
 An emblem of Nature's despair,  
 Of nature consign'd to the tomb,  
 She nourish'd the present with care.  
 She call'd it a type of her mind,  
 Of beauty a portrait, she said,  
 Which when to its Autumn inclin'd,  
 As that, must soon wither and fade!  
 Then kiss'd the sweet exile, an orphan confess'd,  
 And gave it new life by a place in her breast.



DELIA'S HOLIDAY.

SPREAD your pinions, infant May,  
This is Delia's holiday ;  
Woodlarks stretch your liquid throats,  
Throftles pour accordant notes ;  
Flora paint the lap of Morn,  
Whiten o'er the blooming thorn ;  
Spread your pinions, infant May,  
This is Delia's holiday.

Strike the tabor, found the pipe,  
Sorrow's eye let pleasure wipe ;  
Graces linking, hand in hand,  
Smile upon the rustic band ;  
Landscapes ring with festive joy,  
Venus wings her darling boy.  
Spread your pinions, infant May,  
This is Delia's holiday.

Deck'd with ribbons of the loom,  
Fresh in all her virgin bloom,  
Tripping chearful o'er the lea,  
Mirth herself with jollity.

Matchless in her air and mien,  
 Forward ushers Strephon's queen.  
 Spread your pinions, infant May,  
 This is Delia's holiday.

Bless him, Delia, whom your charms,  
 Lur'd resistless to your arms,  
 Breathe consentive kisses kind,  
 Zephyrs of the lover's mind.  
 Weave a wreath, compos'd of bays,  
 Delia gives immortal praise.  
 Spread your pinions, infant May,  
 'Tis this is Delia's holiday.

---

 THE RIBBON.

NOT the halcyon that skims the lagoon  
 Where Mentor, in residence blest,  
 November makes pleasant as June;  
 In worth that irradiates the breast;  
 The pencil of Flora, in May,  
 That lives in the vivid parterre,  
 The paint in the wing of the jay,  
 Nor streaks of the king-catherine pear;

No tint in the arch of the bow,  
That the world by its visit informs,  
Nor an annual ambitious to glow,  
When Summer the horizon warms;  
With the ribbon I sing could compare,  
Sylvarella can witness the truth;  
A fillet it form'd for her hair,  
'Twas the gift of her favourite youth.

The boast of the plain was the maid;  
Philander and Jesse's delight;  
Ag'd pair of the beech-bower'd shade,  
Where health and contentment unite,  
Philander's the charge of the plough,  
His consort's the poultry to rear,  
Sylvarella in search of the cow,  
The pail, night and morning, to bear.

Did Brindle, impatient to stray,  
Through covert or coppice to roam,  
Rofander, attended by Tray,  
Return'd the dull fugitive home.  
A lambkin once ventur'd to leap  
('Twas Sylvarell's fondling, I ween)  
From one to the opposite steep,  
A rush-conceal'd riv'let between.

Alarm'd by the maid's shrilly scream,  
 Rosander quick vaults from the shore,  
 Dash'd into the green-mantled stream,  
 From danger the innocent bore.  
 And late, where the new-tedded hay,  
 The train of the prong and the rake,  
 Mid the heat of the sultry day,  
 Invok'd to the bed of the brake;

As frolick'd her lamb o'er the blade,  
 From Sylvarell's notice afar,  
 From under the dock's ample shade,  
 Near the base of a half-rotten bar,  
 A viper crept silent and slow,  
 And twisted the bleater around,  
 Rosander unfurl'd the rude foe,  
 And mangled its length on the ground.

Such service shall any dispute?  
 Yes, Falconet filly and vain,  
 Who tunes borrow'd strains on the flute,  
 Attack'd the bright star of the plain.  
 The ev'ning had curtain'd the sky,  
 And fragrant and soft was the hour;  
 The streams whisper'd silently by,  
 When Sylvarell flew to the bow'r.

As true as the turtle, her swain,  
Had noted the fun in the west;  
Deserted the toil of the plain,  
To seek the delight of his breast.  
As dew to the blossom is sweet,  
As blossoms are balm to the bee,  
So Sylvarell's wonted retreat,  
Rofander, was grateful to thee.

But Falconet happen'd to rove  
Where Sylvarell chided delay,  
And, lavish in accepts of love,  
Pronounc'd her more sweet than the May:  
More sweet than the breath of the rose,  
More bright than the star of the eve;  
The lily, he swore, shed her snows  
On her bosom averse to relieve.

A kiss was the boon he requir'd,  
Twas just that a struggle ensued;  
Her ribbon he snatch'd and retir'd,  
'Yclep'd her an obstinate prude.  
—The ribbon! rich gift of the wake!—  
Ah! where were the sylphs that surround?  
Their seats in her tresses to take,  
Those tresses the ribbon had bound.

Rosander now brighten'd her view,  
 - Soon lessen'd her recent distress,  
 Nor stopt through the shades to pursue  
 His present purloin'd from her tress.  
 Was the Rape of the Ribbon, ye Bards,  
 Than that of the Lock, more minute?  
 Tho' Clio the Thesis discards,  
 With Pope I relinquish dispute.

Beware, daring felon; for fleet  
 Rosander comes wing'd with disdain;  
 For pardon resentment intreat,  
 He sees you, and crosses the plain.  
 Chastisement receiv'd from his hand,  
 The ribbon soon Falconet yields;  
 Round the hat of Rosander a band,  
 Each dir of his conquest reveals.

As morning, when first she renews  
 The beams of etherial fire,  
 Sylvarella the ribbon reviews,  
 Reviews it with added desire;  
 Rise peals of loud sylvan acclaim,  
 Let Dafforell music prolong,  
 'Tis his to accumulate fame,  
 Enchanting with reed and with song.

Strew poesies, ye maids, fresh as May,  
Remember 'tis Hymen's command,  
His honours enliven the day,  
And join them in heart and in hand.  
The ribbon now fixt to her breast,  
The happy occasion declares,  
Whilst Venus her planet has dress,  
Through Hymen to cancel their cares.

---

## SONG.

WHAT sorrow invades my fond breast,  
How transient was Colin's delight,  
I cheerfully courted my rest,  
When Phillis was kind in my sight.  
I told her soft themes of my love,  
And brought her a lamb from my fold,  
My reed tun'd her praise through the grove,  
And I valued her smiles more than gold.

A chaplet from Flora I stole,  
Compos'd of the blossoms that grow,  
Where the streamlets meandering roll  
Through a valley of roses below.

I brought her a goldfinch's nest,  
It hurt me to rob the poor bird;  
To her cheek the soft younglings she press'd  
And my innocent present preferr'd.

With pinks and with lilies her crook,  
'Twas my care, ev'ry morning to dress;  
Did she give in return a kind look,  
My stars I was ready to bless.  
But why did I dance on the lea?  
Why partial to Phillis appear?  
She smil'd not on love or on me—  
Was ever a maid so severe?

'Twas Corydon, swain of the hill,  
That Phillis to Colin preferr'd;  
My eyes shall dissolve like a rill,  
Whenever I mention the word.  
Deceit was a snake in her smile,  
Go, Phillis, my heart shall not break,  
In turn I will learn to beguile,  
And to-morrow begin at the wake.



## S I M I L E.

WHEN fombrous ev'nings shade extends,  
The toiling hind to comforts cot  
His anxious footsteps cheerful bends,  
The business of the day forgot.  
To meet his much-lov'd presence see  
His lisping pratler on the way,  
A parent's own felicity  
The infant's welcome charms convey.

And when appointment's lovely hour  
Bids dearest Delia fondly rove,  
To verdure's intertwisted bow'r,  
Where waits the panting god of love!  
Sylvander meets the faithful maid,  
With passion undisguis'd, to share  
His virtuous flame in truth array'd,  
And wishes time his course to spare.

And so when friendship sever'd long,  
'The social bosom heaves to join,  
No consolation's in the song  
'Though issued by the tuneful Nine:

TO DELIA.

'Till proud to bless a brother's eyes,  
The long-lost friend himself appears  
Then warm sensations sweetly rise,  
And dry the crystal source of tears.

---

## TO DELIA.

AS to the curious eye the teeming bud  
Dilates the blossom of some infant flow'r,  
And quick contracteth to its former stud,  
As cold affails or pours the rapid show'r.

So when my Delia, of enchanting grace,  
Irradiates all around with sparkling eye,  
Love in her form and beauty in her face,  
The Muse, dejected, shall no longer sigh.

But should her brow forget its wonted ray,  
Her angel face its animating smile,  
The Muse inanimate declines her lay,  
'To tune the lyre becomes an irksome toil.

## THE SNOWY DAY.

---

“ Earth’s universal face deep hid and chill  
 “ Is one wide dazzling waste that buries all  
 “ The works of man.”

---

Thomson.

THOU Fancy’s legitimate son,  
 Description’s most favourite child,  
 Immortal’s the wreath thou hast won  
 From subjects terrific or mild ;  
 When *Spring*, in her rose-sprinkled vest,  
 Or *Summer*, with chaplets of green,  
 Brown *Autumn*, luxuriantly drest,  
 Or *Winter* environs the scene.

O Thomson, like thee could she soar,  
 The Muse to depaint might aspire ;  
 Melodious the season deplore,  
 Or wake to her sorrows the lyre.  
 Denied thy pretension to fame,  
 Be venial her flight as resign’d,  
 Unhallow’d, if rises the flame,  
 Uncherish’d by Bards more refin’d.

Does Janus create the new year,  
 While terrors await on its birth;  
 In varied solemnities rear,  
 Aquarius to govern the earth.  
 In cincture of fable the form,  
 The breast with opacity shrouds,  
 Its quietude can it deform,  
 When virtue dispels all its clouds?

The mind, self-collected, shall stand  
 Secure of contentment in bloom,  
 Integrity stretch forth her hand,  
 Unshaken by tempest or gloom.  
 Lyfander, then droop not, my friend,  
 Nor sigh o'er the waste of the day;  
 Let Winter her tyrannies send,  
 Thy heart shall still mantle in May.

