

DAY, A PASTORAL.



ALBANY, PRINTED BY W. DAVISON.—PRICE 6D.

CUNNINGHAM

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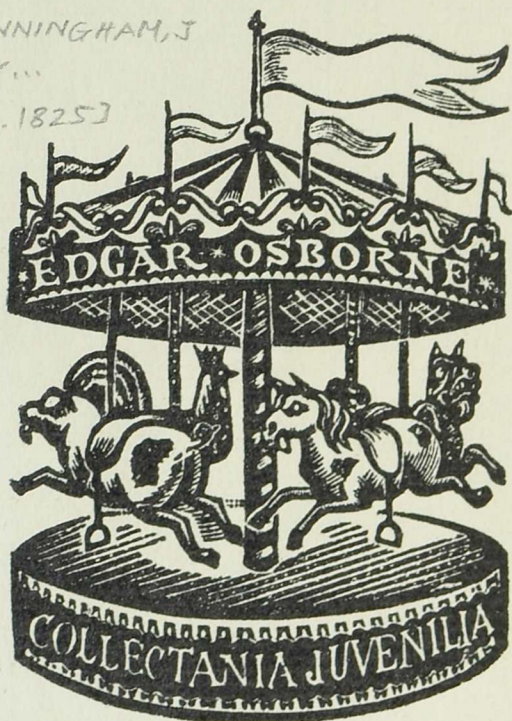
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