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J. L. Russell
THE

SEASONS.

A POEM.

BY

JAMES THOMSON.

BOSTON:

CROSBY AND NICHOLS.

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SPRING.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veild in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend. 5
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10
And see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 The' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
 Fleecy, and white o'er all surrounding heaven. 31

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, the' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well used plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.

There unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil.
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes the' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
 With measured step ; and liberal throws the grain 45
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground :

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man
 Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow ;
 Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
 Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
 Think these lost themes, unworthy of your ear .

Such themes as these the rural Maro sung 55
 To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind .
 And some, with whom compared your insect tribes 60

Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
 Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand

SPRING.

Disdaining little delicacies, seized
 The plough, and greatly independent lived. 65
 Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough !
 And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea,
 Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe, 75
 And be the' exhaustless granary of a world !
 Nor only through the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay green !
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
 With growing strength and ever new delight. 85
 From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells and deepens to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
 By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
 The garden flows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promised fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town, 100
 Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffused around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry blowing, breathe 115
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
 The full blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks
 Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft 120
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year. 125
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
 Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls :
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
 Or, when the' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
 That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,

In endless train, would quench the summer blaze, 140
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, the' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
As first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, 140
Scarce staining ether ; but, by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the' horizon round a settled gloom : 150
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute imploring eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off : 165
And wait the' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields ;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world. 175
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,

Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs 184
 And fruits and flowers on Nature's ample lap !
 Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth ;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.
 Thus all day long the full distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Tho' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er the' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. — 195
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around
 Full swell the woods ; their very music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending, all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclosed 210
 From the white mingling mæze. Not so the boy :
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend.
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amazed
 Beholds the' amusive arch before him fly, 215

Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Raised through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. ✓ 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanists to number up their tribes :
 Whether he stea'ls along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain rock
 Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health and life and joy ? the food of Man, 235
 While yet he lived in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years ; unflesh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
 For their light slumbers gently fumed away ;
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock :
 Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
 Their hours away : while in the rosy vale 250
 Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of heaven ; 254
For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
Dropp'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,

The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was mreeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy 265
For music held the whole in perfect peace :
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
Applied their choir ; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fab'ing poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life ! now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275

Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
Is off the poise within : the passions all
Have burst their bounds ; and reason, half extinct
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power
E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,

A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish that never cloy'd desire, 290
Which, selfish joy disdainng, seeks alone

To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells ;
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever changing views of good and ill
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm ; whence, deeply rankling grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence .
At last, extiact each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have changed her course .
 Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that aren d
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulf,
 And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315
 The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows : and Summer show
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough. 321
 Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breathed o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage ; 325
 Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life

But now, of turbid elements the sport, 334
 From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd.
 For, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined Man
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340

And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity, 346

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast,
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain

Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore ? the beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,

To merit death ? you, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the Winter's cold ? and the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,
 Patient, and ever ready, clothes the land

With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,

To swell the riot of the' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 374
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise, 375
 Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380
 To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly.
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watery stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortured worm 385
 Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390
 When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierced the streams, and roused the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes cur'ag play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks,
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hallow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly; 405

And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook : 410
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceived,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven.
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
 Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line :
 Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed, 430
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
 Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 439

Thus pass the temperate hours ; but when the sun
 Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor through the deeps ;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,

SPRING

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Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade :
 Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk, 450
 High in the bertling cliff, his eyry builds.)
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Through rural scenes ; such as the Mantuan swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song,
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 (And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
 Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
 Sooth every gust of passion into peace ;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That weaken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse X
 Throw all her beauty forth. (But who can paint 465
 Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows ? If fancy then 470
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah, what shall language do ? Ah, where find words
 Tinged with so many colours ; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love ;
 (And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song ! 481
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself !

Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart : 486

Oh, come ! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets. 490

(See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks.) Long let us walk, 495

Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
 Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500

Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of Nature, wild and wild ;
 Where, undisguised by mimic Art she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
 In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,
 Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk 516
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps.
 Now meets the bending sky ; the river now

Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 The' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive ; when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
 Fair-nanded Spring unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full ranunculas of glowing red. 535
 Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
 To family, as flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run ; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, the' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride. the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
 Firstborn of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes.
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquilles, 545
 Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.
 Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
 Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
 To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapp'd in a filmy net and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew ; 560

By Thee disposed into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.

At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565

By wintry winds ; that now, in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh, pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575

From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame,—the Passion of the Groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 580

Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
 And try again the long forgotten strain,
 At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft infusion prevalent and wide, 585

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn ;

Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590

Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,

Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595

And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600

The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove -
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert : while the stockdove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half averted glance 620
 Of the regardless charmer Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625
 In ford rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubia' leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd :
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Adulged in vain. Some to the holy hedge

Nestling repair, and to the thicket come,
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs sooth them all the livelong day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry through the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw: till, soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight, 660
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on the' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. The' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour: O, what passions then,

What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young , 675
 Which equally distributed, again

The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,

Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all

Nor toil alone they scorn ; exalting love,
 By the great Father of the Spring inspired, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And, to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690

The' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head
 Of wand'ring swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud. to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confined and boundless air.

Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.

∴ then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear .

If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, so delicately framed
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 The' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe ; till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky :
 This one glad office o're, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but bahn is breathing through the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
 The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its pluney burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745

Alighted, bolder up again they lea'd,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Roused into life and action, light in air
 The' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounced, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching prond his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads,
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun 781

* The furthest of the western islands of Scotlar

And swims in radiant majesty along
 O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 735

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 740
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; or through the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor the' enticing bud 745
 Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapp'd,
 He seeks the fight ; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gored in every knotty trunk.

Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins ; 800
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And, groaning deep, the' impetuous battle mix :
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seized in every nerve, 806
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong.
 Blows are not felt ; but, tossing high his head.

And by the well known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
 O'er rocks and woods and craggy mountains flies :
 And, neighing, on the' aerial summit takes
 The' exciting gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep

From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldly joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Arcund him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited Britain ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state.
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads
 And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845
 What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ? and through their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
 Seems not to work : with such perfection framed
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855
 But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
 The' informing Author in his works appears :

Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 868
 The brute creation to this finer thought
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing the' infusive force of Spring on man. 869
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being and serene his soul,

Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
 Is melody ? hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ,

Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, creative Bounty burns 876
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked,

Can restless goodness wait ; your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving Spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds 885
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race ! in these green days,

Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace

Induces thought and contemplation still 896

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last, sublimed
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world ! 900
 These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O Lyttelton, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st ;
 Thy British Tempé ! there along the dale, 906
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees, 910
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander through the philosophic world ; 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time :
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind 925
 And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party rage,
 Britannia's weal ; how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refined, 930
 You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song ;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,

With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love : 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace ;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness ! which love 945
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :
 Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
 The Hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
 Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves 965
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts

Dare not the' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let the' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours ;
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints the' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 The' enticing smile ; the modest seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ; 995
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest ; a quick returning pang
 Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still
 And great design, against the' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroused,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?
 Neglected fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis nought but gloom around : the darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arc,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault

All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone, 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and inattentive. From his tongue 1015
 The' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declined, 1020
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
 To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms ;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs : there through the pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost, 1026
 Indulging all to love : or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
 Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
 With soften'd soul, and woe the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his : or, while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
 His idly-tortured heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies, 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds , till the gray Morn

Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks awhile to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with the' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retired 1055
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Mar,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to loose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapp'd : or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The further shore ; where succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;
 But strives in vain ; borne by the' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell ! ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah, then ! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085

Suffused and glaring with untender fire,
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100
 Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins:
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart -
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.
 But happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love 1121
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent

To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well merited, consume his nights and days
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form ;
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it roll ; along, shows some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven !

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting **SPRING** 1165
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

2 1/3 pages

SUMMER

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

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth
He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever fanning breezes, on his way ; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the midwood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink 11
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

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

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart :
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastised ; goodness and wit, 26
 In seldom-meeting harmony combined ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man ;
 O Dodington ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspire every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first the unwieldly planets launch'd along
 The' illimitable void ! thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : such the' All-perfect Hand !
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more the' alternate Twins are fired
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 54
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward ; while along the forest glade

SUMMER.

37

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passers by. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

Falsely luxurious ! will not Man awake ;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ? 70

For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
 Total extinction of the' enlighten'd soul !
 Or else, to feverish vanity alive, 75

Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams ?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk ? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all, 85

Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks and hills and towers and wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light ! 90
 Of all material beings first and best !

Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
 In unessential gloom ! and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire : from the far bourn
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 100
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life !
 How many forms of being wait on thee !
 Inhaling spirit ; from the' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime the' expecting nations, circled gay
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120
 High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal the light footed Dews,
 And soften'd into joy the surly Storms. 125

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits, and, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year

Nor to the surface of emmen'd earth, 130
 Graceful with hills and dale, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined :
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power

SUMMER.

39

Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135
 Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day ! the nobler works of Peace
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

The' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected night, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct, 150
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale, 154
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined,
 Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams ;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
 In brighter mazes the relucient stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys, 165
 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much transported Muse can sing

Are to thy beauty, aignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shalt I then attempt to sing of HIM ! 175
 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
 From mortal eye or angel's purer ken ;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven 180
 That beam for ever through the boundless sky .
 But, should he hide his face, the' astonish'd sun
 And all the' extinguish'd stars would loosening reel
 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
 ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
 E'en in the depth of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod ; proclaim thy power,
 And to the choir celestial THEE resound, 190
 The' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd ,
 And to peruse its all instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage raptured to translate, 195
 My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar .)