The snow (than thy morals less bright)  
 A landscape unusual affords,  
 Involves the high mountains in night,  
 Insensibly scatters its hoards.  
 Digressive, the subject I'll pass,  
 Comparison simple to make,  
 The wealth that pale misers amass  
 Augments like the snow on the brake;

Or as through the crevice its fleece  
Grows silently up to a heap,  
'The wretch eyes his splendid increase,  
Which robs him of comfort and sleep.  
The simile farther extends :  
His glass of mortality run,  
His piles some young prodigal spends,  
Which sink as the snow in the sun.

While sighs the sharp wind in the rock,  
What sound do I hear from the fane ?  
Methinks 'tis the frozen-tongu'd clock,  
Slow mutters the time to the plain.  
Ah no, to my terror-struck ear,  
'Thy knell 'tis Amanda that peals,  
What eye is exempt from a tear,  
What heart, but of adamant, feels !

As beauteous as Spring, when she rear'd  
Her locks, violet-woven, with bloom ;  
Amanda to friendship appear'd, .  
As beauteous, sunk down to the tomb !  
Her hand, poor necessity's guard, .  
Supported the children of woe,  
Could virtue her sentence retard,  
'The tears of the muse would not flow.

How loud are the eddies that roar  
 Through Medway, as circling they fly;  
 Snow-fed from the ponderous shore,  
 As loud is the villager's sigh.  
 O death! not a current more pure  
 Didst thou e'er impede in its course;  
 Could beauty thy terrors allure,  
 Thy dart must have lost all its force.

The genius of snow, from the north,  
 In mantle of brilliancy drest,  
 I tremble to see him come forth,  
 And lord o'er the country distress'd.  
 The nymphs of the valleys and groves,  
 Affrighted, abscond from his pow'r;  
 O name not those graces and loves,  
 So chill'd by the rain-frozen show'r.

But let us regret not the aid  
 That Providence grants to the earth,  
 Vegetation, thus timely array'd,  
 Is nourish'd and nurs'd into birth.  
 Beneficent meteor! how kind!  
 The plants thus to wrap in thy fleece!  
 In regions more northern we find  
 The flowers succeed thy decrease\*.

\* In Sweden, the earth, in April, is not divested of snow more than a fortnight, before the face of the country is covered with flowers.

The hedges are cover'd with snow,  
The roads o'er their summits ascend,  
Into figures anomalous grow,  
O'er corn-fields and fallows extend.  
Unable to combat the glare,  
The poultry remain in their cove;  
In her seat fullen sits the sad hare,  
Till hunger compels her to rove.

See mountains on mountains arise,  
A splendid though terrible weight,  
Sure Zembla has shifted her skies,  
Or Rhodope sent us her freight.  
From Zembla's unciviliz'd coast,  
Admit that the genius of woe  
Forth issues a numberless host,  
An army mail-coated in snow;

Shall Winter, on whose icy car  
Congenial rigours await,  
The morning and evening star  
Illumine to beam on her state?  
Shall frost forge his strong silent chain,  
In bondage rude Nature to hold;  
A tyrant rule over the plain,  
And exclude from their pasture the fold?

Then come, my Lyfander, if rhyme,  
 Uncouth and grotesque as the day,  
 Can furnish amusement to time,

Let Fancy replenish the lay.  
 To her soft invitaion let's yield,  
 And blame not the innocent cheat;  
 Ere all her wild portraits reveal'd,  
 With novelties countless replete.

With her in her curvettings rove,  
 Creations illusive to view,  
 She comes full of sport from her grove,  
 Enchantments around us to strew.  
 Permit us, gay pow'r, to attend,  
 Inspecting each whimsical scene;  
 Which thou, fond magician, shalt lend,  
 Romantic, antique, or serene.

The shallow of yonder vast drift,  
 Lyfander, come let us explore;  
 Her tube fancy gives us to lift,  
 Extend all thy critical lore.  
 And here see the chissel of art  
 A passage has cleft in the snow\*;  
 While gems their resplendence impart,  
 A journey *subnivial* we go.

\* A high-arched long extended passage which had been dug and cut through the snow.



See high on yon shed, passing strange !

There perches, or seems perch'd, a fowl ;  
Young fiction might call it thy change,  
Nyclemene turn'd to an owl.

Here pillars of porph'ry are seen,  
There buildings and bridges so grand ;  
Columns shatter'd whose portals between  
In ruins spread over the land.

There figures, half-buried, appear,  
Hieroglyphical monsters arise ;  
A lion or crocodile here,  
A camel there prostrated lies.  
Still wave, plastic Fancy, thy wand,  
Of tombs and of rocks let me sing ;  
Of Jupiter turn'd to a swan,  
For fiction's creative of wing.

On precipice huge seems to rear  
An abbey, a church, or a tow'r ;  
Colossus, of visage severe,  
Or temple as light as a flow'r.  
Soft-bosom'd in white-tufted trees,  
Huge mansions of marble we see,  
But the moment it ceases to freeze,  
No longer the phantoms are free.

Here struts an Herculean man,  
 An eagle and Ganymede there,  
 A Neptune, Apollo, or Pan,  
 Or Syfiphus high in the air.  
 Through a half-fractur'd arch we behold  
 Vast rivers of snow in the vale;  
 Fawns and satyrs alternately bold,  
 Now a fort, or a ship under sail.

Enough of similitude's scene,  
 To frolicksome fancy adieu!  
 Let Pity her senate convene,  
 The anguish of nature to view.  
 She points to the snow-buried cot,  
 Humanity catches her flame,  
 Enlivens the comfortless spot,  
 And calls up to Charity Fame.

In mantle as white as the snow,  
 Religion is seen in her train;  
 In quest of dispirited woe,  
 Christianity measures the plain.  
 Hail first-born of Heav'n! whose charm  
 Despondency causes to smile;  
 Whose blessings the season can warm,  
 And cherish the offspring of toil.

O Charity ! born of the skies,  
The hymn of contentment receive ;  
From gratitude hear it arise,  
To thee, ever prone to relieve.  
Affliction, that late in the vale  
The tear of anxiety shed ;  
Whose infants, with hunger grown pale,  
Thy own hospitality fed.

Blest isle, whose best bounty appears  
To flow from the source of the heart ;  
To wipe Sorrow's cheek, stain'd with tears,  
And snap poor Misfortune's barb'd dart.  
How sweet the sensations of those,  
(Like cherubs of heav'nly light,)  
Who soften the season of woes,  
Epitomize Poverty's night.

Benevolence ! blessing divine,  
Soft beam of effulgence above ;  
The tale of sweet sympathy's thine,  
The task of affection and love,  
To raise up the sad pensive eye,  
To pour healing balm upon woe,  
Bid indigence banish her sigh,  
And wonted felicity know.

Ye herds that frequent the rude stall,  
 Ye folds that in flocks croud the pen,  
 O start not at Nature's white pall,  
 Nor shudder, ye fowls of the fen ;  
 The sun, from the south, shall unbind  
 The menacing fetters of frost,  
 Its snow all dissolve in the wind,  
 His empire be conquered and lost.

New beauties re-open the year,  
 These terrible objects recede ;  
 Young Spring in gay mantle appear,  
 Her graces de'ermine the lead ;  
 The mazes that curl from the glade,  
 Which erst blustering Boreas blew,  
 Shall lengthen out enviable shade,  
 A charm to each picturesque view.

In vesture of velvet, the grove  
 Zephyrus shall whispering fan ;  
 The choristers warble forth love,  
 Pure bliss ! the perfection of man.  
 The God of each season to praise,  
 Let Paeans incessantly flow,  
 'Tis his winter's triumph to raze,  
 Whose goodness reduces the snow.

TO HEALTH.

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“ Hail blooming goddess ! thou propitious pow'r,  
“ Whose blessings mortals more than life adore.”

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O COME on Zephyr's purple wing,  
Hygeia all thy treasures bring,  
Assist my humble song ;  
'To thee, benign, cherubic power,  
Belongs the truly chearful hour,  
To thee more joys belong

'Than flow from care-corroding state,  
Whole empires of the regal great,  
The bullion and the bulse ;  
O lead me sweetly-smiling maid,  
'Through all thy own sequester'd shade,  
And beat in every pulse.

O make my cottage all your own,  
My cottage, then an envied throne,  
Shall blossom with content ;  
No morbid folly there shall dwell,  
No midnight orgies dare repel  
What you've so kindly lent.

Nature would sicken but for thee,  
 Whose smile to villag'd poverty  
     Manificence bestows ;  
 Daughter of Peon, angel fair,  
 Than Sol more bright, o'er languid care,  
     Expand thy thornless rose.

And when the throbbing pain appears  
 Expressive in her falling tears,  
     Suppress my Emma's sighs ;  
 Indulgent goddess ! cease to frown,  
 And look compassionately down,  
     Re-thron'd in Emma's eyes.

From eyes that shone divinely bright,  
 More soft than young Aurora's light,  
     Dispel distemper's shade ;  
 Her roses' see in sickness pale,  
 The lilies too in whiteness fail,  
     Support the sinking Maid.

Thy lenient balm propitious shed,  
 Thy blossoms round her temples spread,  
     And mitigate her pain ;  
 O smooth the pillow of disease,  
 Descend bright messenger of ease !  
     Resume thy smiling reign.

Divinest nymph, to thee I'll pay  
My vesper and my matin lay,  
—Auspiciously descend ;  
And when the sweet returning spring  
Shall thee in all thy glory bring,  
Will hail thee Beauty's friend.

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## A VERNAL SKETCH.

WHEN foliage umbrellas the bow'r,  
And Phœbus enlivens the hour,  
When Nature, in gladsome array,  
In mildness is seen on the plain,  
The graces completing her reign,  
Then comes the mellifluous May.

