

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON RISING GROUND,

NEAR LICHFIELD.

The Evening shines in May's luxuriant pride,  
And all the funny hills at distance glow,  
And all the brooks that thro' the Valley flow,  
Seem liquid gold.—O! had my fate denied  
Leisure, and power to taste the sweets, that glide  
Thro' kindling Souls, as the soft Seasons go  
On their still varying progress, for the woe  
My heart has felt, what balm had been supplied?—  
But where great NATURE smiles, as *here* she smiles,  
'Mid verdant vales, and gently-swelling hills,  
And glassy lakes, and mazy, murmuring rills,  
And narrow wood-wild lanes, her spell beguiles  
Th' impatient sighs of grief, and reconciles  
Poetic minds to Life, with all her ills.