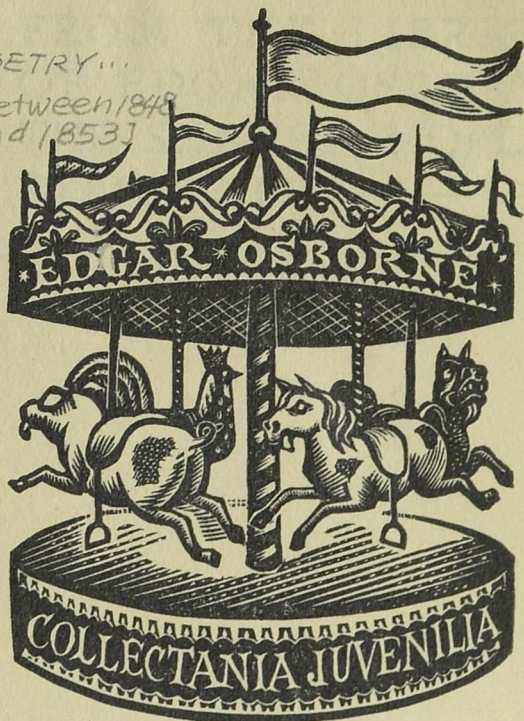


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POETRY...

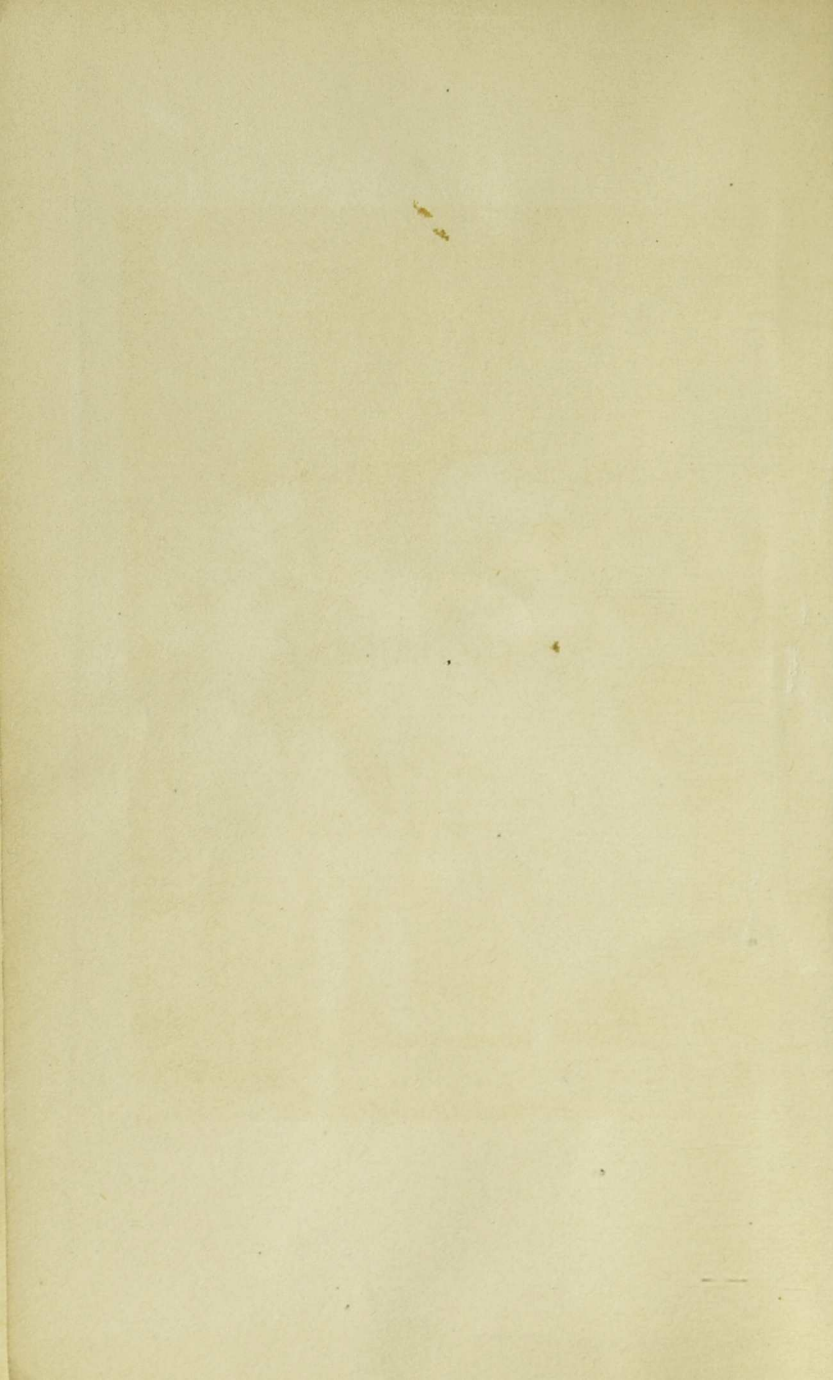
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Drawn by H. Corbould

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POETRY FOR CHILDREN,

CONSISTING OF

SHORT PIECES

TO BE

COMMITTED TO MEMORY.

SELECTED

BY LUCY AIKIN.

A NEW EDITION,
CONSIDERABLY IMPROVED.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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PREFACE

TO THE NEW EDITION, 1825.

THE selection of which a revised edition is here offered to the public, first appeared in the year 1801. Its object was to promote the love and study of poetry, by supplying, in a convenient form, a considerable number of pieces of verse proper for children to commit to memory. As the want of such a volume had long been felt, it quickly became popular, and no later work on a similar plan appears as yet to have superseded it in general estimation. But the compiler herself became sensible, that partly from the imperfection of her youthful judgment, partly from the scarcity of materials perfectly adapted to

her purpose, she had given admission to several pieces which might be changed with advantage ; either for such as she had previously overlooked, or for productions of some of the excellent poets who had arisen amongst us since the formation of her selection. She has therefore willingly embraced the opportunity of a new impression to bestow on this little work a complete revision, the result of which has been the insertion of about a fourth part of new matter, and the suppression of a nearly equal bulk of the old.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

TO PARENTS.

SINCE dragons and fairies, giants and witches, have vanished from our nurseries before the wand of reason, it has been a prevailing maxim, that the young mind should be fed on mere prose and simple matter of fact. A fear, rational and laudable in its origin, of adding, by idle or superstitious terrors, to the natural weakness of childhood, or contaminating, by any thing false or impure, its simplicity and innocence,—has, by some writers, and some parents, been carried to so great an excess, that probably no work would be considered by them as unexceptionable for the use of children, in which any scope was allowed to the fanciful or marvellous. It may well be questioned, however, whether the novel-like tales now written for the amusement of youth, may not be productive of more injury to the mind, by giving a false picture of the real world, than the fairy fictions of the last generation, which

wandered over the region of shadows;—whether a romantic sensibility be not an evil more formidable in magnitude, and protracted in duration, than a wild and exalted fancy.

Poetry has many advantages for children over both these classes of writing. The magic of rhyme is felt in the very cradle—the mother and the nurse employ it as a spell of soothing power. The taste for harmony, the poetical ear, if ever acquired, is so almost during infancy. The flow of numbers easily impresses itself on the memory, and is with difficulty erased. By the aid of verse, a store of beautiful imagery and glowing sentiment may be gathered up as the amusement of childhood, which, in riper years, may sooth the heavy hours of languor, solitude, and sorrow; may enforce sentiments of piety, humanity, and tenderness; may sooth the soul to calmness, rouse it to honourable exertion, or fire it with virtuous indignation.

But when we consider how many of the subjects of verse are unintelligible to children, or improper for them; how few poems have been written, or how few poets could be trusted to write, to them;—we shall not be surprised to find it a frequent complaint with judicious instructors, that so few pieces pro-

per for children to commit to memory are to be found either in the entire works of poets, or in selections made from them purposely for the use of young people. To meet the wishes of such parents and teachers was the object of the following selection. It was thought that all the pieces ought to be short enough to be learned at one or two lessons, and good enough to be worth remembering; that their style should have nothing in it that a well-educated child *might* not, their matter nothing that he *should* not, understand as soon as he should be at all able to feel the beauties of *real poetry*.

Natural history, that popular and delightful study, justly claimed a considerable part of the work, as affording a kind of knowledge at once pleasing and profitable to children.

Description of different times and seasons, of objects of nature and art, of various occupations and modes of life, opened another copious source. Moral and religious sentiment furnished a third portion. Miscellaneous fragments, laboriously gleaned from a vast number of poets, formed the remainder of the little volume.

No arrangement appeared necessary; — the only point of this nature which has been

studied was,—to mingle the pieces as much as possible. Some valuable poems were passed over on account of their occurrence in almost all other selections;—the brevity required in the pieces precluded the insertion of others;—but it is hoped that the smallness of the work will exculpate the compiler from the imputation of any sins of omission. Some liberties have unavoidably been taken, in order to make *wholes* of fragments, or to bring pieces within due compass.