Ye tuneful Nine Pierian maids !  
O waft me to your fav'rite shades,  
Recesses of the Spring ;  
In bliss to pass the fragrant hours,  
See Flora wake her sweetest flow'rs,  
While Zephyr's fragrant wing

Shall fan my shade-surrounded seat,  
 My enviably cool retreat,  
 Hush'd by sereneſt peace ;  
 Where anxious care and noiſy ſtrife,  
 And ev'ry ill that harrows life,  
 Shall fade away and ceaſe.

I'll liſten, Nature, to thy voice,  
 And hear the feathered choir rejoice,  
 And vocalize the grove ;  
 Contentment ! ſhall her roſes ſhed,  
 The ſweet Acacia crown my head,  
 Come hither then, my love !

O come, my Delia, come and ſhare  
 The roſy bow'rs and vernal air.  
 Does Venus leave the ſkies ?  
 Does beauty's queen thy beauties view ?  
 She bids each lovely ſcene adieu !  
 And leaves to you the prize.



A SONNET

TO DELIA.

HOW blooming and bright to the eye  
The gift that I render my fair !  
The violet as blue as the sky,  
The lily than Delia less fair !

Your breast shall the poesy perfume,  
The rose, royal empress of Spring ;  
Behold her soft rival in bloom,  
Disdain not her tribute to bring.

Such beauties as garnish my lay,  
How soon is their glory all o'er ;  
And your's, tho' far brighter than May,  
Too soon we must cease to adore.  
The precept, my angel ! is brilliantly plain,  
While youth is in bloom suffer Cupid to reign.

## TO A RED BREAST.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE HARD WEATHER.

POOR bird ! by what hard fortune cross'd,  
 Dost come a suppliant here ;  
 A victim to the piercing frost,  
 In jeopardy and fear ?

Why heaves your little painted breast  
 With many a burden'd sigh ?  
 O set your flutt'ring heart at rest,  
*Be sure you shall not die.* ❁

And yet 'twas bold to seek relief,  
 Protection of a foe ;  
 But rest secure in this belief,  
 He melts at others woe.

Is it the season's tyrant hand  
 Withholds thy daily food ?  
 Then let your anguish'd heart expand,  
 For here's provision good.

In vain should you my cell explore,  
 Thus press'd with pinching need;  
 Your notes, perhaps, might join no more  
 The music of the mead.

With you I feel the sharpen'd air,  
 Thank heaven, for want can feel;  
 Then, gentle warbler, don't despair,  
 But take a hearty meal.

Secure from Winter's raging blast,  
 Dispel your recent dread;  
 While Winter holds his hoary fast,  
 My couch shall be thy bed.

In gratitude, your welcome lay  
 The fullen hours shall cheer,  
 Triumphant o'er the frozen day  
 And unrelenting year.

Stay till the Spring, of presence fair,  
 Shall court your steps along,  
 My kindness then aloud declare  
 In unremitting song.

As gratitude is always sweet,  
 'Then mount the vernal spray;  
 And Nature's concert make complete,  
 Amidst the general lay.

And, lesson'd by a generous foe,  
 When you resume the air,  
 That mercy then to others show,  
 That you have learn'd to share.

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 THE WINTER'S EVENING.

'THE lapse of the stream by my cot,  
 Incessant that babbled along;  
 Its murmurs are wholly forgot,  
 Nor heard in reply to my song.  
 No longer my garden it laves,  
 In silence its current is chain'd;  
 'The limpid display of its waves,  
 In crySTALLIZ'd bondage detain'd.

'The hillock from whence I survey'd  
 The sheep straying wide o'er the mead;  
 'The lambkins in gambols that play'd,  
 'The steers as they straggled to feed;

The hillock is crested with snow,  
More white than the fleece of my fold;  
The ploughmen as *wareless* they go,  
Behold how they shiver with cold!

Go, boy, fill the crib in the dale,  
The snow from the turnip remove;  
'Tis ev'ning, and home to the pail,  
The strawberry cow must be drove;  
The door of the birchin-roof'd shed  
Forget not to carefully guard,  
Lest prowling sly Reynard should tread  
The path of the straw-cover'd yard.

'Tis ev'ning.—The tortoiseshell cat  
Her back turns oblique to the grate;  
Old Thisbe forms presage at that,  
Predicts superstition and fate.  
The kitten, in freaks ever gay,  
Climbs over the mastiff asleep,  
Unmindful of which, honest Tray  
Disputes not his slumbers to keep.

Shall Winter's fell sadness annoy,  
Spread horror and gloom o'er the breast?  
Deprive it of comfort and joy,  
The Muse be derang'd and unblest?

Prevent it Melpomene, maid  
 To whose sacred impulse belong  
 Luxurious sorrows array'd  
 In measure of plaint-pouring song.

Then come, tragic fair ! and essay,  
 Dejected, to kindle my strain,  
 And shed a pale glance on my lay,  
 Of ev'ning be seen in the train ;  
 If storms and of tempests I sing,  
 Of hurricanes rude from the north ;  
 Assist in perspective to bring  
 Hymeneal severities forth.

In vain, pensive maid, can we hide  
 These scenes of distress and surprize ;  
 Permit then my pencil to guide  
 As o'er the rude landscape it flies ;  
 Blow winds, and ye rains rapid pour  
 In deluge all over the plain ;  
 Ye surges contend with the shore,  
 Bid Neptune most dreadfully reign.

When frosts the clear rivers impede,  
 And snow covers nature with white,  
 The duck by the sportsman shall bleed,  
 \* *If murder can measure delight ;*

And death vegetation destroy,  
The warblers of Æther be dumb,  
Bright Phœbus emit not a joy,  
Clouds, vapours, and night-terrors come.

To the cottage, low-roof'd, I'll repair,  
Tranquillity's pleasures to greet,  
Unharrass'd by scorpion-tongu'd Care,  
They circle my Celadon's seat ;  
The ev'ning of Winter to cheer,  
He steals from the frowns of the hour ;  
Do friends uninvited appear ?  
Then Winter no longer can lour.

His hut of rusticity sounds  
With all that is guileless and gay,  
His table with liquor abounds,  
Hilarity kindles up May ;  
Sociality brightens each smile,  
In converse both harmless and pure,  
Forgot is the season of toil,  
And peace guards from tumult the door.

To amuse or improve is the task,  
The goblet flies merrily round,  
The evening is cheer'd with the flask,  
By ballad traditional crown'd ;

Content smoothes the brow of each guest,  
 For she to the cottage can bring  
 Those enviable poppies of rest,  
 From peace that continually spring.

---

## ON A BOUQUET OF COWSLIPS:

NOW from your cups who sips the honied dew?  
 No more, gay children of the glowing spring,  
 'Tis yours to paint the fascinating view,  
 No more your posies from young Flora spring.

The vernal fairies in their magic rounds  
 No more shall court your amorous perfume;  
 Perhaps as you, e'er morning musick sounds,  
 Your pensive poet may explore his tomb.

Sweet emblems of life's transitory scene,  
 To you sad elegy devotes her lay;  
 No longer beams your topaz-tinctur'd mien,  
 The breathing portraits of the vivid May.

Torn from your emerald beds—to pleasure's eye  
 You shrink, you languish, and must ever fade;  
 So he who marks your fate shall droop and die,  
 Quit Nature's landscape and become a shade.



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**THE COMPLAINT.**

AH! what avails, the groves green liv'ries wear,  
That May in purple robe bedecks the year?  
The graces lead the dancing hours along,  
That all is mildness, joy, and bloom, and song;  
The hanging wood, the lofty spreading trees,  
The shepherd on the bank reclin'd at ease;  
The verdant lawn, the clumps of ever-green,  
The water gliding to enrich the scene;  
Curling delightful thro' the still recess,  
Where pensive pleasures to retirement press;  
The charming interchange of hill and dale,  
Th' enchanting trills of Philomela's tale;  
The dingle vocaliz'd by echo's sound,  
The brook loud wailing over rocky ground;  
The tuneful mattin of the loud-song'd lark;  
The local beauties of the charming park;  
Each fine and bold effect!—The concave blue!  
The varied scen'ry of the lengthen'd view;  
All Nature's elegance with art combin'd,  
The polish'd taste of imag'ry refin'd.  
Ah! what avails the *whole*?—'tis splendid woe  
Depriv'd of health.—*The first best bliss below.*

## THE FARM HOUSE.

LOW sunk in the vale by a copse  
Which fringes each side of the hill,  
Between a few acres of hops,  
Prefac'd by a stream to the mill;  
Erected in peaceable days,  
Ere pride to the cottage had crept,  
Dissipation extended her blaze,  
And Sylvan simplicity wept;

A structure, though rural yet neat,  
Green-crested with moss on its thatch,  
Rusticity's best belov'd seat,  
Where Honesty lifts up the latch;  
Thy *messuage*, Palæmon, I sing;  
What though the meridian ray!  
Profusion of light cannot bring,  
Or emit in full lustre the day!

The fash to the casement shall yield,  
Despise not its pannel so small,  
No flattery here is conceal'd,  
No colonades lead to the hall;

The yard spreads a carpet of straw,  
Ye courtiers, too rich for your tread;  
For Nature, despising your law,  
Sits judge on the shrine of the shed.

The dove-cotes (whose tenants of air  
Contend for reciprocal love;)  
Are grander than temples of care,  
Your Chinese pagodas above;  
What though in this peaceful recess  
No avenues fashion'd by art  
The stranger's attentions impress,  
The wiles of appearance impart;

Yet here shall the Oak not disdain  
Her guardian protection to lend;  
The walnut Nestorian of reign,  
Her arms of antiquity bend;  
The elm, of circumference vast,  
Afford to the swine a recess;  
Whose sty, thus secur'd from the blast,  
Is swept by the streamless ingress.

No porter to spurn from his gate  
Palæmon's finances afford;  
Does need make her moan at his grate?  
The wretched to comfort's restor'd!

Monopoly pallied of hand,  
 That vulture forbade to obtain,  
 He cheapens the fruit of the land  
 To peasants who raise it with pain.