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse

While tyrant Heat, dispreparing through the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man and beast and herb and tepid stream.

Who can un pitying see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves.
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold: 321
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
 The food of innocence and health! the daw,
 The rook, and magpie, to the gray grown oaks 225
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight:
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The housedog with the vacant greyhound lies,
 Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer race
 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song,
 Not mean though simple; to the sun allied,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms; or, rising from their tombs, 245

To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose,
 Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They sportive wheel : or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
 Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodged, amused, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 256
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
 'To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese ;
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire.
 But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retired.
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front,
 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleased ; the fluttering wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280
 Resounds the living surface of the ground
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum

To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 O' willows gray, cypse crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading e'en the microscopic eye !

Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organized, 290

Waiting the vital breath, when parent Heaven
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way, 295

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs, 300

That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though 'one transparent vacancy it seems, 310

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds
 In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl 315

He would abhorrent turn : and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain or not for admirable ends. 320

Snall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art. 324
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once the' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink 335
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder to that Power
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter; thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

X Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands

SUMMER.

45

Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet haycock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370
 Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men and boys and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people of the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in; 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows

The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-dress'd maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet beaming on her shepherd king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace ; 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp the master's cipher ready stand ;
 Others the' unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns the' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 The' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts
 Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast : 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon ; and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

SUMMER.

41

Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns, and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sign, dejected, to the ground
 Stops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed; 445
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar:
 Or, through the' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmonized,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,

As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink. 471
 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs
 Around the' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gent'y diffused into a limpid plain;
 A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch swain: his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
 Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Through all the bright-severity of noon;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan,
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505
 Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effused,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye, 510

And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !
 Bears down the' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
 And with wide nostril, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :
 That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards the' inspiring breath,
 Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retired,
 Conversed with angels and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engaged) to turn the death ; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily and nightly, zealous to perform. ** ends here*

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep roused, I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight
 Creep through my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, the' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes :—" Be not of us afraid,
 Poor kindred man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
 From the same Parent Power our beings drew,
 The same our Lord and laws and great pursuit,
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life

Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 Where purity and peace imingle charms.
 Then fear not us ; but with responsive song
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD. 555
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade : 560
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band,
 Alas, for us too soon ! though raised above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspired : where mortal wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears :
 Or rather to Parental Nature pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for awhile
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1788, upon whom Thompson wrote an epitaph.

SUMMER.

5

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapp'd, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift shrinking back,
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair and placid ; where, collected all
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft

A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose :
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600

Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;
 And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions, through the flood of day
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stockdove only through the forest coos, 615
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again

The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow through the grove

Beside the dewy border let me sit,

All in the freshness of the humid air :
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lined, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with the' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep lull'd in noon 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the torrid zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compared,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-lived twilight : and with ardent blaze
 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The general breeze,* to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasonst pass : 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ; 650
 Or, to the far horizon wide diffused,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods,

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

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

Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven 655
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.

Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig; 671

Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675

Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palma to draw its freshening wine!
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680

Low bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er

The poets imaged in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,

Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride 695
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where, retired
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
 Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas : 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
 The flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
 Behemoth* rears his head. Glanced from his side, 710
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

Peaceful beneath primæval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High raised in solemn theatre around, 720
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive ! here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he 725
 Of what the never resting race of men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse

The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding unbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736

The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours.* But if she bids them shine
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740

Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb 750

The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;
 No holy fury thou blaspheming Heaven, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.

Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760
 From jasmine grove to grove mayst wander gay
 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave

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

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
 Where palaces and fanes and villas rise ,
 And gardens smile around, and cultured fields ; 771
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene ! in blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom. 785
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charged
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed 795
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne ,
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.

There, by the naiads nursed, he sports away
 His playful youth amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around
 Ambitious thence the manly river breaks ;
 And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks,
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
 Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar ; 826
 From Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms

* The river that runs through Siam ; on whose banks a vast
 multitude of those insects called Fire Flies make a beautiful
 appearance in the night.

Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hur'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana.* Scarce the muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
 The sealike Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Centinuous depth, and wondrous length of course
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
 But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 861
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,
 The' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health 866
 Their forests yield ? their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun !
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores ?

* The river of the Amazons

All fated race ! the softening arts of Peace, 87
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world ; the light that leads to heaven ;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881
 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of man :
 These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannise ; 885
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross : or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
 Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train 900
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffused,
 Hethrows his folds : and while, with threatening tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appali'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful nature ! there, sublimed

To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut **915**
 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
 The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of man, **920**
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from the' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, **925**
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease **930**
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. The' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
 Or stern Morocca's tyrant fang escaped, **935**
 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again :
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.
 Unhappy he ! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone **940**
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave, **945**
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds,
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
 And hiss continual through the tedious night. **950**

Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
 Her Cato following through Numidian wilds ·
 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
 And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
 When for them she must bend the servile knœe,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960
 Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.

Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play : 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ,
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 The' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, the' aerial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon* whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heavens,

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

Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck*
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 996
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 998
 Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring Gamat fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape ;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged 1005
 The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The Lusitanian Prince; † who, Heaven-inspired, 1010
 To love of useful glory roused mankind,
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
 Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent 1015
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,

* Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

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

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

Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.

The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam; from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads: or from woods, 1030

Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapp'd,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dared to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Cartagena quench'd 1040

The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm,
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045

No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
 Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse: while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods, 1055

From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape : Man is her destined prey,
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1064
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death :
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of men ; unless escaped
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care · the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
 They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1094
 And give the flying wretch a better death.
 Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,

Where drought and famine starve the blasted year
 Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, roused within the subterranean world,
 The' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharged 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,

With various tintured trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal roused,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war

Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,

And shakes the forest-leaf without a breach. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens

Cast a deploring eye ; by man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ; 1130
 And, following slower, in explosion vast,

The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds . till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145
Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
The' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie :
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 1155
And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1160
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The percussive roar : with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs : and Snowden's peak, 1165
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought

SUMMER.

67

And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
 And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguished by their sex alone
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day. 1175

They loved : but such the guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish ; 1180
 The' enchanting hope and sympathetic glow
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in the' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour, 1190
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
 While, with each other bless'd, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heaved 1195
 Unwonted sighs, and, stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain, assuring love and confidence
 In Heaven repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceived 1201
 The' unequal conflict ; and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumined high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee

With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 That wastes at midnight, or the' undreaded hour
 Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace, 1214
 (Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well desembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, the' interminable sky
 Sublimier swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields ; and nature smiles revived.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235
 Most favour'd ! who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ;
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked, 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands 1245

Gazing the' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below ;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge ; and, through the' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip rebell'd, 1251
 With arms and legs according well, he makes
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleased spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer heats ;
 Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved, 1260
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
 Even from the body's purity, the mind
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
 Where windcd into pleasing solitudes
 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat, 1270
 Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
 Among the bending willows, falsely he
 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd. 1275
 She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He framed a melting lay, to try her heart ;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,

To call that passion forth. 'Thrice happy swain!
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
 And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 1300
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms.
 Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, the' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;
 And, through the parting robe, the' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze 1311
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves received;

And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
 As shines the lily through the crystal mild ,
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill concealed ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embraced her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent Damon drew 1330
 Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul
 As for awhile o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw —“ Bathe on, my fair,
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340
 Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 And each licentious eye.” With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood : 1345
 So stands the statue* that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, the' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her Damon's well known hand she saw.
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,
 Her sudden bosom seized : shame void of guilt, 1355
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem,
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : even a sense

* The Venus of Medici.

Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carved,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy : 1365
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 Discreet ; the time may come you need not fly."
 The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb 1370
 Shoots nothing now out animating warmth,
 And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven.
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy ! broad below 1375
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attuned to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ; 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
 Improving and improved. Now from the world,

Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course? 1400
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvest? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene? * Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
 Now to the Sister Hill† that skirt her plain, 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired, 1420
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse.
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God; ‡ to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.

* The old name of Richmond, signifying, in Saxon, *Shining* or *Splendour*.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

‡ In his last sickness.

Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !

O vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !

On which the Power of Cultivation lies,

435

And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all

The stretching landscape into smoke decays !

1440

Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,

Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad

Walks, unconfined, even to thy furthest cots,

And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;

1445

Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought ;

Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks ; thy vaileys float

With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks

Bleat numberless ! while, roving round the sides,

Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.

1450

Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd

Against the mower's scythe. On every hand

Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,

And property assures it to the swain,

Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art ;

And trade and joy, in every busy street,

Mingling are heard : e'en Drudgery himself,

As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,

Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,

1461

With labour burn, and echo to the shouts

Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves

His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,

Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

1465

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,

By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,

Scattering the nations where they go ; and first

Or on the lisp'd plain, or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;
 In genius and substantial learning high ;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provoked, 1475
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of Glory many ! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her genius still. In statesman thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just, 1490
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine ;
 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flamed thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign ?
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explored the vast extent of ages past, 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,

So glorious or so base as those he proved,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he ble.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass, 1510
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In ail thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulged,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled:
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By ancient learning to the' enlighten'd love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful sages and in noble bards;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
 Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant: in one rich soul, 1540
 Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long

* Algernon Sidney.

Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of Heaven ! that slow ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to heaven again.
 The generous Ashley* thine, the friend of man ; 1550
 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search, 1555
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great Creator sought ? And why thy Locke,
 Who made the whole internal world his own ?
 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast ? 1565
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?
 A genius universal as his theme ;
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime ! 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son ;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground :
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse.
 Well moralized, shines through the gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
 May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

And elegance, and taste : the faultless form,
 Shaped by the hand of harmony ; the cheek
 Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip
 Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast : 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
 She sits high smiling in the conscious eye
 Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shock thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600
 O thou ! by whose Almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
 In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;
 Undaunted Truth, and dignity of mind ;
 Courage composed and keen ; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and looks ; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough Industry ; Activity untired,
 With copious life informed, and all awake .
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal, 1615
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the commonweal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.
 Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,

Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620

Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.

Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,

As if his weary chariot sought the bowers

Of Amphitritè and her tending nymphs, 1625

(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb ;

Now half-immersed ; and now a golden curve

Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.)

For ever running and enchanted round,

Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ; 1630

As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,

This moment hurrying wild the' impassion'd soul,

The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,

The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :

A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635

Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,

Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,

Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd

A drooping family of modest worth.

But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640

That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,

Diffusing kind beneficence around,

Boastless as now descends the silent dew ;

To him the long review of order'd life

Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,

All ether softening, sober evening takes

Her wonted station in the middle air ;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this

She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650

Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,

In circle following circle, gathers round,

To close the face of things. A fresher gale

Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,

Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn, 1655

While the quail clamours for his running mate.

Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,

A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seed she wings
 His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-hearted : and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ; 1665
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry, to pass
 The summer night, as village stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave 1675
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glowworm lights his gem ; and through the dark
 A moving radiance twinkles Evening yields
The world to Night ; not in her winter robe
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanced from the' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd 1690
 The' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet Venus shines and from her genial rise. 1695

When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.
 As thus the' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky, or horizontal dart 1700
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space 1705
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And, as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble But, above 1710
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the' enlighten'd few
 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion through the wilds
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725
 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed the' eternal fire.

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song: 1730
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er the' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that,

Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735

Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft with elevated pride ;

Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740

Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or the' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :

The First up tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to HIM, 1745

The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being ; while the Last receives

The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,

Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page

With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind ! 1755

Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey : and with the' unfashion'd fur

Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art 1760
And elegance of life. Nor happiness

Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,

Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765

Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves

The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !

Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a still revolving train !

Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than nonexistence worse : but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears the' inferior world along. 1780
 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation through ; and, from that full complex 1785
 Of never ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who spoke the Word,
 And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
 Thence on the' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 The' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud
 (So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep,
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits, 1800
 This Infancy of Being cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of God,
 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

219 pages -

AUTUMN.

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

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared; the various blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20

AUTUMN.

2

Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shock
Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain .

A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 36

Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
By his effulgent gilds the' illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.

A gaily chequer'd heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry ! rough power !
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ,
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life :

Raiser of humankind ! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.

Still unexerted, in the' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers ; Corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd when the liberal hand 56
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal

Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch ,
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With Winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 64
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 E'en desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A waste of time ! till Industry approach'd,
 And roused him from his miserable sloth ;
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; show'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire ;
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapp'd them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspired to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95
 Then gathering men their natural powers combined,

And form'd a Public, to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented Whole ; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
 Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still
 To them accountable : nor, slavish, dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspired, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew 116
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then commerce brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
 Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames, 121
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void : the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ,
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increased ; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved

Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvass smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe.
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination flush'd. 140
 All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 The' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to the' Autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song. 150
 Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
 Whilo through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberable handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the God of Harvest is to you; 170
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind

Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want 175
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven, 180

She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
 Along the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185

Together thus they shun'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride ·
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sing them to repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain-snow,
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195

Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ·
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace

Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205

But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.

As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210

A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ; 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :—
 “ What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 Of some indecent clown ; she looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak 255

The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
 Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260

Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ? 265

She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270

Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275

Though Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 Best keen and heavy on thy tender years ?

O, let me now into a richer soil

Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280

And of my garden be the pride and joy !

Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits

Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,

The father of a country, thus to pick 285

The very refuse of those harvest-fields

Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine : 290
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 'That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceased the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300

The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate :

Amar'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours : 306

Not less enraptured than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315

But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.

High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.

AUTUMN.

93

Exposed, and naked to its utmost rage, 325
 Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force,
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still overhead
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave. 335
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
 And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth and grateful pride,
 And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board, 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
 And all involving winds have swept away.
 Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
 The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game:

How in his mid career the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 362
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat, 370
 Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions : and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them, from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispersed,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song : 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal creation round
 Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death,
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn' -
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !

Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retired : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt,
The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ; 405
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hing o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits 410
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature raised to take the' horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.

