

**Classic Poetry Series**

**James Thomson**  
**- poems -**

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# James Thomson(11 September 1700 – 27 August 1748)

James Thomson was a Scottish poet and playwright, known for his masterpiece *The Seasons* and the lyrics of *Rule, Britannia!*.

**Scotland, 1700-1725**

James Thomson was born in Ednam in Roxburghshire around 11 September 1700 and baptised on 15 September. The fourth of nine children of Thomas Thomson and Beatrix Thomson (née Trotter). Beatrix Thomson was born in Fogo, Berwickshire and was a distant relation of the house of Hume. Thomas Thomson was the Presbyterian minister of Ednam until eight weeks after Thomson's birth, when he was admitted as minister of Southdean, where Thomson spent most of his early years.

Thomson may have attended the parish school of Southdean before going to the grammar school in Jedburgh in 1712. He failed to distinguish himself there. Shiels, his earliest biographer, writes: 'far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, [Thomson] was considered by his schoolmaster, and those which directed his education, as being really without a common share of parts'. He was, however, encouraged to write poetry by Robert Riccaltoun (1691–1769), a farmer, poet and Presbyterian minister; and Sir William Bennet (d. 1729), a whig laird who was a patron of Allan Ramsay. While some early poems by Thomson survive, he burned most of them on New Year's Day each year.

Thomson entered the College of Edinburgh in autumn 1715, destined for the Presbyterian ministry. At Edinburgh he studied metaphysics, Logic, Ethics, Greek, Latin and Natural Philosophy. He completed his arts course in 1719 but chose not to graduate, instead entering Divinity Hall to become a minister. In 1716 Thomas Thomson died, with local legend saying that he was killed whilst performing an exorcism. At Edinburgh Thomson became member of the Grotesque Club, a literary group, and he met his lifelong friend David Mallet. After the successful publication of some of his poems in the 'Edinburgh Miscellany' Thomson followed Mallet to London in February 1725 in an effort to publish his verse.

**London, 1725-1727**

In London Thomson became a tutor to the son of Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning, through connections on his mother's side of the family. Through David Mallet, by

1724 a published poet, Thomson met the great English poets of the day including Richard Savage, Aaron Hill and Alexander Pope. Thomson's mother died on 12 May 1725, around the time of his writing 'Winter', the first poem of "The Seasons". 'Winter' was first published in 1726 by John Millian, with a second edition being released (with revisions, additions and a preface) later the same year.

By 1727 Thomson was working on Summer, published in February, and was working at Watt's Academy, a school for young gentlemen and a bastion of Newtonian science. In the same year Millian published a poem by Thomson titled 'A Poem to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton' (who had died in March). Leaving Watt's academy Thomson hoped to earn a living through his poetry, helped by his acquiring several wealthy patrons including Thomas Rundle, the countess of Hertford and Charles Talbot, 1st Baron Talbot.

### **<b>Later Life, 1728-1748</b>**

He wrote Spring in 1728 and finally Autumn in 1730, when the set of four was published together as The Seasons. During this period he also wrote other poems, such as to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton, and his first play, The Tragedy of Sophonisba (1729). The latter is best known today for its mention in Samuel Johnson's Lives of the English Poets, where Johnson records that one 'feeble' line of the poem - "O, Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!" was parodied by the wags of the theatre as, "O, Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!".

In 1730, he became tutor to the son of Sir Charles Talbot, then Solicitor-General, and spent nearly two years in the company of the young man on a tour of Europe . On his return Talbot arranged for him to become a secretary in chancery, which gave him financial security until Talbot's death in 1737. Meanwhile there appeared his next major work, Liberty (1734).

In 1740, he collaborated with Mallet on the masque Alfred which was first performed at Cliveden, the country home of the Frederick, Prince of Wales. Thomson's words for "Rule Britannia", written as part of that masque and set to music by Thomas Arne, became one of the most well-known British patriotic songs - quite apart from the masque which is now virtually forgotten. The Prince gave him a pension of £100 per annum. He had also introduced him to George Lyttelton, who became his friend and patron.

In later years, Thomson lived in Richmond upon Thames, and it was there that he wrote his final work The Castle of Indolence, which was published just before his untimely death on August 27, 1748. Johnson writes about Thomson's death,

"by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some careless exasperation, ended in a fever that put end to his life"

A dispute over the publishing rights to one of his works, *The Seasons* gave rise to two important legal decisions (*Millar v. Taylor*; *Donaldson v. Beckett*) in the history of copyright.

Thomson's *The Seasons* was translated into German by Barthold Heinrich Brockes (1745). This translation formed the basis for a work with the same title by Gottfried van Swieten, which became the libretto for Haydn's oratorio *The Seasons*.

# A Complaint On The Miseries Of Life

I loathe, O Lord, this life below,  
And all its fading fleeting joys;  
'Tis a short space that's fill'd with woe,  
Which all our bliss by far outweighs.  
When will the everlasting morn  
With dawning light the skies adorn?  
Fityly this life's compared to night,  
When gloomy darkness shades the sky;  
Just like the morn's our glimmering light  
Reflected from the Deity.  
When will celestial morn dispel  
These dark surrounding shades of hell?  
I'm sick of this vexatious state,  
Where cares invade my peaceful hours;  
Strike the last blow, O courteous fate,  
I'll smiling fall like mowed flowers;  
I'll gladly spurn this clogging clay,  
And, sweetly singing, soar away.  
What's money but refined dust?  
What's honours but an empty name?  
And what is soft enticing lust,  
But a consuming idle flame?  
Yea, what is all beneath the sky  
But emptiness and vanity?  
With thousand ills our life's oppress'd,  
There's nothing here worth living for  
In the lone grave I long to rest,  
And be harass'd here no more:  
Where joy's fantastic, grief's sincere,  
And where there's nought for which I care.  
Thy word, O Lord, shall be my guide,  
Heaven, where thou dwellest is my goal;  
Through corrupt life grant I may glide  
With an untainted upward soul.  
Then may this life, this dreary night,  
Dispelled be by morning light.

James Thomson

# A Hymn

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the 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 thro' the swelling year;  
And of Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks-  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.  
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore;  
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.  
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade,  
And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
That they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.  
Nature, attend! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join! and, ardent, raise

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

At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove;  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,  
Be my tongue mute - my fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!  
Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song - where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Falmes on th' Atlantic isles - 'tis nought to me:  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.  
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs,  
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,  
In infinite progression.- But I lose  
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!  
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

James Thomson



## A Man Perishing In The Snow: From Whence Reflections Are Raised On The Miseries Of Life.

As thus the snows arise; and foul and fierce,  
All winter drives along the darken'd air;  
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on,  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
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 fill his heart!  
When, for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of man;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent, beyond the pow'r of frost!  
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingled storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On ev'ry nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,  
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.  
Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround;  
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel riot, waste;  
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
All the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man!  
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,  
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs! How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds  
How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerless poverty! How many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse!  
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
In deep retir'd distress! How many stand  
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
And point out the parting anguish! Thought fond man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;  
The conscious heart of charity would warm,  
And her wide wish benevolence dilate;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work.

James Thomson

# A Nuptial Song

Come, gentle Venus! and assuage  
A warring world, a bleeding age.  
For nature lives beneath thy ray,  
The wintry tempests haste away,  
A lucid calm invests the sea,  
Thy native deep is full of thee;  
The flowering earth where'er you fly,  
Is all o'er spring, all sun the sky;  
A genial spirit warms the breeze,  
Unseen among the blooming trees,  
The feathered lovers tune their throat,  
The desert growls a softened note,  
Glad o'er the meads the cattle bound,  
And love and harmony go round.  
But chief into the human heart  
You strike the dear delicious dart;  
You teach us pleasing pangs to know,  
To languish in luxurious woe,  
To feel the generous passions rise,  
Grow good by gazing; mild by sighs;  
Each happy moment to improve,  
And fill the perfect year with love.  
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!  
To whom all creatures owe their birth;  
Oh, come, sweet smiling! tender, come!  
And yet prevent our final doom.  
For long the furious god of war  
Has crushed us with his iron car,  
Has raged along our ruined plains,  
Has soiled them with his cruel stains,  
Has sunk our youth in endless sleep,  
And made the widowed virgin weep.  
Now let him feel thy wonted charms,  
Oh, take him to thy twining arms!  
And, while thy bosom heaves on his,  
While deep he prints the humid kiss,  
Ah, then! his stormy heart control,  
And sigh thyself into his soul.



# A Paraphrase On The Latter Part Of The Sixth Chapter Of St Matthew

When my breast labours with oppressive care,  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear:  
While all my warring passions are at strife,  
Oh! let me listen to the words of life!  
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,  
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.  
'Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,  
Is spread at once upon the springing board;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?  
And the fair body its investing weed?  
Behold! and look away your low despair -  
See the light tenants of the barren air:  
To them, not stores, nor granaries, belong;  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;  
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain;  
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;  
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain;  
He hears the gay, and the distressful call;  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.'  
'Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;  
Observe the various vegetable race:  
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow;  
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
What regal vestments can with them compare?  
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!'  
'If ceaseless, thus, the fowls of heav'n he feeds;  
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;  
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?  
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?'



# A Pastoral Between Thirsis And Corydon, Upon The Death Of Damon, By Whom Is Meant Mr. W. Riddell

Thir.

Say, tell me true, what is the doleful cause  
That Corydon is not the man he was?  
Your cheerful presence used to lighten cares,  
And from the plains to banish gloomy fears.  
Whene'er unto the circling swains you sung  
Our ravish'd souls upon the music hung;  
The gazing, listening flocks forgot their meat,  
While vocal grottos did your lays repeat:  
But now your gravity our mirth rebukes,  
And in your downcast and desponding looks  
Appears some fatal and impending woe;  
I fear to ask, and yet desire to know.

Cor.

The doleful news, how shall I, Thirsis, tell!  
In blooming youth the hapless Damon fell:  
He's dead, he's dead, and with him all my joy;  
The mournful thought does all gay forms destroy:  
This is the cause of my unusual grief,  
Which sullenly admits of no relief.

Thir.

Begone all mirth! begone all sports and play,  
To a deluge of grief and tears give way.  
Damon the just, the generous, and the young,  
Must Damon's worth and merit be unsung?  
No, Corydon, the wondrous youth you knew  
How as in years so he in virtue grew;  
Embalm his fame in never dying verse,  
As a just tribute to his doleful hearse.

Cor.

Assist me, mighty grief, my breast inspire  
With generous heats and with thy wildest fire,  
While in a solemn and a mournful strain  
Of Damon gone for ever I complain.



Ye muses, weep; your mirth and songs forbear,  
And for him sigh and shed a friendly tear;  
He was your favourite, and by your aid  
In charming verse his witty thoughts array'd;  
He had of knowledge, learning, wit, a store,  
To it denied he still press'd after more.  
He was a pious and a virtuous soul,  
And still press'd forward to the heavenly goal;  
He was a faithful, true, and constant friend,  
Faithful, and true, and constant to the end.  
Ye flowers, hang down and droop your heads,  
No more around your grateful odours spread;  
Ye leafy trees, your blooming honours shed,  
Damon for ever from your shade is fled;  
Fled to the mansions of eternal light,  
Where endless wonders strike his happy sight.  
Ye birds, be mute, as through the trees you fly,  
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.  
Ye winds, breathe sighs as through the air you rove,  
And in sad pomp the trembling branches move.  
Ye gliding brooks, O weep your channels dry,  
My flowing tears them fully shall supply;  
You in soft murmurs may your grief express,  
And yours, you swains, in mournful songs compress.  
I to some dark and gloomy shade will fly,  
Dark as the grave wherein my friend does lie;  
And for his death to lonely rocks complain  
In mournful accents and a dying strain,  
While pining echo answers me again.

James Thomson

# A Pastoral Betwixt David, Thirsis, And The Angel Gabriel, Upon The Birth Of Our Saviour

DAVID.

What means yon apparition in the sky,  
Thirsis, that dazzles every shepherd's eye?  
I slumbering was when from yon glorious cloud  
Came gliding music heavenly, sweet, and loud,  
With sacred raptures which my bosom fires,  
And with celestial joy my soul inspires;  
It soothes the native horrors of the night,  
And gladdens nature more than dawning light.

THIRSIS.

But hold, see hither through the yielding air  
An angel comes: for mighty news prepare.

ANGEL GABRIEL.

Rejoice, ye swains, anticipate the morn  
With songs of praise; for lo! a Saviour's born.  
With joyful haste to Bethlehem repair,  
And you will find the almighty infant there;  
Wrapp'd in a swaddling band you'll find your king,  
And in a manger laid, to him your praises bring.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

To God who in the highest dwells,  
Immortal glory be;  
Let peace be in the humble cells  
Of Adam's progeny.

DAVID.

No more the year shall wintry horrors bring;  
Fix'd in the indulgence of eternal spring,  
Immortal green shall clothe the hills and vales,  
And odorous sweets shall load the balmy gales;  
The silver brooks shall in soft murmurs tell  
The joy that shall their oozy channels swell.  
Feed on, my flocks, and crop the tender grass,  
Let blooming joy appear on every face;

For lo! this blessed, this propitious morn,  
The Saviour of lost mankind is born.

THIRISIS.

Thou fairest morn that ever sprang from night,  
Or deck'd the opening skies with rosy light,  
Well mayst thou shine with a distinguish'd ray,  
Since here Emmanuel condescends to stay.  
Our fears, our guilt, our darkness to dispel,  
And save us from the horrid jaws of hell.  
Who from his throne descended, matchless love!  
To guide poor mortals to bless'd seats above:  
But come without delay, let us be gone,  
Shepherd, let's go, and humbly kiss the Son.

James Thomson

# A Pastoral Entertainment

While in heroic numbers some relate  
The amazing turns of wise eternal fate;  
Exploits of heroes in the dusty field,  
That to their name immortal honour yield;  
Grant me, ye powers, by the limpid spring  
The harmless of the plain to sing,  
A wreath of flowers cull'd from the  
Is all the my humble muse demands.  
Now blithsome shepherds, by the early dawn,  
Their new shorn flocks drive to the dewy lawn;  
While, in a bleating language, each salutes  
The welcome morning and their fellow brutes:  
Then all prepared for the rural feast,  
And in their finest Sunday habits drest;  
The crystal brook supplied the mirror's place,  
They bathed and viewed their cleanly face,  
And nymphs resorted to the fields  
Pomp the country yields.  
The place appointed was a spacious vale,  
Fann'd always by a cooling western gale,  
Which in soft breezes through the meadows stray,  
And steals the ripened fragrances away;  
Here every shepherd might his flocks survey,  
Securely roam and take his harmless play;  
And here were flowers each shepherdess to grace,  
On her fair bosom courting but a place.  
How in this vale, beneath a grateful shade,  
By twining boughs of spreading made,  
On seats of homely turf themselves they place,  
And cheerfully enjoyed the rural feast,  
Consisting of the produce of the fields,  
And all the luxury the country yields.  
No maddening liquors spoil'd their harmless mirth,  
But an untainted spring their thirst allayed,  
Which in meadows through the valley strayed.  
Thrice happy swains who spend your golden days  
In pastime; and when night displays  
Her sable shade, to peaceful huts retire;  
Can any man a sweeter bliss desire?

In ancient times so pass'd the smiling hour,  
When our first parents lived in Eden's bower,  
E'er care and trouble were pronounced,  
Or sin had blasted the creation.

James Thomson

# A Poem Sacred To The Memory Of Sir Isaac Newton

Shall the great soul of Newton quit this earth,  
To mingle with his stars; and every muse,  
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight  
Of honours due to his illustrious name?  
But what can man?--Even now the sons of light,  
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,  
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.  
Yet am not I deterr'd, though high the theme,  
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,  
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire  
In Nature's general symphony to join.

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

Have ye not listen'd while he bound the suns  
And planets to their spheres! th' unequal task  
Of humankind till then. Oft had they roll'd  
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd  
The pride of schools, before their course was known  
Full in its causes and effects to him,  
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd  
Romantic schemes, defended by the din  
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;  
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,  
And with heroic patience years on years  
Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,  
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!  
And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,  
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys  
In some small fray victorious! when instead  
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd  
By violence unmanly, and sore deeds  
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself

Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid  
Her every latent glory to his view.

All intellectual eye, our solar-round  
First gazing through, he by the blended power  
Of gravitation and projection saw  
The whole in silent harmony revolve.  
From unassisted vision hid, the moons  
To cheer remoter planets numerous pour'd,  
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.  
He also fix'd the wandering Queen of Night,  
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,  
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,  
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.  
Her every motion clear-discerning, he  
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught  
Why now the mighty mass of water swells  
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,  
And the full river turning; till again  
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves  
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight  
Through the blue infinite; and every star,  
Which the clear concave of a winter's night  
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,  
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,  
Or such as farther in successive skies  
To fancy shine alone, at his approach  
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each  
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,  
And rul'd unerring by that single power,  
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!  
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call  
From a few causes such a scheme of things,  
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,  
An universe complete! and O belov'd  
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,  
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd  
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

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

The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule  
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres  
To their first great simplicity restor'd.  
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain  
To keep at odds with demonstration strong,  
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze  
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,  
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,  
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun!  
Th' aërial flow of sound was known to him,  
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,  
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.  
Nor could the darting beam of speed immense  
Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye.  
Ev'n Light itself, which every thing displays,  
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind  
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;  
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,  
Collecting every ray into his kind,  
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train  
Of parent colours. First the flaming red  
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;  
And next delicious yellow; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.  
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies  
Ethereal played; and then, of sadder hue,  
Emerg'd the deepen'd indigo, as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;  
While the last gleamings of refracted light  
Died in the fainting violet away.  
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,  
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow;  
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends  
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.



Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,  
And myriads still remain--infinite source  
Of beauty, ever flushing, ever new.

Did ever poet image aught so fair,  
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves by the hoarse brook?  
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends?  
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds,  
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare  
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down  
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,  
Where the green islands of the happy shine,  
He stemm'd alone; and, to the source (involv'd  
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd  
His lights at equal distances, to guide  
Historian wilder'd on his darksome way.

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

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd  
Responsive to his knowledge? For could he,  
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw  
The finish'd university of things  
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,  
Forbear incessant to adore that Power  
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,  
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,  
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends  
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,  
oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm  
How greatly humble, how divinely good,  
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;  
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve  
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,

And panting for perfection; far above  
Those little cares and visionary joys  
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart  
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.  
This, Conduitt, from thy rural hours we hope;  
As through the pleasing shade where nature pours  
Her every sweet in studious ease you walk,  
The social passions smiling at thy heart  
That glows with all the recollected sage.

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

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,  
Solemn as when some awful change is come,  
Sound through the world--" 'Tis done!--the measure's full;  
And I resign my charge."--Ye mouldering stones  
That build the towering pyramid, the proud  
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd  
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports  
The worship'd name of hoar antiquity--  
Down to the dust! What grandeur can ye boast  
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,  
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop  
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom  
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child--  
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear  
And elegiac song. But Newton calls  
For other notes of gratulation high,  
That now he wanders through those endless worlds  
He here so well descried, and wondering talks,  
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou  
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,

Who joy to see the honour of their kind;  
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,  
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,  
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,  
And grateful adoration for that light  
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below  
From Light Himself; oh, look with pity down  
On humankind, a frail erroneous race!  
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!  
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,  
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,  
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth;  
For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,  
And glories in thy name! she points thee out  
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:  
While, in expectance of the second life,  
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust  
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

James Thomson

# A Poetical Epistle To Sir William Bennet, Bart. Of Grubbat

My trembling muse your honour does address,  
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess;  
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,  
She'll upwards soar and mount Parnassus' height.  
If little things with great may be compared  
In Rome it so with the divine Virgil fared;  
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,  
Made his great genius flash poetic fire;  
But if upon my flight your honour frowns,  
The muse folds up her wings, and dying - justice owns.

James Thomson

# A Summer Noon

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all  
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground  
Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams  
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields  
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
Blast fancy's bloom, and wither even 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;  
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard  
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.  
The very streams look languid from afar:  
Or, through th' unshelter'd glad, impatient, seem  
To hurl into the covert of the grove.  
All-conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath,  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
And restless turn, and look around for night;  
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:  
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever sprouting streams,  
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.  
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure  
And every passion aptly harmonised,  
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.



# An Elegy On Parting

It was a sad, ay 'twas a sad farewell,  
I still afresh the pangs of parting feel;  
Against my breast my heart impatient beat,  
And in deep sighs bemoan'd its cruel fate;  
Thus with the object of my love to part,  
My life! my joy! 'twould rend a rocky heart.  
Where'er I turn myself, where'er I go,  
I meet the image of my lovely foe;  
With witching charms the phantom still appears,  
And with her wanton smiles insults my tears;  
Still haunts the places where we used to walk,  
And where with raptures oft I heard her talk:  
Those scenes I now with deepest sorrow view,  
And sighing bid to all delight adieu.  
While I my head upon this turf recline,  
Officious sun, in vain on me you shine;  
In vain unto the smiling fields I hie;  
In vain the flowery meads salute my eye;  
In vain the cheerful birds and shepherds sing,  
And with their carols make the valleys ring;  
Yea, all the pleasure that the country yield  
Can't me from sorrow for her absence shield;  
With divine pleasure books which one inspire,  
Yea, books themselves I do not now admire.  
But hark! methinks some pitying power I hear,  
This welcome message whisper in my ear:  
'Forget thy groundless griefs, dejected swain,  
You and the nymph you love shall meet again;  
No more your muse shall sing such mournful lays,  
But bounteous heaven and your kind mistress praise.'

James Thomson

# An Elegy Upon James Therburn, In Chatto

Now, Chatto, you're a dreary place,  
Pale sorrow broods on ilka face;  
Therburn has run his race.  
And now, and now, ah me, alas!  
The carl lies dead.

Having his paternoster said,  
He took a dram and went to bed;  
He fell asleep, and death was glad  
That he had catched him;  
For Therburn was e'en ill bested,  
That none did watch him.

For had the carl but been aware,  
That meagre death, who none does spare,  
T'attempt sic things should ever dare,  
As stop his pipe;  
He might have come to flee or scare;  
The greedy gripe.

How he'd had but a gill or twae,  
Death would nae got the victory sae,  
Nor put poor Therburn o'er the brae,  
Into the grave;

..... [1]

The fumbling fellow, some folks say,  
Should be jobbed on baith night and day;  
She had without'en better play,  
Remained still,  
Barren for ever and for aye,  
Do what he will.

Therefore they say he got some help  
In getting of the little whelp;  
But passing that, it makes me yelp,  
But what remead?  
Death lent him sic a cursed skelp,



That now he's dead.

Therburn, for evermore farewell,  
And be thy grave both dry and deep;  
And rest thy carcase soft and well,  
Free from . . . . .  
. . . . . no night . . . . .  
Disturb . . . . .

James Thomson

## Care Of Birds For Their Young

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
Tho' the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,  
Her sympathising partner takes his stand  
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
A helpless family, demanding food  
With constant clamour. O what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The more delicious morsel to their young;  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
By fortune sunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,  
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar brest;  
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,  
Sustain'd alone by providential Heav'n,  
Oft, as they weeping, eye their infant train,  
Check their own appetites, and give them all.  
Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,  
By the great Father of the spring inspired,  
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 alarmed, deceive  
The unfeeling shool-boy. Hence, around the head  
Of wandering swain, the white winged plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on,  
In long excursion, skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence,  
O'er the rough moss; and o'er the trackless waste

The heath-hen flutters; pious fraud! to lead  
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

James Thomson

# Cattle In Summer

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
Gently diffused into a limpid plain  
A various group the herds and flocks compose.  
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank  
Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
Half circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
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;  
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;  
The startling scatters from the shallow brook,  
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
Through all the bright severity of noon;  
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

James Thomson

## Come, Gentle God

Come, gentle God of soft desire,  
Come and possess my happy breast,  
Not fury-like in flames and fire,  
Or frantic folly's wildness dressed;

But come in friendship's angel-guise;  
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,  
More tender spirit in thy eyes,  
More sweet emotions at thy heart.

O, come with goodness in thy train,  
With peace and pleasure void of storm,  
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,  
Put on Amanda's winning form.

