

So fares it with the children of the earth :
 For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
 Their spirits burn to tread that fairy ground,
 Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
 But them, alas ! the dream of youth beguiles,
 And soon a longing look, like me, they cast
 Back on the mountains of the morning past :
 Yet Hope still beckons us, and beckoning smiles,
 And to a brighter world her view extends,
 When earth's long darkness on her path descends.

DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND FROM THE SEA.

YES ! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
 As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
 Of thy own cliffs, that lift their summits white
 Above the wave, once more my beating heart
 With eager hope and filial transport hails !
 Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
 As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
 Joyous awoke amidst your hawthorn vales,
 And filled with fragrance every village lane :
 Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave !
 Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
 That bears me nearer to my home again ;
 If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
 Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
 Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard
 Unmoved the carol of the matin bird
 Salute his lonely porch ; now first at morn

Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed ;
 He the green slope and level meadow views,
 Delightful bathed with slow-ascending dews ;
 Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
 In varying forms fantastic wander white ;
 Or turns his ear to every random song,
 Heard the green river's winding marge along,
 The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight.
 So o'er my breast young Summer's breath I feel,
 Sweet Hope ! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal !

TO A FRIEND.

Go, then, and join the murmuring city's throng !
 Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears ;
 To busy phantasies, and boding fears,
 Lest ill betide thee ; but 't will not be long
 Ere the hard season shall be past ; till then
 Live happy ; sometimes the forsaken shade
 Remembering, and these trees now left to fade ;
 Nor, 'mid the busy scenes and hum of men,
 Wilt thou my cares forget : in heaviness
 To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
 Till mournful autumn past, and all the snow
 Of winter pale, the glad hour I shall bless
 That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
 To the green hamlet on the peaceful plain.

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ABSENCE.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,
 When lowers the autumnal eve, and all alone
 To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
 Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclined