

SONNET XXXIII.

To the Naiad of the Arun.

GO! rural Naiad ; wind thy stream along
Thro' woods and wilds ; then seek the ocean caves
Where sea nymphs meet, their coral rocks among,
To boast the various honors of their waves !
'Tis but a little, o'er thy shallow tide,
That toiling Trade her burthen'd vessel leads ;
But laurels grow luxuriant on thy side,
And letters live, along thy classic meads.
Lo! where 'mid British bards thy natives shine ! 9
And now another poet helps to raise
Thy glory high—the poet of the MINE !
Whose brilliant talents are his smallest praise :
And who, to all that genius can impart,
Adds the cool head, and the unblemish'd heart !