Such is the plan of the work;—of its execution the compiler can only say that it has cost much time, and much thought.

It is now trusted to a candid public, with the hope, that a performance, aspiring, from its very nature, to little applause, will not incur the hazard of much censure.

Stoke Newington.

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POETRY

FOR

CHILDREN.

THE BEGGAR MAN.

AROUND the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The faggot lent its blazing light;
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus, to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t'implore :

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor ;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind ;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before ;
A dreary treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age ;
No road, no path, can I descry ;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

“ So faint I am — these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear ;
My sinking heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“ Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast •
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd !”

With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs and pallid face. X

The little children flocking came,
And warmed his stiff'ning hands in theirs.
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheer'd his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

ORIGINAL.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I've watch'd you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly! indeed,
I know not if you sleep or feed.

How motionless !—not frozen seas
More motionless !—and then,
What joy awaits you when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours,
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when they are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
Come to us often, fear no wrong ;
Sit near us on the bough !
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days when we were young ;
Sweet childish days that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring !
Now heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear :
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is filled with music sweet,
Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green.
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

The Grasshopper.

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow,
Farmer he, and landlord thou!

Thou dost innocently enjoy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy :
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know ;
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

COWLEY.

THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet ;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd
Inoffensive, welcome guest !
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Ev'ry dish and spoil the best ;
Frisking thus before the fire
Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassesest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are ;
Theirs is but a summer song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

HYMN.

How cheerful along the gay mead
The daisy and cowslip appear !
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that deck the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers.
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!
The Lord who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise;
My soul shall be wrapt in my God! X

ORATORIO OF ABEL.

THE FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

THE KITTEN.

WANTON drole, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged crone and thoughtless lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool
Waiting till his supper cool,
And maid, whose cheek outblossoms the rose,
As bright the blazing faggot glows;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.

Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe, —

The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye ;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing ;
Now, wheeling round with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide.
And see ! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset ;
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses now thy feats repay ;
For now, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur ;
As, tuning well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet be-pat the ground,

And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whisker'd cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE ROBIN.

SEE, mamma, what a sweet little prize I have
found !

A robin that lay half benumbed on the ground.
I caught him and fed him and warmed in my
breast,

And now he's as nimble and blithe as the best.
Look, look, how he flutters !—He'll slip from my
hold :

Ah, rogue ! you've forgotten both hunger and
cold !

But indeed 'tis in vain, for I sha'n't set you free,
For all your whole life you're a prisoner with me,
Well housed and well fed, in your cage you
will sing,

And make our dull winter as gay as the spring.

But stay, — sure 'tis cruel, with wings made to
soar,

To be shut up in prison, and never fly more !
And I, who so often have longed for a flight,
Shall I keep you prisoner ? — Mamma — is it
right ?

No, come, pretty robin, I must set you free, —
For your whistle, though sweet, would sound
sadly to me.

ORIGINAL.

THE KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye
To think yon playful kid must die ;
From crystal spring and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede.

Erewhile, in sportive circles, round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell ;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravished at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood :
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze ;
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how, with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed ;
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care :
And tears bedew her tender eye
To think the playful kid must die.

SHENSTONE.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

MINDFUL of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,

The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, the evening chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee with airy ring
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around
That clothe the garden's southern bound :
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps :
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom :
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand ;
The fresh-turned soil, with tender blades,
Thinly the sprouting barley shades :
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green :
Fraught with a transient frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark ;
But, when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail,

She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues.
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his 'customed nook,
And, bursting thro' the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's caverned edge,
Startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

WARTON.

INDIA.

WHERE sacred Ganges pours along the plain,
And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,
What awful scenes the curious mind delight !
What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight !
There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,
The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads ;
Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,
The chattering parrot claps his painted wings ;
'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake ;
The tiger couches in the tangled brake ;

The spotted axis bounds in fear away,
The leopard darts on his defenceless prey.
'Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,
Cool, peaceful haunts of awful solitude !
The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs,
And stately elephants untroubled browse.
Two tyrant seasons rule the wide domain,
Scorch with dry heat, or drench with floods of rain :
Now fev'rish herds rush madding o'er the plains,
And cool in shady streams their throbbing veins
The birds drop lifeless from the silent spray,
And nature faints beneath the fiery day ;
Then bursts the deluge on the sinking shore,
And teeming plenty empties all her store.

ORIGINAL.

MIDNIGHT.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose ;
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on
the ground.

The flocks and herds, and party-colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the reedy pool,
Stretched on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.

DRYDEN.

FORTITUDE.

THE bold swimmer joys not so
To feel the proud waves under him, and beat
With strong repelling arm the billowy surge;
The generous courser does not so exult
To toss his floating mane against the wind,
And neigh amidst the thunder of the war, —
As Virtue to oppose her swelling breast,
Like a firm shield, against the darts of Fate.

MRS. BARBAULD.

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new laid eggs she fondly press'd;
And, on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day,
'Twas April—on the verge of May.

But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather
And all her fears were hush'd together :
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe ;
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd, like a squirrel to his dray,
And bore the worthless prize away.

COWPER.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song ;
Then hush again upon my breast ;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth ;
There's nothing stirring in the house,
Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light,
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
On the window-pane bedropped with rain :
Then, little darling ! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

ANON.

THE THRUSH.

How void of care yon merry thrush,
That tunes melodious on the bush,
That has no stores of wealth to keep,
No lands to plow, no corn to reap !

He never frets for worthless things,
But lives in peace, and sweetly sings ;

Enjoys the present with his mate,
Unmindful of to-morrow's fate. X

Of true felicity possest,
He glides through life supremely blest ;
And for his daily meal relies
On Him whose love the world supplies.

Rejoiced he finds his morning fare,
His dinner lies — he knows not where ;
Still to th' unfailing hand he chaunts
His grateful song, and never wants.

WILLIAMS.

THE DEAD SPARROW

TELL me not of joy ! there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone :

He would chirp and play with me ;
He would hang the wing awhile ;
Till at length he saw me smile,
O how sullen he would be !

He would catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go again ;

He from my lip

Would moisture sip ;

He would from my trencher feed ;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *philip* when he'd done !

O ! whose heart can choose but bleed ?

O ! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite !

No morn did pass,

But on my glass

He would sit, and mark and do
What I did ; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall ;
And then straightway sleek 'em too.

Now my faithful bird is gone ;

O let mournful turtles join

With loving red-breasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone !

THE SWALLOW.

SWALLOW ! that on rapid wing
Sweep'st along in sportive ring,
Now here, now there, now low, now high,
Chasing keen the painted fly ; —
Could I skim away with thee
Over land and over sea,
What streams would flow, what cities rise,
What landscapes dance before mine eyes !
First from England's southern shore
'Cross the channel we would soar,
And our vent'rous course advance
To the plains of sprightly France ;
Sport among the feather'd choir
On the verdant banks of Loire ;
Skim Garonne's majestic tide,
Where Bourdeaux adorns his side ;
Cross the towering Pyrenees,
'Mid myrtle groves and orange trees ;
Enter then the wild domain
Where wolves prowl round the flocks of Spain,

Where silk-worms spin, and olives grow,
 And mules plod surely on and slow.
 Steering thus for many a day
 Far to South our course away,
 From Gibraltar's rocky steep
 Dashing o'er the foaming deep,
 On sultry Afric's fruitful shore
 We'd rest at length, our journey o'er,
 Till vernal gales should gently play
 To waft us on our homeward way.

ORIGINAL.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground !

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day ;

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die !
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

POPE.

THE STRAWBERRY BLOSSOM.

THAT is a work of waste and ruin —
Do as Charles and I are doing !
Strawberry blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them — here are many :

Look at it — the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any :
Do not touch it ! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !
Pull as many as you can.
— Here are daisies, take your fill ;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed and make your bower :
Fill your lap and fill your bosom ;
Only spare the strawberry blossom !

Primroses, the spring may love them —
Summer knows but little of them.
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie ;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die ;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be growing here.
God has given a kindlier power
To the favor'd strawberry-flower.

When the months of spring are fled
Hither let us bend our walk ;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower ;
And for that promise, spare the flower.

WORDSWORTH.

SPRING.

Now the glad earth her frozen zone unbinds,
And o'er her bosom breathe the western winds ;
Already now the snow-drop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd year,
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower :
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins.
To these succeed the violet's glossy blue,
And each inferior flower of fainter hue ;
Till riper months the perfect year disclose,
And Flora cries exulting, " See my rose !"

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

*Found in the trap, where he had been confined
all night.*

O HEAR a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs ;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries !

For here forlorn and sad I sit
Within the wiry grate ;
And tremble at the approaching morn
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

O do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth ;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth !

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply :
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given ;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives,
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW- WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent —
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

COWPER.

BIRDS.

