

## SONNET XXX.

To the River Arun.

BE the proud Thames, of trade the busy mart !  
 Arun ! to thee will other praise belong ;  
 Dear to the lover's and the mourner's heart,  
 And ever sacred to the Sons of Song !

Thy banks romantic, hopeless Love shall seek,  
 Where o'er the rocks the mantling bindwith flaunts,<sup>6</sup>  
 And Sorrow's drooping form and faded cheek,  
 Choose on thy willow'd shore her lonely haunts !

Banks ! which inspir'd thy Otway's plaintive strain !<sup>9</sup>  
 Wilds ! whose lorn echoes learn'd the deeper tone  
 Of Collins' pow'rful shell ! yet once again  
 Another poet—Hayley, is thine own !  
 Thy classic stream anew shall hear a lay,  
 Bright as its waves, and various as its way !