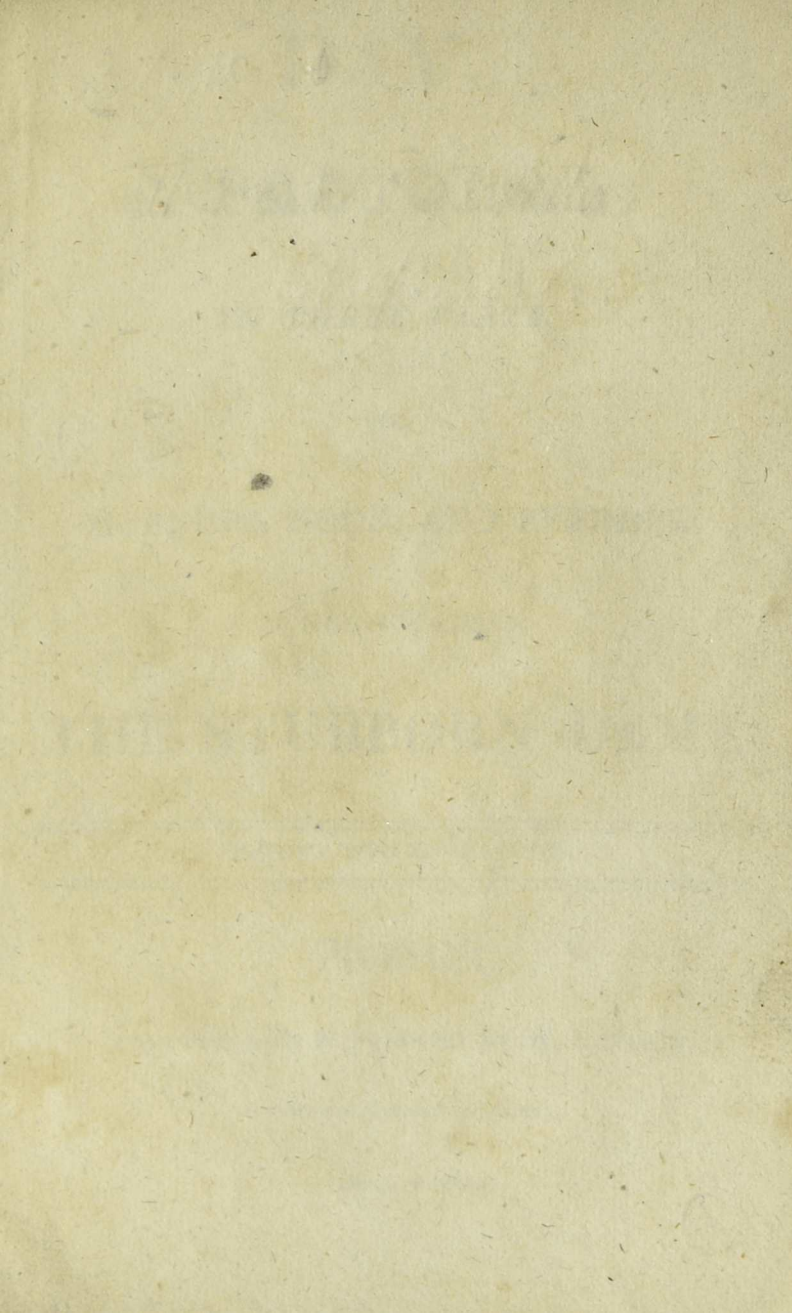
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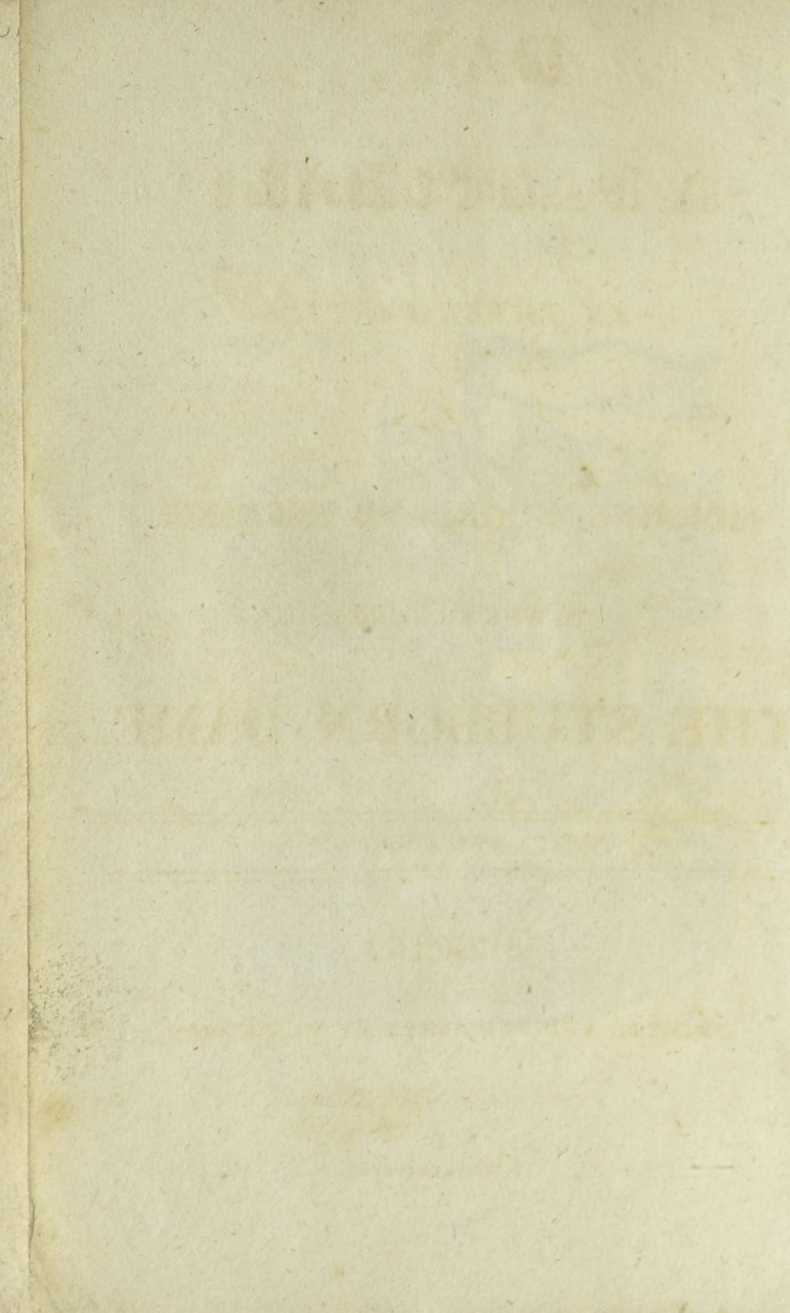
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DAY,
A PASTORAL;

IN THREE PARTS,

VIZ.