Example most precious and pure,  
 Palæmon deserves the renown  
 Which honesty bids to endure  
 Beyond the extent of a crown;  
 A crown, but a *bauble* at best,  
*Perturbation* of gilded distress;  
 The wearer too often unblest,  
 Though *millions* his greatness caress.

Unfriended by harmony's strains,  
 Tho' partial to pastoral fame,  
 The Muses, averse to our plains,  
 Have seldom recorded my name;  
 Yet smit with what Nature affords,  
 Unfearful I venture my lay,  
*Description*, assisting my words,  
 Having promis'd a sprig from the bay.

Behold on the hook o'er the fill  
 The *starling*, in ozier-bound chains,  
 Endeavours rude accents to spell,  
 Or whistle the waggoners strains;

Beneath, at the mimic to bay,  
The *puppy* affects a loud cry,  
Yelps ceaseless in *half-earnest* play,  
And watches the cage with his eye.

Coop'd up in the lodge, see the hen  
Strut prison'd—maternal her strife;  
Poor *Partlet*, the bar of thy pen  
Arrests a fond mother and wife;  
Whose offspring, tho' eager to roam,  
Yet duteous revert to her call,  
The vagrants turn instantly home,  
In clusters brood under the italk.

The goose, supercilious of stride,  
Gabbles loud the mix'd poultry among;  
The duck, in garrulity's pride,  
To swim calls her down-coated young;  
The magpie, so fam'd for a scold,  
Assistance affords to my rhyme,  
Aspiring the architect bold  
Rebuilds in the grey branch of time.

But mark the meridian meal,  
The pudding of fruit shall I share,  
Of bacon and delicate veal,  
With esculents wholesome and rare.

The farmer, of liberal mien,  
 Invites with rude welcome to taste  
 The wholesome repast sweet and clean;  
 By kind Hospitality grac'd.

Blush Luxury, blush and behold  
 Palæmon's the picture of health,  
 With coffers unfurnish'd with gold,  
 And wishes uncenter'd in wealth;  
 'Tis exercise, rose of the plain,  
 And industry's temperate toil,  
 Adds sauce to the dish of the swain,  
 And kindles tranquillity's smile.

Past dinner, and now by the hearth  
 Thy produce, brown Ceres, to bring;  
 The jug circles round, and with mirth  
 Thy roof shall, Rusticity, ring;  
 The tube is alight in a trice,  
 Palæmon enhances his crops,  
 Anticipates chearful the price  
 The market shall yield to his hops.

*Nine winters* the seasons have told,  
 Since Annà was born to my friend;  
 She comes, just return'd from the fold,  
 Twin lambkins her presence attend;

The nurlings, foft emblems, fo sweet,  
She couples in oue filken band,  
Companions of innocence meet,  
Dependent for food on her hand.

No pencil too fine to pourtray  
A picture fo gentle and fair;  
In Anna the blufhes of May  
A ftranger's appearance declare;  
With rapture Palæmon reviews  
This pledge of connubial blifs;  
Whofe prefence fresh sorrow renews,  
Attach'd to an innocent kifs.

Ah friend, how expreffive that tear!  
So prone on reflexion to ftart;  
It fpeaks as it gushes, I hear  
The fecret diftrefs of thy heart;  
I know thy Eufstia was fair,  
Was virtuous, and thou wafte fo kind,  
That Hymen fo happy a pair  
In folitude feldom could find.

O Solitude! oft in thy fhade,  
Remote from misfortune and noife,  
The *twain*, fweet Content, with thy aid,  
Have shar'd undegenerate joys;

Did Spring mantle over the mead ?  
 He rose with the lark in the morn ;  
 Transported to view in the feed  
 The promise of young-bladed corn.

Did Summer his clofures embrown ?  
 How jocund and blithe was his heart !  
 Did Autumn his induftry crown,  
 Reward to his labour impart ?  
 Each feafon had charms to delight,  
 Eufatia was life to his breaft ;  
 She sweeten'd his morning and night,  
 And lull'd all his cares into reft.

---

 THE SENTIMENT.

DO flies on the goffamer's thread  
 Dance wanton the stubble among ?  
 Or larks to the lap of the mead  
 Descend to encircle their young ?  
 So De'ia, the mufe of my breaft,  
 Thy delicate graces enjoin,  
 Thy bofom pavillions her neft,  
 Of joy thy acceptance her line.



Does Delia, more soft than the down  
That velvets the willow in Spring,  
My simile see with a frown,  
Or smile as I venture to sing?  
The gales from the mountains green tops,  
When open the gates of the morn,  
The Summer replenish'd with crops,  
The pearl pending bright from the thorn,

Nor Health, with her blue brighten'd eye,  
More jocund appears in the vale,  
More placid the tints of the sky,  
When breathes with ambrosia the gale;  
Not virtue more sweetly benign,  
When healing the wounds of despair,  
As when with her dimples divine,  
She robs my fond bosom of care.

To gentleness sweetly allied,  
How bless'd in her smiles are the hills!  
How tranquil glides forward the tide!  
How placid's the fall of the rills!  
The serpentine path edg'd with flow'rs,  
The nymphs and the shepherds explore,  
Gay Frolick beguiling the hours,  
And sorrow and Winter's no more.

The guileless are festive alone.

The fair, by pure innocence sway'd;  
 Shall beam from festivity's throne;  
 All hail ! thou beneficent maid,  
 That joy that hymns peace to the mind,  
 In whispers most heav'nly great,  
 Those warblings that issue refin'd,  
 When loves on the graces await,

Are thine, gentle Delia, and thine

The rubies that warm'd Helen's cheek ?  
 Whose bosom not half so divine,  
 Comparison falters to speak ;  
 The ring-dove that perch'd on the oak  
 No longer with verdure array'd,  
 Permit that my Muse may invoke  
 In emblem as pure as the maid.

A willow that bent o'er the brook,

Was wont a green seat to afford ;  
 What magic on Nature to look,  
 Or Nature to Summer restor'd !  
 When Delia attach'd to my side,  
 Loves paradise beam'd from her mind ;  
 " Creation's vermilion, I cried,  
 " December without thee I find.

"Thou chaste as Lucretia in thought,  
 "Without thee would madrigals yield  
 "That music with harmony fraught,  
 "That undulates over the field?  
 "Accept my oblation," I cried;  
 "My passion regard and approve;"  
 My eyes in that moment espied  
 The hectic of innocent love.

The tender emotion I trac'd,  
 'Twas long since her blushes I caus'd;  
 The Planets revolving have chac'd  
 Three Moons since her Corydon paus'd;  
 Then climb'd to the steep of the hill,  
 Collecting a posy of sweets;  
 The iris and slender-leav'd dill  
 Purloin'd from their grassy retreats.

Must absence then harrow my breast?  
 Ah, why should its sorrows prevail?  
 The cherub of sweetness confess'd  
 'Tis Winter detains in the dale;  
 O then shall I visit her cot?  
 Not the lustre alone of her eye,  
 But virtues that fall to her lot,  
 Which envy's averse to descry;

'Tis those welcome guests that my Muse  
 Would worship in adequate rhyme,  
 With energy, strive to diffuse,  
 In numbers not less than sublime;  
 O come thou sweet goddess, Content!  
 O come to tranquillity's bow'r!  
 In all thy convivial extent,  
 I woo thee to smile on the hour.

'For, cherish'd by thee, on the plain,  
 The hawthorn more beautiful blows;  
 The pleasures of memory reign,  
 As fancy from *sentiment* flows.  
 So bright, fair Content, is thy mien,  
 Fair daughter of Virtue most pure;  
 The blessings around thee convene,  
 And flourishing sweetly endure.

With folly the mind undebas'd,  
 Feels all that thy pleasures can pour;  
 Thy walk to the closure I trac'd,  
 And look'd with delight on thy store;  
 Ambition of pride the machine,  
 Disease of the viciously great;  
 Content in thy presence unseen,  
 Unknown in the cottager's seat.

From courts to retirement exil'd,  
 With Peace, Truth, and Nature along;  
 Dominion and pomp how beguil'd,  
 Contentment they hear not thy song;  
 Thy themes of unlimited joy  
 We hear from the lips of the vale;  
 Let luxury rise to destroy,  
 And splendour paint pageantry's fail.

The tempest of vice I defy;  
 The thunder of rapine may roll,  
 Relentless its whirlwinds may fly,  
 And conscience retort on the soul;  
 Content her protection shall yield,  
 Stretch over the cottage her wing,  
*Ambitious* my Delia to shield,  
 Nor scorn whom her praises shall sing.

---

 THE BLUSH.

FOR happiness shall I explore  
 Yon structure of riches, the feat?  
 Or cross the smooth green to the door  
 Of Celadon's shady retreat?

There Health, with her roses in bloom,  
 Vermillions the husbandman's cheek;  
 Tho' ornament deck not the room,  
 In cheerfulness rises to speak.

There center the sweets and the joys,  
 No sorrow, no anguish, or strife  
 The humble retirement annoys,  
 Of Nature the throne and the life;  
 There labour, in undisturb'd rest,  
 Serenity woos to her arms,  
 Sheds her blossoms of balm on the breast,  
 Expands her elysium of charms.

Of industrious virtue the roof,  
 Leander in rapture had ey'd;  
 The palace he guess'd was a proof  
 Of care gilded over with pride;  
 In Celadon's rural recess  
 He pictur'd new charms to his heart,  
 Where innocence triumph'd to bless  
 In Patty, unconscious of art.

'Twas ev'ning, most sweet and serene,  
 The dance was alive in the glade,  
 But Patty was not on the green,  
 She sigh'd in the sycamore shade;

Leander, the star of his mind  
Beheld as the garland she wove;  
His pipe and his tabor resign'd,  
Repair'd to the seat of his love.