SAY, who the various nations can declare
That plow with busy wing the peopled air ?
These cleave the crumbling bark for insect food,
Those dip their crooked beak in kindred blood ;
Some haunt the rushy moor, the lonely woods ;
Some bathe their silver plumage in the floods ;
Some fly to man, his household gods implore,
And gather round his hospitable door ;
Wait the known call, and find protection there
From all the lesser tyrants of the air.
The tawny eagle seats his callow brood
High on the cliff, and feasts his young with
blood.

On Snowdon's rocks, or Orkney's wide domain,
Whose beetling cliffs o'erhang the western main,
The royal bird his lonely kingdom forms
Amidst the gathering clouds and sullen storms ;
Through the wide waste of air he darts his sight,
And holds his sounding pinions poised for flight ;
With cruel eye premeditates the war,
And marks his destined victim from afar :

Descending in a whirlwind to the ground,
His pinions like the rush of waters sound ;
The fairest of the fold he bears away,
And to his nest compels the struggling prey.
He scorns the game by meaner hunters tore,
And dips his talons in no vulgar gore.
With lovelier pomp, along the grassy plain,
The silver pheasant draws his shining train :
Once on the painted banks of Ganges' stream
He spread his plumage to the sunny gleam ;
But now the wiry net his flight confines,
He lowers his purple crest, and inly pines.

To claim the verse unnumber'd tribes appear
That swell the music of the vernal year :
Seized with the spirit of the kindly spring,
They tune the voice and sleek the glossy wing,
With emulative strife the notes prolong,
And pour out all their little souls in song.
When Winter bites upon the naked plain,
Nor food nor shelter in the groves remain,
By instinct led, a firm united band,
As marshall'd by some skilful general's hand,

The congregated nations wing their way
In dusky columns o'er the trackless sea ;
In clouds unnumber'd annual hover o'er
The craggy Bass, or Kilda's utmost shore ;
Thence spread their sails to meet the southern
wind,
And leave the gathering tempest far behind ;
Pursue the circling sun's indulgent ray,
Course the swift seasons, and o'ertake the day.

MRS. BARBAULD.

INSECTS.

OBSERVE the insect race, ordain'd to keep
The lazy sabbath of a half-year's sleep.
Entomb'd beneath the filmy web they lie,
And wait the influence of a kinder sky.
When vernal sun-beams pierce their dark retreat,
The heaving tomb distends with vital heat ;
The full-form'd brood, impatient of their cell,
Start from their trance and burst their silken
shell ;

Trembling awhile they stand, and scarcely dare
To launch at once upon the untried air.
At length assured, they catch the fav'ring gale,
And leave their sordid spoils, and high in æther
sail.

Lo ! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,
With silver fringed and freckled o'er with gold.
On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower
They idly flutt'ring live their little hour ;
Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,
All spring their age, and sun-shine all their day.
Not so the child of sorrow, wretched man,
His course with toil concludes, with pain began,
That his high destiny he might discern,
And in misfortune's school this lesson learn, —
Pleasure's the portion of th' inferior kind ;
But glory, virtue, Heaven for man design'd.

What atom forms of insect life appear !
And who can follow Nature's pencil here ?
Their wings with azure, green, and purple
gloss'd,
Studded with colour'd eyes, with gems em-
boss'd,

Inlaid with pearl, and mark'd with various stains
Of lively crimson through their dusky veins.
Some shoot like living stars athwart the night,
And scatter from their wings a vivid light,
To guide the Indian to his tawny loves,
As through the woods with cautious step he
moves.

See the proud giant of the beetle race ;
What shining arms his polish'd limbs enchase
Like some stern warrior, formidably bright,
His steely sides reflect a gleaming light :
On his large forehead spreading horns he
wears ;

And high in air the branching antlers bears
O'er many an inch extends his wide domain,
And his rich treasury swells with hoarded grain.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE FROZEN SHOWER.

Written at Copenhagen.

ERE yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds began through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds which watery marshes
yield,
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech and tow'ring pine
Glazed over, in the freezing æther shine.

The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
Then, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.

A. PHILLIPS.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;
My shrubs, displaced from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air ;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang as blithe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list ;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.

But Nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
 And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
 A pass between the wires.

The open windows seem'd t'o invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
 But Tom was still confined;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere,
 To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
 You must not live alone —
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
 Return'd him to his own.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS, AND
HOW HE GAINED THEM.

“ You are old, father William,” the young man
cried,

“ The few locks that are left you are grey :
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man :
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” father William
replied,

“ I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.” X

“ You are old, father William,” the young man
cried,

“ And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone :
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,

"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,

"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon
death:

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful young man," father William replied,

"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

SWEET to the morning traveller
The sky-lark's earliest song,
Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and wearily he drags
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell
That marks his journey's bourn ;
But sweeter is the voice of love
That welcomes his return !

SOUTHEY.

TO FORTUNE.

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,
Thro' which Aurora shows her brightening
face :
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams 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.

THOMSON.

THE WIND.

WHAT way does the wind come? what way does
he go?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale, and o'er
rocky height,

Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding
flight.

He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp larum;—but if you should look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,
Round as a pillow and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock;
— Yet seek him — and what shall you find in
the place?

Nothing but silence and empty space,

Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left for a bed for beggars and thieves !

Hark ! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and, with a huge rattle,
Drive them down, like men in a battle.
But let him range round, he does us no harm,
We'll build up the fire, we're snug and warm ;
Untouch'd by his breath see the candle shines
 bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light ;
Books have we to read—hush ! that half-stifled
 knell,
Methinks, 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

Come, now we'll to bed, and when we are there
He may work his own will, and what shall we
 care ?

He may knock at the door—we'll not let him in,
May drive at the windows—we'll laugh at his din :
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be ;
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.

ANON.

THE TAME STAG.

As a young stag the thicket pass'd,
The branches held his antlers fast.
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across his horns a halter slung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd, as was the clown
When he was tipp'd with half a crown

The stag was brought before his wife :
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek his skin ! how speck'd like ermine !
Sure never creature was so charming !
At first, within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind ;
Now bolder grown, with fix't amaze
And distant awe, presumes to gaze ;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood, or apron dines :
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed :

Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands ;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat ;
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

GAY.

HYMN.

THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned ;
'Twas he, who girded like a robe
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains ;
His praise is warbled by the birds,
— O could we catch their strains !

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers thro' the night !

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

MONTGOMERY.

THE PIEDMONTESE AND HIS MARMOT.

From my dear native moorlands, for many a day,
Thro' fields and thro' cities I've wander'd away
Tho' I merrily sing, yet forlorn is my lot ;
I'm a poor Piedmontese, and I show a marmot.

This pretty marmot, in a mountain's steep side
Made a burrow, himself and his young ones to
hide.

The bottom they cover'd with moss and with hay,
And stopp'd up the entrance, and snugly they lay.
They carelessly slept till the cold winter blast,
And the hail, and the deep drifting snow-shower
was past,

But the warbling of April awak'd them again
To crop the young plants and to frisk on the plain.
Then I caught this poor fellow and taught him
to dance,

And we liv'd by his tricks as we rambled thro'
France.

But he droops and grows drowsy, as onward we
roam,

And he and his master both pine for their home.
Let your charity then hasten back to his cot
The poor Piedmontese with his harmless marmot.

ORIGINAL.

THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house secure he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such,
He shrinks into his house with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Now with her empty life he leads,
 But ere ten years banquet needs,
 she starves, only feeds
 "What ails me?" The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
 (He and his house are so combin'd)
 If finding it, he fails to find
 Its master.

COWPER, *from the Latin.*

THE CAGED LARK.

THE tuneful lark, who from his nest
 But well-fledged is stol'n away,
 Is attended, and caressed,
 And ever sings the livelong day:
 Let him in his field he mourns,
 His gentle manners, his kindness scorns,
 For freedom burns, for freedom burns.
 That darling freedom once obtain'd,
 Unskill'd, untaught to search for prey,
 He mourns the liberty he gain'd,
 And hungry pines his hours away.

Helpless the little wand'ring I have brought
Then homeward turns his way
And warbling out his grief as clear as ever

THE PET LAMB

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to
blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,
drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at
its side.
No other sheep were near, the lamb was
alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to
With one knee on the grass did the
kneel,
While to that mountain lamb it gave its
evening meal.
The lamb, while from her hand he thus his sup-
per took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his
tail with pleasure shook.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away;
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did
she stay.

“What ails thee, young one, what? why pull
so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee, well both for bed and
board?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young one, rest, what is't that aileth
thee?

Rest, little young one, rest; hast thou forgot
the day

When my father found thee first in places far
away?

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert
owned by none;

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was
gone.

He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought
thee home:

A blessed day for thee! then whither would'st
thou roam?

A faithful nurse thou hast, the dam that did thee
yeen

Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.

Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought
thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever
ran:
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet
with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is
and new.
Why bleat so after me, why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee
again."

WORDSWORTH.

THE SAILOR.

How gaily a sailor's life passes
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life;

The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.

The various blessings of Nature
In various countries we try;
No mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

THE SOLDIER.