MORNING, NOON, AND EVENING.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE STUBBORN DAME.

THIRTY-TWO ENGRAVINGS.

Aldwick :

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CONTENTS.



Page.

Morning - - - - - 5

Noon - - - - - 15

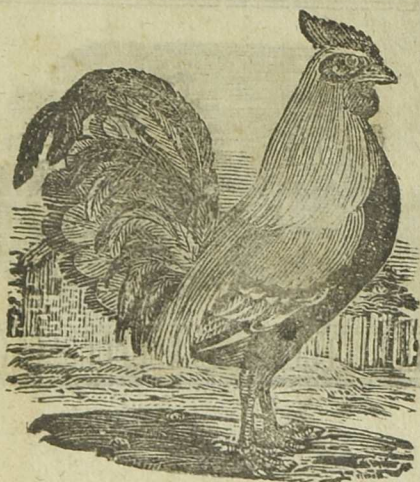
Evening - - - - - 25

The Stubborn Dame - - - - - 34



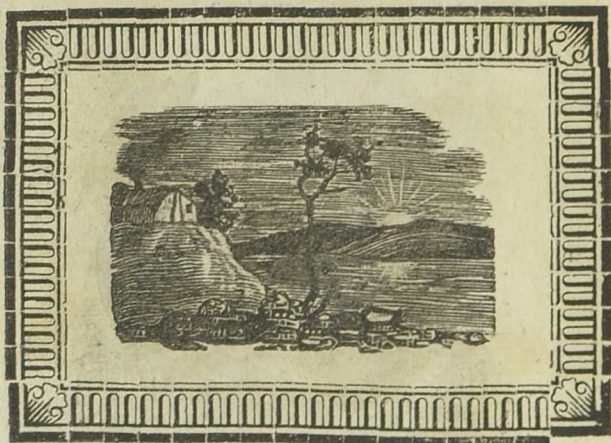
MORNING.

DAY,
A PASTORAL.



IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

MORNING.—The rising Sun.

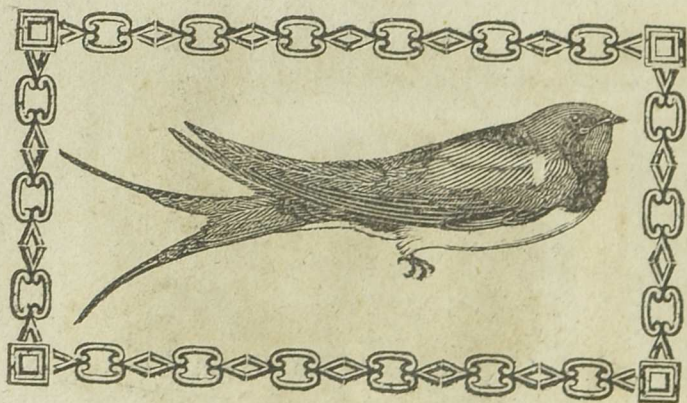


Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire,
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

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MORNING.—The Lark.  
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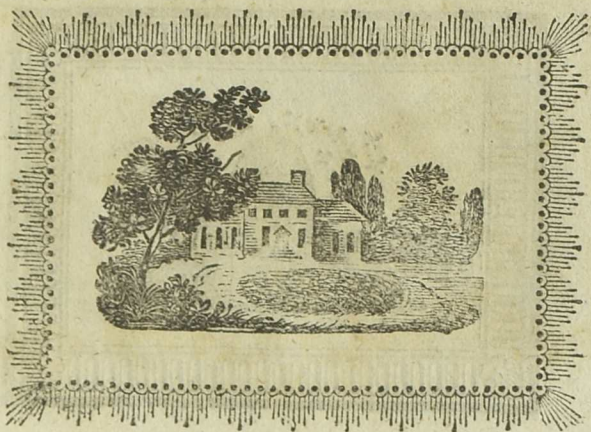
Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night ;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

MORNING.—The Swallow.