With fervor of passion her hand  
Saluting, demanded the cause  
Why thus from the gay-village band  
The fair one so pensive withdraws;  
Her looks beam'd intelligence fair,  
They spoke in an eloquent style,  
Expressively serv'd to declare  
Leander might soften his toil;

Might lavish soft praise on her form;  
He did, and of Hymen exclaim'd;  
To gentle persuasion when warm,  
Ye Fair, could the charmer be blam'd?  
I saw the sweet maid of his joy;  
Leander, I cried, ever hush  
"Each care that her peace may annoy;"  
He bow'd and she smil'd with a BLUSH.

## L I N E S

TRIBUTARY TO THE

## BEAUTIES OF PRESTON COURT\*.

DENIED the fervor of the Muses smile,  
 The flow'rs of rhet'ric and the grace of style;  
 Yet 'twere ungrateful to this lovely scene  
 Of Sylvan, beauty's fascinating mien,  
 Not to presume when soft emotions rise,  
 And spread the picture to the Poet's eyes,  
 Delightful spot, whose hospitable door  
 Invites the stranger to thy gen'rous store;  
 Whose shady haunts to solemn thoughts invite,  
 And warm the mind with every chaste delight;  
 Whose verdant banks the honied woodbine crowns,  
 Each partial herb and balmy flower surrounds;  
 Embower'd alcoves repelling solar heat,  
 Conduct my steps to Meditation's seat;  
 Here sacred study might with rapture dwell,  
 And ev'ry low-born care of life repel;  
 Where listens reason as her joys encrease,  
 To the soft accents and the sigh of peace;  
 And where the Muses captivating train,  
 In silence pour the unambitious strain.

\* Near Wingham in East Kent, the residence of Mr. John Harrison.



O scene, devoted study to invite,  
Enchanting poesy or the Paphian rite ;  
Where the green lime uniting with the rose,  
The soft marquee of Nature's hand disclose ;  
A shrubby curtain round its sides display'd  
In all the luxury of sweet and shade,  
Mantled in foliage see the blissful bow'rs,  
Delightful haunts of sweet Retirement's hours.  
Ye willows weeping o'er the crystal stream,  
Ye rooks, the clamorous audience of my theme,  
Ye pensive pleasures, while the ponds below  
(In fine expanse a perfect mirror show)  
Induce the Angler, with the taper reed,  
To tempt the capture of the finny breed.  
O could I pour the piscatory strain,  
In much admir'd \* BROWN's immortal vein ;  
Then would I sing the patient angler's care,  
And all the arts he uses to ensnare ;  
How sooth'd each care that would disturb his breast,  
Lull'd all his woe to sweet repose and rest ;  
When hush'd the wind, the horizon serene,  
And not a wrinkle on the lake is seen,  
As fond of solitude he takes his stand,  
The extended angle trembling in his hand ;

\* Moses Brown, author of the Piscatory Eclogues

The scaly wand'ers sporting round the bait,  
And strive for freedom, but alas, too late!  
So from the paths of prudence those who stay,  
Lur'd by false Pleasure's captivating ray,  
When all is anguish and internal pain,  
Deplore their mental quiet to regain.  
But cease to moralize, my Muse, and view  
Scenes ever charming, picturesque, and new;  
External prospects pastorally bland,  
Where local beauties all around expand;  
In rev'rence to this venerable spot,  
Be not, my Muse, the neighb'ring church forgot,  
Whose rustic fane emerging from the boughs,  
Invites the interchange of spousal vows,  
By faithful hinds and artless damsels made  
In wedlocks bands, by constancy repaid.  
Where'er the Muse her humble standard rears,  
There's not a spot but cultivation cheers;  
And now when Autumn with his yellow stores  
From Plenty's cornucopiæ amply pours;  
In rich profusion fragrant orchards beam,  
And plump Pomona paints my lowly theme;  
Shall I forbear my sacrifice to bring,  
Perch'd, lovely Gratitude, on thy fair wing?  
And though in lofty strains debar'd to sing,  
Haply some better bard the lyre may string;

By him some future day that praise be shown,  
 A Raphael's pencil need not blush to own ;  
 'Till when adieu ! each lovely scene and bow'r,  
 Where I delighted pass'd the lonely hour ;  
 Adieu, my friend ! with courteous manners blest,  
 May no obtruding care thy peace molest,  
 May health auspicious on thy dome descend,  
 And all the comforts in her train attend ;  
 'True conscious honour be thy sole repast,  
 "Enjoy the present hour nor fear the last."

---

 SONNETS.

## HOPE.

A myrtle that fell from her breast  
 I hastily pluck'd from the ground ;  
 Nor had I one moment of rest  
 Till its beautiful owner I found.

Adieu to the regions of gloom,  
 I cried, to all sorrow adieu !  
 My Phillida, let me presume  
 This sprig to restore to your view.

DEJECTION.

Replac'd in her bosom, the spoil  
 Recover'd its primitive mien ;  
 Like me, it reviv'd in her smile  
 And soon became gay and serene.  
 Then I cherish'd fond Hope, the first spring of the soul,  
 And no longer Despair did my bosom controul.

---

DEJECTION.

COMPELL'D by a passion so pure,  
 I rose with the loud-singing lark,  
 In hopes of my charmer secure,  
 Cross'd over the lawn of the park.  
 The smile of Aurora I hail'd,  
 But wanted my Phillida's smile ;  
 Ah me ! disappointment prevail'd,  
 In vain were my care and my toil .  
 Farewell to the daisy-dress'd mead !  
 Dejection, I visit thy cell ;  
 For one that's more wealthy decreed,  
 Is Phillida destin'd they tell.  
 Cease, warblers, your sonnets, henceforward be mute,  
 My muse is in sorrow, and silent my flute.

---

---

**JEALOUSY.**

I gather'd the Violet so blue,  
Its colour spoke peace to my breast;  
An emblem of love the most true,  
A type of my passion confess'd.

The primrose invited my view,  
I lik'd not its colour so pale;  
Expressive of jealousy too,  
I left it to fade in the vale.

Such caution 'twere needless to take,  
For Phillida faithless was seen  
With Colin last night at the wake,  
And danc'd with the swain on the green.  
Now jealousy's poison's diffus'd thro' my breast,  
Adieu, ye soft blossoms of comfort and rest.

---

**CONSOLATION.**

THE flower of love have ye seen,  
Ye shepherds that honour the May;  
Transcendently sweet in its mien  
When warm'd by the morning's first ray.

So Phillida's smiles to my breast  
 Contentment and pleasure impart;  
 The Sun was sunk down in the west  
 When I met with the pride of my heart.

As ling'ring we travers'd the vale,  
 Contentive her shepherd she heard;  
 More sweet than the rose-breathing gale,  
 Was her voice when she utter'd the word.  
 A charming delirium stole over my breast,  
 And Phillida's hand strew'd the poppies of rest.

---

 CONSUMMATION.

TWO roses, twin-sisters that grew,  
 Of turtles a pair from the nest,  
 Begirt with a ribbon of blue,  
 The type of our union express'd.

Dear emblems of conjugal bliss,  
 That courted my Phillida's smile,  
 And met her consent with a kiss,  
 Compleating a truce to my toil.

Next morning our gay village band  
 To church my dear Phillida bore,  
 With pleasure I gave her my hand,  
 My heart was her own long before.  
 And now gentle Hymen your blessings bestow,  
 The turtles shall bill and the roses shall blow.

---

## THE TEAR.

GAY Health, to your haunts of repose,  
 Where innocence, harmless of blame,  
 Her jewels of peace in the close,  
 Has scatter'd to brighten the fame;  
 Of Paridel, conscious of truth,  
 Whose bosom's as free from a stain  
 As envy's unknown to his youth,  
 Or dissimulation the plain.

Gay Health, to your haunts I repair'd,  
 The Summer had brighten'd each field,  
 The hills and the vallies declar'd  
 The pleasures that Nature reveal'd;  
 'Twas Friendship to Paridel's feat  
 My muse in fond rapture convey'd;  
 The same which impell'd him to meet  
 And shorten my steps as I stray'd.

At life's earliest spring we began  
 In trifles our friendship to shew,  
 And as we matur'd into man,  
 Substantial and firmer it grew ;  
 When absent he liv'd in my breast,  
 Unsever'd his joys were my own,  
 Till love, profess rebel to rest,  
 Our intercourse view'd with a frown.

His secrets attach'd to my heart,  
 Their rivets affection had tied ;  
 'Twas not in the slanderer's art  
 Our mutual goodwill to divide ;  
 But Cupid had Paridel bound,  
 In vain with his shafts to contend !  
 Reciprocal deepen'd the wound,  
 That neither could succour his friend.

With day-spring whenever he rose,  
 Thy vales, Cultivation, he sought ;  
 The Sun when unclouded he glows  
 Was not more refin'd than his thought ;  
 His sentiment learning might teach,  
 Beam'd wisdom in Paridel's mien ;  
 But beauty, the wisest can reach,  
 Illumine or darken the scene.



Where plashes yon murmuring fall,  
As musing meandering he stole,  
In silence attending the call,  
Of whispers that waken the soul;  
Here wont for reflexion to fly,  
He woo'd the retirement of ease;  
The Muse, with a fugitive eye,  
Attended her master to please.

The pencil instructed to blend  
The Sylvan with subjects sublime,  
Or pinion the lay to a friend,  
To love alone offer'd the rhyme;  
He sung of soft mildness and grace,  
Of elegance sweetly refin'd,  
The look that irradiates the face,  
From virtue that glows in the mind.

'Twas Laura he'd seen in his walk,  
She stray'd by the lapse of the stream;  
No wonder in affable talk,  
Her beautiful form was his theme;  
Of matchless allurements the maid,  
With blushes his praises receiv'd;  
No prudish suspicion display'd,  
What sentiment utter'd believ'd.

The mines of Potosi were poor  
 Compar'd to the wealth of his breast,  
 Felicity long to insure,  
 And lap his fond heart into rest;  
 The village arose with the morn,  
 And Hymen united the pair;  
 Through all the brown valleys of corn  
 Forgot was each trouble and care.

