
ON

THE SPRING.

NOW winter, reluctant, the sway
Refigns to the genial spring;
Sol sheds an enlivening ray,
And warblers delightfully sing.

Fresh verdure adorns the gay plains,
So lately o'er-mantl'd with snow;
The rivers, releas'd from their chains,
Do now with soft murmuring flow.

The lark and the linnet unite,
The Cuckow too joins in the lay;
All nature's profuse of delight,
And soft fanning zephyrs now play.

How charming the garden appears?

Sweet primroses paint the gay vale:
Its head now the daffodil rears,
The sweetest of seasons to hail,

His team now the hind drives along;

Quite cheerful he ploughs the rude plain,
He hums his love's praise in a song,
Or whistling forgets her disdain.

The seed in the furrow he throws,

Indulg'd by bright Phœbus's rays;
Rich Ceres vast increase bestows,
When Autumn her bounty displays.

The lambkins now sport on the mead;

They skip round the heath-cover'd hill;
Their dams how securely they feed
By the side of yon murm'ring rill?

Near Damon appears with his lute,

And wakes the melodious lay;
The songsters, attentive and mute,
Are perch'd on the wav'ring spray.

As Phillis traverses the grove,
All nature more charming appears :
Leander's soft stories of love,
Still touchingly found in her ears.

They hand in hand trip o'er the plain ;
No couple more cheerful and gay :
She counts him the loveliest swain ;
He calls her the Queen of the May.

Of each others hearts they are sure ;
The arts of no rival they dread.
From minds so unfulli'd and pure,
No treachery e'er can proceed.

Few princes partake of such joys,
Remov'd from all faction and strife :
Sure riches and honours are toys,
But their's the endearments of life.