

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 !

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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.

1792.

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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