James Thomson

# Contentment

If those who live in shepherd's bower,  
Press not the rich and stately bed;  
The new-mown hay and breathing flower  
A softer couch beneath them spread.

If those who sit at shepherd's board,  
Soothe not their taste by wanton art;  
They take what Nature's gifts afford,  
And take it with a cheerful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,  
No high and sparkling wines can boast;  
With wholesome cups they cheer the soul,  
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport,  
Gay dancing on the daisied ground,  
Have not the splendour of a court;  
Yet love adorns the merry round.

James Thomson

# Dawn In Summer

When now no more th' alternate twins are fired,  
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the Night;  
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,  
White breaks the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospects wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward; while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes  
The native voice of undissembled joy;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
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  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

James Thomson

# Death Of The Stag

The stag, too, singled from the herd, where long  
He ranged, the branching monarch of the shade,  
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;  
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:  
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood:  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:  
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
With selfish care avoids a brother's woe.  
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
So full of buoyant spirits, now no more  
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;  
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face;  
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

James Thomson



# Epilogue To Agamemnon

Our bard, to modern epilogue a foe,  
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens generous woe;  
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,  
And wipes the tender tear from Pity's eye:  
No more with social warmth the bosom burns;  
But all the unfeeling selfish man returns.  
Thus he began:—And you approved the strain;  
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.  
You check'd him there.—To you, to reason just,  
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.  
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure graced,  
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.  
Wide will its influence spread as soon as known:  
Truth, to be loved, needs only to be shown.  
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good:  
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)  
No petulance shall wound the public ear;  
No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear:  
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;  
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.  
Chastised to decency, the British stage  
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage:  
Both shall attend well pleased, well pleased depart;  
Or if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

James Thomson

## Epilogue To Tancred And Sigismunda

Cramm'd to the throat with wholesome moral stuff,  
Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.  
Was ever hapless heroine of a play  
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?  
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?  
Match'd with two husbands, and yet—die a maid.  
But bless me!—hold—What sounds are these I hear!—  
I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.

[The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic sylvan landscape; from which Mrs. Cibber, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines]:

Hence with your flippant epilogue, that tries  
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;  
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,  
With strains—at best, unsuited, light and vain.  
Hence from the pure unsullied beams that play  
In yon fair eyes where virtue shines—Away!  
Britons, to you from chaste Castalian groves,  
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves!  
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,  
And court my aid to rise again to fame;  
To you I come, to Freedom's noblest seat,  
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.  
In Greece and Rome, I watch'd the public weal,  
The purple tyrant trembled at my steel:  
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,  
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.  
On France and you then rose my brightening star,  
With social ray—The arts are ne'er at war.  
O, as your fire and genius stronger blaze,  
As yours are generous Freedom's bolder lays,  
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,  
In decent manners and in life refined;  
Banish the motley mode to tag low verse,  
The laughing ballad to the mournful hearse.  
When through five acts your hearts have learnt to glow,  
Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe;

O keep the dear impression on your breast,  
Nor idly loose it for a wretched jest.

James Thomson

# Epitaph On Miss Stanley, In Holyrood Church, Southampton

E. S.

Once a lively image of human nature,  
Such as God made it  
When he pronounced every work of his to be good.  
To the memory of Elizabeth Stanley,  
Daughter of George and Sarah Stanley;  
Who to all the beauty, modesty,  
And gentleness of nature,  
That ever adorned the most amiable woman,  
Joined all the fortitude, elevation,  
And vigour of mind,  
That ever exalted the most heroical man;  
Who having lived the pride and delight of her parents,  
The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends,  
A mistress not only of the English and French,  
But in a high degree of the Greek and Roman learning,  
Without vanity or pedantry,  
At the age of eighteen,  
After a tedious, painful, desperate illness,  
Which, with a Roman spirit,  
And a Christian resignation,  
She endured so calmly, that she seemed insensible  
To all pain and suffering, except that of her friends,  
Gave up her innocent soul to her Creator,  
And left to her mother, who erected this monument,  
The memory of her virtues for her greatest support;  
Virtues which, in her sex and station of life,  
Were all that could be practised,  
And more than will be believed,  
Except by those who know what this inscription relates.

Here, Stanley, rest! escaped this mortal strife,  
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life,  
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,  
And sternly try thee with a year of pain;  
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,  
With tender art to save her anxious groan,

No more thy bosom presses down its own;  
Now well-earned peace is thine, and bliss sincere:  
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!  
O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm;  
To show us virtue in her fairest form;  
To show us artless reason's moral reign,  
What boastful science arrogates in vain;  
The obedient passions knowing each their part;  
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!  
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey;  
When a few suns have rolled their cares away,  
Tired with vain life, will close the willing eye:  
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.  
Blessed be the bark that wafts us to the shore,  
Where death-divided friends shall part no more:  
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,  
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

James Thomson

# Evening In Autumn

The western sun withdrawn the shorten'd day,  
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky  
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  
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,  
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
Shews 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,  
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.  
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.

James Thomson

# Evening In Summer

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest songs, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feather'd seed she wings.  
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  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd  
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld.

James Thomson

# Fareweel, Ye Bughts

\*

1. Fareweel, ye bughts, an' all your ewes,  
An' fields whare bIoomin' heather grows;  
Nae mair the sportin' lambs I'll see  
Since my true love's forsaken me.

CHORUS.

Nae mair I'll hear wi' pleasure sing  
The cheerfu' lav'rock in the Spring,  
But sad in grief now I maun mourn,  
Far, far frae her, o'er Logan-burn.

2. Alas! nae mair we'll meetings keep  
At bughts, whan herds ca' in their sheep;  
Nae mair among the threshes green  
We'll row, where we hae aften been.

CHORUS

3. Nae mair for me , ye vi'lets blaw,  
Or lilies whiter than the snaw;  
Nae mair your pleasures I can bear,  
While I am absent frae my dear.

CHORUS

4. I ken the cause of my hard fate;  
In courtin' her I was too blate;  
I never kiss'd my lass at a'  
But when we met an' gaed awa'.

CHORUS

5. Oh could my tears again bring back  
The days now past, I'd no' be slack  
For ev'ry kiss she got before  
I wad gie to her now a score.

CHORUS

6. O fortune I wad you favour me



In some snug corner her to see.  
My heart I wad to her reveal,  
An' in her arms my pardon seal.  
CHORUS

\*

James Thomson

# Farewell To Ravelrig

\*

Sweet Ravelrig, I ne'er could part  
From thee, but wi' a dowie heart.  
When I think on the happy days  
I spent in youth about your braes,  
When innocence my steps did guide,  
Where murmuring streams did sweetly glide  
Beside the braes well stored wi' trees,  
And sweetest flow'rs that fend the bees:

And there the tuneful tribe doth sing,  
While lightly flitting on the wing;  
And conscious peace was ever found  
Within your mansion to abound.  
Sweet be thy former owner's rest,  
And peace to him that's now possess't  
Of all thy beauties great and small,  
Lang may he live to bruik them all!

\*

James Thomson

## From Those Eternal Regions

From those eternal regions bright,  
Where suns, that never set in night,  
Diffuse the golden day;  
Where Spring, unfading, pours around,  
O'er all the dew-impearled ground,  
Her thousand colours gay;  
O whether on the fountain's flowery side,  
Whence living waters glide,  
Or in the fragrant grove,  
Whose shade embosoms peace and love,  
New pleasures all our hours employ,  
And ravish every sense with every joy!  
Great heirs of empire! yet unborn,  
Who shall this island late adorn;  
A monarch's drooping thought to cheer,  
Appear! appear! appear!

James Thomson



# Happiness Of A Country Life

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  
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 flatt'ers false, and in their turn abused?  
Vile intercourse! What though the glitt'ring robe,  
Of every hue reflected light can give,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold -  
The pride and gaze of fools! - oppress him not?  
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiatic table heaps  
With luxury and death? What though his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive,  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged  
From disappointment and fallacious hope,  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
In herbs and fruits. Whatever greens the spring,  
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,  
When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap,  
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.  
Here, too, dwell simple truth, plain innocence,

Unsalied beauty, sound unbroken youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleased,  
Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,  
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

James Thomson

# He, When Young Spring Protrudes The Bursting Gems

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Into his freshened 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 Tempe wont to wave  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung:  
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
With gentle throes, and through the tepid gleams  
Deep-musing, then he best exerts his song.

James Thomson

# Hymn On Solitude

Hail, mildly pleasing solitude,  
Companion of the wise and good;  
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,  
The herd of fools, and villains fly.  
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,  
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,  
Which innocence, and truth imparts,  
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,  
And still in every shape you please.  
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,  
A lone philosopher you seem;  
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,  
And now you sweep the vaulted sky;  
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,  
And warble forth your oaten strain;  
A lover now, with all the grace  
Of that sweet passion in your face:  
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume  
The gentle-looking Hertford's bloom,  
As, with her Musidora, she,  
(Her Musidora fond of thee)  
Amid the long withdrawing vale,  
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,  
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;  
And while meridian fervours beat,  
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;  
But chief, when evening scenes decay,  
And the faint landskip swims away,  
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,  
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,  
The virtues of the sage, and swain;  
Plain Innocence in white array'd,  
Before thee lifts her fearless head:



Religion's beams around thee shine,  
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:  
About thee sports sweet Liberty;  
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!  
And in thy deep recesses dwell!  
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,  
When meditation has her fill,  
I just may cast my careless eyes  
Where London's spiry turrets rise,  
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,  
Then shield me in the woods again.

James Thomson

# Hymn To God's Power

Hail! Power Divine, who by thy sole command,  
From the dark empty space,  
Made the broad sea and solid land  
Smile with a heavenly grace.

Made the high mountain and firm rock,  
Where bleating cattle stray;  
And the strong, stately, spreading oak,  
That intercepts the day.

The rolling planets thou madest move,  
By thy effective will;  
And the revolving globes above  
Their destined cours fulfil.

His mighty power, ye thunders, praise,  
As through the heavens ye roll;  
And his great name, ye lightnings, blaze,  
Unto the distant pole.

Ye seas, in your eternal roar,  
His sacred praise proclaim;  
While the inactive sluggish shore  
Re-echoes to the same.

Ye howling winds, howl out his praise,  
And make the forests bow;  
While through the air, the earth, and seas,  
His solemn praise ye blow.

O yon high harmonious spheres,  
Your powerful mover sing;  
To him your circling course that steers,  
Your tuneful praises bring.

Ungrateful mortals, catch the sound,  
And in your numerous lays,  
To all the listening world around,  
The God of nature praise.

James Thomson



# Insects In Summer

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Came 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  
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,  
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool  
They sportive wheel, or sailing down the stream,  
Are snatch'd immediate, by the quick-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  
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
And every latent herb; and where to wrap,  
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,  
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
The fold, the dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese;  
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream,  
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,  
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

James Thomson

# Lavinia

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,  
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired  
Among the windings of a woody vale;  
By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,  
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy passion and low-minded pride;  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed,  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,  
As is the lily or the mountain snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid means 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  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods:  
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia.



## Lines On Marle Field

What is the task that to the muse belongs?  
What but to deck in her harmonious songs  
The beauteous works of nature and of art,  
Rural retreats that cheer the heavy heart?  
Then Marle Field begin, my muse, and sing;  
With Marle Field the hills and vales shall ring.  
O! what delight and pleasure 'tis to rove  
Through all the walks and alleys of this grove,  
Where spreading trees a checker'd scene display,  
Partly admitting and excluding day;  
Where cheerful green and odorous sweets conspire  
The drooping soul with pleasure to inspire;  
Where little birds employ their narrow throats  
To sing its praises in unlabour'd notes.  
To it adjoin'd a rising fabric stands,  
Which with its state our silent awe commands.  
Its endless beauties mock the poet's pen;  
So to the garden I'll return again.  
Pomona makes the trees with fruit abound,  
And blushing Flora paints the enamel'd ground.  
Here lavish nature does her stores disclose,  
Flowers of all hue, their queen the bashful rose,  
With their sweet breath the ambient air's perfumed,  
Nor is thereby their fragrant stores consumed.  
O'er the fair landscape sportive zephyrs scud,  
And by kind force display the infant bud.  
The vegetable kind here rear their head,  
By kindly showers and heaven's indulgence fed:  
Of fabled nymphs such were the sacred haunts,  
But real nymphs this charming dwelling vaunts.  
Now to the greenhouse let's awhile retire,  
To shun the heat of Sol's infectious fire:  
Immortal authors grace this cool retreat,  
Of ancient times, and of a modern date.  
Here would my praises and my fancy dwell;  
But it, alas, description does excel.  
O may this sweet, this beautiful abode  
Remain the charge of the eternal God.





## Lisy's Parting With Her Cat

The dreadful hour with leaden pace approached,  
Lashed fiercely on by unrelenting fate,  
When Lisy and her bosom Cat must part:  
For now to school and pensive needle doomed,  
She's banished from her childhood's undashed joy,  
And all the pleasing intercourse she kept  
With her grey comrade, which has often soothed  
Her tender moments, while the world around  
Glowed with ambition, business, and vice,  
Or lay dissolved in sleep's delicious arms;  
And from their dewy orbs the conscious stars  
Shed on their friendship influence benign.  
But see where mournful Puss, advancing stood  
With outstretched tail, casts looks of anxious woe  
On melting Lisy, in whose eye the tear  
Stood tremulous, and thus would fain have said,  
If nature had not tied her struggling tongue:  
'Unkind, O! who shall now with fattening milk,  
With flesh, with bread, and fish beloved, and meat,  
Regale my taste? and at the cheerful fire,  
Ah! who shall bask me in their downy lap?  
Who shall invite me to the bed, and throw  
The bedclothes o'er me in the winter night,  
When Eurus roars? Beneath whose soothing hand  
Soft shall I purr? But now, when Lisy's gone,  
What is the dull officious world to me?  
I loathe the thoughts of life:' thus plained the Cat,  
While Lisy felt, by sympathetic touch,  
These anxious thoughts that in her mind revolved,  
And casting on her a desponding look,  
She snatched her in her arms with eager grief,  
And mewling, thus began:- 'O Cat beloved!  
Thou dear companion of my tender years!  
Joy of my youth! that oft hast licked my hands  
With velvet tongue ne'er stained by mouse's blood;  
Oh, gentle Cat! how shall I part with thee?  
How dead and heavy will the moments pass  
When you are not in my delighted eye,  
With Cubi playing, or your flying tail!

How harshly will the softest muslin feel,  
And all the silk of schools, while I no more  
Have your sleek skin to soothe my softened sense!  
How shall I eat while you are not beside  
To share the bit? How shall I ever sleep  
While I no more your lulling murmurs hear?  
Yet we must part - so rigid fate decrees-  
But never shall your loved idea, dear,  
Part from my soul, and when I first can mark  
The embroidered figure on the snowy lawn,  
Your image shall my needle keen employ.  
Hark! now I'm called away! O direful sound!  
I come - I come, but first I charge you all-  
You - you - and you, particularly you,  
O, Mary, Mary, feed her with the best,  
Repose her nightly in the warmest couch,  
And be a Lisy to her!' - Having said,  
She sat her down, and with her head across,  
Rushed to the evil which she could not shun,  
While a sad mew went knelling to her heart!

James Thomson

# Mists In Autumn

Now, by the cool, declining year condescend,  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd,  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety; but in a night  
Of gath'ring vapour from the baffled sense  
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk gradual swallows up the plain:  
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems  
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.  
Ev'n in the height of noon, oppress'd, the sun  
Sheds weak and blunt his wide-refracted ray,  
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear, and, wilder'd o'er the waste,  
The shepherd stalks gigantic: till at last,  
Wreath'd dun around in deeper circles, still  
Successive closing, sits the gen'ral fog  
Unbounded o'er the world, and, mingling thick,  
A formless gray confusion covers all.

James Thomson

# Noontide Retreat Of Summer As A Haunt For Meditation

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

James Thomson

# Nothing Formed In Vain

Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?  
As if, upon a full-proportion'd dome,  
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!  
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
And lives the man, whose universal eye  
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;  
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,  
As with unfalt'ring accent to conclude,  
That this availeth nought? Has any seen  
The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down  
From infinite perfection, to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,  
Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds,  
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

James Thomson

## On A Country Life

I hate the clamours of the smoky towns,  
But much admire the bliss of rural clowns;  
Where some remains of innocence appear,  
Where no rude noise insults the listening ear;  
Nought but soft zephyrs whispering through the trees,  
Or the still humming of the painful bees;  
The gentle murmurs of a purling rill,  
Or the unwearied chirping of the drill;  
The charming harmony of warbling birds,  
Or hollow lowings of the grazing herds;  
The murmuring stockdoves melancholy coo,  
When they their loved mates lament or woo;  
The pleasing bleatings of the tender lambs,  
Or the indistinct mum'ling of their dams;  
The musical discord of chiding hounds,  
Whereto the echoing hill or rock resounds;  
The rural mournful songs of lovesick swains,  
Whereby they soothe their raging amorous pains;  
The whistling music of the lagging plough,  
Which does the strength of drooping beasts renew.  
And as the country rings with pleasant sounds,  
So with delightful prospects it abounds:  
Through every season of the sliding year,  
Unto the ravish'd sight new scenes appear.  
In the sweet spring the sun's prolific ray  
Does painted flowers to the mild air display;  
Then opening buds, then tender herbs are seen,  
And the bare fields are all array'd in green.  
In ripening summer, the full laden vales  
Gives prospect of employment for the flails;  
Each breath of wind the bearded groves makes bend,  
Which seems the fatal sickle to portend.  
In Autumn, that repays the labourer's pains,  
Reapers sweep down the honours of the plains.  
Anon black Winter, from the frozen north,  
Its treasures of snow and hail pours forth;  
Then stormy winds blow through the hazy sky,  
In desolation nature seems to lie;  
The unstain'd snow from the full clouds descends,

Whose sparkling lustre open eyes offends.  
In maiden white the glittering fields do shine;  
Then bleating flocks for want of food repine,  
With wither'd eyes they see all snow around,  
And with their fore feet paw and scrape the ground:  
They cheerfully do crop the insipid grass,  
The shepherds sighing, cry, Alas! alas!  
Then pinching want the wildest beast does tame;  
Then huntsmen on the snow do trace their game;  
Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes to glass,  
Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass.  
How sweet and innocent are country sports,  
And, as men's tempers, various are their sorts.  
You, on the banks of soft meandering Tweed,  
May in your toils ensnare the watery breed,  
And nicely lead the artificial flee,  
Which, when the nimble, watchful trout does see,  
He at the bearded hook will briskly spring;  
Then in that instant twieth your hairy string,  
And, when he's hook'd, you, with a constant hand,  
May draw him struggling to the fatal land.  
Then at fit seasons you may clothe your hook,  
With a sweet bait, dress'd by a faithless cook;  
The greedy pike darts to't with eager haste,  
And being struck, in vain he flies at last;  
He rages, storms, and flounces through the stream,  
But all, alas! his life cannot redeem.  
At other times you may pursue the chase,  
And hunt the nimble hare from place to place.  
See, when the dog is just upon the grip,  
Out at a side she'll make a handsome skip,  
And ere he can divert his furious course,  
She, far before him, scours with all her force:  
She'll shift, and many times run the same ground;  
At last, outwearied by the stronger hound,  
She falls a sacrifice unto his hate,  
And with sad piteous screams laments her fate.  
See how the hawk doth take his towering flight,  
And in his course outflies our very sight,  
Bears down the fluttering fowl with all his might.  
See how the wary gunner casts about,  
Watching the fittest posture when to shoot:



Quick as the fatal lightning blasts the oak,  
He gives the springing fowl a sudden stroke;  
He pours upon't a shower of mortal lead,  
And ere the noise is heard the fowl is dead.  
Sometimes he spreads his hidden subtle snare,  
Of which the entangled fowl was not aware;  
Through pathless wastes he doth pursue his sport,  
Where nought but moor-fowl and wild beasts resort.  
When the noon sun directly darts his beams  
Upon your giddy heads, with fiery gleams,  
Then you may bathe yourself in cooling streams;  
Or to the sweet adjoining grove retire,  
Where trees with interwoven boughs conspire  
To form a grateful shade;—there rural swains  
Do tune their oaten reeds to rural strains;  
The silent birds sit listening on the sprays,  
And in soft charming notes do imitate their lays.  
There you may stretch yourself upon the grass,  
And, lull'd with music, to kind slumbers pass:  
No meagre cares your fancy will distract,  
And on that scene no tragic fears will act;  
Save the dear image of a charming she,  
Nought will the object of your vision be.  
Away the vicious pleasures of the town;  
Let empty partial fortune on me frown;  
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot  
To live in peace from noisy towns remote.

James Thomson

# On Æolus's Harp

Ethereal race, inhabitants of air,  
Who hymn your god amid the secret grove;  
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,  
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upraid,  
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!  
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,  
Who died for love, these sweet complainings part.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone,  
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;  
Or he, the sacred Bard, who sat alone  
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,  
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint;  
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung  
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,  
Through Heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise;  
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire  
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,  
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,  
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus joined,  
For, till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

James Thomson

# On Beauty

Beauty deserves the homage of the muse:  
Shall mine, rebellious, the dear theme refuse?  
No; while my breast respire the vital air,  
Wholly I am devoted to the fair.  
Beauty I'll sing in my sublimest lays,  
I burn to give her just immortal praise.  
The heavenly maid with transport I'll pursue  
To her abode, and all her graces view.  
This happy place with all delights abounds,  
And plenty broods upon the fertile grounds.  
Here verdant grass their waving  
And hills and vales in sweet confusion lie:  
The nibbling flock stray o'er the rising hills,  
And all around with bleating music fills:  
High on their fronts tall blooming forests nod,  
Of sylvan deities the blest abode:  
The feather'd minstrels hop from spray to spray,  
And chant their gladsome carols all the day;  
Till dusky night, advancing in her car,  
Makes with declining light successful war.  
Then Philomel her mournful lay repeats,  
And through her throat breathes melancholy sweets.  
Still higher yet wild rugged rocks arise,  
And strike beholders with a dread surprise.  
This paradise these towering hills surround,  
That thither is one only passage found.  
Increasing brooks roll down the mountain's side,  
And as they pass the opposing pebbles chide.  
But vernal showers refresh the blooming year.  
Their only season is eternal spring,  
Which hovers o'er them with a downy wing:  
Blossoms and fruits at once the trees adorn  
With glowing blushes, like the rosy morn: The way that to this stately palace  
goes  
Of myrtle trees, lies 'twixt two even rows,  
Which, towering high, with outstretch'd arms display'd,  
Over our heads a living arch have made.  
To sing, my muse, the bold attempt begin,  
Of awful beauties you behold within:

The Goddess sat upon a throne of gold,  
Emboss'd with figures charming to behold;  
Here new made Eve stood in her early bloom,  
Not yet obscured with sin's sullen gloom;  
Her naked beauties do the soul confound,  
From every part is given a fatal wound;  
There other beauties of a meaner fame  
Oblige the sight, whom here I shall not name.  
In her right hand she did a sceptre sway,  
O'er all mankind ambitious to obey:  
Her lovely forehead and her killing eye,  
Her blushing cheeks of a vermilion dye,  
Her lip's soft pulp, her heaving snowy breast,  
Her well turn'd arm, her handsome slender waist,  
And all below veil'd from the curious eye;  
Oh! heavenly maid! makes all beholders cry.  
Her dress was plain, not pompous as a bride,  
Which would her sweeter native beauties hide.  
One thing I mind, a spreading hoop she wore,  
Than nothing which adorns a lady more.  
With equal rage, could I its beauties sing,  
I'd with the hoop make all Parnassus ring.  
Around her shoulders, dangling on her throne,  
A bright Tartana carelessly was thrown,  
Which has already won immortal praise,  
Most sweetly sung in Allan Ramsay's lays;  
The wanton Cupids did around her play,  
And smiling loves upon her bosom stray;  
With purple wings they round about her flew,  
And her sweet lips tinged with ambrosial dew:  
Her air was easy, graceful was her mien,  
Her presence banish'd the ungrateful spleen;  
In short, her divine influence refined  
Our corrupt hearts, and polished mankind.  
Of lovely nymphs she had a smiling train,  
Fairer than those e'er graced Arcadia's plain.  
The British ladies next to her took place,  
Who chiefly did the fair assembly grace.  
What blooming virgins can Britannia boast,  
Their praises would all eloquence exhaust.  
With ladies there my ravish'd eyes did meet,  
That oft I've seen grace fair Edina's street,

With their broad hoops cut through the willing air,  
Pleased to give place unto the lovely fair:  
Sure this is like those blissful seats above,  
Here is peace, transporting joy, and love.  
Should I be doom'd by cruel angry fate  
In some lone isle my lingering end to wait,  
Yet happy I! still happy should I be,  
While bless'd with virtue and a charming she;  
With full content I'd fortune's pride despise,  
And die still gazing on her lovely eyes.  
May all the blessings mortals need below,  
May all the blessings heaven can bestow,  
May every thing that's pleasant, good, or rare,  
Be the eternal portion of the Fair.

