



S U M M E R.

FROM yonder fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun! illustrious *Summer* comes
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's
[depth.
He comes, attended by the sultry *Hours*,
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning *Spring*
Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

A

Hence,

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro the gloom; 10
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream that by the roots of oak
 Rows o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration!* from thy hermit feat
 By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd ferious muse, and raptur'd eye
 Shot on surrounding heaven, to steal one look,
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, the muse's honour! and her friend!
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastiz'd; goodness and wit,

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In feldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For *Britain's* glory, Liberty, and Man;
 O *Dodington!* attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy best applause.

With what a perfect world-revolving power
 Were first th' unweildy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain, 35
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the busy race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Unresting, changeless, matchless, in their course;
 To night and day, with the delightful round
 Of *Seasons*, faithful; not excentric once: 40
 So pois'd, and perfect is the vast machine.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,

A 2

Short

S U M M E R.

8

Short is the doubtful empire of the night;

And soon, observant of approaching day,

The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews!

At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:

Till far o'er æther shoots the trembling glow;

And, from before the lustre of her face,

White break the clouds away. With tardy step,

Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,

And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top

Swell on the eye, and brighten with the dawn.

Blue thro' the dusk the smoaking currents shine;

And from the bladed field the fearful hare

Limps aukward; while along the forest glade

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze

At early passenger. Musick awakes,

The native voice of undiffembled joy;

And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Rous'd by the cock, the foon-clad shepherd leaves

His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;

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S U M M E R,

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And from the crowded fold in order drives

His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

Falsly luxurious, will not man awake,
And, starting from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and sacred song.

And is there ought in sleep can charm the wife? 70

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feaverish vanity alive,

Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams? 75

Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
Longer than nature craves; when every Muse,
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildy-devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful king of day, 80
Rejoycing in the east. The lessening cloud,

A 3 The

S U M M E R.

10

The kindling azure, and the mountain's brim
Tipt with ætherial gold, his near approach
Betoken glad: and now apparent all,
Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, red Sun,
In whose wide circle worlds of radiance lie,
Exhaustless Brightness, may I sing of thee!

Who would the blessings, first and last, recount
That in a full effusion from thee flow,
As soon might number, at the height of noon,
The rays that radiate from thy cloudless sphere,
A universal glory darting round.

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'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourne
 Of flow-pac'd *Saturn* to the scarce-scen disk
 Of *Mercury*, lost in excessive blaze. 105

Informer of the planetary train!
 Without whose vital and effectual glance,
 They wou'd be brute, uncomfortable mass,
 And not as now the green abodes of life;
 How many forms of being wait on thee! 110
 Inhaling gladness; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, to that day-living race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons*! from whose rich-stain'd rays, 115
 Reflected various, various colours rise:
 The freshening mantle of the youthful year;

S U M M E R.

The wild embroidery of the watry vale;
 With all that cheers the sense, and charms the heart.

The branching grove thy lusty product stands, ¹²⁰
 Diffus'd, and deep; to quench the summer noon,
 And crowd a shade for the retreating swain,
 When on his ruffet fields you look direct.

Fruit is thy bounty too, with juice replete, ¹²⁵
 Acid, or mild; and from thy ray receives
 A flavour, pleasing to the taste of man.
 By thee concocted blushes; and, by thee
 Fully matur'd, into the verdant lap
 Of *Industry* the mellow plenty falls.

Extensive harvests wave at thy command; ¹³⁰
 And the bright ear, consolidate by thee,
 Bends unwitholding to the reaper's hand.

Even *Winter* speaks thy power; whose every blast
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S U M M E R.

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With breathing froft, is eloquent of thee, 135.

And makes us languifh for thy vernal gleams,

Shot to the bowels of the teeming earth,

The ripening oar confefles all thy power.

Hence Labour draws his tools; hence waving War

Flames on the day; hence bufy Commerce binds 140

The round of nations in a golden chain;

And hence the fculptur'd palace, fumptuous, fhines

With glittering filver, and refulgent gold.

Th' unfruitful rock itfelf impregn'd by thee,

In dark retirement, forms the lucid ftone; 145

Collected light, compact; that polifh'd bright,

And all its native luftre let abroad,

Shines proudly on the bofoms of the fair.

At thee the ruby lights his deepening glow,

A bleeding radiance, grateful to the view. 150

From thee the fapphire, folid æther, takes

His

S U M M E R.

14

His hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring, 155
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening opal play thy beams;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues, 160
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brisker measures, the relucient stream
 Frisks o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 165
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds,
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 170

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Reflects, from every fluctuating wave,
 A glance extensive as the day. But these,
 And all the much transported muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source, 175
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of him,
 Who, *Light Himself*, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken; 180
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, over-flowing, all those lamps of heaven,
 That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:
 But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel, 185
 Wide from their spheres, and chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Poet! silent in thy praise;

Thy

S U M M E R.

16

Thy matchless works in each exalted line,

And all the full harmonic universe,

190

Would vocal, or expressive, thee attest,

The cause, the glory, and the end of all!

To me be nature's volume wide display'd;

And to peruse the broad illumin'd page,

195

Or, haply catching inspiration thence,

Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,

My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Pensive I muse, or with the rising day

On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Fierce-flaming up the heavens, the piercing sun

200

Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,

And morning mists, that hover'd round the hills

In party-colour'd bands; till all unveil'd

The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,

Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

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S U M M E R.

17

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
And tyrant heat, disspreading thro' the sky,
By sharp degrees, his burning influence rains
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream. 210

Who can un pitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
Before th' unbating beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the follower of the sun, they say, 215
Sad when he sets shuts up her yellow leaves,
Weeping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold: 220
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage then expecting food,

The

S U M M E R.

The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
 (That the calm village, in their verdant arms, 225
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the homely fowls convene;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 230
 The house dog, with th' employless grey-hound, lies,
 Outstretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
 They bootless snap. Nor shall the muse disdain 235
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song,
 Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him their high descent, direct, they draw.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young 240
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,

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Lighter, and full of life. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry glooms, by myriads, all at once,
 Swarming, they pour: green, speckled, yellow, grey, 245
 Black, azure, brown; more than th' assisted eye
 Of poring virtuoso can discern.
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool 250
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the springing Trout,
 Often beguil'd. Some thro' the green-wood glade
 Delight to fray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make 255
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb; but careful still
 To shun the mazes of the founding bee,
 As o'er the blooms he sweeps. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight; 260
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:

Oft

S U M M E R.

Of, inadvertent, by the boiling stream
 Are pierc'd to death; or, weltering in the bowl,
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves ²⁶⁵
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around. ²⁷⁰
 Within an inch the dreadful wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front.
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the fly his cruel fangs, ²⁷⁵
 Strides backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering ^{wings}
 And shriller sound declare extream distress,
 And ask the helping, hospitable hand.

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Echoes the living surface of the ground;
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum, 280
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Let no presuming impious railer tax 285

Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little, haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise; of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of his mind? 290
 Thus on the concave of a sounding dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
 Wanders a critic fly; his feeble ray
 Extends an inch around, yet blindly bold
 He dares dislike the structure of the whole. 295
 And lives the man, whose universal eye

B

Has

S U M M E R.

22

Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;

Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,

As with unflinching accent to conclude

That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen ³⁰⁰

The mighty chain of beings, lessening down

From *infinite Perfection* to the brink

Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!

Recoiling giddy thought: or with sharp glance,

Such as remotely-wafting spirits use, ³⁰⁵

Beheld the glories of the little world?

Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,

And hymns of heavenly wonder, to that *Power*,

Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,

As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun. ³¹⁰

Thick, in yon stream of light, a thousand ways

Upwards and downwards, thwarting, and convolv'd

The quivering kingdoms sport; with tempest-wind

Till *Winter* sweeps them from the face of day.

Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass

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An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! In soft-circling robes,
 Which the hard hand of *Industry* has wrought,
 The human insects glow; by *Hunger* fed,
 And chear'd by toiling *Thirst*, they rowl about 320
 From toy to trifle, vanity to vice;
 Till blown away by *Death*, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 325
 Healthful, and strong; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the blooming maid,
 Half-naked, swelling on the fight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands 330
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the soft oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,

B 2

They

S U M M E R.

24

They spread the tawny Harvest to the sun, 335

That casts refreshful round a rural smell:

Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,

And drive the dusky wave along the mead,

Rises the ruffet hay-cock thick behind,

In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 340

Waking the breeze, refounds the blended voice

Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun

Shoots thro' th' expanding air a torrid gleam.