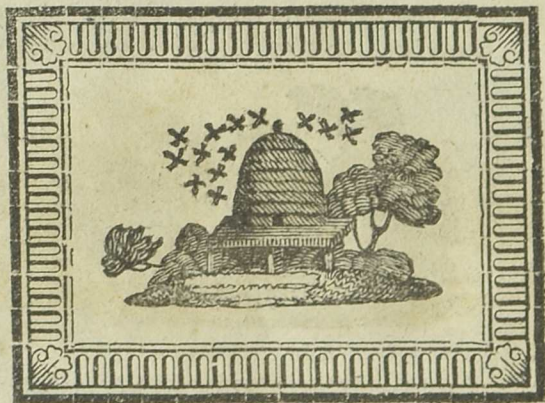
From the low-roof'd cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring ;
Darting thro' the one-arch'd bridge
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

MORNING.—The Pine Trees.



Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy vale.

MORNING.—The Busy Bees.



From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless till her task be done)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
 Sipping dew before the sun.

MORNING.—Refreshment.



Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

MORNING.—The Chase.

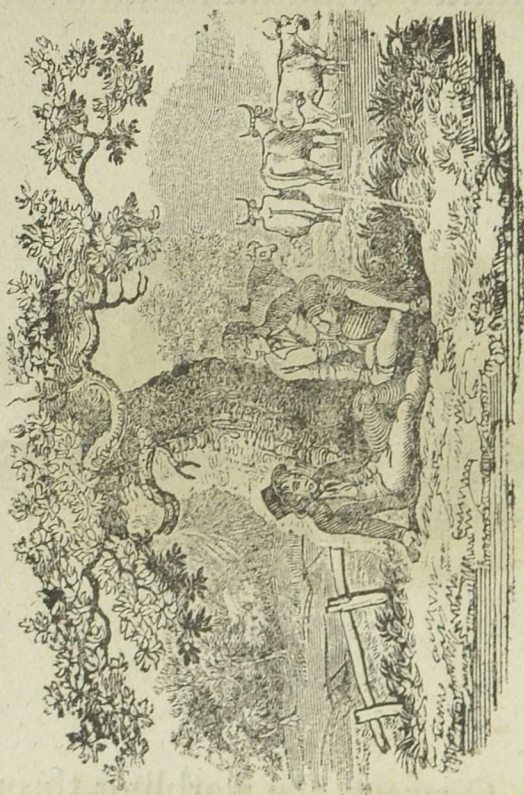


Colin for the promis'd corn,
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

MORNING.—The white emblossom'd Spray.



Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossom'd spray !
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.



NOON.

NOON.—The Glittering Flood.



FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows,
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

NOON.—The Shepherd.



By the brook the shepherd dines ;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendant o'er his grassy seat.

NOON.—The Abbey.



Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where uncheck'd the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

NOON.—The Mill.



Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill ;
Cannot catch a single sound
Save the clack of yonder mill.

NOON.—Cattle.



Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

NOON.—Noon-tide Beam.



But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

NOON.—Retirement.



Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd serene, and still !
Quiet o'er the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

NOON.—Descending Shower.



Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises every fainting flower.

NOON.—Verdant Scene.



Now the hill, the hedge, is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon.



EVENING.

EVENING.—The Cottage.



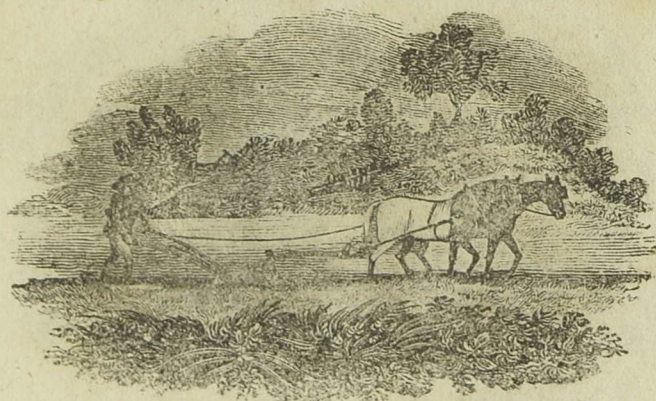
O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

EVENING.—Refulgent Dye.



Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky :
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

EVENING.—The Ploughman.



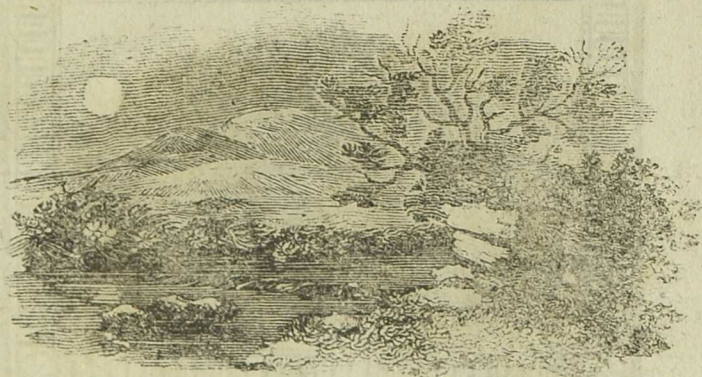
Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground,

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EVENING.—The Forest.  
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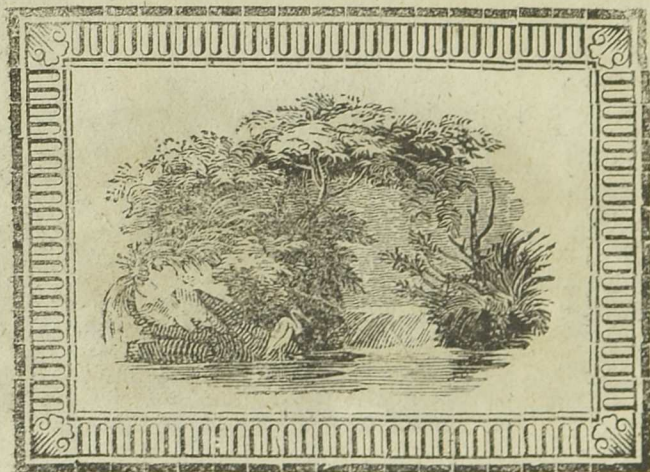
Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

EVENING.—The Moon.



As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the ev'ning loud,
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

EVENING.—The Silver Lake.



Now the hermit owlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps
Curling on the silver lake.

EVENING.—The Trout.



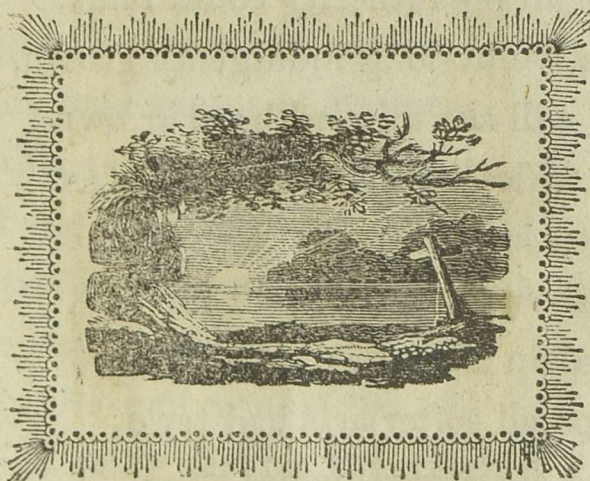
As the trout in speckled pride,
 Playful from its bosom springs,
 To the banks a ruffled tide
 Verges in successive rings.

EVENING.—The Milk Maid.



Tripping thro' the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

EVENING.—The Setting Sun.



Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

THE STUBBORN DAME.