James Thomson

# On Happiness

Warm'd by the summer sun's meridian ray,  
As underneath a spreading oak I lay  
Contemplating the mighty load of woe,  
In search of bliss that mortals undergo,  
Who, while they think they happiness enjoy,  
Embrace a curse wrapt in delusive joy,  
I reason'd thus: Since the Creator, God,  
Who in eternal love makes his abode,  
Hath blended with the essence of the soul  
An appetite as fixed as the pole,  
That's always eager in pursuit of bliss,  
And always veering till it points to this,  
There is some object adequate to fill  
This boundless wish of our extended will.  
Now, while my thought round nature's circle runs  
(A bolder journey than the furious sun's)  
This chief and satiating good to find  
The attracting centre of the human mind,  
My ears they deafen'd, to my swimming eyes  
His magic wand the drowsy God applies,  
Bound all my senses in a silken sleep,  
While mimic fancy did her vigils keep;  
Yet still methinks some condescending power  
Ranged the ideas in my mind that hour.  
Methought I wandering was, with thousands more,  
Beneath a high prodigious hill, before,  
Above the clouds whose towering summit rose,  
With utmost labour only gained by those  
Who groveling prejudices throw away,  
And with incessant straining climb'd their way;  
Where all who stood their failing breath to gain,  
With headlong ruin tumbled down amain.  
This mountain is through every nation famed,  
And, as I learned, Contemplation named.  
O happy me! when I had reach'd its top  
Unto my sight a boundless scene did ope.  
First, sadly I survey'd with downward eye,  
Of restless men below the busy fry,  
Who hunted trifles in an endless maze,

Like foolish boys, on sunny summer days,  
Pursuing butterflies with all their might,  
Who can't their troubles, in the chase requite.  
The painted insect, he who most admires,  
Grieves most when it in his rude hand expires;  
Or should it live, with endless fears is toss'd,  
Lest it take wing and be for ever lost.  
Some men I saw their utmost art employ  
How to attain a false deceitful joy,  
Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,  
And at a distance fix'd their ravish'd gaze,  
But nigh at hand it mock'd their fond embrace.  
When lo! again it flashed in their eyes,  
But still, as they drew near, the fond illusion dies.  
Just so I've seen a water-dog pursue  
An unflown duck within his greedy view,  
When he has, panting, at his prey arrived,  
The coxcomb fooling—suddenly it dived;  
He, gripping, is almost with water choked,  
And grieves that all his towering hopes are mock'd.  
Then it emerges, he renews his toil,  
And o'er and o'er again he gets the foil.  
Yea, all the joys beneath the conscious sun,  
And softer ones that his inspection shun,  
Much of their pleasures in fruition fade.  
Enjoyment o'er them throws a sullen shade.  
The reason is, we promise vaster things  
And sweeter joys than from their nature springs:  
When they are lost, we weep the apparent bliss,  
And not what really in Fruition is;  
So that our griefs are greater than our joys,  
And real pain springs from fantastic toys.  
Though all terrene delights of men below  
Are almost nothing but a glaring show;  
Yet if there always were a virgin joy  
When t'other fades to soothe the wanton boy,  
He somewhat might excuse his heedless course,  
Some show of reason for the same enforce:  
But frugal nature wisely does deny  
To mankind such profuse variety;  
Has what is needful only to us given,  
To feed and cheer us in the way to Heaven;

And more would but the traveller delay,  
Impede and clog him in his upward way.  
I from the mount all mortal pleasures saw  
Themselves within a narrow compass draw:  
The libertine a nauseous circle run,  
And dully acted what he'd often done.  
Just so when Luna darts her silver ray,  
And pours on silent earth a paler day:  
From Stygian caves the flitting fairies scud,  
And on the margent of some limpid flood,  
Which by reflected moonlight darts a glance,  
In midnight circles range themselves and dance.  
To-morrow, cries he, will us entertain:  
Pray what's to-morrow but to-day again?  
Deluded youth, no more the chase pursue,  
So oft deceived, no more the toil renew.  
But in a constant and a fix'd design  
Of acting well there is a lasting mine  
Of solid satisfaction, purest joy,  
For virtue's pleasures never, never cloy:  
Then hither come, climb up the steep ascent,  
Your painful labour you will ne'er repent,  
From Heaven itself here you're but one remove,  
Here's the præludium of the joys above,  
Here you'll behold the awful Godhead shine,  
And all perfections in the same combine;  
You'll see that God, who, by his powerful call,  
From empty nothing drew this spacious all,  
Made beauteous order the rude mass control,  
And every part subservient to the whole;  
Here you'll behold upon the fatal tree  
The God of nature bleed, expire, and die,  
For such as 'gainst his holy laws rebel,  
And such as bid defiance to his hell.  
Through the dark gulf, here you may clearly pry  
'Twixt narrow Time and vast Eternity.  
Behold the Godhead just, as well as good,  
And vengeance pour'd on trampers on his blood:  
But all the tears wiped from his people's eyes,  
And, for their entrance, cleave the parting skies.  
Then sure you will with holy ardours burn,  
And to seraphic heats your passion turn;



Then in your eyes all mortal fair will fade,  
And leave of mortal beauties but the shade;  
Yourself to him you'll solemnly devote,  
To him, without whose providence you're not;  
You'll of his service relish the delight,  
And to his praises all your powers excite;  
You'll celebrate his name in heavenly sound,  
Which well pleased skies in echoes will rebound;  
This is the greatest happiness that can  
Possessed be in this short life by man.  
But darkly here the Godhead we survey,  
Confined and cramped in this cage of clay.  
What cruel band is this to earth that ties  
Our souls from soaring to their native skies?  
Upon the bright eternal face to gaze,  
And there drink in the beatific rays:  
There to behold the good one and the fair,  
A ray from whom all mortal beauties are?  
In beauteous nature all the harmony  
Is but the echo of the Deity,  
Of all perfection who the centre is,  
And boundless ocean of untainted bliss;  
For ever open to the ravish'd view,  
And full enjoyment of the radiant crew  
Who live in raptures of eternal joy,  
Whose flaming love their tuneful harps employ  
In solemn hymns Jehovah's praise to sing,  
And make all heaven with hallelujahs ring.  
These realms of light no further I'll explore,  
And in these heights I will no longer soar:  
Not like our grosser atmosphere beneath,  
The ether here's too thin for me to breathe.  
The region is unsufferable bright,  
And flashes on me with too strong a light.  
Then from the mountain, lo! I now descend,  
And to my vision put a hasty end.

James Thomson

## On May

Among the changing months, May stands confest  
The sweetest, and in fairest colours dressed!  
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field;  
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield;  
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints  
On virgin flowers free from unodorous taints! -  
To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,  
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud!  
The blooming belles and shallow beaux, strange sight,  
Turn nymphs and swains, and in their sports delight.

James Thomson

# On Mrs Mendez' Birthday, Who Was Born On Valentine's Day

Thine is the gentle day of love,  
When youths and virgins try their fate;  
When, deep retiring to the grove,  
Each feathered songster weds his mate.

With tempered beams the skies are bright,  
Earth decks in smiles her pleasing face;  
Such is the day that gave thee light,  
And speaks as such thy every grace.

James Thomson

# On The Death Of His Mother

Ye fabled Muses, I your aid disclaim,  
Your airy raptures, and your fancied flame;  
True genuine woe my throbbing breast inspires,  
Love prompts my lays, and filial duty fires;  
My soul springs instant at the warm design,  
And the heart dictates every flowing line.  
See! where the kindest, best of mothers lies,  
And death has closed her ever watching eyes;  
Has lodged at last in peace her weary breast,  
And lulled her many piercing cares to rest.  
No more the orphan train around her stands,  
While her full heart upbraids her needy hands!  
No more the widow's lonely fate she feels,  
The shock severe that modest want conceals,  
The oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,  
And poverty's unnumbered ills beside.  
For see! attended by the angelic throng,  
Through yonder worlds of light she glides along,  
And claims the well earned raptures of the sky:  
Yet fond concern recalls the mother's eye;  
She seeks the helpless orphans left behind;  
So hardly left! so bitterly resigned!  
Still, still! is she my soul's diurnal theme,  
The waking vision, and the wailing dream:  
Amid the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze  
O'er my dark eyes her dewy image plays,  
And in the dread dominion of the night  
Shines out again the sadly pleasing sight.  
Triumphant virtue all around her darts,  
And more than volumes every look imparts -  
Looks, soft, yet awful; melting, yet serene;  
Where both the mother and the saint are seen.  
But ah! that night - that torturing night remains;  
May darkness dye it with the deepest stains,  
May joy on it forsake her rosy bowers,  
And streaming sorrow blast its baleful hours,  
When on the margin of the briny flood,  
Child with a sad presaging damp I stood,  
Took the last look, ne'er to behold her more,

And mixed our murmurs with the wavy roar;  
Heard the last words fall from her pious tongue,  
Then, wild into the bulging vessel flung,  
Which soon, too soon, conveyed me from her sight,  
Dearer than life, and liberty, and light!  
Why was I then, ye powers, reserved for this?  
Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss?  
Devoured at once by the relentless wave,  
And whelmed for ever in a watery grave? -  
Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe! -  
I see her with immortal beauty glow;  
The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,  
Her tears all wiped, and all her sorrows flown;  
The exalting voice of Heaven I hear her breathe,  
To soothe her soul in agonies of death.  
I see her through the mansions blessed above,  
And now she meets her dear expecting love.  
Heart-cheering sight! but yet, alas! o'erspread  
By the dark gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade.  
Come then, of reason the reflecting hour,  
And let me trust the kind o'erruling Power,  
Who from the night commands the shining day,  
The poor man's portion and the orphan's stay.

James Thomson

# On The Death Of Mr Aikman

Oh, could I draw, my friend, thy genuine mind,  
Just as the living forms by thee designed;  
Of Raphael's figures none should fairer shine,  
Nor Titian's colours longer last than mine.  
A mind in wisdom old, in lenience young,  
From fervent truth where every virtue sprung;  
Where all was real, modest, plain, sincere;  
Worth above show, and goodness unsevere.  
Viewed round and round, as lucid diamonds throw  
Still as you turn them a revolving glow,  
So did his mind reflect with secret ray,  
In various virtues, Heaven's internal day;  
Whether in high discourse it soared sublime,  
And sprung impatient o'er the bounds of Time,  
Or wandering nature through with raptured eye,  
Adored the hand that turned yon azure sky;  
Whether to social life he bent his thought,  
And the right poise of mingling passions sought  
Gay converse blessed; or in the thoughtful grove  
Bid the heart open every source of love;  
New varying lights still set before your eyes  
The just, the good, the social, or the wise.  
For such a death who can, who would refuse  
The friend a tear, a verse the mournful muse?  
Yet pay we just acknowledgment to heaven,  
Though snatched so soon, that Aikman e'er was given.  
A friend, when dead, is but removed from sight,  
Hid in the lustre of eternal light;  
Oft with the mind he wonted converse keeps  
In the lone walk, or when the body sleeps  
Lets in a wandering ray, and all elate  
Wings and attracts her to another state;  
And, when the parting storms of life are o'er,  
May yet rejoin him in a happier shore.  
As those we love, decay, we die in part,  
String after string is severed from the heart;  
Till loosened life at last - but breathing clay,  
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,

Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,  
Dragged lingering on from partial death to death;  
And dying, all he can resign is breath.

James Thomson

# On The Hoop

The hoop, the darling justly of the fair,  
Of every generous swain deserves the care.  
It is unmanly to desert the weak,  
'Twould urge a stone, if possible, to speak;  
To hear stanch hypocrites bawl out and cry,  
'This hoop's a whorish garb, fie! ladies, fie!'  
O cruel and audacious men, to blast  
The fame of ladies more than vestals chaste;  
Should you go search the globe throughout,  
None will you find so pious and devout;  
So modest, chaste, so handsome, and so fair,  
As our dear Caledonian ladies are.  
When awful beauty puts on all her charms,  
Nought gives our sex such terrible alarms,  
As when the hoop and tartan both combine  
To make a virgin like a goddess shine.  
Let quakers cut their clothes unto the quick,  
And with severities themselves afflict;  
But may the hoop adorn Edina's streets,  
Till the south pole shall with the northern meet.

James Thomson



# On The Report That A Wooden Bridge Was To Be Built At Westminster

By Rufus' hall, where Thames polluted flows,  
Provoked, the Genius of the river rose,  
And thus exclaimed: 'Have I, ye British swains,  
Have I for ages laved your fertile plains?  
Given herds, and flocks, and villages increase,  
And fed a richer than a golden fleece?  
Have I, ye merchants, with each swelling tide,  
Poured Afric's treasure in, and India's pride?  
Lent you the fruit of every nation's toil?  
Made every climate yours, and every soil?  
Yet, pilfered from the poor, by gaming base,  
Yet must a wooden bridge my waves disgrace?  
Tell not to foreign streams the shameful tale,  
And be it published is no Gallic vale.'  
He said; and plunging to his crystal dome,  
While o'er his head the circling waters foam.

James Thomson

## Prologue To Mallet's Mustapha

Since Athens first began to draw mankind,  
To picture life, and show the impassion'd mind;  
The truly wise have ever deem'd the stage  
The moral school of each enlighten'd age.  
There, in full pomp, the tragic Muse appears,  
Queen of soft sorrows, and of useful fears.  
Faint is the lesson reason's rules impart:  
She pours it strong, and instant through the heart.  
If virtue is her theme, we sudden glow  
With generous flame; and what we feel, we grow.  
If vice she paints, indignant passions rise;  
The villain sees himself with loathing eyes.  
His soul starts, conscious, at another's groan,  
And the pale tyrant trembles on his throne.  
To-night, our meaning scene attempts to show  
What fell events from dark suspicion flow;  
Chief when it taints a lawless monarch's mind,  
To the false herd of flattering slaves confined.  
The soul sinks gradual to so dire a state;  
E'en excellence but serves to feed its hate:  
To hate remorseless cruelty succeeds,  
And every worth, and every virtue bleeds.  
Behold, our author at your bar appears,  
His modest hopes depress'd by conscious fears.  
Faults he has many—but to balance those,  
His verse with heart-felt love of virtue glows:  
All slighter errors let indulgence spare,  
And be his equal trial full and fair.  
For this best British privilege we call,  
Then—as he merits, let him stand or fall.

James Thomson

# Prologue To Tancred And Sigismunda

Bold is the man! who, in this nicer age,  
Presumes to tread the chaste corrected stage.  
Now, with gay tinsel arts, we can no more  
Conceal the want of Nature's sterling ore.  
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,  
That used to waltz you over sea and land.  
Before your light the fairy people fade,  
The demons fly—the ghost itself is laid.  
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms,  
The mighty prompter thundering out to arms,  
The playhouse posse clattering from afar,  
The close-wedged battle, and the din of war.  
Now, e'en the senate seldom we convene:  
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.  
Your taste rejects the glittering false sublime,  
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.  
High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:  
Description dreams—nay, similies are gone.  
What shall we then? to please you how devise  
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes?  
Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakespeare's art,  
To trace the deep recesses of the heart;  
His simple plain sublime, to which is given  
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven:  
Could we awake soft Otway's tender woe,  
The pomp of verse and golden lines of Rowe.  
We to your hearts apply; let them attend;  
Before their silent candid bar we bend.  
If warm'd, they listen, 'tis our noblest praise;  
If cold, they wither all the Muse's bays.

James Thomson

## Psalm Civ. Paraphrased

To praise thy Author, Soul, do not forget;  
Canst thou, in gratitude, deny the debt?  
Lord, thou art great, how great we cannot know;  
Honour and majesty do round thee flow.  
The purest rays of primogenial light  
Compose thy robes, and make them dazzling bright;  
The heavens and all the wide spread orbs on high  
Thou like a curtain stretch'd of curious dye;  
On the devouring flood thy chambers are  
Establish'd; a lofty cloud's thy car;  
Which quick through the ethereal road doth fly,  
On swift wing'd winds, that shake the troubled sky.  
Of spiritual substance angels thou didst frame,  
Active and bright, piercing and quick as flame.  
Thou'st firmly founded this unwieldy earth;  
Stand fast for aye, thou saidst, at nature's birth.  
The swelling flood thou o'er the earth madest creep,  
And coveredst it with the vast hoary deep:  
Then hills and vales did no distinction know,  
But level'd nature lay oppress'd below.  
With speed they, at thy awful thunder's roar,  
Shrunk within the limits of their shore.  
Through secret tracts they up the mountains creep,  
And rocky caverns fruitful moisture weep,  
Which sweetly through the verdant vales doth glide,  
Till 'tis devoured by the greedy tide.  
The feeble sands thou'st made the ocean's mounds,  
Its foaming waves shall ne'er repass these bounds,  
Again to triumph over the dry grounds.  
Between the hills, grazed by the bleating kind,  
Soft warbling rills their mazy way do find;  
By him appointed fully to supply,  
When the hot dogstar fires the realms on high,  
The raging thirst of every sickening beast,  
Of the wild ass that roams the dreary waste:  
The feather'd nations, by their smiling sides,  
In lowly brambles, or in trees abide;  
By nature taught, on them they rear their nests,  
That with inimitable art are dress'd.

They for the shade and safety of the wood  
With natural music cheer the neighbourhood.  
He doth the clouds with genial moisture fill,  
Which on the [shr]ivel'd ground they bounteously distil,  
And nature's lap with various blessings crowd:  
The giver, God! all creatures cry aloud.  
With freshest green he clothes the fragrant mead,  
Whereon the grazing herds wanton and feed.  
With vital juice he makes the plants abound,  
And herbs securely spring above the ground,  
That man may be sustain'd beneath the toil  
Of manuring the ill producing soil;  
Which with a plenteous harvest does at last  
Cancel the memory of labours past;  
Yields him the product of the generous vine,  
And balmy oil that makes his face to shine:  
Fills all his granaries with a loaden crop,  
Against the bare barren winter his great prop.  
The trees of God with kindly sap do swell,  
E'en cedars tall in Lebanon that dwell,  
Upon whose lofty tops the birds erect  
Their nests, as careful nature does direct.  
The long neck'd storks unto the fir trees fly,  
And with their cackling cries disturb the sky.  
To unfrequented hills wild goats resort,  
And on bleak rocks the nimble conies sport.  
The changing moon he clad with silver light,  
To check the black dominion of the night:  
High through the skies in silent state she rides,  
And by her rounds the fleeting time divides.  
The circling sun doth in due time decline,  
And unto shades the murmuring world resign.  
Dark night thou makest succeed the cheerful day,  
Which forest beasts from their lone caves survey:  
They rouse themselves, creep out, and search their prey.  
Young hungry lions from their dens come out,  
And, mad on blood, stalk fearfully about:  
They break night's silence with their hideous roar,  
And from kind heaven their nightly prey implore.  
Just as the lark begins to stretch her wing,  
And, flickering on her nest, makes short essays to sing,  
And the sweet dawn, with a faint glimmering light,

Unveils the face of nature to the sight,  
To their dark dens they take their hasty flight.  
Not so the husbandman,—for with the sun  
He does his pleasant course of labours run:  
Home with content in the cool e'en returns,  
And his sweet toils until the morn adjourns.  
How many are thy wondrous works, O Lord!  
They of thy wisdom solid proofs afford:  
Out of thy boundless goodness thou didst fill,  
With riches and delights, both vale and hill:  
E'en the broad ocean, wherein do abide  
Monsters that flounce upon the boiling tide,  
And swarms of lesser beasts and fish beside:  
'Tis there that daring ships before the wind  
Do send amain, and make the port assign'd:  
'Tis there that Leviathan sports and plays,  
And spouts his water in the face of day;  
For food with gaping mouth they wait on thee,  
If thou withhold'st, they pine, they faint, they die.  
Thou bountifully opest thy liberal hand,  
And scatter'st plenty both on sea and land.  
Thy vital spirit makes all things live below,  
The face of nature with new beauties glow.  
God's awful glory ne'er will have an end,  
To vast eternity it will extend.  
When he surveys his works, at the wide sight  
He doth rejoice, and take divine delight.  
His looks the earth into its centre shakes;  
A touch of his to smoke the mountains makes.  
I'll to God's honour consecrate my lays,  
And when I cease to be I'll cease to praise.  
Upon the Lord, a sublime lofty theme,  
My meditations sweet, my joys supreme.  
Let daring sinners feel thy vengeful rod,  
May they no more be known by their abode.  
My soul and all my powers. O bless the Lord,  
And the whole race of men with one accord.

James Thomson

# Rambles In Autumn

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,  
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,  
And give the season in its latest view.  
Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things:  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.  
The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;  
Till, choked and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
And, shrunk, into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around,  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

James Thomson

## Reflections Suggested By Winter

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

James Thomson

# Rule Britannia

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main;  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung this strain:  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,  
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall:  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful, from each foreign stroke:  
As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:  
All their attempts to bend thee down,  
Will but arouse thy generous flame;  
But work their woe, and thy renown.  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.  
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;  
Britons never will be slaves."

James Thomson

## Scene Between May And June

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

Was nought around but images of rest,  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,  
And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest  
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meatime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,  
And hurl'd everywhere their water's sheen,  
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:  
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
Yet all these sounds y-blent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood,  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood;  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of black'ning pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out, below,

The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

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

James Thomson

# Sheep-Sheering

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,  
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:  
Embolden'd, then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And, panting, labour to the farther shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;  
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread  
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The coutry 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,  
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,  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king:  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace;  
Some, mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
To stamp the master's cipher ready stand;  
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy

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,  
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,  
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

James Thomson

## Song

When blooming spring  
Arrays the laughing fields in green,  
Then flowers in open air are seen,  
And warbling birds are heard to sing,  
Almighty love  
Doth sweetly move  
All nature through;  
Then tell me, Chloe, why are you  
Averse thereto;  
When blooming charms  
Invite your lover's circling arms?  
O be no longer coy  
..... to love and share of joy.

James Thomson



# Songs In The Masque Of Alfred: To Alfred

First Spirit.

Hear, Alfred, father of the state,  
Thy genius Heaven's high will declare!  
What proves the hero truly great,  
Is never, never to despair:  
Is never to despair.

Second Spirit.

Thy hope awake, thy heart expand,  
With all its vigour, all its fires.  
Arise! and save a sinking land!  
Thy country calls, and heaven inspires.

Both Spirits.

Earth calls, and Heaven inspires.

James Thomson

## Songs In The Masque Of Alfred: To Peace

O Peace! the fairest child of heaven,  
To whom the sylvan reign was given,  
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,  
With every softer scene of love:  
Return, sweet Peace! and cheer the weeping swain!  
Return, with Ease and Pleasure in thy train.

James Thomson

# Spring Showers

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up  
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether; but, by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,  
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:  
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  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breath, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful in their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;  
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.  
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander through the forest walks,  
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade while heaven descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
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.

James Thomson

## Stanzas Written By Thomson On The Blank Leaf Of A Copy Of His 'seasons' Sent By Him To Mr. Lyttleton, Soon After The Death Of His Wife

Go, little book, and find our Friend,  
Who Nature and the Muses loves,  
Who cares the public virtues blend  
With all the softness of the groves.

A fitter time thou canst not choose,  
His fostering friendship to repay;  
Go then, and try, my rural muse,  
To steal his widowed hours away.

James Thomson

# Summer

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.  
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,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet hay-cock 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.