A SOLDIER am I, the world over I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange;
How dull is the ball and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast or a frolic if we are not there?
Kind, hearty and gallant and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the
drum.

“The soldiers are coming,” the villagers cry,
All trades are suspended to see us pass by ;
Quick flies the glad sound to the maiden upstairs,
In a moment dismiss’d are her broom and her
cares ;
Outstretch’d is her neck till the soldiers she
sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light in the
breeze ;
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come,
And redder her cheek at the sound of the drum.

SMYTH.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

W^AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor’s shady kind retreat,
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the dog-star’s raging heat :

Where tufted grass and mossy beds
Afford a rural calm repose ;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty swell;
Where'er his purer streams are seen,
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And cut the gently rolling tide!

CROXALL.

THE WAR HORSE.

THE fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd
fight:

On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands,—then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe!

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

THE CHARIOT-RACE.

HAST thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
The youthful charioteers with heaving heart
Rush to the race; and, panting, scarcely bear
Th' extremes of fev'rish hope and chilling fear;
Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force?
The flying chariot kindles in the course:
And now alow, and now aloft they fly,
As borne thro' air, and seem to touch the sky,
No stop, no stay; but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd and cast backward on the followers' eyes,
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst!

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

THE POLAR WINTER.

THE sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase ;
When up the skies he shoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And studded wheels are on their back sustain'd ;
An hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burthen on their bosom bore.
The brazen caldrons with the frost are flaw'd ;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd ;
With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are
heard.

Meantime perpetual sleet and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wintry walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are buried there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.

The dextrous huntsman wounds not these afar
With shafts or darts, or makes a distant war
With dogs, or pitches toils to stop their flight,
But close engages in unequal fight ;
And while they strive in vain to make their way
Through hills of snow, and pitifully bray,
Assaults with dint of sword, or pointed spears,
And homeward on his back the burthen bears.
The men to subterranean caves retire,
Secure from cold, and crowd the cheerful fire :
With trunks of elms and oaks the hearth they
load,
Nor tempt th' inclemency of heav'n abroad.
Their jovial nights in frolic, and in play,
They pass, to drive the tedious hours away.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

THE ALPS AT DAY-BREAK

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow :
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roebuck through the snow.

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude ;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd, like an eagle's nest, on high.

ROGERS.

THE OLIVE.

SEE the young olive in the sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air,
When, lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades ;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defaced and dead.

POPE'S HOMER.

A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside a hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear ;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

ROGERS.

PITY.

No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wear,
No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,

Not the bright stars which night's blue arch
adorn,

Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks,
For other's woe, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

DARWIN.

ASCENDING THE ALPS.

PLEASED at the first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

POPE.

THE RAVEN.

UNDER the arms of a goodly oak tree,
There was of swine a large company,

They were making a rude repast,
Grunting as they crunch'd the mast.
Then they trotted away: for the wind blew
high;—

One acorn they left, no more might you spy.
Next came a raven, who lik'd not such folly,
He belong'd, I believe, to the witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet;
Flew low in the rain; his feathers were wet.
He pick'd up an acorn and buried it straight,
By the side of a river both deep and great.

Where then did the raven go?

He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black raven go!
Many autumns, many springs
Travell'd he, with wandering wings;
Many summers, many winters,
I can't tell half his adventures.
At length he return'd, and with him a she;
And the acorn was grown a large oak tree.
They built them a nest in the topmast bough,
And young ones they had, and were jolly enow.
But soon came a woodman in leathern guise,
His brow like a pent-house hung over his eyes.

He'd an axe in his hand and he nothing spoke,
But with many a hem ! and a sturdy stroke,
At last he brought down the poor raven's own
oak.

His young ones were kill'd, for they could not
depart,

His wife she died of a broken heart !

He cut the branches from off it the woodman did sever,
And they floated it down on the course of the
river :

They saw'd it to planks, and its rind they did
strip,

And with this tree and others they built up a
ship.

The ship it was launch'd ; but in sight of the land
A tempest arose which no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock and the waves rush in fast—
The old raven flew round and round and caw'd
to the blast :—

When he saw'd his tree—it was sunk at last.

Ah ! little

ANONYMOUS.

The thi

Be

TO THE CROW.

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night
Tends thro' the midway air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren within her mossy nest
Has hush'd her little brood to rest;
The wood wild pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft note of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard their downy young from an inclement
sky.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on heaven and thee for food
Bleak—on some cliff's neglect
Haste, weary bird, thy laggir
It is the chilling hour of night,
Fit hour of rest for thee!

THE WICCAMICAL CHAPEL

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd ;
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store ;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not a herb was nigh ;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view.
With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus
began :

“ Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !
Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find !
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage ?

Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign.
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs, a more than equal share !
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone and trackless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
O cease, my fears ! all frantic as I go,
While thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
 woe :

What, if the lion in his rage I meet !
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And fearful ! oft when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train.
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.

Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !"

COLLINS.

THE ORANGE-TREE.

IN the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head ;
From every branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies ;
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows ;
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,
and dies.

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE GENERATIONS OF MAN.

LIKE leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the
ground.

Another race the following spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise :
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away.

POPE'S HOMER.

WOLVES.

By wint'ry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appennine, 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;
But if, appris'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave.

THOMSON.

A FLOOD

WHEN from the hills the torrents swift and
strong,
Deluge whole fields and sweep the trees along,
Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing flood resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge and bursts the lofty
bounds;

The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
And flatten'd vineyards, one sad waste appear
While clouds descend in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

POPE.

THE FLY.

THE fly about the candle gay,
Dances with thoughtless hum ;
But short, alas ! his giddy play,
His pleasure proves his doom.

The child, in such simplicity,
About the bee-hive clings,
And with one drop of honey, he
Receives a thousand stings.

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee !
When abroad I took my early way ;

Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up, and left her trace

On the meadow with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

Thou wert alive, thou busy, busy Bee !

When the crowd in their sleep were dead ;
Thou wert abroad in the freshest hour,
When the sweetest odour comes from the flower.

Man will not learn to leave his lifeless bed,
And be wise and copy thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee !

After the fall of the cistus flower,
I heard thee last as I saw thee first,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to
burst,

In the coolness of the ev'ning hour,
I heard thee, thou busy, busy Bee !

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee !

Late and early at employ ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy youth in heaping and hoarding is spent

What thy age will never enjoy.
I will not copy thee, thou miserly Bee !

Thou art a fool, thou busy, busy Bee,
Thus for another to toil !
Thy master waits till thy work is done,
Till the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And then he will seize the spoil,
And will murder thee, thou poor little Bee !

ANTHOLOGY.

THE FOWLER.

Lo ! where all alarm'd,
The small birds from the late resounding perch
Fly various, hush'd their early song ; and mark !
Beneath the darkness of the bramble bank
That overhangs the half-seen brook, with breast
Ruddy, and emerald wing, the king fisher
Steals thro' the dripping sedge away : what shape
Of terror scares the woodland habitants,
Marring the music of the dawn ? look round,

See where he creeps, beneath the willowy stump,
Cow'ring and low, step silent after step,
The booted Fowler—keen his look, and fixed
Upon the adverse bank, while with firm hand
He grasps the deadly tube: his dog, with ears
Hung back, and still and steady eye of fire,
Points to the prey, while he, intent, moves on
Silent and creeping close, beneath the leaves,
And fears lest ev'n the rustling reeds betray
His footfall: nearer yet, and yet more near
He stalks: ah! who shall save the heedless
group

Of speckled partridges, that in the sun,
On yonder hillock green, across the stream
Bask unalarm'd beneath the hawthorn bush!

BOWLES.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

CLOSE in the poplar shade the nightingale
With piercing cries does her lost young bewail.
Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away.

But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain. }

LEE.

THE SERPENT.

IN fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest, and with advancing head,
Waving he rolls, and makes a shining track ;
His belly spotted, burnish'd is his back :
While springs are gushing, while the southern
air
And dropping heav'ns the moisten'd earth repair,
He lives on standing lakes or trembling bogs,
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious
frogs.

But when in muddy pools the water sinks,
And the chapt earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks,
He leaves the fens and leaps upon the ground,
And, hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflamed, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction
threats.

O ! let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest and his imperfect young ;
And, thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the coming year.

} DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a blossom's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S LULLABY.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs be not seen ;
Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Weaving spiders come not near,
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence !
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm nor snail do no offence !

Philomel with melody
Sing in your sweet lullaby ;
Lulla lulla lullaby :

Never harm
Nor spell nor charm
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE SUMMER EVENING WALK.

WHEN day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the may-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the tim'rous hare limps forth to feed;
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clam'rous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain,
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift, in rapid, giddy ring,
Dash round the steeple, unsubdued of wing: —
Amusive birds! say where your hid retreat
When the frost rages, and the tempests beat?
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head!
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride:
The God of nature is your secret guide.

While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench, leaf-shelter'd, let us stray.