THERE was a little stubborn dame
Whom no authority could tame,
Restive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own :
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd ;
But both were vain, for every coures
He took still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit
When man with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense

Will err, and measures false pursue.
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen :
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humour of the maid :
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful when she storm'd,
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty :

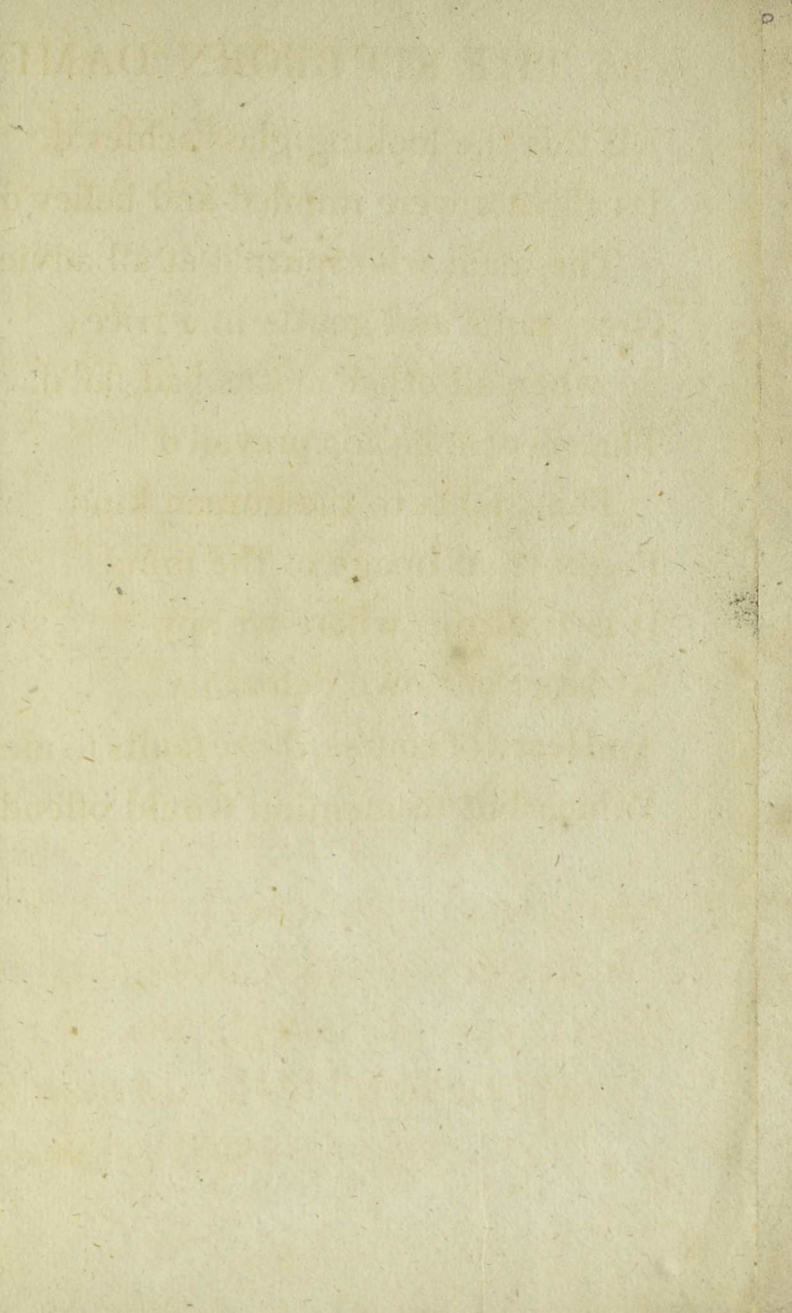
36 THE STUBBORN DAME.

All this the looking-glass achiev'd,
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice;
So when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, fable to the human kind
Presents an image of the mind;
It is a mirror, where we spy
At large our own deformity,
And learn of course, those faults to mend.
Which but to mention would offend.

FINIS.



DAY, A PASTORAL.