James Thomson



## Sweet Valley, Say

Sweet valley, say, where, pensive lying,  
For me, our children, England, sighing,  
The best of mortals leans his head.  
Ye fountains, dimpled by my sorrow,  
Ye brooks that my complainings borrow,  
O lead me to his lonely bed;  
Or if my lover,  
Deep woods, you cover,  
Ah whisper where your shadows o'er him spread.

'Tis not the loss of pomp and pleasure,  
Of empire or of tinsel treasure,  
That drops this tear, that swells this groan:  
No; from a nobler cause proceeding,  
A heart with love and fondness bleeding,  
I breathe my sadly pleasing moan,  
With other anguish  
I scorn to languish  
For love will feel no sorrows but his own.

James Thomson



# The Castle Of Indolence

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

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

And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.  
Full in the passage of the vale, above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;  
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,  
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out, below,  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.  
A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:  
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;  
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,  
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.  
The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,  
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)  
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,  
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;  
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate  
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.  
Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:  
For, as they chaunced to breathe on neighbouring hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;  
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,  
Ymolten with his syren melody;  
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung;  
'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!  
See all, but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay:  
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!

What youthful bride can equal her array?  
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?  
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.  
 'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
 Ten thousand throats! that, from the flowering thorn,  
 Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,  
 Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:  
 They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,  
 E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove;  
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.  
 'Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall  
 Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
 Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,  
 And of the vices, an inhuman train,  
 That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:  
 For when hard-hearted interest first began  
 To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;  
 Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,  
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.  
 'Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life  
 Push hard up hill; but as the furthest steep  
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
 For ever vain: come, and withouten fee,  
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
 Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea  
 Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!  
 'With me, you need not rise at early dawn,  
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds;  
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;  
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,  
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,  
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;  
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.  
 'No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,

From village on to village sounding clear;  
To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;  
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;  
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,  
Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,  
With sounds that are a misery to hear:  
But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.  
'Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,  
Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down.  
They who are pleased themselves must always please;  
On others' ways they never squint a frown,  
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:  
Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,  
With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;  
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.  
'What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,  
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;  
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
Above those passions that this world deform,  
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?  
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray  
Across the enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.  
'The best of men have ever loved repose:  
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;  
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,  
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.  
E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,  
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,  
From a base world at last have stolen away:  
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.  
'But if a little exercise you choose,  
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here:  
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,  
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;  
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,  
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry  
You may delude: the whilst, amused, you hear

Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,  
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.  
'O grievous folly! to heap up estate,  
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;  
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,  
And gives the untasted portion you have won  
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign,  
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:  
But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'  
He ceased. But still their trembling ears retain'd  
The deep vibrations of his witching song;  
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd  
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.  
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,  
In silent ease; as when beneath the beam  
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,  
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,  
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:  
By the smooth demon so it order'd was,  
And here his baneful bounty first began:  
Though some there were who would not further pass,  
And his alluring baits suspected han.  
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.  
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:  
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can:  
For do their very best they cannot fly,  
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.  
When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,  
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;  
And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,  
They found themselves within the cursed gate;  
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.  
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,  
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state;  
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue:  
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.  
For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,  
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;  
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,  
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:

So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,  
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,  
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,  
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,  
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.  
Waked by the crowd, slow from his bench arose  
A comely, full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:  
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breathed repose;  
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,  
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;  
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,  
Through which his half-waked soul would faintly peep:  
Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,  
And roused himself as much as rouse himself he can.  
The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call:  
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,  
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,  
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.  
This boy he kept each band to disengage,  
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,  
But ill becoming his grave personage,  
And which his portly paunch would not permit;  
So this same limber page to all performed it.  
Meantime, the master-porter wide display'd  
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;  
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd  
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,  
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns:  
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,  
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,  
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.  
Thus easy robed, they to the fountain sped  
That in the middle of the court up-threw  
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,  
And falling back again in drizzly dew;  
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew;  
It was a fountain of nepenthe rare;  
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasance grew,  
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;  
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.  
This right perform'd, all inly pleased and still,

Withouten tromp, was proclamation made:  
'Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;  
And wander where you list, through hall or glade;  
Be no man's pleasure for another staid;  
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,  
And cursed be he who minds his neighbour's trade!  
Here dwells kind ease and unreproving joy:  
He little merits bliss who others can annoy.'  
Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,  
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,  
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,  
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,  
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,  
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,  
No living creature could be seen to stray;  
While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd;  
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.  
As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main,  
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;  
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign  
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)  
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,  
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
A vast assembly moving to and fro:  
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.  
Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!  
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,  
And all the widely silent places round,  
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays  
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.  
But how shall I attempt such arduous string?  
I who have spent my nights, and nightly days,  
In this soul-deadening place loose-loitering:  
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?  
Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,  
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!  
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,  
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;  
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;  
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,  
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,

The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,  
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.  
The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,  
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell  
What elegance and grandeur wide expand;  
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?  
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,  
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;  
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;  
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed;  
And every where huge cover'd tables stood,  
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;  
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
And all old ocean 'genders in his round:  
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,  
Even undemanded by a sign or sound;  
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,  
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.  
Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;  
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,  
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,  
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.  
For why? there was but one great rule for all;  
To wit, that each should work his own desire,  
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,  
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,  
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.  
The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;  
Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:  
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;  
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,  
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;  
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace impart.  
Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,  
Depainted was the patriarchal age;  
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,  
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,



Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.  
Toil was not then: of nothing took they heed,  
But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,  
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:  
Bless'd sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!  
Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:  
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes;  
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;  
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,  
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;  
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,  
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.  
Each sound too here to languishment inclined,  
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease:  
Aërial music in the warbling wind,  
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,  
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees  
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs,  
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:  
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,  
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.  
A certain music, never known before,  
Here lull'd the pensive, melancholy mind;  
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,  
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,  
To lay the well tuned instrument reclined;  
From which, with airy flying fingers light,  
Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:  
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.  
Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?  
Who up the lofty diapasen roll  
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul:  
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole  
They breathed, in tender musings, thro' the heart;  
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:  
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!  
Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,

Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,  
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,  
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;  
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:  
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,  
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore;  
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.  
Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,  
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began  
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,  
As heaven and earth they would together mell:  
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call  
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;  
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.  
And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,  
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;  
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,  
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,  
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.  
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;  
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.  
No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!  
My Muse will not attempt your fairy land:  
She has no colours that like you can glow:  
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band  
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,  
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland,  
Pour'd all the Arabian heaven upon our nights,  
And bless'd them oft besides with more refined delights.  
They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,  
Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite  
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.  
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;  
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
Down down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,  
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night

On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;  
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.  
Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:  
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,  
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:  
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
And let them virtue with a look impart:  
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb  
Those long lost friends for whom in love we smart,  
And fill with pious awe and joy-mix'd woe the heart.  
Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth  
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days  
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;  
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.  
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,  
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;  
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze  
Of the wild brooks!—but, fondly wandering wide,  
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.  
One great amusement of our household was,  
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass  
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly  
Of idly busy men the restless fry  
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
Or which, obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste:—  
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?  
'Of vanity the mirror,' this was call'd:  
Here, you a muckworm of the town might see,  
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,  
Eat up with carking care and penury;  
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.  
'A penny saved is a penny got:'  
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,  
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,  
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.  
Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!  
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,  
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,  
The silly tenant of the summer air,

In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;  
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,  
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:  
His father's ghost from limbo lake, the while,  
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.  
This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,  
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,  
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,  
As if inspired, and in a Thespian rage;  
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage:  
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?  
To lose the present, gain the future age,  
Praised to be when you can hear no more,  
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.  
Then would a splendid city rise to view,  
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:  
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:  
See how they dash along from wall to wall!  
At every door, hark how they thundering call!  
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?  
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;  
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,  
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.  
The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,  
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;  
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd  
The important shoulder; then, as if to get  
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.  
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,  
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;  
When lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,  
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.  
But what most show'd the vanity of life  
Was to behold the nations all on fire,  
In cruel broils engaged, and deadly strife:  
Most christian kings, inflamed by black desire,  
With honourable ruffians in their hire,  
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;  
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,  
Then sit them down just where they were before,  
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.  
To number up the thousands dwelling here,

A useless were, and eke an endless task;  
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,  
To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.  
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,  
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,  
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask  
For place or pension laid in decent row;  
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.  
Of all the gentle tenants of the place,  
There was a man of special grave remark;  
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,  
Pensive, not sad; in thought involved, not dark;  
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,  
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:  
But these his talents were yburied stark;  
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,  
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.  
To noontide shades incontinent he ran,  
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;  
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,  
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,  
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:  
There would he linger, till the latest ray  
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;  
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,  
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.  
Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:  
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd  
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,  
And all its native light anew reveal'd:  
Oft as he traversed the cerulean field,  
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,  
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,  
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;  
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.  
With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,  
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)  
One shyler still, who quite detested talk:  
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;  
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,  
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,

Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone  
The glittering star of eve—'Thank heaven! the day is done.'  
Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad  
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;  
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:  
And sure his linen was not very clean.  
Through secret loop holes, that had practised been  
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;  
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,  
Our Castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,  
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.  
One day there chanced into these halls to rove  
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;  
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,  
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:  
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,  
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,  
Turning the night to day and day to night:  
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,  
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.  
But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:  
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low:  
When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,  
The higher still the exulting billows flow,  
The further back again they flagging go,  
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:  
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;  
Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar  
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no more.  
As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,  
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,  
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,  
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,  
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:  
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,  
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,  
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;  
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.  
Another guest there was, of sense refined,  
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;  
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,  
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:

Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,  
To him the sacred love of nature lent,  
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;  
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,  
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:  
'Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!  
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade  
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,  
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;  
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid  
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,  
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,  
There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:  
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park.'  
Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus of the age;  
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,  
A noble pride restored him to the stage,  
And roused him like a giant from his sleep.  
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:  
With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes,  
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep  
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,  
And now with well urged sense the enlighten'd judgment takes.  
A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;  
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,  
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,  
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:  
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,  
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;  
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,  
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet  
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.  
Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,  
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.  
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,  
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:  
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,  
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,  
If a tight damsel chanced to trippen by;  
Which when observed, he shrunk into his mew,  
And straight would recollect his piety anew.  
Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought

(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:  
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;  
And on their brow sat every nation's cares;  
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,  
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,  
And the sage berry, sun-burnt Mocha bears,  
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,  
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.  
Here languid Beauty kept her pale-faced court:  
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,  
From every quarter hither made resort;  
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,  
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.  
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,  
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?  
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;  
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.  
Their only labour was to kill the time;  
(And labour dire it is, and weary woe)  
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;  
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,  
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:  
This soon too rude an exercise they find;  
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,  
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclined,  
And court the vapoury god, soft breathing in the wind.  
Now must I mark the villany we found,  
But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.  
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;  
Where still our inmates, when displeasing grown,  
Diseased, and loathsome, privily were thrown:  
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,  
Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan;  
For of these wretches taken was no care:  
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.  
Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,  
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd away.  
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,  
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,  
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;  
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,  
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway;



He led, I wot, the softest way to death,  
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.  
Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,  
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:  
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,  
For ever fed with watery supply;  
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.  
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,  
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,  
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;  
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.  
A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,  
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:  
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,  
All the diseases which the spittles know,  
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,  
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,  
Her humour ever wavering to and fro:  
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,  
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.  
Fast by her side a listless maiden pined,  
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;  
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,  
Yet loved in secret all forbidden things.  
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;  
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,  
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;  
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks  
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

## CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,  
And his achievements fair;  
That, by this Castle's overthrow,  
Secured, and crowned were.  
Escaped the castle of the sire of sin,  
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?  
For all around, without, and all within,  
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,  
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,  
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,

Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:  
 I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,  
 And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.  
 Is there no patron to protect the Muse,  
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?  
 To every labour its reward accrues,  
 And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;  
 But a fell tribe the Aonian hive despoil,  
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:  
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,  
 Ne for the Muses other meed decree,  
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.  
 I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I their toys to the great children leave:  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.  
 Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;  
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,  
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,  
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,  
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:  
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,  
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,  
 To sweep away this human lumber came,  
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.  
 In Fairy Land there lived a knight of old,  
 Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,  
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,  
 But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,  
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;  
 In hunting all his days away he wore;  
 Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,  
 Now pinch'd by biting January sore,  
 He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.  
 As he one morning, long before the dawn,  
 Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,  
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,

With wood wild fringed, he mark'd a taper's ray,  
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,  
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;  
There, up to earn the needments of the day,  
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:  
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.  
Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,  
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,  
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,  
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name:  
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;  
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;  
His tasteful well earn'd food the sylvan game,  
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:  
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.  
So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,  
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:  
For him no tender parents troubled were,  
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,  
And, certes, had been utterly undone;  
But that Minerva pity of him took,  
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,  
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;  
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.  
Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,  
In every science, and in every art,  
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,  
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,  
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:  
Ne were the goodly exercises spared,  
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,  
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:  
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compared.  
Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay  
The hunter steed, exulting o'er the dale,  
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;  
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,  
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,  
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,  
Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,  
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,  
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pried through nature's store,  
Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,  
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,  
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;  
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,  
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,  
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;  
But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep  
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.  
Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits  
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught:  
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits!  
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,  
Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught;  
Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,  
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;  
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,  
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean pool.  
To solace then these rougher toils, he tried  
To touch the kindling canvass into life;  
With nature his creating pencil vied,  
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:  
Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife  
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,  
He roused the trumpet, and the martial fife,  
Or bad the lute sweet tenderness inspire,  
Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.  
Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,  
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;  
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,  
Now to perform he ardent did devise;  
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.  
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;  
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;  
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,  
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.  
A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;  
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:  
The strongest still the weakest overran;  
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,  
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.  
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;

Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made  
To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,  
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!  
It would exceed the purport of my song  
To say how this best sun, from orient climes,  
Came beaming life and beauty all along,  
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.  
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,  
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:  
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,  
Successive, had; but now in ruins grey  
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.  
To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread  
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.  
A silvan life till then the natives led,  
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,  
All careless rambling where it liked them most:  
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the glade;  
They lodged at large, and lived at nature's cost;  
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid;  
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.  
He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,  
He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains:  
'Be this my great, my chosen isle, (he cries)  
This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,  
This queen of ocean all assault disdains.'  
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,  
To freedom apt and persevering pains,  
Mild to obey, and generous to command,  
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest firmest hand.  
Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,  
Whatever arts and industry can frame:  
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,  
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,  
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame;  
And still with her sweet innocence we find,  
And tender peace, and joys without a name,  
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:  
Nature and art at once, delight and use combined.  
Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,  
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;  
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,

Join land to land, and marry soil to soil;  
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil  
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;  
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,  
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,  
While o'er the encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.  
The drooping muses then he westward call'd,  
From the famed city by Propontic sea,  
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;  
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,  
And brought them to another Castalie,  
Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds;  
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea  
In pensive mood, and tunes his doric reeds,  
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.  
Yet the fine arts were what he finished least.  
For why? They are the quintessence of all,  
The growth of labouring time, and slow increased;  
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall  
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call  
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease,  
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,  
And where they nothing have to do but please:  
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.  
But now, alas! we live too late in time:  
Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,  
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;  
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,  
Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.  
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains  
The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,  
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains:  
The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.  
When as the knight had framed, in Britain-land,  
A matchless form of glorious government,  
In which the sovereign laws alone command,  
Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,  
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;  
When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,  
 Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main:  
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,  
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.  
 The happy monarch of his silvan train,  
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,  
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:  
 His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd  
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.  
 Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;  
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far  
 Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;  
 Witness, with Autumn charged the nodding car,  
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,  
 Or of September-moons the radiance mild.  
 O hide thy head, abominable war!  
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!  
 From Heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories viled!  
 Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was  
 The amusing care of rural industry.  
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,  
 New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,  
 And all the enlivened country beautify:  
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;  
 O'er recent meads the exulting streamlets fly;  
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,  
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.  
 As nearer to his farm you made approach,  
 He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:  
 Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;  
 'Tis Art's alone these beauties to expand.  
 In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,  
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:  
 Here, too, brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,  
 A happy place; where free, and unafraid,  
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.  
 But in prime vigour what can last for aye?  
 That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,  
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:  
 Spread far and wide was his cursed influence;  
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,  
 E'en much of private; eat our spirit out,

And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence  
 The land was overlaid with many a lout;  
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.  
 A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,  
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:  
 To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,  
 With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.  
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban  
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,  
 'Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,  
 The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?  
 Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'  
 The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,  
 The good old knight enjoy'd well earn'd repose:  
 'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call;  
 Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!  
 The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'  
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,  
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows  
 Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks  
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.  
 'I will, (he cried) so help me, God! destroy  
 That villain Archimage.'—His page then straight  
 He to him call'd; a fiery-footed boy,  
 Benempt Dispatch:—'My steed be at the gate;  
 My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate.'  
 This net was twisted by the sisters three;  
 Which, when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late  
 Repentance comes: replevy cannot be  
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.  
 He came, the bard, a little druid wight,  
 Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,  
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,  
 As is his sister of the copses green,  
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.  
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,  
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen!  
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,  
 Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.  
 'Come (quoth the knight), a voice has reach'd mine ear:  
 The demon Indolence threats overflow  
 To all that to mankind is good and dear:



Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,  
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.  
 Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,  
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:  
 But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,  
 Shall raise.' Thrice happy he! who without rigour saves.  
 Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,  
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star  
 Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed,  
 That whirl of active day the rapid car,  
 He pranced along, disdain'g gate or bar.  
 Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;  
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar  
 His meditations, but full softly trode:  
 And much they moralized as thus yfere they yode.  
 They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.  
 What else so fit for man to settle well?  
 And still their long researches met in this,  
 This Truth of Truths, which nothing can refel:  
 'From virtue's fount the purest joys outwell,  
 Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;  
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,  
 The which, howe'er disguised, at last with dole  
 Will through the tortured breast their fiery torrent roll.'  
 At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,  
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear:  
 On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,  
 And spite even of themselves their senses cheer;  
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.  
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,  
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,  
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,  
 Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.  
 'As God shall judge me, knight! we must forgive  
 (The half-enraptured Philomelus cried)  
 The frail good man deluded here to live,  
 And in these groves his musing fancy hide.  
 Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,  
 That virtue still some tincture has of vice,  
 And vice of virtue. What should then betide,  
 But that our charity be not too nice?  
 Come, let us those we can, to real bliss entice.'

'Ay, sicker, (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,  
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;  
But let not brutish vice of this avail,  
And think to 'scape deserved punishment.  
Justice were cruel weakly to relent;  
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:  
Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;  
But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,  
Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.'  
Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where  
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;  
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,  
In witching wise, as I before have said.  
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,  
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,  
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,  
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye  
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.  
Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back  
The rabble rout, and welcomed them full kind;  
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack  
His orders to obey, and fall behind.  
Then he resumed his song; and unconfined,  
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:  
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,  
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.  
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!  
Elate in thought, he counted them his own,  
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:  
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,  
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite  
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.  
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,  
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight  
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,  
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.  
As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,  
The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe;  
E'en so the knight, returning on him bold,  
At once involved him in the Net of Woe,  
Whereof I mention made not long ago.  
Inraged at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,

And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;  
 But when he found that nothing could avail,  
 He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.  
 Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place  
 Raised rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;  
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,  
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,  
 As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;  
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,  
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:  
 Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd, with blemish'd look,  
 As if on Time's last verge this frame of things had shook.  
 Soon as the short-lived tempest was yspent,  
 Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole,  
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,  
 Sir Industry the first calm moment stole:  
 'There must, (he cried) amid so vast a shoal,  
 Be some who are not tainted at the heart,  
 Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:  
 Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;  
 Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.'  
 The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,  
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,  
 His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,  
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,  
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.  
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,  
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,  
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song:  
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.  
 Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—'Ye hapless race,  
 Dire labouring here to smother reason's ray,  
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,  
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;  
 What is the adored Supreme Perfection, say?—  
 What, but eternal never resting soul,  
 Almighty Power, and all-directing day;  
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;  
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.  
 'Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!  
 Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,  
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,

To seraphs burning round the Almighty's throne,  
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,  
 Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.  
 In universal nature this clear shown,  
 Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,  
 To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.  
 'Is not the field, with lively culture green,  
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass?  
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,  
 And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass  
 The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass  
 With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?  
 Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,  
 Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?  
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.  
 'It was not by vile loitering in ease,  
 That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art;  
 That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,  
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
 In all supreme! complete in every part!  
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:  
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;  
 Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.  
 'Had unambitious mortals minded nought,  
 But in loose joy their time to wear away;  
 Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,  
 Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,  
 Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;  
 No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,  
 No arts had made us opulent and gay;  
 With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;  
 None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none praised.  
 'Great Homer's song had never fired the breast  
 To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;  
 Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
 Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:  
 The wits of modern time had told their beads,  
 And monkish legends been their only strains;  
 Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,  
 Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,  
 Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

'Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,  
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;  
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,  
Had all been lost with such as have no name.  
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?  
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?  
Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?  
'But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,  
If right I read, you pleasure all require:  
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,  
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.  
Toil and be glad! let industry inspire  
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!  
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire  
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:  
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!  
'Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,  
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?  
How tasteless then whatever can be given?  
Health is the vital principle of bliss,  
And exercise of health. In proof of this,  
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,  
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;  
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,  
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.  
'O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!  
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind:  
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,  
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.  
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:  
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,  
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;  
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:  
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?  
'But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,  
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.  
Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill  
Your talents here: this place is but a show,  
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.  
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,

Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,  
 Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight,  
 And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.  
 'Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;  
 To senates some, and public sage debates,  
 Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,  
 The world is poised, and managed mighty states;  
 To high discovery some, that new creates  
 The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;  
 Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;  
 To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:  
 All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art!  
 'There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair:  
 "All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)  
 E'en death despised by generous actions fair;  
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,  
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free:  
 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!"  
 'Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 Of the huge threatening difficulties dire,  
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,  
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?  
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 Here to mankind indulged; control desire:  
 Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,  
 Speak the commanding word "I will!" and it is done.  
 'Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,  
 Your few important days of trial here?  
 Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise  
 Through endless states of being, still more near  
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;  
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,  
 Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,  
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?  
 No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid crime!  
 'Enough! enough!' they cried—straight, from the crowd,  
 The better sort on wings of transport fly:  
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud

Of Alpine cliffs where to the gelid sky  
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,  
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;  
The awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,  
Roused into action, lively leap away,  
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being gay,  
Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,  
That lighted up these new created men,  
Than that which wings the exulting spirit clean,  
When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,  
It soaring seeks its native skies agen:  
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,  
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!  
E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,  
E'en such enraptured life, such energy was ours.  
But far the greater part, with rage inflamed,  
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphemed high Jove:  
'Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)  
What brought you to this seat of peace and love?  
While with kind nature, here amid the grove,  
We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,  
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove  
Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?  
Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon Heaven sublime.'  
'Ye impious wretches, (quoth the knight in wrath)  
Your happiness behold!'—Then straight a wand  
He waved, an anti-magic power that hath,  
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.  
Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;  
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;  
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;  
And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,  
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.  
And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,  
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;  
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,  
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung  
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung  
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:  
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,  
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night control'd  
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;  
 That lazarus-house, I whilom in my lay  
 Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,  
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,  
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.  
 Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile  
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,  
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,  
 The sick upraised their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.  
 'O Heaven! (they cried) and do we once more see  
 Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?  
 Are we from noisome damp of pesthouse free?  
 And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?  
 O thou! or Knight, or God? who holdest there  
 That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!  
 But what for us, the children of despair,  
 Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?  
 Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.  
 The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,  
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.  
 'Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in grace,  
 To undo the past, and eke your broken years:  
 Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,  
 With humble hope, her eye; to her is given  
 A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;  
 She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;  
 She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.  
 'Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,  
 And by these sufferings purify the mind;  
 Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:  
 Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;  
 And to a life more happy and refined,  
 Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.  
 Till then, you may expect in me to find  
 One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,  
 One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the skies.'  
 They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears:  
 'For you (resumed the Knight with sterner tone)  
 Whose hard dry hearts the obdurate demon sears,  
 That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;  
 In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan  
 His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;



Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,  
You feel a perfect change: then, who can say  
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?'  
This said, his powerful wand he waved anew:  
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,  
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;  
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,  
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.  
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:  
When lo! a goodly hospital ascends;  
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,  
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.  
It was a worthy edifying sight,  
And gives to human kind peculiar grace,  
To see kind hands attending day and night,  
With tender ministry, from place to place.  
Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face  
Wipe off the faint cold dew's weak nature sheds;  
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase  
The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,  
Some holy man by prayer all opening Heaven dispreds.  
Attended by a glad acclaiming train,  
Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,  
Then turn'd the Knight; and, to his hall again  
Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:  
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,  
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,  
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;  
Amazed, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,  
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance feigned.  
But ah! their scorned day of grace was past:  
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild  
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;  
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defiled.  
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smiled;  
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;  
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely piled,  
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,  
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fired the cloudless air.  
Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,  
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;  
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs

For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;  
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus sear'd,  
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;  
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,  
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,  
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.  
The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,  
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;  
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad;  
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;  
And o'er his lank jawbone, in piteous plight,  
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;  
Direful to see! a heart-appalling sight!  
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;  
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.  
The other was a fell despightful fiend;  
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:  
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;  
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:  
With nose upturn'd, he always made a show  
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye  
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;  
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.  
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.  
E'en so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:  
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

James Thomson

# The Effects Of Spring On Nature

See where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
Irrigous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence  
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,  
The negligence of nature, wide and wild;  
Where, undisguised by mimic art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.  
At length the finish'd garden to the view  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys, green.  
Snatch'd through the verdent maze, the buried eye  
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;  
Now meets the bending sky; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake.  
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

James Thomson

## The Four Seasons : Autumn

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  
Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns  
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.  
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,  
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear  
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,  
Devolving through the maze of eloquence  
A 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,  
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.  
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,  
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;  
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds  
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below  
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:  
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;  
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun  
By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,  
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.