O'er heaven and earth, far as the darted eye 345

Can pierce, a dazling deluge reigns; and all

From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

Down to the dusty earth the sight, o'erpower'd,

Stoops for relief; but thence ascending streams,

And keen reflection pain. Burnt to the heart 350

Are the refreshless fields; their arid hue

Adds a new fever to the sickening soul:

And o'er their slippery surface wary treads

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The foot of thirsty pilgrim, often dipt
 In a cross rill, presenting to his wish
 A living draught: he feels before he drinks!
 Echo no more returns the sandy sound
 Of sharpening scythe; the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
 And scarce a chirping grafs-hopper is heard 360
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
 The desert reddens; and the stubborn rock,
 Split to the centre, sweats at every pore.
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or, thro' the fervid glade, impetuous hurl 365
 Into the shelter of the crackling grove.

All-conquering heat, oh intermit thy wrath!

And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so hard! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds, 370
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for night;

B 3

Night

Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
 Who can endure! the too resplendent scene
 Already darkens on the dizzy fight, 375
 And double objects dance; unreal sounds
 Sing deep around; a weight of fultry dew
 Hangs deathful on the limbs; shiver the nerves;
 The supple sinews sink; and on the heart,
 Misgiving, horror lays his heavy hand. 380
 Thrice happy he! that on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams, 385
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And all his passions aptly harmoniz'd, 390
 Amid a jarring world, with vice inflam'd.

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Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!

Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!

Ye ashes wild, refounding o'er the steep!

Delicious is your shelter to the fowl, 395

As to the hunted hart the falling spring,

Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling fides

Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.

Cold thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;

The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye, 400

And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;

And life shoots swift thro' every lighten'd limb.

All in th' adjoining brook, that shrills along

The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,

Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool, 405

Now starting to a sudden stream, and now

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;

A various groupe the herds and flocks compose;

Rural confusion! On the grassy bank

B 4

Some

Some ruminating lie; while others stand 410

Half in the flood, and often bending sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops

The strong laborious ox, of honest front,

Which in compos'd he shakes; and from his sides

The troublous insects lashes with his tail, 415

Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,

Slumbers the monarch-swain; his carelefs arm

Thrown round his head on downy moss sustain'd;

Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;

And there his sceptre-crook, and watchful dog. 420

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight

Of angry hornets fasten on the herd;

That startling scatters from the shallow brook,

In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,

They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,

Thro' all the bright severity of noon; 425

While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan

Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

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S U M M E R.

29

Oft in this season too the horse provok'd,
 While his big sinews, full of spirits, swell, 430
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with steady eye,
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength! 435
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst,
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth; 440
 That, high embowering in the middle air,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful, silent gloom around.

These

These are the haunts of meditation, these 445
 The scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On heavenly errands bent: to save the fall 450
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn'd the favour'd soul,
 For future tryals fated to prepare;
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs 455
 Of dying Saints; and from the Patriot's breast,
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform. 460

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,

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 " Now here,
 " Around, or

Or stalk majestic on. Arous'd, I feel

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A sacred terror, and severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
Those accents murmur'd in th' abstracted ear, 466

Pronounce distinct. " Be not of us afraid,

" Poor kindred man, thy fellow-creatures, we

" From the same *Parent-Power* our beings drew,

450

" The same our *Lord*, and laws, and great pursuit.

ur'd foul,

" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life, 471

" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain

" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,

" Where purity and peace imingle charms.

pangs 455

" Then fear us not; but with responsive song, 475

breast,

" Oft in these dim recesses, undisturb'd

" By noisy folly, and discordant vice,

the death;

" Of nature sing with us, and nature's *God*.

" And frequent at the middle waste of night,

m.

" Or all day long, in desarts still, are heard, 480

" Now here, now there, now wheeling in mid-sky,

the sky,

" Around, or underneath, aerial sounds,

the dusk,

" Sent

“ Sent from angelic harps, and voices join’d.

“ A happiness bestow’d by us, alone,

“ On contemplation, or the hallow’d ear 485

“ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

Thus up the Mount, in visionary muse,
I stray, regardless whither; till the stun
Of a near fall of water every sense [back,
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking
I stand aghast, and view the broken scene. 491

Smooth to the shaggy brink a spreading flood
Rolls fair and placid; till collected all,
In one big glut, as sinks the shelving ground, 494
Th’ impetuous torrent, tumbling down the steep,
Thunders and shakes th’ astonish’d country round.
Now a blue watry sheet; anon dispers’d,
A hoary mist; then gather’d in again,
A darted stream afloat the hollow rock,
This way, and that tormented; dashing thick, 500
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From steep to steep, with wild, inflected course,
And restless roaring to the humble vale.

With the rough prospect tir'd, I turn my gaze,
Where, in long vista, the soft-murmuring main
Darts a green lustre, trembling thro' the trees; 505
Or to yon silver-streaming threads of light,
A showery radiance, beaming thro' the boughs.

