

SONNET LVII.

To Dependence.

DEPENDENCE ! heavy, heavy are thy chains,
 And happier they, who from the dangerous sea,
 Or the dark mine, procure with ceaseless pains
 A hard earn'd pittance—than who trust to thee !
 More blest the hind, who, from his bed of flock
 Starts ! when the birds of morn their summons give,
 And waken'd by the lark, ' the shepherd's clock',
 Lives but to labour—labouring but to live
 More noble than the sycophant, whose art
 Must heap with taudry flow'rs thy hated shrine,
 I envy not the meed thou canst impart
 To crown *his* service—while, tho' Pride combine
 With Fraud to crush me—my unfetter'd heart
 Still to the Mountain Nymph may offer mine. 14