A gaily chequer'd heart-expanding view,  
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.  
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!  
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;  
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
And all the soft civility of life:  
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,  
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
With various seeds of art deep in the mind  
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
Materials infinite, but idle all.  
Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,  
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,  
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand  
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:  
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!  
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,  
With Winter 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  
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  
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  
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;  
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;

Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;  
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;  
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
The generous glass around, inspired to wake  
The life-refining soul of decent wit:  
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;  
But still advancing bolder, led him on  
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;  
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,  
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
And bade him be the Lord of all below.  
Then gathering men their natural powers 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;  
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set  
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still  
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd  
That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have raised.  
Hence every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspired,  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.  
Then Commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;  
Raised the strong crane; choked up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,

Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between  
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk  
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along  
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil  
From bank to bank 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  
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvass smooth,  
With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
And soften into flesh; beneath the touch  
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.  
All is the gift of Industry; whate'er  
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him  
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
The excluded tempest idly rave along;  
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, recall my wandering song.  
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  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,

Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
How good the God of Harvest is to you;  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.  
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.  
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,  
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,  
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired  
Among the windings of a woody vale;  
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.  
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;  
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
The modest Virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,



Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd  
By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;  
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train  
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:  
He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
That very moment love and chaste desire  
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;  
For still the world prevail'd and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;  
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd:—  
“What pity! that so delicate a form,  
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,  
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind  
Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;  
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,  
And once fair-spreading family, 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,  
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"  
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak  
The mingled passions that 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.  
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?  
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!  
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,  
In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn  
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;  
Though Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain  
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?  
O let me now into a richer soil  
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers  
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;  
And of my garden be the pride and joy!  
Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits  
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,  
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
The father of a country, thus to pick  
The very refuse of those harvest fields,  
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
But ill applied to such a rugged task;  
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;  
If to the various blessings which thy house

Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"  
Here ceased the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.  
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.  
The news immediate to her mother brought,  
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined away  
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;  
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,  
Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:  
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.  
Defeating oft the labours of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.  
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,  
And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere  
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;  
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours  
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,  
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;  
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,  
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
In one continuous flood. Still over head  
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still

The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.  
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.  
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks  
The river lift; before whose rushing tide  
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had 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  
Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,  
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand  
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;  
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,  
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;  
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,  
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!  
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains  
And all-involving winds have swept away.  
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
Would tempt the muse to sing the rural game:  
How in his mid-career the spaniel struck,  
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full,  
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,  
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:  
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,  
Glanced just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,  
O'ertakes their sounding pinions: and again,

Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide 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;  
Then most delighted, when she social sees  
The whole mix'd animal-creation round  
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
The falsely cheerful barbarous game of death,  
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn:  
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,  
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,  
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant Man,  
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.  
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.  
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
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;  
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits  
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
By Nature 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,  
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:  
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn  
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout;  
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.  
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 aërial soul to flight;  
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:  
Deception short! though fleeter than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:  
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,  
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;  
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
The big round tears run down his dappled face;  
He groans in anguish: while the growling pack,  
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.  
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,  
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,

Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,  
The 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  
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:  
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.  
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then  
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour  
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;  
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge  
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass  
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood  
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks  
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;  
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;  
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,  
In fancy swallowing up the space between,  
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;  
Has every maze evolved, and every guile  
Disclosed; who knows the merits of the pack;  
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard,  
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths  
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond  
His daring peers! when the retreating horn  
Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,  
With woodland honours graced; the fox's fur,  
Depending decent from the roof: and spread  
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils,  
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;  
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced  
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain  
Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,  
If stomach keen can intervals allow,  
Relating all the glories of the chase.  
Then sated Hunger bids his Brother Thirst  
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,  
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
A potent gale, delicious, as the breath  
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,  
On violets 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  
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 a while  
Walks his dull round beneath a cloud of smoke,  
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,  
In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss  
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.  
At last these puling idlenesses laid  
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan  
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,  
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
Indulged apart; but earnest, brimming bowls  
Lave every soul, the table floating round,  
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,  
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,



The impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;  
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;  
And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,  
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;  
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep  
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;  
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,  
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.  
Then, sliding soft, they drop. 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,  
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride  
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,  
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.  
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.  
Far be the spirit of the chase from them!  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;  
With every motion, every word, to wave  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging Man.

O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,  
Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;  
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,  
Disclosing motion in its every charm,  
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race  
To rear their graces into second life;  
To give society its highest taste;  
Well order'd home man's best delight to make;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-eluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life:  
This be the female dignity, and praise.  
Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:  
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete;  
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.  
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
Of Autumn, unconfined; and taste, revived,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit,

Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepared;  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever changing composition mix'd.  
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps  
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points  
The piercing cyder 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,  
With British freedom sing the British song:  
How, from Silurian vats, high sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind;  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.  
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;  
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain;  
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,  
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,  
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!  
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
New beauties rise with each revolving day;  
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:  
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.  
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
The inspiring breeze: and meditate the book

Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:  
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum:  
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.  
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;  
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff 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  
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,  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,  
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;  
That by degrees fermented, and refined,  
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy:  
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.  
Now, by the cool declining year condensed,  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears

The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety; but in a night  
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:  
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems  
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun  
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life  
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, sits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,  
A formless grey confusion covers all.  
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)  
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,  
With weightier rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;  
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.  
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,  
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;  
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.  
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs;  
But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill

Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
Amusive dream! why should the waters love  
To take so far a journey to the hills,  
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?  
Or if by blind ambition led astray,  
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop  
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
The attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?  
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,  
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke  
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,  
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:  
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,  
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.  
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd  
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes!  
O thou pervading Genius, given to man,  
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display  
Their hidden structure to the astonish'd view!  
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;  
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd  
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds;  
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,  
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!  
O from the sounding summits of the north,  
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd  
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;  
From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those  
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;  
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ  
Believes the stony girdle of the world:  
And all the dreadful mountains, 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,

Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil  
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,  
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon!  
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,  
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line  
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!  
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose;  
I see the rivers in their infant beds!  
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free;  
I see the leaning strata, artful ranged;  
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.  
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;  
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
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:  
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;  
And welling out, around the middle steep,  
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,  
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
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,  
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  
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,  
O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,

The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,  
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;  
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,  
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  
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.  
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
By diligence amazing, and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,  
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,  
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky:  
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high  
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.  
Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,  
Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
Of farthest Thule, and the Atlantic surge  
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;  
Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made? what nations come and go?  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.  
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,  
And herd diminutive of many hues,  
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks  
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;  
Or sweeps the fishy shore! or treasures up  
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,  
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:  
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,



Invested with a keen diffusive sky,  
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,  
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,  
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth  
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;  
With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,  
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,  
With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)  
To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
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,  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;  
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,  
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,  
Great patriot-hero! ill requited chief!)  
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;  
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds  
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
O'er every land, for every land their life  
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.  
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.  
Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power  
That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,  
To cheer dejected industry? to give  
A double harvest to the pining swain?  
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?  
How, by the finest art, the native robe  
To weave; how white as hyperborean snow,  
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar  
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
Shamefully passive while Batavian fleets  
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;

How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe;  
And thus, in soul united as in name,  
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?  
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyle,  
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;  
In thee with all a mother's triumph, sees  
Her every virtue, every grace combined,  
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,  
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.  
Nor less the palm of peace 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,  
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,  
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;  
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.  
But see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To sooty 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  
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  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,

And soar above this little scene of things:  
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet;  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.  
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard  
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse:  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!  
The pale-descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;  
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.  
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power  
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes!  
His near approach the sudden starting tear,  
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,

The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,  
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  
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.  
As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
As varied, and as high: Devotion raised  
To rapture, and divine astonishment;  
The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief,  
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,  
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth  
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn  
Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;  
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
Inspiring glory through remotest time;  
The awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;  
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;  
With all the social offspring of the heart.  
Oh! bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;  
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms;  
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;  
And voices more than human, through the void  
Deep sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear?  
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,  
That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
Preside, which shining through the cheerful hand  
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;  
O lead me to the wide extended walks,  
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!  
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore  
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art  
By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed  
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,  
All beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,  
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,

Or in that Temple where, in future times,  
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;  
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
While there with thee 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,  
Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.  
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,  
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou,  
To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
What every decent character requires,  
And every passion speaks: O through her strain  
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds  
The attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
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  
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,  
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war;  
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
The British youth would hail thy wise command,  
Thy temper'd ardour and thy veteran skill.  
The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;  
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
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  
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon  
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,  
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.  
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,

Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
And caverns deep, as optic tube descends,  
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.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.  
But when half blotted from the sky her light,  
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;  
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,  
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;  
Oft in this season, silent from the north  
A blaze of meteors shoots; ensweeping first  
The lower skies, they all at once converge  
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,  
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
All ether coursing in a maze of light.  
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,  
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
The appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;  
Till the long lines of full extended war  
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood  
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,  
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;  
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;  
Of pestilence, and every great distress;  
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
The unalterable hour: e'en Nature's self  
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
Not so the man of philosophic eye,

And inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new.  
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense! Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;  
Distinction lost; and gay variety  
One universal blot: such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.  
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
The wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
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  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
Sent by the better Genius of the night,  
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,  
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.  
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.  
Ah, see where, robb'd and murder'd, in that pit  
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,

The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor; 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 honey'd domes,  
Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.  
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning Summer heats away?  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long  
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation? when obliged,  
Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;  
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day?  
See where the stony bottom of their town  
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seized  
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd  
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,  
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.  
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 thread  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
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



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,  
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth  
By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
Points an approving smile, with double force,  
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts  
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil  
Begins again the never ceasing round.  
Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men  
The happiest he! who far from public rage,  
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,  
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,  
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?  
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
For him each rarer tributary life  
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
With luxury, and death? What though his bowl  
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
What though he knows not those fantastic joys  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,

In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,  
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
Here too dwells simple Truth; plain Innocence;  
Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,  
Patient of labour, with a little pleased;  
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;  
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.  
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
Let such as deem it glory to destroy  
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;  
Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,  
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,  
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
The social sense extinct; and that ferment  
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
An iron race! and those of fairer front,  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
Delusive pomp and dark cabals, delight;  
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
While he, from all the stormy passions free  
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,  
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,  
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;  
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 germs,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid Tempè wont to wave,  
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;  
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
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.  
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,  
Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.  
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing  
O'er land and sea imagination roams;  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace  
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth

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

James Thomson

## The Four Seasons : Spring

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness! come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.  
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.  
And see where surly Winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.  
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill 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  
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 then thin,  
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.  
Forth fly the tepid airs: and unconfined,  
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers  
Drives from their stalls, to where the well used plough  
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,

Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.  
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,  
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe  
While through the neighbouring fields the sowe stalks,  
With measured step, and liberal throws the grain  
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!  
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live  
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:  
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung  
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height  
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.  
In ancient times the sacred plough employ'd  
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:  
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes  
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,  
Disdaining little delicacies, seized  
The plough, and greatly independent lived.  
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough!  
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,  
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,  
Far through his azure turbulent domain,  
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;  
So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,  
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  
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,

In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!  
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!  
United light and shade! where the sight dwells  
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.  
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
In all the colours of the flushing year,  
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish fragrance; while the promised fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;  
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 raptured eye  
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.  
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale  
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe  
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast  
The full-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 warp  
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,  
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,  
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft

The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course  
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.  
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff  
And blazing straw before his orchard burns;  
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe  
From every cranny suffocated falls:  
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:  
Or, when 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.  
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,  
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.  
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:  
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  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspin tall. The' uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off:



And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.  
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,  
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  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
The 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.  
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
Full swell the woods; their every 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,  
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  
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  
From the white mingling maze. 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,  
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
A softened 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.  
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanist to number up their tribes:  
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search; or through the forest, rank  
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,  
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,  
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.  
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,  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole

Their hours away: while in the rosy vale  
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,  
That inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
Not yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;  
For reason and benevolence were law.  
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds  
Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead  
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy;  
For music held the whole in perfect peace:  
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round  
Applied their quire; and winds and waters flow'd  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.  
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times.  
These dregs of life! now the distemper'd mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,  
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all  
Is off the poise within: the passions all  
Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,  
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,  
Weak and unmanly, loosens 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,  
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone

To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,  
Of life impatient, into madness swells;  
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.  
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,  
From ever changing views of good and ill,  
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows  
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,  
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;  
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:  
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
And joyless inhumanity pervades  
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her course.  
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:  
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
With universal burst, into the gulf,  
And o'er the high-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.  
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen  
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot  
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,  
In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough.  
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;  
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms  
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;  
While sickly damps and cold autumnal fogs  
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.  
But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,

Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.  
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;  
Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,  
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
For, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined man  
Is now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er 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;  
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  
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,  
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  
Against the Winter's cold? and the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,  
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,  
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
E'en of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,  
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart  
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,  
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.  
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,  
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream  
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,  
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,  
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,  
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
And all thy slender watry stores prepare.  
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,  
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;  
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,  
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.  
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 curling play,  
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds,  
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;  
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,  
Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
Their little naiads love to sport at large.  
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;  
And as you lead it round in artful curve,  
With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
Straight as above the surface of the flood  
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,  
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:  
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
If yet too young, and easily deceived,  
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,

Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
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.  
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 lengthened line;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;  
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:  
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.  
Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun  
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,  
Even shooting listless langour through the deeps;  
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,  
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale  
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
With all the lowly children of the shade:  
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,  
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,  
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,  
High, in the beetling cliff, his 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  
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,  
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;  
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.  
Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint  
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears  
In every bud that blows? If fancy then  
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,  
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!  
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:  
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.  
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,  
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 ravished soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,



The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;  
Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,  
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.  
At length the finish'd garden to the view  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:  
Now meets the bending sky; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,  
The forest 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,  
Fair-handed 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 wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemones; auriculas, enriched  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;  
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.  
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,  
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 jonquils,  
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;  
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;  
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.  
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.  
Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul  
Of Heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!  
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,  
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,  
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.  
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,  
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:  
By Thee 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  
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,  
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh, pour  
The mazy-running soul of melody  
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,  
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame,—the passion of the groves.  
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;  
And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,

Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
In music unconfined. Up-springs the lark,  
Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn;  
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
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  
And wood-lark, 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.  
The black-bird 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  
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes  
A melancholy murmur through the whole.  
'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love;  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in 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  
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem  
Softening the least approbation to bestow,  
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspired,  
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,  
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;  
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;  
That Nature's great command may be obey'd:  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn  
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weare.  
But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots  
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry through the busy air,  
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,  
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.  
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
To pick the scanty meal. 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  
With constant clamour: O what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young;  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins. Even 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,  
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,  
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  
The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head  
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,  
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead  
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.  
Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man  
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,  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
O 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.  
But let not chief the nightingale lament

Her ruin'd care too 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,  
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;  
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough,  
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.  
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,  
Demand the free possession of the sky:  
This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
Parental love at once, now needless grown.  
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.  
Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,  
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad  
On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs  
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,  
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void  
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
Or push them off. The surging air receives  
Its plummy burden; and their self-taught wings  
Winnow the waving element. On ground  
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
Farther and farther on, the 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,  
And once rejoicing never know them more.  
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns

On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race  
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,  
The royal eagle draws his 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,  
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.  
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,  
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,  
In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleased,  
I might the various polity survey  
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen  
Calls all her chirping family around,  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;  
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
The finely checker'd duck, before her train,  
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads  
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,  
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.  
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,  
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins  
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.  
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
While o'er his ample sides the rambling spray  
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood  
Dejected wanders, nor the inticing bud

Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.  
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,  
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns  
His rival gored in every knotty trunk.  
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:  
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,  
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
And groaning deep, 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,  
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;  
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,  
And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;  
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;  
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes  
The exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream  
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force  
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.  
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring  
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:  
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,  
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
Dire were the strain, and dissonant to sing  
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:  
How by this flame their native wrath sublimed,  
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,  
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
I sing, enraptured, to the British Fair,  
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,  
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,  
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,  
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race  
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,  
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew  
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads;  
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,  
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!  
What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,  
That, in a 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,  
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.  
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  
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;  
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  
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  
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  
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  
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  
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.  
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!  
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;  
The British Tempé! there along the dale,  
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,  
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,  
Or gleam in lengthened vista through the trees,  
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade  
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
And pensive listen to the various voice  
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
On the soothed ear. From these abstracted oft,  
You wander through the philosophic world;  
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,

Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time:  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,  
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,  
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refined,  
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;  
And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
Tost 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,  
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
Where meek'd sense, and amiable grace,  
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured, drink  
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
Unutterable happiness! which love,  
Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.  
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:  
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,  
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:  
Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt  
The Hospitable Genius lingers still,  
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,  
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;  
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds  
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.  
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,  
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;  
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;

The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,  
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize  
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:  
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,  
Down-cast and low, in meek submission dress'd,  
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,  
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,  
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.  
And let the aspiring youth beware of love,  
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,  
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours;  
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,  
Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
Still paints the illusive form; the kindling grace;  
The inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,  
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,  
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:  
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,  
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.  
E'en present, in the very lap of love  
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;  
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest: a quick returning pang  
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honour still,  
And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.  
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.

'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.  
All Nature fades extinct: and she alone,  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue  
The unfinish'd period falls: while borne away  
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declined,  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love: or on the bank  
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon  
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve  
To mingle woes with his: or, while the world  
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly-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.  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
In any posture finds; till the grey Morn

Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps  
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,  
Still interrupted by distractèd 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  
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths  
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  
The farther 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.  
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,  
Coroding every thought, and blasting all  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewell! ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed  
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  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
Her first endearments twining round the soul,  
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew  
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,  
Through flowery tempting paths, or leads a life  
Of fever'd rapture or of cruel care;  
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.  
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence: for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;  
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven,  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:

While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.  
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe 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,  
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
All various Nature pressing on the heart:  
An elegant sufficiency, content,  
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!  
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;  
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep;  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.



James Thomson

## The Four Seasons : Summer

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;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring  
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.  
Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom;  
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.  
Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,  
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the Poet, every power  
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.  
And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,  
In whom the human graces all unite:  
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;  
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,  
By decency chastised; goodness and wit,  
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, inspirit every line,  
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.  
With what an awful world-revolving power  
Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
The illimitable void! thus to remain,  
Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,  
And all their labour'd monuments away,  
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;  
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,

And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
Minutely faithful: such 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;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek'd-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,  
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward: while along the forest-glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes  
The native voice of undissembled joy;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
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  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.  
Falsely luxurious! will not Man awake;  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song?  
For is there 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 enlightened soul!  
Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?  
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,

Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!  
Of all material beings first, and best!  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?  
'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne  
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round  
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk  
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.  
Informer of the planetary train!  
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs  
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!  
How many forms of being wait on thee!  
Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,  
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.  
The vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,  
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,  
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,  
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,

Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,  
And softened into joy the surly Storms.  
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 enliven'd earth,  
Graceful with hills and dales, 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.  
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;  
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War  
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace  
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
The round of nations in a golden chain.  
The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,  
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,  
And all its native lustre let abroad,  
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,  
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,  
And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes  
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,  
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.  
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.  
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,  
When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
Than the green emerald 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,  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,  
In brighter mazes the relucent stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desert joys,

Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far; great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!  
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him!  
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully 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,  
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,  
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 quire celestial Thee resound,  
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!  
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;  
And to peruse its all instructing page,  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,  
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms  
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.  
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,  
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills  
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd  
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,  
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.  
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;  
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,

By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;  
While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts  
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.  
Who can unpitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,  
When fevers revel through their azure veins.  
But one the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,  
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.  
Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;  
His flock before him stepping to the fold:  
While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
The food of innocence and health! the daw,  
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks  
That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;  
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,  
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
To let the little noisy summer race  
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:  
Not mean though simple; to the sun ally'd,  
From him they draw their animating fire.  
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,  
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,  
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,

People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool  
They, sportive, wheel: or, sailing down the stream,  
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,  
Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade  
Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed,  
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
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,  
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
The fold, and dairy, hungry bend their flight;  
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese;  
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,  
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.  
But chief to heedless flies the window proves  
A constant death; where, gloomily retired,  
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
Mixture abhorr'd! amid a mangled heap  
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
Passes, as oft the russian shows his front;  
The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,  
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.  
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  
Of willows grey, close 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,  
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,  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
Within its winding citadel, the stone  
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,  
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,  
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,  
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,  
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,  
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape  
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds  
In worlds inclosed should on his senses burst,  
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,  
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,  
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.  
Let no presuming impious railer tax  
Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd  
In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?  
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,  
On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art!  
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
And lives the man, whose universal eye  
Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things;  
Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
That this availeth nought? Has any seen

The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
From Infinite Perfection to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!  
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,  
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.  
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolved,  
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,  
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.  
E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass  
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,  
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on  
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.  
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.  
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,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.  
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,  
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.

Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:  
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
And panting labour to the farthest shore.  
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,  
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;  
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow  
Slow more the harmless race: where, as they spread  
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild  
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,  
Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows  
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,  
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;  
While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:  
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
To stamp the master's cypher ready stand;  
Others the unwilling wether drag along;  
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
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,  
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,  
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,  
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;  
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.  
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun  
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all  
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground  
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams  
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields  
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
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;  
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.  
All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!  
And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
And restless turn, and look around for night;  
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.  
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side  
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,

Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:  
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.  
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,  
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,  
And every passion aptly harmonized,  
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.  
Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!  
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!  
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!  
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,  
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides  
Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink.  
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  
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,  
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;  
A various group the herds and flocks compose,  
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank  
Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
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;  
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 gad-flies fasten on the herd;  
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,  
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,

They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
Through all the bright severity of noon;  
While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.  
Oft in this season too the horse, 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,  
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 nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.  
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth  
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:  
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
And all is awful listening gloom around.  
These are the haunts of Meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,  
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retired,  
Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,  
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall  
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
For future trials fated to prepare;  
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs  
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
(Backward to mingle in detested war,  
But foremost when engaged) to turn the death;  
And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.  
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel  
A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, me-thinks,  
A voice than human more, the abstracted ear

Of fancy strikes:—"Be not of us afraid,  
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we  
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,  
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,  
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,  
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.  
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,  
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:  
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,  
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear  
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."  
And art thou, Stanley, of that sacred band?  
Alas, for us too soon! though raised above  
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;  
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,  
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
Inspired: where moral wisdom mildly shone,  
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,  
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.  
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;  
Or rather to Parental Nature pay  
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while  
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.  
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death  
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,  
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,  
Through endless ages, into higher powers.  
Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapt,

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  
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
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,  
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,  
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,  
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower  
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.  
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,  
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short interval of weary woe! again  
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds  
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.  
Beside the dewy border let me sit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air:  
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss-lined, and over head  
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,  
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,  
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,  
The general breeze, to mitigate his fire,  
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
Returning suns and double seasons pass:  
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:  
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;  
Or to the far horizon wide diffused,  
A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,  
The noble sons of potent heat and floods  
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven  
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste  
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,  
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.  
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;  
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,  
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me 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;  
Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.  
Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!  
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs  
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race  
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride  
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
The poets 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,  
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,  
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.  
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:  
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,  
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,  
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail  
Behemoth rears his head. Glanced from his side,  
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;  
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
In widening circle round, forget their food,  
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.  
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast  
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,  
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;  
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,  
High raised in solemn theatre around,  
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!  
O truly wise, with gentle might endow'd,  
Though powerful, not destructive! here he sees  
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
And empires rise and fall; regardless he  
Of what the never-resting race of men  
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,  
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;  
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,  
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.  
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd  
The 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.  
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast  
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,  
Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.  
But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb  
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds  
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.  
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask

Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;  
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.  
Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range,  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,  
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.  
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,  
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;  
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks  
Securely stray; a world within itself,  
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw  
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear  
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;  
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:  
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes  
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.  
How changed the scene! in blazing height of noon,  
The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.  
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
For to the hot equator crowding fast,  
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air  
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,  
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;  
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.  
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed

Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,  
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;  
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;  
Till, in the furious elemental war  
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.  
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,  
That with unfading verdure smile around.  
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;  
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
Winds in progressive majesty along:  
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit  
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks  
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.  
His brother Niger too, and all the floods  
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave  
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract  
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous  
Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar;  
From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:  
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,  
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.  
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,  
The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque  
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives  
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.

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

Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;  
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,  
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone  
Sustains the name and dignity of man:  
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself  
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;  
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom  
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,  
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,  
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight  
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam  
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,  
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,  
There lost. The very brute-creation there  
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.  
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
Which even Imagination fears to tread,  
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train  
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,  
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue  
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,  
Or shivering flies or check'd at distance stands,  
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins  
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift  
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,  
This child of vengeful Nature! there, 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  
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce  
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:  
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er  
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;  
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,  
The keen 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,  
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;  
And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,  
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease  
They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts;  
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
Her thoughtless infant. From the pyrate's den,  
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escaped,  
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  
Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
And views the main that ever toils below;  
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
Ships, dim-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.  
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,  
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;  
When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.  
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.  
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,  
Let loose the raging elements. 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,  
Son of the desert! e'en 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,  
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play:  
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;  
Till, with the general all-involving storm  
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;  
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,  
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,  
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  
Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.  
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,  
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,  
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck  
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:  
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,  
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs  
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass  
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.  
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,  
His broad-winged vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.  
With such mad seas the daring Gama fought,  
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape;  
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged

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,  
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  
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;  
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,  
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,  
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.  
The stormy fates descend: one death involves  
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs  
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.  
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
And draws the copious stream: from swampy fens,  
Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,  
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dared to pierce; then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease.  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.  
Such as, of late, at Carthagen a quench'd  
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw  
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw  
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;  
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye  
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans  
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;

Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,  
The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,  
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,  
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,  
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,  
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,  
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand  
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,  
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;  
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
The cheerful haunt of men: unless 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,  
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,  
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
Fearing to turn, abhors society:  
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,  
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  
They fall, unblest, 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,  
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,  
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.  
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  
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-tinctured trains of latent flame,  
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,  
The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound  
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.  
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes  
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,  
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.  
'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;  
And following slower, in explosion vast,

The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,  
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,  
And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.  
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds  
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
The unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine  
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,  
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:  
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
They wore alive, and ruminating still  
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,  
And ox half-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.  
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud  
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,  
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,  
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,  
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,  
And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.  
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.  
And yet not always on the guilty head  
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon  
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;  
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,

The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:  
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
And his the radiance of the risen day.  
They lov'd: 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;  
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
Still in harmonious intercourse they 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,  
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,  
While, with each other blest, creative love  
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved  
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  
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,  
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves  
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour  
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,  
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,  
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,

A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!  
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,  
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent and for ever sad.  
As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds  
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands  
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air  
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
Invests the fields; and nature smiles 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,  
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,  
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  
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;  
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.  
This is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;

Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,  
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,  
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.  
Even from the body's purity the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.  
Close in the covert of a hazel copse,  
Where, winded into pleasing solitudes,  
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,  
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.  
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast  
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole  
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,  
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
He 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  
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  
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:  
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
A delicate refinement, known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast, and 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 blest



Arcadian stream, with timid eye around  
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  
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  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,  
As from her naked limbs of glowing white,  
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn;  
And fair 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  
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,  
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows,  
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
That half-embraced her in a humid veil,  
Rising again, the latent Damon drew  
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,  
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptured thought  
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,  
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,  
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank  
With trembling hand he threw:—'Bathe on, my fair,  
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye  
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,

To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
And each licentious eye.' With wild surprise,  
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
So stands the statue that enchants the world,  
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.  
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd  
In careless haste, 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,  
The charming blush of innocence, esteem,  
And admiration of her lover's flame,  
By modesty exalted: e'en a sense  
Of self-approving beauty stole across  
Her busy thought. At length a tender calm  
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen  
Of rural lovers this confession carved,  
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:  
'Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.'  
The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb  
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth  
And vital lustre; that with various ray  
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven,  
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
The dream of waking fancy! broad below,  
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves  
To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,  
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,  
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught  
With philosophic stores, superior light;  
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;  
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:  
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,  
To Nature's vast Lyceum forth they walk;  
By that kind School where no proud master reigns,  
The full free converse of the friendly heart,  
Improving and 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?  
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 harvests? or ascend,  
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
Thy hill, delightful Shene? Here let us sweep  
The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye,  
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,  
Now to the Sister-Hills that skirt her plain,  
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where  
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.  
In lovely contrast to this glorious view  
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.  
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:  
Luxurious, there, rove through the 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,  
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

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,  
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.  
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse  
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!  
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!  
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,  
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.  
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!  
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,  
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.  
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;  
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float  
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless! while, roving round their sides,  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise 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.  
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,  
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.  
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,  
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,

Scattering the nations where they go; and first  
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.  
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the 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,  
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
Of those that under grim oppression groan.  
Thy sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,  
In whom the splendour of heroic war,  
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
Combine; whose hallow'd name the 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,  
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,  
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,  
Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,  
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,  
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,  
A dauntless soul erect, who 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.  
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,  
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,  
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 bled.

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

His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.  
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search  
Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,  
Who made the whole internal world his own?  
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God  
To mortals lent, to trace His boundless works  
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?  
Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?  
A genius universal as his theme;  
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom  
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime!  
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;  
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:  
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,  
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,  
Well 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,  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
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,  
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
Like the red rose bud moist with morning dew,  
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,  
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when 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,  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight  
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.  
O Thou! by whose Almighty nod the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,  
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;  
The tender-looking Charity, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;  
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind:  
Courage composed, and keen; sound Temperance,  
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;  
Rough Industry; Activity untired,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:  
While in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.  
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,  
(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 an enchanted round,  
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;  
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,



Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
A drooping family of modest worth.  
But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;  
To him the long review of order'd life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.  
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care  
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.  
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.  
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,  
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game, and revelry, to pass  
The summer night, as village-stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune 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.  
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  
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  
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,  
When day-light 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  
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  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends;  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above  
Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,  
Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,  
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
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,  
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:  
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,  
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps  
To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.  
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,  
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!  
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!  
A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,  
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,  
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,  
New to the dawning of celestial day.  
Hence 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,  
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,  
The world-producing Essence, who alone  
Possesses being; while the Last receives  
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.  
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts  
Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!  
Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?  
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur  
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness

Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;  
Mother severe of infinite delights!  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs  
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath  
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail  
Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.  
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  
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;  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:  
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;  
And notion quite abstract; where first begins  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,  
(So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep.  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,  
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of God,  
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,

And ever rising with the rising mind.

James Thomson

## The Four Seasons : Winter

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,  
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms,  
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,  
Pleased have I, in my cheerful 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;  
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,  
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
Till through the lucid chambers of the south  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and 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,  
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;  
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;  
And now among the wintry clouds again,  
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;  
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;  
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;  
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:  
Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear  
With bold description, and with manly thought.  
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,  
And how to make a mighty people thrive;  
But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul,  
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,  
A steady spirit regularly free;  
These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
Into the patriot; these, the public hope  
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse

Record what envy dares not flattery call.  
Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,  
And fierce Aquarius stains the inverted year;  
Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.  
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
Through the thick air; as clothed in cloudy storm,  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;  
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,  
And all the vapoury turbulence of Heaven,  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Through Nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease,  
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with more than melancholy views.  
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;  
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.  
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure.  
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;  
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
That grumbling wave below. 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,  
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 low, their wonted stalls,  
Or ruminates 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  
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor reckes the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.  
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,  
At last the 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,  
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd  
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;  
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.  
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!  
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!  
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
Where your aërial magazines reserved,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?  
In what far distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?  
When from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey: while rising slow,



Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.  
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;  
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,  
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,  
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,  
The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,  
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train,  
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight  
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;  
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing  
The circling 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,  
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.  
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air  
Down in a torrent. On the passive main  
Descends 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:  
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds across the howling waste

Of mighty waters: now 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  
Of full exerted Heaven they wing their course,  
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
Or shoal insidious break not their career,  
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.  
Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns.  
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons  
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,  
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's  
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,  
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,  
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.  
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,  
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.  
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.  
All Nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;  
Then straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.  
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious Night,  
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;  
Let me shake off 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!  
Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:  
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved,  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.  
Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!  
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!  
The keener tempests rise: and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm  
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, 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  
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;  
Till more familiar grown, the table-crums  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,  
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,  
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  
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains  
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged,  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.  
As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
All Winter drives along the darken'd air:  
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
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!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,

He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track and bless'd abode of man;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then thron'g the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;  
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh mountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks,  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;  
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him 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!  
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.  
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;  
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death,  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,  
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.  
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;  
Shut from the common air, and common use

Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread  
Of misery. Sore 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;  
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.  
E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,  
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop  
In deep retired distress. How many stand  
Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,  
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;  
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work.  
And here can I forget the generous band,  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;  
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.  
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;  
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.

O great design! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
Ye sons of Mercy! yet resume the search;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.  
The toils of law (what dark insidious men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,  
And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
And every man within the reach of right.  
By wintry famine roused, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,  
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!  
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;  
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance  
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,  
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
But if, apprized of the severe attack,  
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,  
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)  
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,  
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.  
Among those hilly regions, where embraced  
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell;  
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.

From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,  
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,  
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.  
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
In the wild depth of Winter, while without  
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
Between the groaning forest and the shore  
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
And hold high converse with the mighty Dead;  
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,  
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind  
With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.  
Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside  
The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass  
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,  
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,  
Against the rage of tyrants single stood,  
Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,  
That Voice of God within the attentive mind,  
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:  
Great moral teacher! Wisest of mankind!  
Solon the next, who built his common-weal  
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  
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
The pride of smiling Greece, and human-kind.  
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force  
Of strictest discipline, severely wise,  
All human passions. Following him, I see,  
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
The firm devoted chief, who proved by deeds  
The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;



Spotless of heart, to whom the unflattering voice  
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  
Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,  
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad  
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
Of every worth and every splendid art;  
Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.  
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,  
Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,  
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,  
Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.  
And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,  
Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,  
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.  
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,  
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,  
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,  
To virtue still inexorably firm;  
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.  
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons,  
The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw  
E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk,  
The two Achaian heroes close the train:  
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 luxurious pomp he could not cure;  
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;  
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.  
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!  
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times  
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame  
Their dearest country they too fondly 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.  
Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
The public Father who the private quell'd,  
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
He, whom his thankless country could not lose,  
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.  
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;  
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.  
Thy willing victim, Carthage, bursting loose  
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade  
With Friendship and Philosophy retired.  
Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while  
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,  
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,  
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,  
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!  
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,  
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 will Pope descend,  
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
And with the social spirit warm the heart?  
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,  
Yet is his life the more endearing song.  
Where art thou, Hammond? thou, the darling pride,  
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!  
Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?  
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;  
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,  
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!  
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass  
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspired:  
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,  
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;  
And each diffusive harmony unite  
In full perfection, to the astonish'd eye.  
Then would we try to scan the moral world,  
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
In higher order; fitted and impell'd

By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all  
In general good. The sage historic Muse  
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:  
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,  
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,  
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,  
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest Heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;  
Then, even superior to ambition, we  
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
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  
Of happiness and wonder; where the mind,  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;  
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,  
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.  
Meantime the village rouses up the fire;  
While well attested, and as well believed,  
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round;  
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;  
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
Easily pleased; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:  
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes

Of native music, the respondent dance.  
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.  
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,  
Full of each theme and warm with mix'd discourse,  
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf  
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
Upsprings the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd and evolved, a thousand sprightly ways.  
The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,  
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,  
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.  
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;  
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;  
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear  
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse  
Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
And raises sly the 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.  
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,  
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
Of polish'd life; permit the rural Muse,  
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!  
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)  
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:  
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,

Rejects the allurements of corrupted power;  
That elegant politeness, which excels,  
E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,  
The boasted manners of her shining court;  
That with the vivid energy of sense,  
The truth of Nature, which with Attic point  
And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd  
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:  
Thou to assenting reason givest again  
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,  
The obedient passions on thy voice attend;  
And e'en reluctant party feels a while  
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze  
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.  
To thy 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  
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,  
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;  
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
All Nature feels the renovating force  
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
And gathers vigour for the coming year,  
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along  
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.  
What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores  
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,  
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,  
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,  
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,  
The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
The village dog deters the nightly thief;  
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall  
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;  
Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
The various labour of the silent night:  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;

The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;  
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,  
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.  
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
While every work of man is laid at rest,  
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport  
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,  
Happiest of all the train! the raptured boy  
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine  
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
From every province swarming, void of care,  
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,  
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,  
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.  
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
The long-resounding course. Meantime to raise  
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,  
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,  
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.  
Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;  
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun,  
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:  
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:  
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
Relents awhile to the reflected ray:  
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
Worse than the Season, desolate the fields;  
And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.  
But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye



Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;  
Where, for relentless months, continual Night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.  
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,  
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around  
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;  
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,  
That stretch athwart the solitary waste,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;  
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,  
Save when its annual course the caravan  
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,  
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;  
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,  
The furry nations harbour: tipp'd with jet,  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;  
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,  
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
Sleep on the new-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,  
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,  
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,  
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
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,  
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,  
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,  
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,  
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.  
No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;  
And through the restless ever tortured maze  
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.  
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  
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,  
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.  
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,  
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!  
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,  
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
In that glad season from the lakes and floods,  
Where pure Niemi's fairy mountains rise,  
And fringed with roses Tenglio rolls his stream,  
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;  
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,

880 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.  
Thrice 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  
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.  
Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,  
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,  
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,  
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,  
The Muse expands her solitary flight;  
And, 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;  
And through his airy hall the loud misrule  
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:  
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;  
Here arms his winds with all subduing frost;  
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,  
With which he now oppresses half the globe.  
Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,  
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;  
Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
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,  
As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
Ocean itself no longer can resist  
The binding fury: but, in all its rage  
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
Of every life, that from the dreary months  
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,

Take their last look of the descending sun;  
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's fate,  
As with first prow, (what have not Britons 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,  
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.  
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.  
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,  
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,  
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.  
What cannot active government perform,  
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,  
A people savage from remotest time,  
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,  
By Heaven inspired, from gothic darkness call'd.  
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! he  
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  
Through long successive ages to build up  
A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!

Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
A mighty shadow of unreal power;  
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
And roaming every land, in every port  
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
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;  
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,  
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:  
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.  
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;  
And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash'd the ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;  
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.  
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,  
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors

Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
The assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
More to embroil the deep, leviathan  
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,  
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
Yet Providence, that ever waking eye,  
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.  
'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.  
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends  
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!  
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,  
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,  
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled  
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,  
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life?  
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives,  
Immortal never failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high. And see!  
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears  
The new creating word, and starts to life,  
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death  
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,  
Involving all, and in a perfect whole

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refined clear up apace.  
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power  
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret lived,  
And died, neglected: why the good man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:  
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 a while,  
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.

James Thomson

# The Happy Man

He's not the happy man, to whom is given  
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;  
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,  
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;  
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,  
And all the various bounty of the year;  
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,  
Whose curved mountains bleat, and forests sing;  
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,  
While his full cellars give their generous wines;  
From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours  
A golden tide into his swelling stores;  
Whose winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales  
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;  
Whom yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;  
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves.  
E'en not all these, in one rich lot combined,  
Can make the happy man, without the mind;  
Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys  
The chain of reason with unerring gaze;  
Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,  
Her fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;  
Where social love exerts her soft command,  
And lays the passions with a tender hand,  
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,  
And all the moral harmony of life.  
Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline:  
Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

James Thomson



# The Incomparable Soporific Doctor

Sweet, sleeky Doctor! dear pacific soul!  
Lay at the beef, and suck the vital bowl!  
Still let the involving smoke around thee fly,  
And broad-looking dulness settle in thine eye.  
Ah! soft in down these dainty limbs repose,  
And in the very lap of slumber doze;  
But chiefly on the lazy day of grace,  
Call forth the lambent glories of thy face;  
If aught the thoughts of dinner can prevail,  
And sure the Sunday's dinner cannot fail,  
To the thin church in sleepy pomp proceed,  
And lean on the lethargic book thy head;  
Those eyes wipe often with the hallowed lawn,  
Profoundly nod, immeasurably yawn;  
Slow let the prayers by thy meek lips be sung,  
Nor let thy thoughts be distanced by thy tongue;  
If e'er the lingerers are within a call,  
Or if on prayers thou deign'st to think at all.  
Yet - only yet - the swimming head we bend;  
But when serene, the pulpit you ascend,  
Through every joint a gentle horror creeps,  
And round you the consenting audience sleeps.  
So when an ass with sluggish front appears,  
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears;  
But soon as ere the sage is heard to bray,  
The fields all thunder, and they bound away.

James Thomson

# The Lover's Fate

Hard is the fate of him who loves,  
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
But to the sympathetic groves,  
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,  
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen  
In flowery tracts along the mead,  
In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
To whom the tears of love are dear,  
From dying lilies waft a gale,  
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,  
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;  
Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame  
Is, as her spotless soul, refined.

Not her own guardian-angel eyes  
With chaster tenderness his care,  
Not purer her own wishes rise,  
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear  
Should start at love's suspected name,  
With that of friendship soothe her ear -  
True love and friendship are the same.

James Thomson

# The Morning In The Country

When from the opening chambers of the east  
The morning springs, in thousand liveries drest,  
The early larks their morning tribute pay,  
And, in shrill notes, salute the blooming day.  
Refreshed fields with pearly dew do shine,  
And tender blades therewith their tops incline.  
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,  
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.  
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes  
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks.  
The herd his plaid around his shoulders throws,  
Grasps his dear crook, calls on his dog, and goes  
Around the fold: he walks with careful pace,  
And fallen clods sets in their wonted place;  
Then opes the door, unfolds his fleecy care,  
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare!  
Down upon easy moss he lays,  
And sings some charming shepherdess's praise.

James Thomson

# The Morning Lark

Feather'd lyric, warbling high,  
Sweetly gaining on the sky,  
Op'ning with thy matin lay  
(Nature's hymn) the eye of day,  
Teach my soul, on early wing,  
Thus to soar and thus to sing.  
While the bloom of orient light  
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,  
May the Day-spring from on high,  
Seen by faith's religious eye,  
Cheer me with His vital ray,  
Promise of eternal day.

James Thomson

# The Rainbow

Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
Full swell the woods; their every 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,  
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  
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  
From the white mingling maze. 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 th' amusive arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away.

James Thomson

# The Reapers In Autumn

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.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;  
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,  
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
Behind, the master walks, builds up the shocks:  
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling  
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
The liberal handful. Think, oh think!  
How good the God of harvest is to you,  
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
While these unhappy partners of your kind  
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

James Thomson

## The Seasons: Winter

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 Gloom!  
Wish'd, wint'ry, Horrors, hail! -- With frequent Foot,  
Pleas'd, have I, in my cheerful Morn of Life,  
When, nurs'd by careless Solitude, I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,  
Pleas'd, have I wander'd thro' your rough Domains;  
Trod the pure, virgin, Snows, my self as pure:  
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst:  
Or seen the deep, fermenting, Tempest brew'd,  
In the red, evening, Sky. -- Thus pass'd the Time,  
Till, thro' the opening Chambers of the South,  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.  
THEE too, Inspirer of the toiling Swain!  
Fair AUTUMN, yellow rob'd! I'll sing of thee,  
Of thy last, temper'd, Days, and sunny Calms;  
When all the golden Hours are on the Wing,  
Attending thy Retreat, and round thy Wain,  
Slow-rolling, onward to the Southern Sky.

BEHOLD! the well-pois'd Hornet, hovering, hangs,  
With quivering Pinions, in the genial Blaze;  
Flies off, in airy Circles: then returns,  
And hums, and dances to the beating Ray.  
Nor shall the Man, that, musing, walks alone,  
And, heedless, strays within his radiant Lists,  
Go unchastis'd away. -- Sometimes, a Fleece  
Of Clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid Veil,  
Soft, shadow o'er th'unruffled Face of Heaven;  
And, thro' their dewy Sluices, shed the Sun,  
With temper'd Influence down. Then is the Time,  
For those, whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud,  
And soar above this little Scene of Things:  
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet:  
To lay their Passions in a gentle Calm,

And woo lone Quiet, in her silent Walks.

NOW, solitary, and in pensive Guise,  
Oft, let me wander o'er the russet Mead,  
Or thro' the pining Grove; where scarce is heard  
One dying Strain, to cheer the Woodman's Toil:  
Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her Plaint,  
Far, thro' the withering Copse. Mean while, the Leaves,  
That, late, the Forest clad with lively Green,  
Nipt by the drizzly Night, and Sallow-hu'd,  
Fall, wavering, thro' the Air; or shower amain,  
Urg'd by the Breeze, that sobs amid the Boughs.  
Then list'ning Hares forsake the rusling Woods,  
And, starting at the frequent Noise, escape  
To the rough Stubble, and the rushy Fen.  
Then Woodcocks, o'er the fluctuating Main,  
That glimmers to the Glimpses of the Moon,  
Stretch their long Voyage to the woodland Glade:  
Where, wheeling with uncertain Flight, they mock  
The nimble Fowler's Aim. -- Now Nature droops;  
Languish the living Herbs, with pale Decay:  
And all the various Family of Flowers  
Their sunny Robes resign. The falling Fruits,  
Thro' the still Night, forsake the Parent-Bough,  
That, in the first, grey, Glances of the Dawn,  
Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry Waste.

THE Year, yet pleasing, but declining fast,  
Soft, o'er the secret Soul, in gentle Gales,  
A Philosophic Melancholly breathes,  
And bears the swelling Thought aloft to Heaven.  
Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive,  
What never mingled with the Vulgar's Dream:  
Then wake the tender Pang, the pitying Tear,  
The Sigh for suffering Worth, the Wish prefer'd  
For Humankind, the Joy to see them bless'd,  
And all the Social Off-spring of the Heart!

OH! bear me then to high, embowering, Shades;  
To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales;  
To weeping Grottos, and to hoary Caves;  
Where Angel-Forms are seen, and Voices heard,



Sigh'd in low Whispers, that abstract the Soul,  
From outward Sense, far into Worlds remote.

NOW, when the Western Sun withdraws the Day,  
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,  
In her chill Progress, checks the straggling Beams,  
And robs them of their gather'd, vapoury, Prey,  
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,  
Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along  
The dusky-mantled Lawn: then slow descend,  
Once more to mingle with their Watry Friends.  
The vivid Stars shine out, in radiant Files;  
And boundless Ether glows, till the fair Moon  
Shows her broad Visage, in the crimson'd East;  
Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing Cloud:  
Now, o'er the pure Cerulean, rides sublime.  
Wide the pale Deluge floats, with silver Waves,  
O'er the sky'd Mountain, to the low-laid Vale;  
From the white Rocks, with dim Reflexion, gleams,  
And faintly glitters thro' the waving Shades.