In beauty's bright garden no flow'r  
 More brilliant than Laura was seen,  
 Had Venus display'd all her pow'r  
 Her charms would have rivall'd the Queen;  
 Of manners untinctur'd by pride,  
 With softness that won on the heart,  
 The sweetness of Paridell's bride  
 Could all the engaging impart.

Fond shepherd, love's pinions of joy  
 Your wishes have fann'd into birth,  
 Be yours her bright smiles to employ,  
 To cherish and merit her worth;  
 The lilies that whiten her neck,  
 To you in their fragrance are giv'n;  
 The roses that vermil her cheek  
 Were gifts pre-ordain'd you by Heav'n.

Her mind, feat of elegant thought,  
 Supported by modesty's sense,  
 With all the serenity fraught  
 Which feelings unclouded dispense ;  
 'Twas honour and virtue combin'd  
 This union of bosoms to plan,  
 For blessings exalted design'd  
 Of heav'n symbolic to man.

You knew me, dear friend of my youth,  
 When pastime expanded her sail,  
 When friendship was measur'd by truth,  
 And health honied every gale ;  
 Shall mem'ry revert to the scene  
 When revell'd our hearts o'er the plain,  
 Revert to the sports of the green  
 And call up puerility's reign?

When trifles as light as the air  
 Were objects of deepest concern,  
 'Twas mine my friend's lesson to share,  
 A monarch unpunish'd to learn ;  
 And shall we on \* RUSSELL bestow,  
 As well as his sceptre of birch,  
 What we from pure gratitude owe  
 For precept at school and at church.

\* Master of the Free Grammar School at Maidstone.

Well pleas'd I remember the day  
 When free from confinement and smart,  
 Our hearts were as jocund as May  
 From learning and birch to depart;  
 Recall the warm transports we found,  
 December, amidst all thy gloom,  
 When Christmas, with holidays crown'd,  
 Return'd us in jollity home.

But oh those sensations of joy,  
 Exempt from disturbance and guile,  
 No longer our bosoms employ,  
 No longer elate with their smile;  
 Shall manhood than childhood less please?  
 Bless'd state, little shaded with care,  
 Maturity harbour less ease,  
 Of worldly contrivance the snare?

The passions, a dangerous crew,  
 Embark on this ocean of strife,  
 With sense and with competence few  
 Can combat the troubles of life;  
 Oh Paridell! blest beyond pain,  
 How jocund your Corydon spoke,  
 How jovial he brought up the train  
 To dance in the shade of the oak!

To captivate, Delia was there,  
 Her smiles the young archer display'd;  
 Her dimples and innocent air  
 Exalted to notice the maid;  
 In vain I careſs'd to be heard  
 To picture the paſſion I felt,  
 In ſtanza to colour the word,  
 'Twas pride that forbade her to melt.

Ah no; let me wrong not the fair;  
 Repentment be baniſh'd my breaſt,  
 For ſoon ſhe gave cauſe to declare  
 How much ſhe herſelf was diſtreſs'd;  
 That Edwin her vow had approv'd,  
 Nice honour induc'd her to ſpeak  
 How much he deſerv'd to be lov'd!  
 Yet a *tear* I perceiv'd on her cheek.

'Twas the dew-drop of ſympathy's grief,  
 The ſenſe from fine feelings that ſtole,  
 Thro' clouds it afforded relief,  
 And ſerv'd my ſad heart to condole;  
 How gen'rous and candid the maid,  
 Whoſe boſom's *compaſſionate ſtream*,  
 Has furniſh'd her delicate aid,  
 The *tear* for a paſſional theme.

## TO EMMA.

DOES the silk-worm or jewellers aid  
 To my Emma's exterior extend,  
 Their beauties shall perish and fade,  
 Altham'd with my Emma's to blend;  
 Indebted to Nature alone,  
 Unaffectedly neat is the girl,  
 Her graces and smiles are her own,  
 And she wants neither satin nor pearl.

---

## SONG.

E'ER beauty with fashion combin'd,  
 A cap that was snug to the face  
 (My taste and my fancy confin'd)  
 Gave Emma superlative grace;  
 No art to her head-dress was lent,  
 No heat to solicit the curl,  
 Without any succour it bent  
 Spontaneously rose in a furl.

If a slip of plain gauze on her breast  
 Might stand for an emblem of pride,  
 The same on her head was confess'd  
 In a bow that was carelessly tied;

Less amiable does she appear,  
 No jewels appear on her head,  
 Or is she to Damon less dear  
 'That her bosom no diamonds bespread ?

The study of virtue's her aim,  
 Whose heart, in good nature attir'd,  
 Secures her more permanent fame  
 And makes her sincerely admir'd ;  
 Fantastical beauties despair,  
 Your charms to my Emma's are faint,  
 For innocence brightens her air  
 Beyond all your pearls or your paint.

---

 SONNET TO HEALTH.

DEAR cherub of pleasure appear !  
 O come from your fir-crested hill !  
 Your smiles can existence endear,  
 My cottage with harmony fill.

When heat bids me fly to the shade,  
 O visit my welcome recess,  
 Without thee, most soul-cheering maid,  
 Retirement's unable to bless.

When Winter determines the year,  
 'The groves their green mantle have lost,  
 'The season's all darkness and fear,  
 And Nature's imprison'd in frost ;  
 'Then offspring of Pæon thy comforts impart,  
 Suppress Nature's sigh and replenish my heart:

---

## SONNET.

TO whom shall Constantia apply ?  
 'To whom be her sorrows confess'd ?  
 Who sees with soft sympathy's eye  
 'The sorrows that harrow her breast ?

Though Winter had sabled the day,  
 She saw the strip'd crocus in bloom,  
 The snow-drop in vestal array,  
 And the aconite burst from her tomb

These signs were a promise that Spring,  
 Soft season of bliss, would return,  
 But what, cried Constantia, can bring  
 My Doriland back from his urn ?  
 Then silent she sat and reclined was her head,  
 While affection the dew-drops of memory shed.



## THE SMILE.

---

“Smiles are the privilege of human love.”

---

NOW chanticleer's clarion of morn  
 Announc'd the gay twilight at hand,  
 Arouz'd by the hound and the horn,  
 Young Ancafter lied to the band;  
 Whom rapture wing'd over the dale,  
 Refounded with echo the rocks,  
 The pack mouth'd it loud on the trail  
 In pursuit of the fugitive fox.

Now finish'd the chace and the eve,  
 Immaculate daughter of day,  
 So tranquil and calm that a leaf  
 Scarce mov'd on the aspinny spray;  
 The lark from her sky-brightened bower  
 Descended in verdure to rest,  
 Apollo compleating his tour,  
 Repos'd on Amphitrite's breast.

Brown Ceres to sheep-bells gave ear,  
 Or listen'd to Colinet's flute ;  
 An oak which for many a year  
 In peace had extended its root ;  
 A canopy solemn of shade  
 O'er Florida, maid of the vale,  
 Its ample protection display'd,  
 While her sonnet enchanted the gale.

What wonder that sudden surprize  
 Arrested the sportsman's career,  
 The minstrel of magic he eyes,  
 Is Florida silent with fear.  
 " Sweet maid, who prefers to the court  
 " The seats of sequester'd repose,"  
 He said, " the young breezes in sport  
 " For thee their ambrosia disclose.

" No emigrant am I in love,  
 " O dart not disdain from your eyes !  
 " More bright than stellations above,  
 " Their fervour of kindness I prize ;  
 " Sweet Maid ! my possessions are thine,  
 " No treach'ry lurks in my speech,  
 " Be all thy lov'd paradise mine,  
 " To bless thee each moment I'll teach."

Did Florida turn from the swain,  
 In haste bid her suitor adieu?  
 We shepherds who live on the plain  
 Pronounce her both faithful and true;  
 For Corydon down from the steep  
 That bends o'er the current below,  
 Releas'd from his charge of the sheep  
 Repair'd her endearments to know.

Could modest fidelity cheer?  
 Then, Corydon, great was thy bliss;  
 Of Ancastr's suit couldst thou hear  
 Without an additional kiss?  
 Her heart as she spoke it soft glow'd,  
 Its tenderness cherish'd no guile,  
 On flattery if frowns she bestow'd,  
 Thy truth she rever'd with a SMILE.

---

 BELTINGE BAY \*.

FROM cabin-like cot on the beach  
 This Metre imperfect is penn'd,  
 And here let Humility teach  
 How much she's Humanity's friend;

\* A small fishing bay in the parish of Heasne, about nine miles distant from Canterbury.

Description! thy pencil I crave,  
 Delineate thou my retreat,  
 On the edge of the rude roaring wave  
 In a hut that is homely and neat;

Whose side to the ocean inclined,  
 Aloof on the pebble-strew'd land;  
 The door well secur'd from the wind,  
 Shuts under the cliff on the strand;  
 Straw-crown'd though no grandeur its boast,  
 Contracted in figure and size,  
 A fisherman's throne on the coast  
 Contemn not ye candid and wise.

Sincerity (virtue most rare!)  
 Displays her respectable mien,  
 And gives to the *man of the wear*  
 A pearl in high life seldom seen;  
 Whilst Cleanliness, Hebe of life,  
 Presides o'er the enviab'le shed,  
 Attends to the care of the wife,  
 And dresses the table and bed.

And health as propitious as light  
 Munificence freely bestows,  
 With countenance blooming and bright:  
 As Sharon's imperial rose;

When she, genial cherub, is near,  
A cottage may vie with a crown ;  
But when her soft smiles disappear  
How painful's the pillow of down.

Come Fancy ! my guest and my friend,  
Dispense thy illusions so kind,  
The Muse at thy altar shall bend  
And fortune ne'er trouble her mind ;  
At peace in this care-soothing state,  
Permit me a pilgrim to rove,  
I ne'er can repine at my fate  
With nature so humble in love.

Retirement, how blest is thy ease !  
How tranquil and pure is thy throne !  
Does study and privacy please ?  
O make their enjoyments my own !  
Whether spread on the fir-crested hill,  
In valleys well shaded below,  
By the side of the soft-winding rill,  
Or in cliffs jetting over the brow.