But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once : 420
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunters shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight : 430
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind .
Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again

The' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling through his every shift, 440
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish: while the growling pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous checquer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chase; behold, despising flight, 460
 The roused-up lion resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass 476

Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;
 Has every maze evolved, and every guile
 Disclosed ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
 With woodland honours graced ; the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With seats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced
 While hence they borrow vigour · or amain
 Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round

A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the lovesick shepherdess,
 On violets diffused, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
 Wreathed, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust. 530

At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly
 Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch
 Indulged apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
 The' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again.
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls ;
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues

Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes
 Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance 555
 Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
 Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560
 Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
 The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steep's them drench'd in potent sleep till morn
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Outlives them all ; and from his buried flock
 Retiring, full of rumination sad,
 Laments the weakness of these latter times.
 But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed , 575
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave 580
 Quick e'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ,
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man. 585
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers see ! a nobler game,
 Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
 In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress ' 590

And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips,
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn:
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life.
 'Tis be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook 610
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair: 620
 Melinda! form'd with every grace complete.
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn unconfined; and taste, revived,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,

AUTUMN.

101

From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies in a soft profusion scatter'd round. 630

A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;
By Nature's all refining hand prepared ;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever changing composition mix'd. 635

Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumeros, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :

Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645

With British freedom sing the British song :
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours. 650

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

Of, Doddington, thy seat, serene and plain ,
Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view, 655
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,

In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660

New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,
Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat ;
Where, in the secret bower and winding walk, 665
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 The' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence, 670
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum ; 675
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils and climes of fair extent ;
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs, 685
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes 690
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull the' autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the masy flood ;
 That, by degrees fermented and refined,
 Round the raised nations pours the cup of jcy : 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and, quick
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

AUTUMN.

103

Now, by the cool declining year condensed, 705
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety ; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain
 Vanish the woods : the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray ; 720
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
 Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
 A formless gray confusion covers all.
 As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard) 730
 Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged
 Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
 These roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,

Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst the' irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 The' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again. 770

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like creating Nature lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes !
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O, lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to the' astonish'd view !
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780

From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
 O, from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The Dorfrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
 From lofty Caucasus far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ 790
 Believes the stony girdle* of the world:
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapp'd in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
 O, sweep the' eternal snows' Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795
 Bid Atlas, propping Heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains† of the Moon! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing scene! behold! the glooms disclose, 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!
 Deep, deep I hear them labouring to get free,
 I see the leaning strata, artful ranged;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camenypnoys*, that is, *the great stony Girdle*: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

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

That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion and forbid its waste.
 Beneath the' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd : 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And, welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 The' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
 The swallow-people ; and, toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty ; 850
 The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take

Their arduous vcyage through the liquid sky.
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ;
 And many a circle, many a short essay, 856
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends ; and, riding high
 The' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of furthest Thulè, and the' Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's seagirt reign ; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ! or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of luxury. And here awhile the muse,

High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees Caledonia, in romantic view :
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 885
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 89

O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
 Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race 890
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave ;
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
 Great patriot hero ! ill requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bound
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil, 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh ! is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Through late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain ?
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths and crowd upon our shores ;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe ;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle
 Her hope, her stay her darling, and her boast.

AUTUMN.

109

From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combined,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
 Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow .
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the Season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded ether : whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current : while illumined wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And through their lucid veil his soften'd force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things :
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet : 965

To sooth the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, 976
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 985

The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air. 990
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power

Of philosophic Melancholy comes
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
 The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes.
 Inflames imagination; through the breast
 Infuses every tenderness; and far 1010
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 As varied, and as high: Devotion raised
 To rapture and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature, unconfined, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them bless'd; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn 1021
 Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory through remotest time;
 The' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame; 1025
 The sympathies of love and friendship dear
 With all the social offspring of the heart.
 Oh! bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms; 1030
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
 And voices more than human, through the void
 Deep sounding, seize the' enthusiastic ear!
 Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1034
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
 In countless numbers bless'd Britannia sees;
 O, lead me to the wide extended walks,

The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !* 1040
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed †
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be undone 1045
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that Temple † where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse bless'd, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods. 1051
 While there with thee the' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of attic land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou, 1060
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires,
 And every passion speaks : O, through her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence † that moulds
 The' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065
 Of honest Zeal the' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
 While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes
 What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,

* The seat of Lord Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens

Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war ; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The British youth would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;
 And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1081
 In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson east.

Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, 1091
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when, half blotted from the sky, her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots ; ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix and th'wart, extinguish and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd.
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 The' appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1113
 Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire,
 Till the long lines of full extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapp'd in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm:
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 The' unalterable hour: e'en Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135
 Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety 1140
 One universal blot: such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge; 1145
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails 1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf :
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife 1155
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better genius of the night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits ; and shows the narrow path, 1160
 That winding leads through pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elapsed, the Morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
 And hung on every spray, on every blade
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round. 1169

Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
 Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
 Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoiced
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;
 And, used to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honied domes, 1180
 Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you reas'd the Spring,
 Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer heats away ?
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ? 1186
 O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long how long
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,

Awaiting renovation ? when obliged,
 Must you destroy ? of their ambrosial food 1199
 Can you not borrow ; and, in just return
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ;
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day ?
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate and wild ; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seized
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame. 1205
 Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high,
 Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze ! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply tinged
 With a peculiar blue ! the' ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure throned
 The radiant sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded earth ! the harvest treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 Partiz not unmeaning looks ; and where her eye

Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
 Begins again the never ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired, 1235
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life.

What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused ?
 Vile intercourse ! what though the glittering robe
 Of every hue reflected light can give, 1241

Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
 What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life 1145

Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury, and death ? What though his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ? 1250

What though he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estranged 1255

To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 126

Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;

Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ; 1271
 Unsullied Beauty ; sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious Toil,
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
 Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urged or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this through cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct ; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight ;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states 1301
 Move not the man who, from the world escaped,

In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month
 And day to day, through the revolving year : 1302
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshen'd soul ; her genial hours
 He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain,
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave, 1315
 Or Hæmus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
 Perhaps, is in immortal numbers sung ;
 Or what she dictates writes : and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throes ; and, through the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Discos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on the' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twined around his neck, 1340

And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind. 1344
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When Angels dwelt, and GOD himself with Man !
 Oh Nature ! all sufficient ! over all ! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; through the disclosing deep 1358
 Light my blind way ; the mineral strata there ;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood, 1366
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition ; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
 Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song ,
 And let me never, never stray from Thee ! 1371

1371

WINTER.

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

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms, 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheer'ful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure; 11
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smiled.
To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse. O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne. 21
Attempted through the summer blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale
And now among the wintry clouds again.

Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ,
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds , 23
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ,
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description and with manly thought
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing, for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains the' inverted year ,
 Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Through the thick air ; as clothed in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapour turbulence of heaven.
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Through Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,

And black with more than melancholy views.
 The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm :
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapp'd in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
 That grumbling wave below. The' unsightly plain
 Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from the' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls, 85
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er the' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the roused-up river pours along :
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far

Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 106
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stre
 Their gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils and wheels and foams and thunders thro
 Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic are thy works !
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !
 Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserved,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115
 In what far distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?
 When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey : while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxer thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretel the blast. But chief the plummy race,

The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight.
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove ;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
 The circling seafowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends the' ethereal force, and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Through the black night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 160
 Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters : now the' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
 Nor eels at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns. 175

The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling through the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;

And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190

Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196

All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200
 Then, straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.

Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
 And Contemplation, her sedate compeer ;
 Let me shake off the' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !
 Ye ever tempting ever cheating train ! 210

Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse :
 Sad, sickening thought ! and yet, delude^d man,

WINTER.

127

A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolved, 215
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !
 O, teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul 220
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
 Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies. to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.

Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide

The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone, 245

The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights

On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks, 266
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth.
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad-dispersed,
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266
 With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains 270
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urged,
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,
 Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes, 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart :

WINTER.

123

When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290

His tufted cottage rising through the snow,

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,

Far from the track and bless'd abode of man!

While round him night resistless closes fast,

And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295

Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throug the busy shapes into his mind

Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,

A dire descent! beyond the power of frost!

Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300

Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,

In the loose marsh or solitary lake,

Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift. 306

Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,

Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots

Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

In vain for him the' officious wife prepares

The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out

Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,

With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve

The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;

And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,

Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse, 320

Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,

Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;

They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325

Ah! little think they, while they dance along,

How many feel, and very many mend death,

And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
 In deep retired distress How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh :
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous band,*
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ? 361
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

WINTER.

13.

While in the land of Liberty, the land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants raged ;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth :
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370
 The freeborn Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375
 O great design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of Mercy ! yet resume the search ;
 Drag forth the regal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
 How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke
 And every man within the reach of right.
 By wintry famine roused, from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
 And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands,
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony and gaunt and grim !
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,

And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The godlike face of man avails him nought.
 E'en beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance 405
 The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, apprised of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate ') 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embraced
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ; 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll,
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the greaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty Dead ;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humanized a world. 435
 Roused at the' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The longlived volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440

Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
 That Voice of God within the' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, o. in life or death :
 Great moral teacher ! Wisest of mankind ! 445
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal
 On equity's wide base ; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and humankind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted Chief,* who proved by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom the' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty revered ;
 Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 Cimon sweet-soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timoleon, happy temper ! mild and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair‡

* Leonidas. † Themistocles.

‡ Pelopidas and Epaminoudas.

Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid woes behind, 486
 Phœon the Good ; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 488
 And he, the last of old Lyncurgus' sons,
 'The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
 E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train : 490
 Aratus, who awhile relumed the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece ;
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant Philopœmen ; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxuriant pomp he could not cure ; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly loved :
 Her better Founder first, the light of Rome,
 Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons :
 Servius the king, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The public Father* who the private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold ;
 And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
 Thy willing victim, † Carthage, bursting loose

* Marcus Junius Brutus

† Regulus.

WINTER.

135

From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command. 515

Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
 With Friendship and Philosophy retired. 520

Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :
 And, thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged, 525
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven .
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !

Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and equal, by his side,
 The British Muse : join'd hand in hand they walk, 535
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame,
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew the' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene ;
 Nor those who, tuneful, waked the' enchanting lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine ! 541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill with Pope descend, 550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart :
 For though not sweet his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou, the darling pride
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 556
 Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasured store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ; 565
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?
 Ah ! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humble hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired :
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
 Or sprung eternal from the' Eternal Mind ;
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection, to the' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the mortal world,
 Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order ; fitted and impell'd 585
 By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
 In general good. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us through the deeps of time .
 Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,

n scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
 Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life : or, snatch'd away by hope,
 Through the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep shaking every nerve.
 Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
 While well attested, and as well believed,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid, 625
 On purpose guardless or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes

Of native music, the respondent dance
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.
 The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd and evolved a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 640
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in his summer shine,
 The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645
 Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;
 Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the Comic Muse 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* show'd. 655
 O Thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refined,
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 600
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
 Of polish'd life ; permit the rural Muse,

* A character in *The Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir R. Steele.

O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place,)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit which, with British scorn,
 Rejects the' allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point 675
 And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects
 Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680
 Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair, //
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears.
 Thou to assenting reason givest again
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 The' obedient passions on thy voice attend; 686
 And e'en reluctant party feels awhile
 Thy gracious power; as through the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound, and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse
 For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, the' ethereal nitre flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent; feeds and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain;

Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Derived, thou secret all-invading power, 715
 Whom e'en the' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped
 Like double wedges, and diffused immense
 Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seized from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river grows below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief ;
 The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall 735
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,

WINTER.

14

Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues and fancied figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plumy wave ;
 And by the frost refined the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.
 On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
 And revelry dissolved ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptured boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
 Not less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Meantime to raise 775
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,

Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day ;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon .
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff :
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray : 785

Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the Season, desolate the fields ;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this ? our infant Winter sinks
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoo' into the frigid zone ;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow ;
And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 805
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
With news of humankind. Yet there life glows ;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
The furry nations harbour : tipp'd with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;

* The old name for China.

Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 817

There, waria together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
 Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful dying race, with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on the' ensanguined snows,
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home. 824

There through the piny forest half-absorb'd,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath the' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierced,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
 Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er the' enfeebled south, 841
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
 Despise the' insensate barbarous trade of war,
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;

* The North-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

And through the restless ever tortured maze
 Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage. 850
 Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 851
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
 E'en in the depth of polar night, they find
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fringed with roses Tengliot rolls his stream,

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

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

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair ;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 860
 Twice happy race ! by poverty secured
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 865
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
 And furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 880
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.*
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court ; 895
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905
 And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or, rushing hideous down, 910
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.

* The other hemisphere.

Ocean itself no longer can resist
 'The binding fury : but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost. 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they. 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's* fate, 925
 As with first prow (what have not Britons dared ?)
 He for the passage sought. attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men ;
 And, half enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know : nor aught of life 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-west passage.

Sneds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform, 956
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these
A people savage from remotest time, [shores,

A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By Heaven inspired, from gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he 958

His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man.

Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once

The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port

His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,

Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes!

Then cities rise amid the' illumined waste;

O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;

Far distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975

The' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;

Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd

With daring keel before; and armies stretch

Each way their dazzling files, repressing here

The frantic Alexander of the north, 980

And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.

Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,

Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,

Taught by the Royal Hand that roused the whole,

One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000

And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charged,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,

While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 The' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.

More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.

Yet Providence, that ever waking eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil

Of mortars ~~as~~, to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never failing friend of Man, 1040
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1045
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,

To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licensed pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil is no more :
 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

1060

1065

~~25~~ pages -

30 1/3 pages

H Y M N.



THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness, and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round: the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heart refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year: 10
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful THOU ' with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade; 25
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent sphere; 30

Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change evolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life
 Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes
 Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake the' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 The' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ; 50
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main.
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous praise : whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to HIM ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world, 70
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles, 81
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ; in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred greve ; 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll !--
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 V hether the blossom blows, the summer ray 95
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !
 Should fate command me to the furthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
 To the void waste as in the city full :

And where He vital breathes there must be joy
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to futura worlds,
 I cheerful will obey : there, with new powers, 110
 Will rising wonders sing I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,
 And better thence again, and better still 111
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in Him, in Light ineffable !
 Come then expressive Silence, muse His praise

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