ALL Night, abundant Dews, unnoted, fall,  
And, at Return of Morning, silver o'er  
The Face of Mother-Earth; from every Branch  
Depending, tremble the translucent Gems,  
And, quivering, seem to fall away, yet cling,  
And sparkle in the Sun, whose rising Eye,  
With Fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous Day.

NOW, giddy Youth, whom headlong Passions fire,  
Rouse the wild Game, and stain the guiltless Grove,  
With Violence, and Death; yet call it Sport,  
To scatter Ruin thro' the Realms of Love,  
And Peace, that thinks no Ill: But These, the Muse,  
Whose Charity, unlimited, extends  
As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,  
Returning to her nobler Theme in view --

FOR, see! where Winter comes, himself, confest,  
Striding the gloomy Blast. First Rains obscure  
Drive thro' the mingling Skies, with Tempest foul;  
Beat on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,

That, sounding, wave below. The dreary Plain  
Lies overwhelm'd, and lost. The bellying Clouds  
Combine, and deepening into Night, shut up  
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,  
Each to his Home, retire; save those that love  
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,  
And, skimming, flutter round the dimply Flood.  
The Cattle, from th'untasted Fields, return,  
And ask, with Meaning low, their wonted Stalls;  
Or ruminates in the contiguous Shade:  
Thither, the household, feathery, People croud,  
The crested Cock, with all his female Train,  
Pensive, and wet. Mean while, the Cottage-Swain  
Hangs o'er th'enlivening Blaze, and, taleful, there,  
Recounts his simple Frolic: Much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor reckes the Storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

AT last, the muddy Deluge pours along,  
Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes  
From the chapt Mountain, and the mossy Wild,  
Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far:  
Then o'er the sanded Valley, floating, spreads,  
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,  
Betwixt two meeting Hills, it bursts a Way,  
Where Rocks, and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream.  
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

NATURE! great Parent! whose directing Hand  
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,  
How mighty! how majestick are thy Works!  
With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul,  
That sees, astonish'd! and, astonish'd sings!  
You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.  
Where are your Stores, ye viewless Beings! say?  
Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,  
Against the Day of Tempest perilous?  
In what untravel'd Country of the Air,  
Hush'd in still Silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?

LATE, in the louring Sky, red, fiery, Streaks  
Begin to flush about; the reeling Clouds  
Stagger with dizzy Aim, as doubting yet  
Which Master to obey: while rising, slow,  
Sad, in the Leaden-colour'd East, the Moon  
Wears a bleak Circle round her sully'd Orb.  
Then issues forth the Storm, with loud Control,  
And the thin Fabrick of the pillar'd Air  
O'erturns, at once. Prone, on th'uncertain Main,  
Descends th'Ethereal Force, and plows its Waves,  
With dreadful Rift: from the mid-Deep, appears,  
Surge after Surge, the rising, wat'ry, War.  
Whitening, the angry Billows rowl immense,  
And roar their Terrors, thro' the shuddering Soul  
Of feeble Man, amidst their Fury caught,  
And, dash'd upon his Fate: Then, o'er the Cliff,  
Where dwells the Sea-Mew, unconfin'd, they fly,  
And, hurrying, swallow up the steril Shore.

THE Mountain growls; and all its sturdy Sons  
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade:  
Lone, on its Midnight-Side, and all aghast,  
The dark, way-faring, Stranger, breathless, toils,  
And climbs against the Blast --  
Low, waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds  
What of its leafy Honours yet remains.  
Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,  
The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;  
And, on the Cottage thacht, or lordly Dome,  
Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid Base.  
Sleep, frightened, flies; the hollow Chimney howls,  
The Windows rattle, and the Hinges creak.

THEN, too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,  
Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,  
That, murmur'd by the Demon of the Night,  
Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe, and Death!  
Wild Uproar lords it wide: the Clouds commixt,  
With Stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the Sky.  
All Nature reels. -- But hark! the Almighty speaks:  
Instant, the chidden Storm begins to pant,  
And dies, at once, into a noiseless Calm.

AS yet, 'tis Midnight's Reign; the weary Clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom:  
Now, while the drousy World lies lost in Sleep,  
Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,  
And Contemplation, her sedate Compeer;  
Let me shake off th'intrusive Cares of Day,  
And lay the meddling Senses all aside.

AND now, ye lying Vanities of Life!  
You ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!  
Where are you now? and what is your Amount?  
Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.  
Sad, sickening, Thought! and yet, deluded Man,  
A Scene of wild, disjointed, Visions past,  
And broken Slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,  
With new-flush'd Hopes, to run your giddy Round.

FATHER of Light, and Life! Thou Good Supreme!  
O! teach me what is Good! teach me thy self!  
Save me from Folly, Vanity and Vice,  
From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul,  
With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Vertue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

LO! from the livid East, or piercing North,  
Thick Clouds ascend, in whose capacious Womb,  
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd:  
Heavy, they roll their fleecy World along;  
And the Sky saddens with th'impending Storm.  
Thro' the hush'd Air, the whitening Shower descends,  
At first, thin-wavering; till, at last, the Flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,  
With a continual Flow. See! sudden, hoar'd,  
The Woods beneath the stainless Burden bow,  
Blackning, along the mazy Stream it melts;  
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,  
Is all one, dazzling, Waste. The Labourer-Ox  
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands  
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,  
Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around  
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon,

That Providence allows. The foodless Wilds  
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants; the Hare,  
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset  
By Death, in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,  
And more un pitying Men, the Garden seeks,  
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind  
Eye the bleak Heavens, and next, the glistening Earth,  
With Looks of dumb Despair; then sad, dispers'd,  
Dig, for the wither'd Herb, thro' Heaps of Snow.

NOW, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind;  
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Penns  
With Food, at will: lodge them below the Blast,  
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,  
In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing  
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains,  
In one fierce Blast, and o'er th'unhappy Flocks,  
Lodg'd in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,  
The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,  
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,  
That curls its Wreaths amid the freezing Sky.

NOW, all amid the Rigours of the Year,  
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without  
The ceaseless Winds blow keen, be my Retreat  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;  
Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join  
To chase the chearless Gloom: there let me sit,  
And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead,  
Sages of ancient Time, as Gods rever'd,  
As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind,  
With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World,  
Rous'd at th'inspiring Thought -- I throw aside  
The long-liv'd Volume, and, deep-musing, hail  
The sacred Shades, that, slowly-rising, pass  
Before my wondering Eyes -- First, Socrates,  
Truth's early Champion, Martyr for his God:  
Solon, the next, who built his Commonweal,  
On Equity's firm Base: Lycurgus, then,  
Severely good, and him of rugged Rome,  
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.  
Cimon sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just.

Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme;  
With that attemper'd Heroe, mild, and firm,  
Who wept the Brother, while the Tyrant bled.  
Scipio, the humane Warriour, gently brave,  
Fair Learning's Friend; who early sought the Shade,  
To dwell, with Innocence, and Truth, retir'd.  
And, equal to the best, the Theban, He  
Who, single, rais'd his Country into Fame.  
Thousands behind, the Boast of Greece and Rome,  
Whom Vertue owns, the Tribute of a Verse  
Demand, but who can count the Stars of Heaven?  
Who sing their Influence on this lower World?  
But see who yonder comes! nor comes alone,  
With sober State, and of majestic Mien,  
The Sister-Muses in his Train -- 'Tis He!  
Maro! the best of Poets, and of Men!  
Great Homer too appears, of daring Wing!  
Parent of Song! and, equal, by his Side,  
The British Muse, join'd Hand in Hand, they walk,  
Darkling, nor miss their Way to Fame's Ascent.

Society divine! Immortal Minds!  
Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,  
And mount my soaring Soul to Deeds like yours.  
Silence! thou lonely Power! the Door be thine:  
See, on the hallow'd Hour, that none intrude,  
Save Lycidas, the Friend, with Sense refin'd,  
Learning digested well, exalted Faith,  
Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.

CLEAR Frost succeeds, and thro' the blew Serene,  
For Sight too fine, th'Ætherial Nitre flies,  
To bake the Glebe, and bind the slip'ry Flood.  
This of the wintry Season is the Prime;  
Pure are the Days, and lustrous are the Nights,  
Brighten'd with starry Worlds, till then unseen.  
Mean while, the Orient, darkly red, breathes forth  
An Icy Gale, that, in its mid Career,  
Arrests the bickering Stream. The nightly Sky,  
And all her glowing Constellations pour  
Their rigid Influence down: It freezes on  
Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping World,

Lifts her pale Eye, unjoyous: then appears  
The various Labour of the silent Night,  
The pendant Isicle, the Frost-Work fair,  
Where thousand Figures rise, the crusted Snow,  
Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining North.  
On blithsome Frolics bent, the youthful Swains,  
While every Work of Man is laid at Rest,  
Rush o'er the watry Plains, and, shuddering, view  
The fearful Deeps below: or with the Gun,  
And faithful Spaniel, range the ravag'd Fields,  
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,  
Distress the Feathery, or the Footed Game.

BUT hark! the nightly Winds, with hollow Voice,  
Blow, blustering, from the South -- the Frost subdu'd,  
Gradual, resolves into a weeping Thaw.  
Spotted, the Mountains shine: loose Sleet descends,  
And floods the Country round: the Rivers swell,  
Impatient for the Day. -- Those sullen Seas,  
That wash th'ungenial Pole, will rest no more,  
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;  
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave, --  
And hark! -- the length'ning Roar, continuous, runs  
Athwart the rifted Main; at once, it bursts,  
And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds!  
Ill fares the Bark, the Wretches' last Resort,  
That, lost amid the floating Fragments, moors  
Beneath the Shelter of an Icy Isle;  
While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks  
More horrible. Can human Hearts endure  
Th'assembled Mischiefs, that besiege them round:  
Unlist'ning Hunger, fainting Weariness,  
The Roar of Winds, and Waves, the Crush of Ice,  
Now, ceasing, now, renew'd, with louder Rage,  
And bellowing round the Main: Nations remote,  
Shook from their Midnight-Slumbers, deem they hear  
Portentous Thunder, in the troubled Sky.  
More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan,  
And his unweildy Train, in horrid Sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd Brine; while, thro' the Gloom,  
Far, from the dire, unhospitable Shore,  
The Lyon's Rage, the Wolf's sad Howl is heard,

And all the fell Society of Night.  
Yet, Providence, that ever-waking Eye  
Looks down, with Pity, on the fruitless Toil  
Of Mortals, lost to Hope, and lights them safe,  
Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'TIS done! -- Dread WINTER has subdu'd the Year,  
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desert Plains!  
How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!  
How dumb the Tuneful! Horror wide extends  
His solitary Empire -- Now, fond Man!  
Behold thy pictur'd Life: pass some few Years,  
Thy flow'ring SPRING, thy short-liv'd SUMMER's Strength,  
Thy sober AUTUMN, fading into Age,  
And pale, concluding, WINTER shuts thy Scene,  
And shrouds Thee in the Grave -- where now, are fled  
Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes  
Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?  
Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?  
Those Nights of secret Guilt? those veering Thoughts,  
Flutt'ring 'twixt Good, and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?  
All, now, are vanish'd! Vertue, sole, survives,  
Immortal, Mankind's never-failing Friend,  
His Guide to Happiness on high -- and see!  
'Tis come, the Glorious Morn! the second Birth  
Of Heaven, and Earth! -- awakening Nature hears  
Th'Almighty Trumpet's Voice, and starts to Life,  
Renew'd, unfading. Now, th'Eternal Scheme,  
That Dark Perplexity, that Mystic Maze,  
Which Sight cou'd never trace, nor Heart conceive,  
To Reason's Eye, refin'd, clears up apace.  
Angels, and Men, astonish'd, pause -- and dread  
To travel thro' the Depths of Providence,  
Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain Learned! see,  
And, prostrate in the Dust, adore that Power,  
And Goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the Cause,  
Why conscious Worth, oppress'd, in secret long  
Mourn'd, unregarded: Why the Good Man's Share  
In Life, was Gall, and Bitterness of Soul:  
Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans, pin'd,  
In starving Solitude; while Luxury,  
In Palaces, lay prompting her low Thought,



To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Faith,  
And Charity, prime Grace! wore the red Marks  
Of Persecution's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,  
That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,  
Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye Good Distrest!  
Ye Noble Few! that, here, unbending, stand  
Beneath Life's Pressures -- yet a little while,  
And all your Woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,  
And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings  
Life undecaying, Love without Allay,  
Pure flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.

James Thomson

# The Study And Beauties Of The Works Of Nature

O Nature! all-sufficient! over all!  
Enrich me with the knowledge of Thy works!  
Snatch me to heaven; Thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
Profusely scatter'd o'er the void immense,  
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep  
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;  
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;  
O'er that the rising system more complex,  
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift;  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
But if to that unequal; if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That best ambition; under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,  
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song:  
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

James Thomson

# The Wine of Love

THE wine of Love is music,  
And the feast of Love is song:  
And when Love sits down to the banquet,  
Love sits long:

Sits long and arises drunken,  
But not with the feast and the wine;  
He reeleth with his own heart,  
That great, rich Vine.

James Thomson

# To Amanda - Come, Dear Amanda, Quit The Town

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
And to the rural hamlets fly;  
Behold! the wintry storms are gone;  
A gentle radiance glads the sky.  
The birds awake, the flowers appear,  
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;  
'Tis joy and music all we hear,  
'Tis love and beauty all we see.  
Come, let us mark the gradual spring,  
How peeps the bud, the blossom blows;  
Till Philomel begins to sing,  
And perfect May to swell the rose.  
E'en so thy rising charms improve,  
As life's warm season grows more bright;  
And opening to the sighs of love,  
Thy beauties glow with full delight.

James Thomson

# To Fortune

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to love,  
And when we meet a mutual heart  
Come in between, and bid us part;

Bid us on from day to day,  
And wish, and wish the soul away;  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the love of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,  
To bind the loveless, joyless vow.  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
And join the gentle to the rude.

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show  
To make us Nature's joys forego,  
Beneath a gay dominion groan,  
And put the golden fetter on!

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
And I absolve thy future care;  
All other blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

James Thomson

# To Her I Love

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,  
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;  
To what delightful world above,  
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam  
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;  
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hoverest round my walk,  
While, under every well-known tree,  
I to thy fancied shadow talk,  
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
Beside some sympathetic stream,  
In slumber find a short relief,  
Visit thou my soothing dream!

James Thomson

# To His Royal Highness The Prince Of Wales

While secret-leaguings nations frown around,  
Ready to pour the long-expected storm;  
While she, who won the restless Gaul to bound,  
Britannia, drooping, grows an empty form;  
While on our vitals selfish parties prey,  
And deep corruption eats our soul away;

Yet in the Goddess of the Main appears  
A gleam of joy, gay-flushing every grace,  
As she the cordial voice of millions hears,  
Rejoicing, zealous, o'er thy rising race:  
Straight her rekindling eyes resume their fire,  
The Virtues smile, the Muses tune the lyre.

But more enchanting than the Muse's song,  
United Britons thy dear offspring hail;  
The city triumphs through her glowing throng,  
The shepherd tells his transport to the dale;  
The sons of roughest toil forget their pain,  
And the glad sailor cheers the midnight main.

Can aught from fair Augusta's gentle blood,  
And thine, thou friend of liberty! be born;  
Can aught save what is lovely, generous, good;  
What will, at once, defend us, and adorn?  
From thence, prophetic joy! new Edwards eyes,  
New Henries, Annas, and Elizas rise.

May fate my fond devoted days extend,  
To sing the promised glories of thy reign!  
What though, by years depressed, my muse might bend,  
My heart will teach her still a nobler strain:  
How, with recovered Britain, will she soar,  
When France insults, and Spain shall rob no more.

James Thomson

## To Love (Amanda)

Sweet tyrant Love,- but hear me now!  
And cure while young this pleasing smart;  
Or rather aid my trembling vow,  
And teach me to reveal my heart.

Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,  
Whose looks have smiled my peace away,  
Oh! whisper how she gives me pain,  
Whilst undesigning, frank, and gay.

'Tis not for common charms I sigh,  
For what the vulgar beauty call;  
'Tis not a cheek, a lip, an eye,  
But 'tis the soul that lights them all!

For that I drop the tender tear,  
For that I make this artless moan;  
Oh! sigh it, Love! into her ear,  
And make the bashful lover known.

James Thomson



## To Myra

O thou, whose tender serious eyes  
Expressive speak the mind I love;  
The gentle azure of the skies,  
The pensive shadows of the grove;

O mix their beauteous beams with mine,  
And let us interchange our hearts;  
Let all their sweetness on me shine,  
Poured through my soul be all their darts.

Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear  
At once so soft, so keen a ray:  
In pity then, my lovely fair,  
O turn those killing eyes away!

But what avails it to conceal  
One charm, where nought but charms I see?  
Their lustre then again reveal,  
And let me, Myra, die of thee!

James Thomson

# To Seraphina

The wanton's charms, however bright,  
Are like the false illusive light  
Whose flattering unauspicious blaze  
To precipices oft betrays:  
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,  
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,  
Is like the sacred queen of night,  
Who pours a lovely gentle light  
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,  
Conducting them to peace and rest.  
A vicious love depraves the mind,  
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly joined;  
But Seraphina's eyes dispense  
A mild and gracious influence;  
Such as in visions angels shed  
Around the heaven-illuminated head.  
To love thee, Seraphina, sure  
Is to be tender, happy, pure;  
'Tis from low passions to escape,  
And woo bright virtue's fairest shape;  
'Tis ecstasy with wisdom joined;  
And heaven infused into the mind.

James Thomson

# To The God Of Fond Desire

One day the God of fond desire,  
On mischief bent, to Damon said,  
'Why not disclose your tender fire,  
Now own it to the lovely maid?'

The shepherd marked his treacherous art,  
And, softly sighing, thus replied:  
'Tis true you have subdued my heart,  
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

'The slave, in private only bears  
Your bondage, who his love conceals  
But when his passion he declares,  
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.'

James Thomson

# To The Memory Of The Right Honourable Lord Talbot, Late Chancellor Of Great Britain. Addressed To His Son.

While with the public, you, my Lord, lament  
A friend and father lost; permit the muse,  
The muse assigned of old a double theme,  
To praise the dead worth and humble living pride,  
Whose generous task begins where interest ends;  
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay  
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspired,  
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.  
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now -  
Unhappy that she may. - But where begin?  
How from the diamond single out each ray,  
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,  
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?  
Let the low-minded of these narrow days  
No more presume to deem the lofty tale  
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,  
Romance. In Talbot we united saw  
The piercing eye, the quick enlightened soul,  
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,  
Joined to the virtues and the force of Rome.  
Eternal wisdom, that all-quickenning sun,  
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws  
Directing light and actuating flame,  
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams  
Awakened mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,  
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,  
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;  
Chief what to human life and human bliss  
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man:  
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glowed  
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,  
In consort foul, agree; each heightening each;  
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.  
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,  
What talent, or what virtue was not his;  
What that can render man or great, or good,

Give useful worth, or amiable grace?  
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,  
In soft retirement, indolently pleased  
With selfish peace. The syren of the wise,  
(Who steals the Aonian song, and, in the shape  
Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless world)  
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt  
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,  
As silent night, yet active as the day.  
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,  
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more  
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,  
To check their combination. Shall low views  
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,  
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,  
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,  
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,  
With present honour and immortal fame,  
Involve the good of all? An empty form  
Is the weak Virtue, that amid the shade  
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amused,  
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,  
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,  
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,  
That might be saved; disdained for coward ease,  
And her insipid pleasures, to resign  
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,  
And those high joys that teach the truly great  
To live for others, and for others die.  
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.  
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring  
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs;  
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste  
Of ruffian storms and Winter's lawless rage.  
In him Astrea, to this dim abode  
Of ever wandering men, returned again:  
To bless them his delight, to bring them back  
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,  
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,  
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,  
His virtues all, collected, sought the good  
Of humankind. For that he, fervent, felt

The throb of patriots, when they model states;  
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold  
His still-awakened soul; nor friends had charms  
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;  
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.  
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,  
He gained the summit of that sacred hill,  
Where, raised above black Envy's darkening clouds,  
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.  
Be named, victorious ravagers, no more!  
Vanish, ye human comets! shrink your blaze!  
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,  
As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,  
You scatter famine, pestilence, and war;  
Vanish! before this vernal sun of fame;  
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.  
How the heart listened while he, pleading, spoke!  
While on the enlightened mind, with winning art,  
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,  
That the charmed hearer thought it was his own.  
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws, again  
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?  
When shall again the darkest truths, perplexed,  
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh  
And arduous open into smiling ease?  
The solid mix with elegant delight?  
His was the talent, with the purest light  
At once to pour conviction on the soul,  
And warm with lawful flame the impassioned heart.  
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodged  
By heaven - He, sacred to his country's cause,  
To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,  
To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,  
Reserved the mighty charm. With equal brow,  
Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,  
He all that noblest eloquence effused,  
Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:  
Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,  
Prevailed abundant nature. Freedom then  
His client was, humanity and truth.  
Placed on the seat of justice, there he reigned,  
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,

A pure intelligence. No tumult there,  
No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,  
No passion e'er disturbed the clear serene  
That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,  
The love of justice, like the steady sun,  
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes, raised  
Against the sons of violence, of pride,  
And bold deceit, his indignation gleamed,  
Yet still by sober dignity restrained.  
As intuition quick, he snatched the truth,  
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,  
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,  
He through the maze of falsehood traced it on,  
Till, at the last, evolved, it full appeared,  
And e'en the loser owned the just decree.  
But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,  
Enlightened freedom, planned salubrious laws,  
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,  
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,  
Spontaneous seemed from simple sense to flow,  
And the plain patriot smoothed the brow of law.  
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words  
Fell on the cheated ear; no studied maze  
Of declamation, to perplex the right,  
He darkening threw around; safe in itself,  
In its own force, all-powerful Reason spoke;  
While on the great, the ruling point, at once,  
He streamed decisive day, and showed it vain  
To lengthen further out the clear debate.  
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,  
Poured ardent forth in eloquence unbid,  
The heart attends: for let the venal try  
Their every hardening, stupifying art,  
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,  
And Nature, skilful touched, is honest still.  
Behold him in the councils of his prince.  
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,  
Such wisdom! such abilities! and joined  
To virtue so determined, public zeal,  
And honour of such adamant proof,  
As e'en corruption, hopeless, and o'erawed,  
Durst not have tempted! yet of manners mild,

And winning every heart, he knew to please,  
Nobly to please; while equally he scorned  
Or adulation to receive, or give.  
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye  
Of such inspection keen, and general care!  
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,  
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,  
And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.  
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!  
And many a patriot-counsel have with him lost!  
Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,  
Her native foe, from eldest time by fate  
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.  
Let learning, arts, let universal worth,  
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge,  
Unlike the sons of vanity, that, veiled  
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,  
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,  
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.  
When he conferred a grace, it seemed a debt  
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,  
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good!  
His sympathizing heart itself received  
The generous obligation he bestowed.  
This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.  
Their kind protector him the Muses own,  
But scorn with noble ride the boasted aid  
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.  
The gracious stream, that cheers the lettered world,  
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,  
Whose sudden current, from the naked root,  
Washes the little soil which yet remained,  
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:  
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,  
The silent treasures of the vernal year,  
Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;  
Till, with returning morn, the freshened world,  
Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.  
Still let me view him in the pleasing light  
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,  
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.  
There, with that truest greatness he appeared,



Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veiled  
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,  
Inspiring social confidence and ease.  
As free the converse of the wise and good,  
As joyous, disentangling every power,  
And breathing mixed improvement with delight,  
As when amid the various-blossomed spring,  
Or gentle beaming autumn's pensive shade,  
The philosophic mind with nature talks.  
Say ye, his sons, his dear remains, with whom  
The father laid superfluous state aside,  
Yet raised your filial duty thence the more,  
With friendship raised it, with esteem, with love,  
Beyond the ties of love, oh! speak the joy,  
The pure serene, the cheerful vision mild,  
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,  
In semblance of amusement, through the breast,  
Infused. And thou, O Rundle! lend thy strain,  
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!  
In whom the head and heart their stores unite;  
Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,  
Judgment digests, the well-tuned bosom feels,  
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,  
The virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.  
Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,  
With memory conversing, you will pour,  
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,  
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,  
And mid their ample round receive the waves,  
That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,  
Impetuous. Though from native sunshine driven,  
Driven from your friends, th sunshine of the soul,  
By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,  
Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,  
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,  
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,  
Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;  
Nursed, by experience, into slow esteem,  
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,  
And the sweet light from mingled minds disclosed,  
From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.  
I too remember well that cheerful bowl,