How sweet is his silent recess !  
Confin'd to the leaf-chocquer'd glade,  
Whose station's exempt from excess,  
The rout and the late masquerade !

Blest state, well secur'd from the snares,  
 The guileful allurements of court,  
 Loud faction, ambition, and cares,  
 And fortune's fantastical sport.

Be silence and reason my lot  
 Where rural felicities reign,  
 Forgetful of life and forgot  
 By the fordid, the proud, and the vain;  
 But let not attachment forget  
 (Whate'er be my station below,)  
 How dear and how sacred's the debt  
 In absence to friendship we owe.

To oblivion who'd be a prey?  
 Though blest with retirement and ease,  
 His comforts must fall to decay  
 Whose friendship is suffer'd to freeze;  
 And though all be paradise round,  
 In charming variety's dress,  
 If not by society crown'd,  
 The whole would but prove a *finesse*.

But see on the broad-bosom'd main,  
 As far as the eye can extend,  
 The ships canvass-wing'd how they strain,  
 Alternately sink and ascend;

Small islands alive they appear  
As the billows they buffet and cleave,  
Or distant, or midway, or near,  
Not a trace of their way do they leave.

Unlimited ocean thy coasts  
I view with contemplative eye,  
The sports huge Leviathan boasts  
Beneath the pale lamps of the sky ;  
Descending the cliff I explore  
Its precipice wide and immense  
Stretch'd over the foam-whiten'd shore  
In a horrible kind of suspense.

But now the twin towers above  
On Reculver's brow I survey,  
Memorials of virtue and love,  
But hast'ning, I fear, to decay ;  
If, Neptune, thy bosom e'er found  
Compassion for human distress,  
Encroach not on this hallow'd ground,  
'Thy water's intrusion repress.

Drops history a tear to relate  
What sorrows the sisters befell ?  
How divided in life the hard fate  
Of Frances and good Isabel!

Who rais'd the \* *fam'd spires* as a mark  
 In merciless tempests to save  
 From danger the sea-dashing bark,  
 Its crew from a watery grave.

Pious souls ! may example like yours  
 To virtue forever be dear,  
 And while such memorial endures  
 To Gratitude let us adhere ;  
 And blest in her rolls be your names,  
 As goodness your lot was below,  
 Return'd to inherit those claims  
 Which spirits congenial know.

But Phœbus descends to the main  
 And checks my poetic career,  
 I turn to my cottage again,  
 And thanks to my stars it is near ;  
 For lours the welkin around,  
 The winds pile up wave upon wave,  
 And terribly rough is the sound  
 Of Boreas just broke from his cave.

\* For a particular account of this structure, and an historical narrative of the two sisters, Frances and Isabella, the reader is referred to page 113 of the second volume of Keate's Sketches of Nature.



## TO A TEMPERATE MORNING IN JANUARY.

HAIL mild-ey'd morn ! for thou art soft and fair  
As breaks upon the bosom of the May,

When the blue vi'let pours  
Her bosom on the breeze.

Come, and the light-wing'd Spring shall drop a smile,  
Sweet, premature ! nurs'd on old Winter's breast,

Shall lift her dove-like eye  
And wanton in thy beam.

Lamp of the wint'ry world, thou heav'n-lit sun !  
O haste and woo the young reluctant maid,

And bid her moist'ning lip  
Drop with the ripen'd balm.

Come, chaste-ey'd God, while yet the ice-hung clouds  
Around thy throne in wint'ry glory ride !

The virgin loves thy sighs  
While yet the blaze is dimm'd.

For soon, when glowing with the ardent fires  
Of strong-soul'd passion, lo ! the seraph mild

Shrinks from the solar noon,  
Gathers her sweets and flies.

Propitious morn! my melancholy muse  
 Drops her cold tears upon the bloomless earth;  
 Reflecting man like thee  
 May totter to his tomb.

Yet e'en when Summer's flushing cheek was full,  
 I've seen the pale rose wither on her thorn  
 And sink like injur'd worth  
 From fullen scornful pride.

---

## EXTEMPORAL LINES

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

'THE shatter'd maple sheds her yellow leaves,  
 A matted carpet to the ploughman gives;  
 The ivy creeping on the alder's back,  
 The falling apple and the conic stack;  
 'The magpie prating on the naked spray,  
 Her plumage hov'ring in the solar ray;  
 'The spire white gleaming thro' the 'minish'd shade,  
 The hind reclining on his tardy spade;  
 The leafless walnut dripping o'er the road,  
 'The waggon groaning with the pond'rous load;

The massy wall of many a weed possess'd,  
 The wealthy clown in fictitious velvet dress'd;  
 The close penn'd folds, the melancholy steed,  
 The herds slow-winding o'er the ev'ning mead;  
 The ruin frowning o'er the cedars' tops,  
 The stubble, remnant of departed crops;  
 The blackbird scooping of the fable floe,  
 The chefnut bending with the lonely crow;  
 The stagnate pool, thick cover'd o'er with sedge,  
 The red-wing bursting from the berried hedge;  
 The vine's bare tendril curling round the lath,  
 The turnip mangled in the squalid path;  
 The footway scor'd with Colin's plated shoe,  
 Or patten-markt with circles not a few;  
 The pigeon feasting on the new-fown dell,  
 The red breast twitt'ring on the cottage cell;  
 Are indications picturesque and clear  
 That **SURLY WINTER'S** come to rule the year.

## SONNET.

SHEDS her dew the grateful eve,  
 Cynthia silvers o'er the mead,  
 Zephyrs funny landskips leave,  
 Curl the rill and shake the reed.

To the willow-heckquer'd bow'r  
 Let us, Delia, now repair,  
 Share the lovely evening hour  
 Fragrant ev'ning breezes share.

Silence reigns, the conscous shade  
 Shall our mutual blifs approve;  
 Come my dear delightful maid,  
 Taste the balmy hour of love!  
 Hence Ambition, Grandeur, Pain,  
 Love alone shall here remain.

## SONNET.

THE moon had ascended the hill,  
 I flew to the cottage of reed,  
 On the verge of a chrystalliz'd rill,  
 In the nook of a beautiful mead;

Were neatness and cleanliness there,  
 Peace, comfort, and undisturb'd rest,  
 And let me exulting declare  
 That Delia was also a guest.

On her hand perch'd a sweet little dove,  
 Which pity had sav'd from the cold,  
 He coo'd in sensations of love,  
 Effusions which gratitude told.  
 The Bard not less mindful of kindness bestow'd  
 In fond imitation his gratitude show'd.

---

 SYMPATHY, TO DELIA.

ENSHRIN'D in your bosom of snow,  
 There's a sweet little cherub, my dear,  
 Tis Sympathy call'd, and we know  
 It brightens Humanity's tear.

A gift the most lovely and fair  
 That Heaven on mortals bestows,  
 It pilots the pilgrim of care,  
 Repulsive of sorrow and woes.

Poor pale-ey'd Distress I descried,  
 And Merit on Misery's bed,  
 By Opulence furly deny'd -  
 A scrap of superfluous bread.

TO DELIA.

Then I saw her dove-sembled descend  
 To succour poor pale-ey'd distress;  
 Benevolence, sweetly extend  
 And Merit, tho' wretched, cares.

So dew-dropping dawns of morn  
 Pervade Nature's mantle so dark,  
 Rekindle o'er landskips forlorn,  
 Of life and of light the warm spark.

---

## TO DELIA.

HEART-enliv'ning influence shed  
 Lovely mirth and blue-ey'd joy,  
 Time throws off his wings of lead,  
 Spleen and care no more annoy.

Delia's eyes with melting beam  
 Wake the Muse's silver lyre,  
 By the willow-crested stream,  
 Near the tall ascending spire.

Wake the fiddle's sprightly sound,  
 Delia joins the magic maze,  
 See her quiv'ring feet rebound,  
 How superior to my praise!

THE ENVOY.

---

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Swift the jocund moments fly,  
Sombrous night no longer reigns,  
Soft-ey'd bliss and melody  
Cheat the happy sylvan plains.

Fair as Hebe, fresh as Spring,  
We the dance will not curtail  
Till Aurora's saffron wing  
Gilds the lily of the vale.

Then the cottage roof beneath,  
Happy Damon, Delia there,  
Braids for her the brightest wreath  
Shed from Flora's vivid hair.

---

THE ENVOY.

A SONNET.

AN envoy I sent to my fair,  
To tell her the state of my heart ;  
Twas more than my tongue could declare,  
And more than in words to impart.

It was not a pin for her hair,  
Nor was it the ribbon so gay ;  
Such trifles may gain on the fair,  
And serve to amuse and betray,

It was not the smile of a beau,  
 Nor the tear of ingenious deceit;  
 The praises which knaves can bestow,  
 The billet with nonsense replete;  
 But, taught on Sincerity's wings how to fly,  
 Than all more expressive—a foul-breathing sigh.

## SONNET.

WHFRE'S the vi'let and dwarf-daffodil?  
 I saw them just now in their beds;  
 Arrested's the stream of their rill,  
 And the cowslips recline their gay heads.

The yew trees, male, blossom so fair,  
 The almond so late in full blow,  
 And primrose that scented the air  
 Are hid in a mantle of snow.

Obscur'd are the charms of my maid,  
 A victim to sickness and pain;  
 No more with the graces array'd,  
 She proves the delight of the plain.  
 As Sol, equinoctial, restores the sad scene,  
 So shall Hebe and Health re-attend on their queen.



## SONNETS.

## I.

## TO SOLITUDE.

RECEIVE me, ye shades, to your arms,  
Your queen, 'tis my bosom can blefs,  
Expanding her sky-brighten'd charms,  
In your deepest sequester'd recess.

On the side of yon smooth sloping hill,  
Dear charmer, I'll hail thy retreat,  
Where plays, in soft murmurs, the rill,  
By the hermit's contiguous feat.