Gill blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;
To hear the drowsy dorr come brushing by,
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance thro' the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn-owl hung
Thro' the still gloom protracts his chatt'ring song;
While high in air, and poised upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft enamour'd woodlark sings:
Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine,
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking thro' the trees.

WHITE.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

SEE the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,

At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :

The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are op'ning paradise.

THE WHIRLWIND.

WHEN forth from gloomy clouds a whirlwind
springs,
That bears the thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps ;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling
to the shore.

DRYDEN.

TO LEVEN WATER.

PURE stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
The springing trout in speckled pride ;
The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from their parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,

And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolved and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard !

SMOLLET.

THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
 Our forests, our fountains,
 Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains the maid I
 adore ?
O when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed ?
When shall I return to that lovely retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—

The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

MONTGOMERY.

TO A HEDGE-SPARROW.

LITTLE flutt'rer ! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near ;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
Little flutt'rer ! cease to fear.

One who would protect thee ever,
From the school-boy, kite, and hawk,
Musing, now obtrudes, but never
Dreamt of plunder in his walk.

He no weasel, stealing slily,
Would permit thy eggs to take ;

Nor the pole-cat, nor the wily
Adder, nor the writhed snake.

May no cuckoo, wandering near thee,
Lay her egg within thy nest ;
Nor thy young ones, born to cheer thee,
Be destroy'd by such a guest !

Little flutt'rer ! swiftly flying,
Here is none to harm thee near ;
Kite, nor hawk, nor school-boy prying ;
Little flutt'rer ! cease to fear.

ANTHOLOGY.

THE APPROACH OF A STORM.

ERE yet the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore ;
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods :
Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the tost vessel on the troubled main,
When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
And stretching to the covert wing their way ;

When sportful coots run skimming o'er the
strand ;
When watchful herons leave their wat'ry stand,
And, mounting upward, with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies,
And, shooting thro' the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light :
And chaff, with eddy winds is whirl'd around ;
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground ;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd, a flood of gather'd rain }
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain, }
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain. }

DRYDEN.

THE HUNTSMAN.

THE huntsman, with merry-ton'd horn
Bids valleys and mountains resound,

And early goes out in the morn
To chase the fleet hare o'er the ground :

With him through thick woodlands I fly,
Through dangers, wild rivers, and rocks ;
While musical hounds in full cry,
Run swift in pursuit of the fox.

WILLIAMS.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

WHERE the Thracian channel roars
On lordly Europe's eastern shores,
Where the proudly jutting land
Frowns on Asia's western strand,
High on seven hills is seen to shine
The second Rome of Constantine.
Beneath her feet, with graceful pride,
Propontis spreads his ample tide ;
His fertile banks profusely pour
Of luscious fruits a varied store ;
Rich with a thousand glittering dyes
His flood a finny shoal supplies ;

While crowding sails on rapid wing
The rifled south's bright treasures bring.
With crescents gleaming to the skies,
Mosques and minarets arise ;
Mounted on whose topmost wall
The turban'd priests to worship call.
The mournful cypress rises round,
Tap'ring from the burial-ground :
Olympus, ever capp'd with snow,
Crowns the busy scene below.

ORIGINAL.

THE THAMES.

THIS scene how rich from Thames's side,
While ev'ning suns their amber beam
Spread o'er the grassy surfac'd tide,
And 'mid the masts and cordage gleam ;
Blaze on the roofs with turrets crown'd,
And gild green pastures stretch'd around,
And gild the slope of that high ground
Whose corn-fields bright the prospect bound !

The white sails glide along the shore,
Red streamers on the breezes play ;
The boatmen ply the dashing oar,
And wide their various freight convey ;
Some Neptune's hardy, thoughtless train,
And some the careful sons of gain,
And some the sportive nymph and swain
List'ning to music's soothing strain.

But here, while these the sight allure,
Still Fancy wings her flight away
To woods recluse, and vales obscure,
And streams that solitary stray ;
To view the pine-grove on the hill,
The rocks that trickling springs distil,
The meads that quiv'ring aspens fill,
Or alders crowding o'er the hill. SCOTT.

THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

THERE's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along,
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form ;

While bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim, misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

}

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies :
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

}

But can my soul the scene enjoy
That rends another's breast with pain ?
O, hapless he, who near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy !
Beholds the found'ring bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend !

}

SCOTT.

THE PLEASANT EVENING.

DELIGHTFUL looks this clear, calm sky,
With Cynthia's orb on high !
Delightful looks this smooth, green ground,
With shadows cast from cots around ;
Quick twinkling lustre decks the tide,
And cheerful radiance gently falls
On that white town and castle walls,
That crown the spacious river's further side.

And now along the echoing hills
The night-bird's strain melodious trills ;
And now the echoing dale along
Soft flows the shepherd's tuneful song ;
And now, wide o'er the water borne,
The city's mingled murmur swells,
And lively change of distant bells,
And varied warbling of the deep-ton'd horn.

SCOTT.

DESCRIPTION OF A COTTAGE.

WHERE o'er the brook's moist margin hazels
meet,

Stands my lone home—a pleasant cool retreat.
Gay loosestrife there, and pale valerian spring,
And tuneful reedbirds mid the sedges sing.

Among green oziers winds my stream away,
Where the blue halcyon skims from spray to
spray,

Where waves the bulrush as the waters glide,
And yellow flag-flowers deck the sunny side.
East from my cottage stretch delightful meads,
Where rows of willows rise, and banks of reeds;
There roll clear rivers; there, old elms between,
The mill's white roof, and circling wheels are
seen.

SCOTT.

ANOTHER.

ON a green hillock, by the shady road,
My dwelling stands—a sweet recluse abode!

And o'er my darken'd casement interwine
The fragrant brier, the woodbine, and the vine.
Before my door the box-hedg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint and thyme and tansy
 rise ;

Along my wall the yellow stonecrop grows,
And the red houseleek on my brown thatch
 blows.

Spread on the slope of yon steep western hill,
My fruitful orchard shelters all the vill ;
There pear-trees tall their tops aspiring show,
And apple-trees their branches mix below.

SCOTT.

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

A FABLE.

A FORWARD hare of swiftness vain,
The *genius* of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd :
For geniuses are ever proud.

He'd boast his flight 't were vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow ;—
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.
A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :
“ O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match : nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.”
'Twas ‘done’ and ‘done,’ all fair, ‘a bet,’
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scampering hare outstripp'd the wind ;
The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole
When puss had almost reach'd the goal.
“ Friend tortoise,” quoth the jeering hare,
“ Your burden's more than you can bear ;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell :
Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee :
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.”
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere ;

And o'er my darken'd casement intertwine
The fragrant brier, the woodbine, and the vine.
Before my door the box-hedg'd border lies,
Where flowers of mint and thyme and tansy
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“ O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match : nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.”
'Twas ‘done’ and ‘done,’ all fair, ‘a bet,’
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scampering hare outstripp'd the wind ;
The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole
When puss had almost reach'd the goal.
“ Friend tortoise,” quoth the jeering hare,
“ Your burden's more than you can bear ;
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell :
Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee :
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.”
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere ;

On to the goal securely crept,
While puss unknowing soundly slept.
The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor tortoise spoke :
“ Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts.
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow* and *steady* wins the race.”

LLOYD.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

ALAS ! I am an orphan boy,
With nought on earth to cheer my heart ;
No father's love, no mother's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to take my part.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground ;
I eat the bread of charity ;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas ! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
A mother too I wont to prize,
With ready hand to wipe the tear,
If chanc'd a transient tear to rise ;
But cause of tears was rarely found,
For all my heart was youthful glee :
And when the kiss of love went round,
How sweet a kiss there was for me !

But ah ! there came a war, they say,
What is a war, I cannot tell :
But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
And loudly rang our village bell.
In truth it was a pretty sound
I thought, nor could I thence foresee
That when the kiss of love went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,
And sword as bright as bright could be ;
And feathers, that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.

Then how my little heart did bound !
Alas ! I thought it fine to see ;
Nor dreamt that when the kiss went round,
There soon should be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring ;
There was a victory, they said ;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring ,
But ah ! it brought my father dead.
My mother shriek'd : her heart was woe :
She clasp'd me to her trembling knee.
O God ! that you may never know
How wild a kiss she gave to me !

But once again—but once again,
These lips a mother's kisses felt :
That once again—that once again,—
The tale a heart of stone would melt,—
'Twas when, upon her death-bed laid ;
O God ! O God ! that sight to see !
“ My child !—My child ! ” she feebly said,
And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now am I an orphan boy,
With nought below my heart to cheer ;
No mother's love, no father's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground ;
I eat the bread of charity ;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss of love for me !

THELWALL.

AGAINST SLAVERY.

I WOULD not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd beyond all price ;
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

COWPER.

THE LABOUR OF IDLENESS.

THE wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him that cannot think or read.

MISS MORE.

DAY.

A PASTORAL ; IN THREE PARTS.

MORNING.

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.

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

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

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently meets the morning gale ;
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy dale.

NOON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EVENING.

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

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

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

Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome ;
To their high-built airy beds
 See the rooks returning home !

