

A U T U M N : A N O D E ,

B Y T H E S A M E .

ALAS ! with swift and silent pace
Impatient Time rolls on the year,
The Seasons change, and Nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow,
The flowers of Spring are swept away,
And Summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wavy'd with golden grain,
As ruffet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain ;
Nor Health, nor Pleasure, wanders there.

No

No more
Beneath
Soft pleasur
As Pro

From this
O ! w
To where

Compa

Vain wish
The do
Compels t
And shiv

What blis
If gloom
And Ceres f
And flow

Oh ! what
To chee
The Grape
In Love a

Haste, pres
Apollo !
This gives th
This, God
VOL. III.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O ! would some God but wings supply !
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me Fate compels to bear
The downward Season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail ?

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet
To cheer me in the darkening hour ?
The Grape remains ! the friend of Wit,
In Love and Mirth of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl —
Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray ;
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This, God of Health, and Verse, and Day.

VOL. III.

R

Still

(242)

Still, still, the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My *STELLA* with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R : A N N O D E .

B Y T H E S A M E .

NO more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping Darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cott, the frozen rill.

No