Divested of trouble and strife,  
Let Science and Peace with me dwell;  
Thy whispers, Content, soothe my life,  
And Solitude sanction my cell.  
Though plain my repast be, yet there should I find  
Hygeia most bland and Minerva most kind.

## II.

DEAR Solitude, sober of mien,  
To others the lays I consign,  
Descriptive of love's melting scene,  
Or pour'd in libations of wine.

O waft me to life's lowly vale !  
I'll listen well-pleas'd to thy song ;  
Thy voice shall my spirits regale,  
My musings to rapture prolong.

The water-falls, flocks, and the herds,  
Enthusiast ! listen to thee ;  
More melodious the voice of the birds,  
And Spring in thy coverts we see.  
Let others in splendour and opulence dwell,  
Sweet handmaid of Silence take me to thy cell.

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## III.

HER imperial bouquet Nature yields,  
Unboundedly kind from her hand,  
The pomp of the groves and the fields  
Shed cheerfulness over the land.

SONNET.

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To Solitude's call I attend  
When moonlight sleeps over the hill;  
See Cynthia in silver descend,  
Reflecting pale light from the rill;

Where woodbines in many a wreath  
The flow'rs below overlook,  
Where lilies spontaneously breathe,  
And Nature lends reason her book.  
There free from delusion, from vanity freed,  
The page of pure Nature her vot'ry shall read.

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IV.

In thee, sacred pleasures reside,  
Dear Solitude, ever in thee  
Are found in the waters that glide,  
And speak in the whispering tree.

In the cave of green moss by the dell,  
Where Nature is sunk in repose,  
Oh let me felicitous dwell  
Forgetful of life's thorny woes.

THE PARK.

Then, Piety, heav'n born maid  
 Afford thy solaces most sweet,  
 Light Solitude's torch in the shade,  
 And beam thro' the sacred retreat;  
 Whose stillness 'tis thine in composure to share  
 While calm Meditation is resident there.

---

THE PARK.

I'LL climb up the steep of the hill,  
 Or traverse the path of the field,  
 Incline to the curve of the rill  
 By verdure's thick mantle conceal'd;  
 Shall gales of ambrosia invite?  
 And Nature unnotic'd remain?  
 No, Solitude, maid of delight!  
 I follow thy steps to the plain.  
 From thence to the park let me rove,  
 There, Goddess, to commune with thee,  
 In silence thy beauties approve  
 Beneath the umbrageous tree;  
 There free from all faction and strife,  
 The clamour of party and pow'r,  
 Conceal'd from the tempests of life,  
 Lie husb'd in Tranquility's bow'r.

But can I unfeeling survey  
Those landscapes Arcadian in view?  
Where bright as the dawn of the day  
The voice of soft pleasure I knew:  
Where truth, in the shape of my fair,  
Enchanted my time with her smile;  
Her absence my tears shall declare,  
Express my affection and toil.

The ravishing touch of her lute  
Bade Echo arise from her cell,  
Sylvanus stood pensive and mute,  
The satyrs danc'd over the dell;  
Brown Ceres repair'd to the plain,  
Her temples with wheat-ears bedeck'd,  
And Venus, each grace in her train  
Came forward with conscious respect.

When Phebe, the pale lamp of night,  
Purloin'd from Endymion's bed,  
As oft with transporting delight  
Empassion'd to Delia I fled;  
And when from her clover repose  
The lark brav'd the orient skies,  
As oft, thou dear cause of my woes!  
I bask'd in the beams of thine eyes.

But now I no longer can mark  
 Of solitude all the still haunts,  
 Admire the sweet fawns in the park,  
 Unheard what the nightingale chaunts;  
 My stanzas of plaint I reveal  
 To zephyrs that flutter along,  
 Or pour all the sorrows I feel  
 Unmeasur'd in pastoral song.

But, pleasures more lasting to greet,  
 O find me some verdure-roof'd shade,  
 Some lonely sequester'd retreat  
 Thy hand, Contemplation, has made;  
 Where glides without murmurs the stream,  
 Adown by some moss-cover'd pile,  
 And pines thick resisting his beam,  
 Forbid the sun's splendours to smile.

Or where with loud cadence the wave,  
 Near columns dislever'd by time,  
 By sadness instructed to rave,  
 Supplies lamentation for rhyme;  
 Ah! no; may my flocks feed no more  
 Where MEDWAY, with serpentine sweep,  
 Festivity deals to the shore,  
 While Naiads their festivals keep.

My ewes their fresh pasture refuse,  
In Autumn forget for to breed,  
Aurora refresh not with dews,  
The rain ne'er replenish the mead;  
My hops be all blacken'd with blast,  
The dolphin cloud over my beans;  
If all the neglects that are past  
My heart from its tenderness weans.

Ah, no; 'tis not mine to forget,  
When Philomel's elegies flow,  
How, Spring as discharging her debt,  
She measur'd my sighs by her woe;  
I stood like the statue of Grief,  
The shade of the hawthorn within;  
Could water-falls bring me relief?  
No, I bade them relinquish their din;

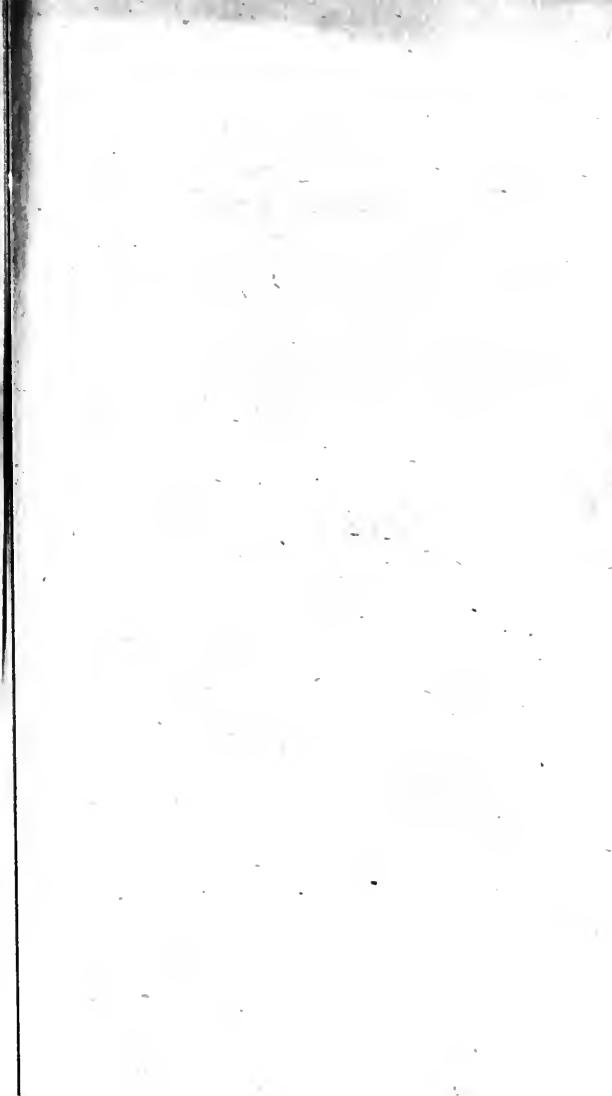
Bade the warblers their madrigals cease,  
Suspend the soft music of Spring;  
And, as they could render no peace,  
Forbear any longer to sing;  
'Twas then as in retrospect thought  
Despair had envenom'd her dart,  
Yet fancy's dear image had brought  
In vision her charms to my heart.

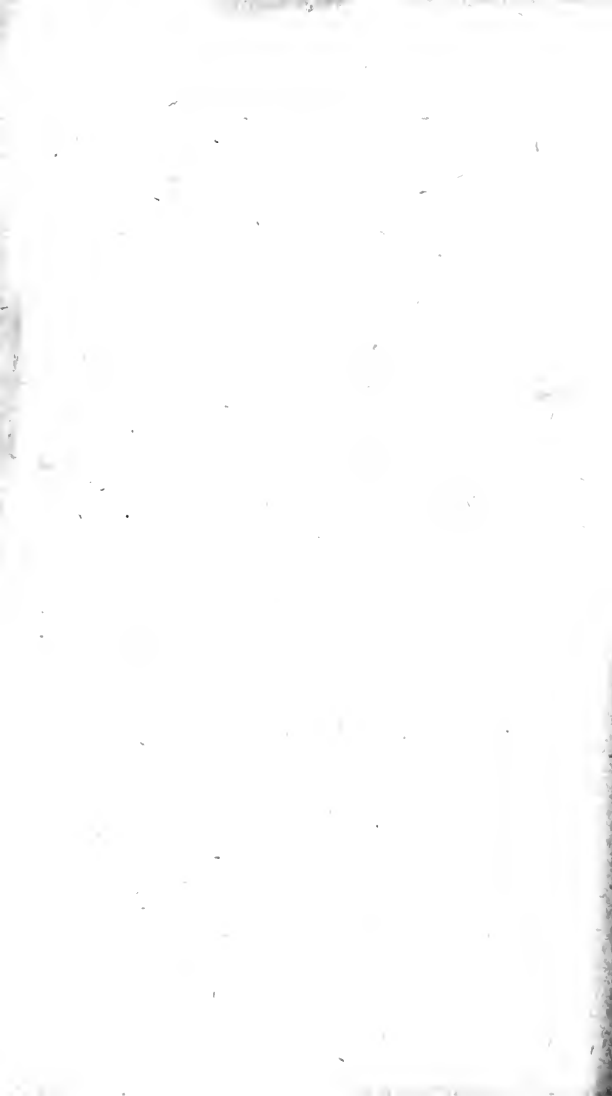
THE PARK.

Tw'as then in the shade of the beech,  
In all the sweet May of her prime,  
As far as the eye's distant reach,  
Came Delia, the queen of my rhyme;  
To meet with her swain did she haste,  
Approach on the wings of the dove;  
Be that moment by Time ne'er defac'd,  
For the PARK was the *compact* of love.

F I N I S.









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