As the lark, with varied tune,
 Carols to the evening loud ;
Mark the mild resplendent moon
 Breaking through a parted cloud !

Now the lonely howlet peeps
 From the barn or twisted brake,
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake.

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

CUNNINGHAM.

SUNDAY MORNING.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milk-maid's
 song,
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers
That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze :
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the
 dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song : the lulling
 brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn
 glen,
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

GRAHAME.

THE DYING NEGRO.

O'ER my toil-wither'd limbs sickly languors are
shed,

And the dark mists of death on my eyelids are
spread ;

Before my last sufferings how gladly I bend !
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

Against the hot breezes hard struggles my breast,
Quick, quick beats my heart, and I hasten to
rest ;

No more shall sharp anguish my faint bosom
rend,

For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

No more shall I sink in the deep-scorching air ;
No more shall keen hunger my weak body tear ;
No more on my limbs shall swift lashes descend,
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

Ye ruffians ! who tore me from all I held dear,
Who mock'd at my wailings and smil'd at my
tear,

Now, now shall I 'scape, every suffering shall end,
For the strong arm of Death is the arm of a friend.

SAYERS.

THE CALM.

THE time so tranquil is and still,
That no where shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall
No more they move or stir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand ;
The waves that rolling wont to be
Are stable as the land.

So silent is the yielding air,
That every cry and call,

The hills and dales, the forest fair,
Again repeat them all.

ALEX. HUME *modernized*.

EXERCISE.

LET Sloth lie soft'ning till high noon in down,
Or, lolling, fan her in the sultry town;
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd
hounds;
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching
head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every
change.

PARNELL.

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed !
Courtly domes of high degree
Have no room for thee and me :
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal
While I pick my scanty meal ;
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee ;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again,
Well thou know'st the broken pane ;
Ask of me thy daily store,
Go not near Avaro's door :
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.

Savage !—he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast ;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

LANGHORNE.

THE MIGRATIONS OF THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding ; and beneath
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath—
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last ;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee
What our vain fancies only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether, on clouds that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
The wind your charioteer.

I would enquire how, journeying long
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before.

Alas ! how little can be known,
Her sacred veil where Nature draws ;
Let baffled science humbly own
Her mysteries understood alone
By Him who gives her laws.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE sun far northward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests
bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.
No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call ;

Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown
wall.

SCOTT.

THE LARK.

SEE how the lark, the bird of day,
Springs from the earth, and wings his way !
To heav'ns high vault his course he bends,
And sweetly sings as he ascends.
But when, contented with his height,
He shuts his wings and checks his flight,
No more he chaunts the lively strain,
But sinks in silence to the plain.

WHITEHEAD.

SUNSHINE AFTER A SHOWER.

EVER after a shower,
When the returning power
Has chas'd the storm,
Nature's form;

By sweet-briar hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue ;
There, issuing forth, the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail ;
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in a robe of fresher hue ;
And so loud the blackbird sings,
That far and near the valley rings,
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;
From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe :
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
Its last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

WARTON.

ARABIA.

O'ER Arabia's dese
The patient can
'Mid lonely caves
The fell hyæna sta

On the cool and shady hills
Coffee-shrubs and tamarinds grow,
Headlong fall the welcome rills
Down the fruitful dells below.

The fragrant myrrh and healing balm
Perfume the passing gale ;
Thick hung with dates, the spreading palm
Tow'rs o'er the peopled vale.
Locusts oft, a living cloud,
Hover in the darkened air,
Like a torrent dashing loud,
Bringing famine and despair :

And often o'er the level waste
The stifling hot winds fly ;
Down falls the swain with trembling haste,
The gasping cattle die.
Shepherd-people on the plain
Pitch their tents and wander free ;
Wealthy cities they disdain,
Poor,—yet blest with liberty.

ORIGINAL.

CHEERFULNESS.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Needs neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court her fickle smile.
The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king!

BICKERSTAFF.

THE COCK.

WITHIN a homestead lived, without a peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer.
More certain was the crowing of this cock
To number hours than is an abbey clock;
And sooner than the morning bell was rung
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost and sung
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle-wall:

His bill was raven black, and shone like jet ;
 Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet ;
 White were his nails, like silver to behold ;
 His body glitter'd like the burnish'd gold.

DRYDEN.

THE FALLEN OAK.

THE lofty oak, whose vigorous branches form
 An ample shade, and brave the wildest storm,
 High o'er the subject wood is seen to grow,
 The guard and glory of the trees below ;
 Till on its head the fiery bolt descends,
 And on the plain the shatter'd trunk extends :
 Yet, then it lies majestic as before,
 And still the glory, though the guard no more.

CRABBE.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

O LET me in the country range !
 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live ;

The beauteous scene of aged mountains,
Smiling valleys, murm'ring fountains ;
Lambs in flow'ry pastures bleating,
Echo ev'ry note repeating ;
Bees with busy sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle sleep inviting ;
Whisp'ring winds the poplars courting,
Swains in rustic circles sporting ;
Birds in cheerful notes expressing
Nature's bounty and their blessing :
These afford a lasting pleasure
Without guilt, and without measure.

BROWN.

A GROVE.

STRAIGHT as a line, in beauteous order stood,
Of oaks unshorn, a venerable wood :
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted in a due degree.
Their branching arms in air, with equal space,
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace,

And the new leaves on ev'ry bough were seen,
Some ruddy-coloured, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to
sing :

Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.

DRYDEN.

THE HAPPY MAN.

CONTENT with poverty my soul I arm,
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,

Who never sail on Fortune's faithless sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black,
If the mast split and threaten wreck?

Then let the greedy merchant fear

For his ill-gotten gain,

While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure of Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,

In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blust'ring roar ;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

DRYDEN.

INNOCENCE.

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice he is arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKSPEARE.

A WINTER SONG.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail :

When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-whoo ;—a merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit to-whoo ;—a merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE VANITY OF GREATNESS.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings !
Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade ;
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

PRINCE LEEBOO.

From the mighty Pacific, with soft-swellings waves,
That a thousand bright islands eternally laves,
Mid rocks of red coral, with shell-fish abounding,
The notes of the parrot and pigeon resounding,
Crown'd with groves of banana and taper bam-
 boo,
Rise the gay sunny shores of the Isles of Pelew.
From China returning with silk and with tea,
The tall English vessel sails over the sea ;
Ah ! look how she heaves ! on the rock she is
 stranded !
But the boats are thrown out, and the sailors
 are landed.
What black men are those in their slender canoe,
Who gaze with such wonder ? — The men of
 Pelew.

How kindly they welcome the sailors on shore !
And yams and sweet cocoa-nuts bring from
their store ;

But vain every effort to soften their anguish ;
For home, distant home, the poor Englishmen
languish :

They build a stout ship, they sail off from Pelew,
And away with the strangers sails young Prince
Leeboo.

O what is his rapture, and what his surprise,
When, in gay busy London he opens his eyes !
“ Fine shops, houses, coaches, O joy beyond
measure !

Yes, yes, my dear friends shall partake in my
pleasure :

Fine clothes, coaches, horses, I'll bear to Pelew,—
What wonder for them, what delight for Leeboo !”

Fond projects ! in vain shall his father explore
The wide shipless waves,—he shall see him no
more.

O chide not the English thy darling detaining,
And chide not thy son 'mid the strangers re-
maining !

Know, death has arrested him far from Pelew,
And the strangers have wept o'er the gentle
Leeboo !

ORIGINAL.

THE WINTER TORRENT.

PROUD and foolish, noisy stream !
Who to some muddy pool thy birth dost owe,
Which casually a brook became,
Assisted by the rain and melting snow :
Though now thou boast thy swelling tide,
August will soon be here, and end thy short-
liv'd pride.

Thou foam'st and boil'st along the plain,
The flocks and shepherds threat'ning by the way,
Through borrow'd waters basely vain
Lift'st up thy head, and dost regardless stray.
Thy noisy pride is all that thou canst call thy own ;
Thy upstart stream will soon be gone.
No drop remain of thy proud swelling flood ;
But all the cattle of the plain
Tread o'er the dusty sand, and spurn it with
disdain !

DRYDEN.

HUNTING THE HARE.

HARK ! from yon covert, where those tow'ring
oaks

Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears ! The hunters shout ;
The clanging horns swell their sweet winding
notes ;

The pack wide op'ning load the trembling air
With various melody ; from tree to tree
The propagating cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near : afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads ; his prison
broke,

Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call ;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy ; men, boys, and
girls

Desert th' unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy
seized.

SOMERVILLE.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be ;
Light tripping o'er the green
Come, follow Mab your queen !
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest,
Unheard and unespied
Through key-holes we do glide ,
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread ;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy.

Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile :
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk ;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

HAILSTONES.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill
Rush'd o'er the wood with startling sound :
Then—all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones patter'd round.
Where leafless oaks tower'd high above,
I sat within an undergrove
Of tallest hollies, tall and green ;
A fairer bower was never seen.