Which round his table flowed. The serious there  
Mixed with the sportive, with the learned the plain;  
Mirth softened wisdom, candour tempered mirth;  
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.  
Not simple nature's unaffected sons,  
The blameless Indians, round their forest-cheer,  
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,  
Hold more unspotted converse; nor, of old,  
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator swains,  
As on the product of their Sabine farms  
They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul;  
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,  
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,  
More elegant humanity, more grace,  
Wit more refined, or deeper science reigned.  
But far beyond the little vulgar bounds  
Of family, or friends, or native land,  
By just degrees, and with proportioned flame,  
Extended his benevolence: a friend  
To humankind, to parent nature's works.  
Of free access, and of engaging grace,  
Such as a brother to a brother owes,  
He kept an open judging ear for all,  
And spread an open countenance, where smiled  
The fair effulgence of an open heart;  
While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,  
With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:  
For nothing human foreign was to him.  
Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,  
And hard to be supported, you succeed:  
But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gained,  
It will, through latest time, enrich your race,  
When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,  
And with their authors in oblivion sunk  
Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft  
Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.  
True genuine honour its large patent holds  
Of all mankind, through every land and age,  
Of universal reason's various sons,  
And e'en of God himself, sole perfect Judge!  
Yet know, these noblest honours of the mind  
On rigid terms descend: the high-placed heir,

Scanned by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,  
Malignant seeks out faults, cannot through life,  
Amid the nameless insects of a court,  
Unheeded steal: but, with his sire compared,  
He must be glorious, or he must be scorned.  
This truth to you, who merit well to bear  
A name to Britons dear, the officious Muse  
May safely sing, and sing without reserve.  
Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear  
That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,  
Our country robbed of her delight and strength,  
We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy  
That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,  
And feel them still, teaching our views to rise  
Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds,  
Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone  
To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,  
Whence every joy below its spirit draws,  
And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,  
A Talbot's virtues, claim another source,  
Than the blind maze of undesigning blood;  
Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,  
Can they be quenched beneath the gelid stream.  
Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed  
From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,  
Its native country; whence to bless mankind,  
Eternal goodness on this darksome spot  
Had rayed it down a while. Behold! approved  
By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,  
And to the Almighty Father's presence joined,  
He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,  
Amid the human worthies. Glad around  
Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,  
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.  
Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye  
Meets thine enraptured? - 'Tis the best of sons!  
The best of friends! -- Too soon is realized  
That hope, which once forbad thy tears to flow!  
Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land.  
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days  
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,  
In one selected, never-jarring state,

Where God himself their only monarch reigns,  
Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still  
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,  
And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.  
But cease, presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive  
To quit this cloudy sphere, that binds thee down:  
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes -  
Scenes, that our gross ideas grovelling cast  
Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.  
Forgive, immortal shade! if aught from earth,  
From dust low warbled, to those groves can rise,  
Where flows celestial harmony, forgive  
This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,  
On every heart impressed, thy deeds themselves  
Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,  
And orphan's tears, embalm. The good, the bad,  
The sons of justice and the sons of strife,  
All who or freedom or who interest prize,  
A deep-divided nation's parties, all,  
Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to Heaven.  
Glad Heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres  
With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.  
How vain this tribute then! this lowly lay!  
Yet nought is vain that gratitude inspires.  
The Muse, besides, her duty thus approves  
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,  
To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,  
As to her priestess, gives it her to hymn  
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

James Thomson

# To The Nightingale

O nightingale, best poet of the grove,  
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,  
Blessed in the full possession of thy love:  
O lend that strain, sweet Nighingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn a wretched fate:  
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,  
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;  
Inhuman fortune keeps her from my arms.

You happy birds! by nature's simple laws  
Lead your soft lives, sustained by nature's fare;  
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,  
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,  
Dare not be blessed, lest envious tongues should blame;  
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride!  
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

James Thomson

# To The Reverend Patrick Murdoch, Rector Of Stradishall, In Suffolk

Thus safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall:  
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;  
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;  
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.  
Then keep each passion down, however dear;  
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.  
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,  
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;  
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:  
High bliss is only for a higher state!

James Thomson

## To The Same (Amanda) With A Copy Of The 'seasons'

Accept, loved Nymph, this tribute due  
To tender friendship, love, and you:  
But with it take what breathed the whole.  
O take to thine the poet's soul.  
If Fancy here her power displays,  
And if a heart exalts these lays-  
You, fairest, in that fancy shine,  
And all that heart is fondly thine.

James Thomson

## Verses Addressed To Amanda

Ah, urged too late! from beauty's bondage free,  
Why did I trust my liberty with thee?  
And thou, why didst thou, with inhuman art,  
If not resolved to take, seduce my heart?  
Yes, yes, you said, for lovers' eyes speak true;  
You must have seen how fast my passion grew:  
And, when your glances chanced on me to shine,  
How my fond soul ecstatic sprung to thine!  
But mark me, fair one - what I now declare  
Thy deep attention claims and serious care:  
It is no common passion fires my breast;  
I must be wretched, or I must be blessed!  
My woes all other remedy deny;  
Or, pitying, give me hope, or bid me die!

James Thomson



## Verses On Receiving A Flower From His Mistress

Madam, the flower that I received from you,  
Ere I came home, had lost its lovely hue:  
As flowers deprived of the genial day,  
Its sprightly bloom did wither and decay;  
Dear, fading flower, I know full well, said I,  
The reason why you shed your sweets and die;  
You want the influence of her enlivening eye.  
Your case is mine -- Absence, that plague of love!  
With heavy pace makes every minute move:  
It of my being is an empty blank,  
And hinders me myself with men to rank;  
Your cheering presence quickeneth me again,  
And new-sprung life exults in every vein.

James Thomson

# Waterfall

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood  
Rolls fair and placid: where collected all,  
In one impetuous torrent down the steep  
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
And from the loud-resounding rocks below,  
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:  
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
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,  
Along the mazes of a quiet vale.

James Thomson

# When Last We Parted

When last we parted, thou wert young and fair,  
How beautiful let fond remembrance say!  
Alas! since then old time has stolen away  
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare.--  
So has it perished like a thing of air,  
The dream of love and youth!--now both are grey  
Yet still remembering that delightful day,  
Though time with his cold touch has blanched my hair,  
Though I have suffered many years of pain  
Since then, though I did never think to live  
To hear that voice or see those eyes again,  
I can a sad but cordial greeting give,  
And for thy welfare breathe as warm a prayer--  
As when I loved thee young and fair!

James Thomson

# Winter

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!  
Wish'd, wint'ry, Horrors, hail! - With frequent Foot,  
Pleas'd, have I, in my cheerful Morn of Life,  
When, nurs'd by careless Solitude, I liv'd,  
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,  
Pleas'd, have I wander'd thro' your rough Domains;  
Trod the pure, virgin, Snows, my self as pure:  
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst:  
Or seen the deep, fermenting, Tempest brew'd,  
In the red, evening, Sky. - Thus pass'd the Time,  
Till, thro' the opening Chambers of the South,  
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.  
THEE too, Inspirer of the toiling Swain!  
Fair AUTUMN, yellow rob'd! I'll sing of thee,  
Of thy last, temper'd, Days, and sunny Calms;  
When all the golden Hours are on the Wing,  
Attending thy Retreat, and round thy Wain,  
Slow-rolling, onward to the Southern Sky.  
BEHOLD! the well-pois'd Hornet, hovering, hangs,  
With quivering Pinions, in the genial Blaze;  
Flys off, in airy Circles: then returns,  
And hums, and dances to the beating Ray.  
Nor shall the Man, that, musing, walks alone,  
And, heedless, strays within his radiant Lists,  
Go unchastis'd away. - Sometimes, a Fleece  
Of Clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid Veil,  
Soft, shadow o'er th'unruffled Face of Heaven;  
And, thro' their dewy Sluices, shed the Sun,  
With temper'd Influence down. Then is the Time,  
For those, whom Wisdom, and whom Nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud,  
And soar above this little Scene of Things:  
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet:  
To lay their Passions in a gentle Calm,  
And woo lone Quiet, in her silent Walks.

NOW, solitary, and in pensive Guise,  
Oft, let me wander o'er the russet Mead,  
Or thro' the pining Grove; where scarce is heard  
One dying Strain, to cheer the Woodman's Toil:  
Sad Philomel, perchance, pours forth her Plaint,  
Far, thro' the withering Copse. Mean while, the Leaves,  
That, late, the Forest clad with lively Green,  
Nipt by the drizzly Night, and Sallow-hu'd,  
Fall, wavering, thro' the Air; or shower amain,  
Urg'd by the Breeze, that sobs amid the Boughs.  
Then list'ning Hares forsake the rusling Woods,  
And, starting at the frequent Noise, escape  
To the rough Stubble, and the rushy Fen.  
Then Woodcocks, o'er the fluctuating Main,  
That glimmers to the Glimpses of the Moon,  
Stretch their long Voyage to the woodland Glade:  
Where, wheeling with uncertain Flight, they mock  
The nimble Fowler's Aim. - Now Nature droops;  
Languish the living Herbs, with pale Decay:  
And all the various Family of Flowers  
Their sunny Robes resign. The falling Fruits,  
Thro' the still Night, forsake the Parent-Bough,  
That, in the first, grey, Glances of the Dawn,  
Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry Waste.  
THE Year, yet pleasing, but declining fast,  
Soft, o'er the secret Soul, in gentle Gales,  
A Philosophic Melancholly breathes,  
And bears the swelling Thought aloft to Heaven.  
Then forming Fancy rouses to conceive,  
What never mingled with the Vulgar's Dream:  
Then wake the tender Pang, the pitying Tear,  
The Sigh for suffering Worth, the Wish prefer'd  
For Humankind, the Joy to see them bless'd,  
And all the Social Off-spring of the Heart!  
OH! bear me then to high, embowering, Shades;  
To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales;  
To weeping Grottos, and to hoary Caves;  
Where Angel-Forms are seen, and Voices heard,  
Sigh'd in low Whispers, that abstract the Soul,  
From outward Sense, far into Worlds remote.  
NOW, when the Western Sun withdraws the Day,  
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,

In her chill Progress, checks the straggling Beams,  
 And robs them of their gather'd, vapoury, Prey,  
 Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,  
 Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along  
 The dusky-mantled Lawn: then slow descend,  
 Once more to mingle with their Watry Friends.  
 The vivid Stars shine out, in radiant Files;  
 And boundless Ether glows, till the fair Moon  
 Shows her broad Visage, in the crimson'd East;  
 Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing Cloud:  
 Now, o'er the pure Cerulean, rides sublime.  
 Wide the pale Deluge floats, with silver Waves,  
 O'er the sky'd Mountain, to the low-laid Vale;  
 From the white Rocks, with dim Reflexion, gleams,  
 And faintly glitters thro' the waving Shades.  
 ALL Night, abundant Dews, unnoted, fall,  
 And, at Return of Morning, silver o'er  
 The Face of Mother-Earth; from every Branch  
 Depending, tremble the translucent Gems,  
 And, quivering, seem to fall away, yet cling,  
 And sparkle in the Sun, whose rising Eye,  
 With Fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous Day.  
 NOW, giddy Youth, whom headlong Passions fire,  
 Rouse the wild Game, and stain the guiltless Grove,  
 With Violence, and Death; yet call it Sport,  
 To scatter Ruin thro' the Realms of Love,  
 And Peace, that thinks no Ill: But These, the Muse,  
 Whose Charity, unlimited, extends  
 As wide as Nature works, disdains to sing,  
 Returning to her nobler Theme in view -  
 FOR, see! where Winter comes, himself, confest,  
 Striding the gloomy Blast. First Rains obscure  
 Drive thro' the mingling Skies, with Tempest foul;  
 Beat on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,  
 That, sounding, wave below. The dreary Plain  
 Lies overwhelm'd, and lost. The bellying Clouds  
 Combine, and deepening into Night, shut up  
 The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,  
 Each to his Home, retire; save those that love  
 To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,  
 And, skimming, flutter round the dimply Flood.  
 The Cattle, from th'untasted Fields, return,

And ask, with Meaning low, their wonted Stalls;  
 Or ruminat in the contiguous Shade:  
 Thither, the household, feathery, People croud,  
 The crested Cock, with all his female Train,  
 Pensive, and wet. Mean while, the Cottage-Swain  
 Hangs o'er th'enlivening Blaze, and, taleful, there,  
 Recounts his simple Frolic: Much he talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.  
 AT last, the muddy Deluge pours along,  
 Resistless, roaring; dreadful down it comes  
 From the chapt Mountain, and the mossy Wild,  
 Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far:  
 Then o'er the sanded Valley, floating, spreads,  
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd,  
 Betwixt two meeting Hills, it bursts a Way,  
 Where Rocks, and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream.  
 There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,  
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.  
 NATURE! great Parent! whose directing Hand  
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,  
 How mighty! how majestick are thy Works!  
 With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul,  
 That sees, astonish'd! and, astonish'd sings!  
 You too, ye Winds! that now begin to blow,  
 With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.  
 Where are your Stores, ye viewless Beings! say?  
 Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,  
 Against the Day of Tempest perilous?  
 In what untravel'd Country of the Air,  
 Hush'd in still Silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm?  
 LATE, in the louring Sky, red, fiery, Streaks  
 Begin to flush about; the reeling Clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy Aim, as doubting yet  
 Which Master to obey: while rising, slow,  
 Sad, in the Leaden-colour'd East, the Moon  
 Wears a bleak Circle round her sully'd Orb.  
 Then issues forth the Storm, with loud Control,  
 And the thin Fabricker of the pillar'd Air  
 O'erturns, at once. Prone, on th'uncertain Main,  
 Descends th'Ethereal Force, and plows its Waves,  
 With dreadful Rift: from the mid-Deep, appears,

Surge after Surge, the rising, wat'ry, War.  
 Whitening, the angry Billows rowl immense,  
 And roar their Terrors, thro' the shuddering Soul  
 Of feeble Man, amidst their Fury caught,  
 And, dash'd upon his Fate: Then, o'er the Cliff,  
 Where dwells the Sea-Mew, unconfin'd, they fly,  
 And, hurrying, swallow up the steril Shore.  
 THE Mountain growls; and all its sturdy Sons  
 Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade:  
 Lone, on its Midnight-Side, and all aghast,  
 The dark, way-faring, Stranger, breathless, toils,  
 And climbs against the Blast -  
 Low, waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its leafy Honours yet remains.  
 Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,  
 The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;  
 And, on the Cottage thacht, or lordly Dome,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid Base.  
 Sleep, frighted, flies; the hollow Chimney howls,  
 The Windows rattle, and the Hinges creak.  
 THEN, too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,  
 Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,  
 That, murmur'd by the Demon of the Night,  
 Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe, and Death!  
 Wild Uproar lords it wide: the Clouds commixt,  
 With Stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the Sky.  
 All Nature reels. - But hark! the Almighty speaks:  
 Instant, the chidden Storm begins to pant,  
 And dies, at once, into a noiseless Calm.  
 AS yet, 'tis Midnight's Reign; the weary Clouds,  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom:  
 Now, while the drousy World lies lost in Sleep,  
 Let me associate with the low-brow'd Night,  
 And Contemplation, her sedate Compeer;  
 Let me shake off th'intrusive Cares of Day,  
 And lay the meddling Senses all aside.  
 AND now, ye lying Vanities of Life!  
 You ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!  
 Where are you now? and what is your Amount?  
 Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.  
 Sad, sickening, Thought! and yet, deluded Man,  
 A Scene of wild, disjointed, Visions past,



And broken Slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,  
With new-flush'd Hopes, to run your giddy Round.  
FATHER of Light, and Life! Thou Good Supreme!  
O! teach me what is Good! teach me thy self!  
Save me from Folly, Vanity and Vice,  
From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul,  
With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Vertue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!  
LO! from the livid East, or piercing North,  
Thick Clouds ascend, in whose capacious Womb,  
A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd:  
Heavy, they roll their fleecy World along;  
And the Sky saddens with th'impending Storm.  
Thro' the hush'd Air, the whitening Shower descends,  
At first, thin-wavering; till, at last, the Flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,  
With a continual Flow. See! sudden, hoar'd,  
The Woods beneath the stainless Burden bow,  
Blackning, along the mazy Stream it melts;  
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,  
Is all one, dazzling, Waste. The Labourer-Ox  
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands  
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,  
Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around  
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon,  
That Providence allows. The foodless Wilds  
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants; the Hare,  
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset  
By Death, in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,  
And more un pitying Men, the Garden seeks,  
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind  
Eye the bleak Heavens, and next, the glistening Earth,  
With Looks of dumb Despair; then sad, dispers'd,  
Dig, for the wither'd Herb, thro' Heaps of Snow.  
NOW, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind;  
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Penns  
With Food, at will: lodge them below the Blast,  
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing East,  
In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing  
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains,  
In one fierce Blast, and o'er th'unhappy Flocks,  
Lodg'd in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,

The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,  
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,  
That curls its Wreaths amid the freezing Sky.  
NOW, all amid the Rigours of the Year,  
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without  
The ceaseless Winds blow keen, be my Retreat  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;  
Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join  
To chase the cheerless Gloom: there let me sit,  
And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead,  
Sages of ancient Time, as Gods rever'd,  
As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind,  
With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World,  
Rous'd at th'inspiring Thought - I throw aside  
The long-liv'd Volume, and, deep-musing, hail  
The sacred Shades, that, slowly-rising, pass  
Before my wondering Eyes - First, Socrates,  
Truth's early Champion, Martyr for his God:  
Solon, the next, who built his Commonweal,  
On Equity's firm Base: Lycurgus, then,  
Severely good, and him of rugged Rome,  
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.  
Cimon sweet-soul'd, and Aristides just.  
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in Extreme;  
With that attemper'd Heroe, mild, and firm,  
Who wept the Brother, while the Tyrant bled.  
Scipio, the humane Warriour, gently brave,  
Fair Learning's Friend; who early sought the Shade,  
To dwell, with Innocence, and Truth, retir'd.  
And, equal to the best, the Theban, He  
Who, single, rais'd his Country into Fame.  
Thousands behind, the Boast of Greece and Rome,  
Whom Vertue owns, the Tribute of a Verse  
Demand, but who can count the Stars of Heaven?  
Who sing their Influence on this lower World?  
But see who yonder comes! nor comes alone,  
With sober State, and of majestic Mien,  
The Sister-Muses in his Train - 'Tis He!  
Maro! the best of Poets, and of Men!  
Great Homer too appears, of daring Wing!  
Parent of Song! and, equal, by his Side,  
The British Muse, join'd Hand in Hand, they walk,

Darkling, nor miss their Way to Fame's Ascent.  
Society divine! Immortal Minds!  
Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,  
And mount my soaring Soul to Deeds like yours.  
Silence! thou lonely Power! the Door be thine:  
See, on the hallow'd Hour, that none intrude,  
Save Lycidas, the Friend, with Sense refin'd,  
Learning digested well, exalted Faith,  
Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.  
CLEAR Frost succeeds, and thro' the blew Serene,  
For Sight too fine, th'Ætherial Nitre flies,  
To bake the Glebe, and bind the slip'ry Flood.  
This of the wintry Season is the Prime;  
Pure are the Days, and lustrous are the Nights,  
Brighten'd with starry Worlds, till then unseen.  
Mean while, the Orient, darkly red, breathes forth  
An Icy Gale, that, in its mid Career,  
Arrests the bickering Stream. The nightly Sky,  
And all her glowing Constellations pour  
Their rigid Influence down: It freezes on  
Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping World,  
Lifts her pale Eye, unjoyous: then appears  
The various Labour of the silent Night,  
The pendant Isicle, the Frost-Work fair,  
Where thousand Figures rise, the crusted Snow,  
Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining North.  
On blithsome Frolics bent, the youthful Swains,  
While every Work of Man is laid at Rest,  
Rush o'er the watry Plains, and, shuddering, view  
The fearful Deeps below: or with the Gun,  
And faithful Spaniel, range the ravag'd Fields,  
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,  
Distress the Feathery, or the Footed Game.  
BUT hark! the nightly Winds, with hollow Voice,  
Blow, blustering, from the South - the Frost subdu'd,  
Gradual, resolves into a weeping Thaw.  
Spotted, the Mountains shine: loose Sleet descends,  
And floods the Country round: the Rivers swell,  
Impatient for the Day. - Those sullen Seas,  
That wash th'ungenial Pole, will rest no more,  
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;  
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave, -

And hark! - the length'ning Roar, continuous, runs  
 Athwart the rifted Main; at once, it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds!  
 Ill fares the Bark, the Wretches' last Resort,  
 That, lost amid the floating Fragments, moors  
 Beneath the Shelter of an Icy Isle;  
 While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and Horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human Hearts endure  
 Th'assembled Mischiefs, that besiege them round:  
 Unlist'ning Hunger, fainting Weariness,  
 The Roar of Winds, and Waves, the Crush of Ice,  
 Now, ceasing, now, renew'd, with louder Rage,  
 And bellowing round the Main: Nations remote,  
 Shook from their Midnight-Slumbers, deem they hear  
 Portentous Thunder, in the troubled Sky.  
 More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan,  
 And his unweildy Train, in horrid Sport,  
 Tempest the loosen'd Brine; while, thro' the Gloom,  
 Far, from the dire, unhospitable Shore,  
 The Lyon's Rage, the Wolf's sad Howl is heard,  
 And all the fell Society of Night.  
 Yet, Providence, that ever-waking Eye  
 Looks down, with Pity, on the fruitless Toil  
 Of Mortals, lost to Hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.  
 'TIS done! - Dread WINTER has subdu'd the Year,  
 And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desert Plains!  
 How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!  
 How dumb the Tuneful! Horror wide extends  
 His solitary Empire - Now, fond Man!  
 Behold thy pictur'd Life: pass some few Years,  
 Thy flow'ring SPRING, thy short-liv'd SUMMER's Strength,  
 Thy sober AUTUMN, fading into Age,  
 And pale, concluding, WINTER shuts thy Scene,  
 And shrouds Thee in the Grave - where now, are fled  
 Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes  
 Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?  
 Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?  
 Those Nights of secret Guilt? those veering Thoughts,  
 Flutt'ring 'twixt Good, and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?  
 All, now, are vanish'd! Vertue, sole, survives,  
 Immortal, Mankind's never-failing Friend,

His Guide to Happiness on high - and see!  
'Tis come, the Glorious Morn! the second Birth  
Of Heaven, and Earth! - awakening Nature hears  
Th'Almighty Trumpet's Voice, and starts to Life,  
Renew'd, unfading. Now, th'Eternal Scheme,  
That Dark Perplexity, that Mystic Maze,  
Which Sight cou'd never trace, nor Heart conceive,  
To Reason's Eye, refin'd, clears up apace.  
Angels, and Men, astonish'd, pause - and dread  
To travel thro' the Depths of Providence,  
Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain Learned! see,  
And, prostrate in the Dust, adore that Power,  
And Goodness, oft arraign'd. See now the Cause,  
Why conscious Worth, oppress'd, in secret long  
Mourn'd, unregarded: Why the Good Man's Share  
In Life, was Gall, and Bitterness of Soul:  
Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans, pin'd,  
In starving Solitude; while Luxury,  
In Palaces, lay prompting her low Thought,  
To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Faith,  
And Charity, prime Grace! wore the red Marks  
Of Persecution's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,  
That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,  
Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye Good Distrest!  
Ye Noble Few! that, here, unbending, stand  
Beneath Life's Pressures - yet a little while,  
And all your Woes are past. Time swiftly fleets,  
And wish'd Eternity, approaching, brings  
Life undecaying, Love without Allay,  
Pure flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.

James Thomson