

But 'tis not mixed among the rest,
 I ever wear it in my breast."
 So saying, show'd the Lily fair,
 The Valley's pride, was shelter'd there;
 Then Innocence her emblem knew,
 And own'd how strong the likeness grew;
 And own'd, too, that no other flower
 That shows its face at any hour,
 Could e'er so tenderly declare
 'Twas half so spotless, pure, and fair.



THE INVITATION.

TO TWO SISTERS.

THOUGH low is my cot, and the scene all around
 Unconscious that Art with rude Nature can play,
 Yet here, even here, it is thought, may be found
 Some fugitive pleasures that happen to stray.
 When Aurora walks forth, and collects her perfume,
 And scatters her sweets on each innocent flower,
 Her eye can look down just as fond to illumine
 The low gliding stream as the high gilded tower:
 All nature beholding, she smiles as she sees
 The gay tinkling rill, as it plays through the mead;—
 As she looks at the lustre that darts through the trees,
 And rears into notice the low trodden weed.

If such things to observe, while beneath the dark oak,
 Can delight Nature's child, bid her daughters come here;
 Bid them haste while the Dryads the songsters invoke,

And wave their green arms round her children so dear.
 For as yet the rude catch from the briar may be borne,
 Since the rose that it bears can still blush for th' offence,

Since we yet can remember the harsh wounding thorn
 Yielded sweets that stray'd softly around every sense.

But soon yellow Autumn the green leaves shall stain,
 And gold gilding-tincture the meadows pervade;

Though now whetting scythes the gay season proclaim,
 And weary scorch'd haymakers long for the shade.

Yet Nature, still changing, that season shall bring,

When the meads become wither'd and chill turn the
 groves,

When the gadding gay woodbine no longer shall cling
 To hang up her garland on boughs that she loves.

With YOU, I must own, should the glow of the plain
 Be chill'd by a breath, and the sun haste away;

Though fond of the scene, I no more would complain,
 For FRIENDS yield a prospect more charming than
 May.

And without them, how oft have I sigh'd as I view'd

The wood-hanging bank, and the cottage so still;

Thy regrets, silly heart, were too fondly renew'd

As I listen'd and heard the soft clack of the mill.

What joy, would I say, can these beauties bestow,

Unless some dear friends had the pleasure to share;

Though Nature shed incense wherever I go,

Her gifts and her offerings for them I would spare.

For, ah! I have found in the bosom alone
 Is the mansion of Peace; and, wherever we stray,
 If we make not this cell-living Goddess our own,
 It matters not what is the scene or the day.
 For Fancy, that fairy, will darken the glade,
 And change every object that dances around,—
 Will heighten or lessen the falling cascade,
 Till horror or grandeur exists in the sound.

Yet still there's a Nymph with as magical powers,
 Who only exhibits things just as they are;
 And she, even she, can hand round the dull hours,
 Nor in search of amusement needs wander afar.

What though she is rural, and best loves the grove,
 Though scenes of retirement delight her the most,
 Yet not to one spot does she fasten her love,
 For easily pleas'd, not one pleasure is lost.

She rambles about, and I meet her at eve;

With Aurora I find her ascending the hill;

At noon in the shade help her chaplets to weave,

All day mark her steps, and am near to her still.

To such favour I've got, that my friends she will guide,

With promises firm, that they shall not repent;—
 That they shall not be weary when set by my side,

She promises this—and her name is CONTENT.