From year to year the spacious floor
With wither'd leaves is cover'd o'er
And all the year the bower is green.
But see ! where'er the hailstones drop,
The withered leaves all skip and hop,
There's not a breeze—no breath of air—
Yet here, and there, and every where,
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
And all those leaves in festive glee
Were dancing to the minstrelsy.

WORDSWORTH.

THE HARE.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay :
Who stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away ;

126 *Echo.—The Redbreast and the Butterfly.*

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey ;
His warm breath blows her fur up as she lies ;
She trembling creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back on him with beseeching eyes.

DRYDEN.

ECHO.

As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,
A hundred echoes round us talk,
From hill to hill the voice is tost :
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

THE REDBREAST AND THE
BUTTERFLY.

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English Robin ;

The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?
Their Thomas in Finland
And Russia far inland?

The bird whom by some name or other,
All men who know thee call their brother,
The darling of children and men?

If the butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me
Under the branches of the tree:
In and out he darts about;
Can this be the bird to man so good,
That, after their bewildering
Did cover with leaves the little children
So painfully in the wood?

What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue
A beautiful creature
That is gentle by nature?
Beneath the summer sky
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.

The cheerer thou of our in-door sadness,
He is the friend of our summer gladness :
What hinders then that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together !
His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,
A crimson as bright as thine own :
If thou would'st be happy in thy nest,
O pious bird ! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone !

WORDSWORTH.

THE OSTRICH.

Who in the stupid ostrich has subdued
A parent's care and fond inquietude ?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground ;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky :
Adopted by the sun in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.

Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed,
What time she skims along the field with speed,
And scorns the rider and pursuing steed.

YOUNG.

THE PEACOCK.

How rich the peacock ! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun !
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day ;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

YOUNG.

THE WILD ASS.

DID man from service the wild ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wild waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home ?

By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread ;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng ;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

YOUNG.

THE LION.

FIERCEST of all, the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks ;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly ;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand ?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where, bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood,
And couch'd in dreadful ambush pant for blood,
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey ?

By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill ;
They rage, they rend ; their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam ; and when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away and print their steps with gore :
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.

YOUNG.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

MILD is the Behemoth *, tho' large his frame,
Smooth is his temper and repress his flame
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food ;
Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
The uplands feed him : there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire ;
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

* The Scripture name for the Hippopotamus.

The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat ;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.

YOUNG.

THE SHIP.

WITH gallant pomp and beauteous pride
The floating pile in harbour rode ;
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
Reluctant left the vessel's side,
And rais'd it as it flow'd.

The waves, with eastern breezes curl'd,
Had silver'd half the liquid plain ;
The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
And stretch'd along the main.

THE PHEASANT.

SEE ! from the brake the whirring pheasant
springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :

Short is his joy ! he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah ! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled-eyes ;
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold ;
His painted wings, and breast that shines with
gold ?

POPE.

THE LINNET.

IMPATIENT of his iron cage,
The linnet spends his little rage,
And 'scapes with shatter'd wings ;
But soon with new-fledg'd pinions soars,
And, hastening to his native bowers,
A joyful welcome sings.

FORTITUDE.

EMPIRE o'er the earth and main
Heav'n that gave can take again,

But a mind that's truly brave
Stands despising,
Storms arising,
And can ne'er be made a slave.

DRYDEN.

A SIMILE.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON.

THE WINTER FRIEND.

WHEN the vocal cuckoo wings
To southern clines his way;
When the swifts in giddy rings
Their vent'rous flight essay,
When the linnet droops forlorn
Upon the naked spray;

Mute the blackbird on the thorn,
And lark that hails the day;
Still the robin whistles clear,
And braves the fading year.

Other flutt'ers come and go,
The frolic train of spring;
Fearful, from the drifting snow
They urge their rapid wing.
Other warblers cease their strain,
When storms forbid to roam;
But Robin then forsakes the plain,
And gives us songs at home:
Let the fickle sporters flee—
The *Winter Friend* for me!

ORIGINAL.

ITALY.

SEE how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or, when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air!

Here kindly warmth their mounting juice
ferments

To nobler tastes and more exalted scents ;
E'en the rough rocks, with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats ;
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her vallies reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain :
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines ,

Starves,—in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies of thirst.

ADDISON.

WAR.

IN vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land.
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake;
The list'ning soldier, fix'd in sorrow, stands,
Loth to obey his leader's stern commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his stern commands so well obey'd.

ADDISON.

THE PALACE OF ICE.

——— No forest fell,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
When thou wouldst build,—no quarry sent its
stores

T' enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the
floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd; nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,
Illumin'd every side: a wat'ry light
Gleam'd thro' the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new-risen, or meteor fall'n
From heaven to earth, of harmless flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; tho' smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted ought within
That royal residence might well besit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was glassy; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were
there,

Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch ; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.

COWPER.

THE GLOWWORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray,
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure, the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,

Gives him a modicum of light

● Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant

By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the traveller, as he went,
Be careful where he trod,

Nor crush a worm whose useful light

Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine

Is legible and plain,
'Tis Power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

PATRIOTISM.

BEYOND or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land;

On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with
my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

ROWE.

CATO.

—THOU hast seen Mount Atlas:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And ocean breaks its billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man: his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

ADDISON.

E'EN when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;

As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast.
The triumph ceas'd, — tears gush'd from ev'ry
eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

POPE.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on its bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a
view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they
grew:
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a
shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the
heat;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me
before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must myself lie as lowly as they;
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my
head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'The change both my heart and my fancy
employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than
we.

COWPER.

SORROW.

BENEATH some hoary mountain
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gently murm'ring streams,
And winds in concert joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams.

ADDISON.

TEMPERANCE.

—THERE'S not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises this boasted virtue.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;

Toils all the day ; and, at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn ;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game ;
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

ADDISON.

THE AFRICAN PRINCE.

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts :
How did the colour mount into your cheeks
When first you rous'd him to the chase ! I've
 seen you
Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your
 horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

ADDISON.

MOUNTAINS OF ICE.

ZEMBLA's cold rocks, the beauteous work of
frost,

Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
'Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

POPE.

A STORM IN A DESERT.

So where the wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden the impetuous hurricanes descend.
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. }

ADDISON.

THE GOLDFINCH STARVED IN HIS
CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught, and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill !
More cruelty could none express,
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

COWPER.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

THE pine-apples in triple row
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd ;
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied :
But still in vain—the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light :
Thus having wasted half his day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Our dear delights are often such :
Expos'd to view, but not to touch,
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames :
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers ;
But those whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

COWPER.

FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up: for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little flow'r that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a string of crystal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground,
At whose rising, mists unsound,
Damps and vapours, fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the smiling face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout

From the mountain, and ere day
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.

FLETCHER.

VILLAGE SOUNDS.

SWEET was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's
close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose !
There as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below :
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung ;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young ;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool ;
The playful children just let loose from school :
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind ;
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH.

A STORM IN HARVEST.

Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year,
Ev'n when the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands,
Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies.
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne ;
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n :
The lofty skies at once come pouring down ;
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground ;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas
rebound. }

The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests and a night of clouds ;
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.

Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confest,
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows :
The rocks are from their old foundations rent ;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment :
The waves in heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods and now the billows roar.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

DAY-BREAK.

SEE, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold ;
Now the bird begins to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols in the rising day
Many a note and many a lay.

FLETCHER.

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms in consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page : — In every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

THE PALMETTO.

LIKE the tall palm it shoots its stately head ;
From the broad top depending branches spread ;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears :
High on each bough a single leaf appears ;
Which, shrivell'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins ;
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun :
Beneath the shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise :
Thus artificial zephyrs round him fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

GAY.

THE GRAMPUS.*

— ENORMOUS Grampus, issuing forth
From the pale regions of the icy North,
Waves his broad tail, and opes his ribbed mouth,
And seeks on winnowing fin the breezy South ;

* A kind of Whale.

From towns deserted rush the breathless hosts,
Swarm round the hills, and darken all the coasts,
Boats follow boats along the shouting tides,
And spears and jav'lines pierce his blubb'ry sides
Now the bold sailor, rais'd on pointed toe,
Whirls the wing'd harpoon on the slimy foe ;
Quick sinks the monster in his oozy bed,
The blood-stain'd surges circling o'er his head ;
Steers to the frozen pole his wonted track,
And bears the iron tempest on his back.

DARWIN.

SLEEP.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that skim the crystal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky deep.
No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers ;
No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving scene to more profound
repose.

AKENSIDE.

MORNING SOUNDS.

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild-brook babbling down the mountain's
side;
The lowing herd, the sheep-fold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milk-maid
sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a-field; and hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village bell the drowsy hour:
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from his aërial tower.

BEATTIE.

THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

Or all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Not any partial private end
Such rev'rence to the public bears ;
Nor any passion, virtue's friend,
So like to virtue's self appears.

