

From the pale nooks, in accent clear,
 Now, methinks, her voice I hear,
 Sounding o'er the darksome sea ;
 Come, take hands, and follow me !

Here, beneath the solemn wood,
 When faintly-blue is all the sky,
 And the moon is still on high,
 To the murmurs of the flood,
 To the glimpses of the night,
 We perform our airy rite ;— .
 Care and pain to us unknown,
 To the darkening seas are flown.

Hear no more life's fretful noise,
 Heed not here pale Envy's sting,
 Far from life's distempered joys ;
 To the waters murmuring,
 To the shadows of the sky,
 To the moon that rides on high,
 To the glimpses of the night,
 We perform our airy rite,
 While care and pain, to us unknown,
 To the darkening seas are flown.

INSCRIPTION.

COME, and where these runnels fall,
 Listen to my madrigal !
 Far from all sounds of all the strife,
 That murmur through the walks of life ;

From grief, inquietude, and fears,
 From scenes of riot, or of tears ;
 From passions, cankering day by day,
 That wear the inmost heart away ;
 From pale Detraction's envious spite,
 That worries where it fears to bite ;
 From mad Ambition's worldly chase ,
 Come, and in this shady place,
 Be thine Contentment's humble joys,
 And a life that makes no noise,
 Save when fancy, musing long,
 Turns to desultory song ; ¹
 And wakes some lonely melody,
 Like the water dripping by.
 Come, and where these runnels fall,
 Listen to my madrigal !

BREMHILL GARDEN, *Sept.* 1808.

PICTURES FROM THEOCRITUS.

FROM IDYL I.

Αδύ τι τὸ ψθύρισμα, etc.

GOAT-HERD, how sweet above the lucid spring
 The high pines wave with breezy murmuring !
 So sweet thy song, whose music might succeed
 To the wild melodies of Pan's own reed.

THYRSIS.

More sweet thy pipe's enchanting melody
 Than streams that fall from broken rocks on high.
 Say, by the nymphs, that guard the sacred scene,
 Where lowly tamarisks shade these hillocks green,
 At noontide shall we lie ?

¹ " And Fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song."—*Parnell.*