If praise, with deep religious awe,
From the sole perfect Judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which, in character the same,
Though in a humbler sphere it lies ;
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

AKENSIDE.

BENEVOLENCE.

—AND from the pray'r of want and plaint of woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear !
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah ! what were man, should Heav'n refuse
to hear !
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land : nor these alone ;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make
thine own.

BEATTIE.

PROVIDENCE.

THE holy power that clothes the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant
grass,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute
creation,
Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.

ROWE.

GRATITUDE.

WHAT is grandeur? what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,
The bee's collected treasure sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall;—but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

GRAY.

INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

SHAKSPEARE.

TRUE VIRTUE.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with do-
ing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
Above the worthless trophies men can raise, }
She seeks nor honours, wealth, nor airy praise, }
But with herself, herself the goddess pays. }

ROWE.

CANDOUR.

LET universal candour still,
Clear as yon heav'n reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human-kind.

AKENSIDE.

FORTITUDE.

THE gen'rous mind is by its suff'rings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn its own clog of cares, and soar above.
Though ills assault thy breast on ev'ry side,
Yet bravely stem th' impetuous tide;
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day:
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better fate.

YALDEN.

LAPLAND.

“WITH blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou ?”

‘ From Lapland woods and hills of frost

By the rapid rein-deer crost ;

Where tap’ring grows the gloomy fir

And the stunted juniper ;

Where the wild hare and the crow

Whiten in surrounding snow ;

Where the shiv’ring huntsmen tear

His fur coat from the grim white bear ,

Where the wolf and arctic fox

Prowl among the lonely rocks ;

And tardy suns to deserts drear

Give days and nights of half a year :

—From icy oceans, where the whale

Tosses in foam his lashing tail ;

Where the snorting sea-horse shows

His ivory teeth in grinning rows ;

Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,

Fearless the hungry fishers float,

And from teeming seas supply

The food their niggard plains deny.’

SNOW.

A SHOWER of soft and fleecy rain
Falls to new-clothe the earth again :
Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fir of ermine crown'd :
And lo ! how, by degrees,
The universal mantle hides the trees,
In hoary flakes, which downward fly
As if it were the autumn of the sky,
Whose fall of leaf would theirs supply.
Trembling the groves sustain the weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

CONGREVE.

MIDNIGHT.

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,
And the perpetual motion standing still ;
So much she from her work appears to cease,
And ev'ry jarring element's at peace :
All the wild herds are in their coverts couch'd
The fishes to their banks of ooze repair'd,

And to the murmurs of the waters sleep ;
The circling air's at rest, and feels no noise,
Except of some short breaths upon the trees,
Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them.

OTWAY.

TREES.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,
And of a wannish grey ; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf ;
And ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm.
Of deeper green the elm : and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun ;
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific ; and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours
bright.

COWPER.

THE SPIDER.

THE treach'rous spider when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie,
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly:
Then, if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

DRYDEN.

THE ROSE.

CHILD of Summer, lovely rose,
In thee what blushing beauty glows !
But ere to-morrow's setting sun
Thy beauty fades, thy form is gone.
Yet though no grace thy buds retain,
Their pleasing odours still remain.
Ye fair, betimes the moral prize.
'Tis lasting beauty to be wise !

THE BALLOON.

So, on the shoreless air the intrepid Gaul
Launch'd the vast concave of his buoyant ball ;
Journeying on high the silken castle glides,
Bright as a meteor, through the azure tides ;
O'er towns, and tow'rs, and temples wins its way,
Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day.
Silent, with upturn'd eyes, unbreathing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds :
And flush'd with transport, or benumb'd with fear,
Watch, as it rises, the diminish'd sphere.
Now less and less !—and now a speck is seen !
And now the fleeting rack intrudes between !
The calm philosopher in æther sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales ;
Sees, like a map, in many a waving line
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine ;
Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,
And hears the harmless thunders roar below.

DARWIN.

ENGLISH RIVERS.

————— FROM his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood.
 First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame;
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd.
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalkey Wey that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

POPE.

THE COMING OF A SHOWER.

Now the light swallow, with her airy brood,
 Skims the green meadow and the dimpled flood.

Loud shrieks the lone thrush from his leafless
thorn ;
Th' alarmed beetle sounds his bugle horn ;
Each pendant spider winds with fingers fine
His ravell'd clue, and climbs along the line ;
Through the still air descend the genial showers,
And pearly rain-drops deck the laughing flowers.

DARWIN.

THE SWEETS OF CONTENTMENT.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square :
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied ;
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;

170 *The Leopard and the Looking-Glass.*

While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions
display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy!

BYROM.

THE LEOPARD AND THE LOOKING-
GLASS.

FIERCE from his lair forth springs the speckled
pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy.
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not: at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops, in full career,

The furious brute : he there his image views ;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow ;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce menacing, and wide
Distends his op'ning jaws ; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance
arm'd.

The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.

SOMERVILLE.

TO WINTER.

A WRINKLED, crabbed man, they picture thee,
Old winter, with a ragged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple tree ;
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Blue-lipp'd, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Plodding along through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-
heap'd hearth,
Old Winter ! seated in thy great arm'd chair,

Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them as their lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or savage robbers roaming in the night,
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
Or taste the old October, brown and bright.

ANTHOLOGY.

WINTER ! thou hoary venerable sire,
All richly in thy furry mantle clad,
What thoughts of mirth can feeble age inspire
To make thy careful, wrinkled brow so glad !
Now I see the reason plain,
Now I see thy jolly train ;
Snowy-headed Winter leads,
Spring and Summer next succeeds,
Yellow Autumn brings the rear—
Thou art father of the year.
While from the frosty mellow'd earth
Abounding Plenty takes her birth,
The conscious sire exulting sees
The seasons spread their rich increase.

ROWE.

THE WHALE.

—WARM and buoyant, in his oily mail,
Gambols on seas of ice th' unwieldy whale ;
Wide waving fins round floating islands urge
His bulk gigantic through the troubled surge ;
With hideous yawn the flying shoals he seeks,
Or clasps with fringe of horn his massy cheeks ;
Lifts o'er the tossing wave his nostrils bare,
And spouts the wat'ry columns into air :
The silvery arches catch the setting beams,
And transient rainbows tremble o'er the streams.

DARWIN.

MORNING.

WISH'D morning's come ; and now upon the
 plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their
 flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day ;
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up,

And looking towards the neighb'ring pastures
raise

Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-
morrow :

The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

OTWAY.

VIGOUR OF MIND.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them : sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

ROWE.

CANADA.

“WHERE Canada spreads forth her deserts hoar,
Chill'd by the polar frosts of Labrador,
Where mighty lakes their azure wastes expand,
And swell their wat'ry empire o'er the land ;
What tribes or wing the air or tread the plain,
What herbage springs, what nations hold their
reign ?”

'Enormous forests stretch their shadows wide,
And rich savannas skirt the mountain's side;
There bounds the moose, and shaggy bisons
graze;

Scar'd by the wolf, the hardy rein-deer brays,
The clamb'ring squirrel tumbles from on high,
Fix'd by the rattlesnake's rapacious eye.

Unnumber'd pigeons fill the darken'd air,
Glut the tir'd hawk, the loaded branches tear:
Fair swans majestic on the waters glide;

The mason beaver checks the flowing tide.

Gigantic rivers shake the thund'ring shore:

And dread Niagara's foaming cataracts roar.

In light canoe the painted Indian rows,

Or hunts the floundering elk through melting
snows;

Wields his huge tomahawk in deadly fray,

And rends with shouts the reeking scalp away;

Or smokes the fragrant calumet of peace,

And bound in wampum leagues bids savage
discord cease.'

ORIGINAL.

THE THAMES FROZEN OVER.

OROVING muse ! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air ;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers
crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound
The waterman forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar ;
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town
And wander roads unstable not their own ;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the ox entire ;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets
appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair.

GAY.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bell and violet grow.
Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweet brier entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

HYMN.

HAST thou beheld the glorious sun
Thro' all the skies his circuit run,
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beams his noon-tide ray ?

Say, didst thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud or morning dew ?
Or, after rain, the watery bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous show ?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,
When rous'd by some tremendous storm
Its billows rose in dreadful form?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The sleety shower, the biting hail;
Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains,
The water bound in icy chains?

Hast thou the wondrous scenes survey'd
That all around thee are display'd,
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To Him who bade these scenes arise?

Hast thou the various beings seen
That sport along the valley green,
That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray?

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep:
That thro' the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the fields of waving grain?—
The flowery mead and leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love.

'Twas God who form'd the concave sky,
And all the glorious orbs on high,
Who gave the various beings birth
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis He that bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder thro' the skies :
His voice the elements obey,
Through all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share ;
But man is his peculiar care ;
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
Let man his voice the loudest raise.

THE WINTER ROBIN.

A SUPPLIANT to your window comes,
Who trusts your faith, and fears no guile
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round;
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferr'd,
No fears his slender feet deter;
For sacred is the household bird,
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE END.

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