Invited from the rock, to whose dark cliff
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' th' attractive gleam;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 511
Gains on the sun; while all the feathery race,
Smote with afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain. 515

The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,

Struck

S U M M E R.

34

Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile, 520
Across his fancy comes; and then rebounds
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There on that rock by *Nature's* chissel carv'd, 525
An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted sweet
Of honey-fuckle loads his little thigh.

And what a various prospect lies around! 530
Of hills, and vales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And towns betwixt, and gilded streams; till all
The stretching landskip into smoak decays.

Happy *Britannia!* where the Queen of arts, 535
Inspiring vigour, *Liberty* abroad
Walks thro' the land of Heroes, unconfin'd
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

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Rich is thy foil, and merciful thy skies;
 Thy streams unfailling in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float 540
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat, numberless; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows flame, and rise unquell'd,
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand, 545
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
 And *Property* assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his certain toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade, and joy, in every busy street, 550
 Mingling are heard: even *Drudgery* himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts 555

Of

S U M M E R.

Of hurry'd sailer, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Relinquishes the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd, 560
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
 Or in the lifted plain, or wintry seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning high; 565
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd,
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the muffering thunder when provok'd;
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of such as under grim oppression groan, 570

Thy sons of glory many! thine a *More*,
 As *Cato* firm, as *Aristides* just,
 Like rigid *Cincinnatus* nobly poor,

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A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.

Frugal, and wise, a *Walsingham* is thine; 575

A *Drake*, who made thee mistress of the deep,

And bore thy name in thunder round the world.

Then flam'd thy spirit high; but who can speak

The numerous worthies of the *maiden* reign?

In *Raleigh* mark their every glory mix'd, 580

Raleigh, the scourge of *Spain!* whose breast with all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.

Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign

The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,

To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe. 585

Then deep thro' fate his mind retorted saw,

And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;

Yet found no times, in all the long research,

So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,

In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 590

A *Hambden* thine, of unsubmitting soul;

Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age,

To slavery prone; and bade thee rise again,

C

In

S U M M E R.

In all thy native pomp of *Freedom* fierce.

Nor can the muse the gallant *Sidney* pass, 595

The plume of war! with every lawrel crown'd,

The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.

Nor him of later name, firm to the cause

Of *Liberty*, her rough determin'd friend,

The *British Brutus*; whose united blood 600

With *Russel*, thine, thou patriot wife, and calm,

Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;

Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk

In loose inglorious sloth. High thy renown

In *Sages* too, far as the sacred light 605

Of science spreads, and wakes the muses' song.

Thine is a *Bacon* form'd of happy mold,

When *Nature* smil'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,

Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,

Plato, the *Stagyrite*, and *Tully* join'd. 610

The generous * *Assley* thine, the friend of man;

Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,

His

* *Anthony Assley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*.

His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind, 615
 And with the *moral Beauty* charm the heart.
 What need I name thy *Boyle*, whose pious search
 Still fought the great *Creator* in his works,
 By sure experience led? And why thy *Locke*,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let comprehensive *Newton* speak thy fame, 620
 In all philosophy. For solemn song,
 Is not wild *Shakespear* nature's boast, and thine?
 And every greatly amiable muse
 Of elder ages in thy *Milton* met?
 His was the treasure of two thousand years, 625
 Seldom indulg'd to man; a god-like mind,
 Unlimited, and various, as his *Theme*;
 Astonishing as *Chaos*; as the bloom
 Of blowing *Eden* fair; soft as the talk 629
 Of our *grand Parents*, and as *Heaven* sublime.

May my song soften as, thy daughters, I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of *Harmony*; the cheek, 635
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning-dew, 640
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when, drest in love, 645
 She fits high smiling in the conscious eye.

— Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight, 650

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Of distant nations; whose remotest shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm; 650
 Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving *Virtues* round the land, 655
 In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*, 661
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake: 665
 While, in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,

Who casts o'er all an equal, wide survey,
 And ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some brave design. 670

Thus far transported by my country's love,
 Nobly digressive from my theme, I've aim'd
 To sing her praises in ambitious verse;
 While, slightly to recount, I simply meant,
 The various summer-horrors, which infest 675
 Kingdoms that scorch below severer suns:

Kingdoms on which, direct, the flood of day
 Oppressive falls, and gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Wane jealousy, red rage, and fell revenge, 680
 Their hasty spirit prompts. Ill-fated race!
 Altho' the treasures of the sun be theirs,
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines;
 Whence, over sands of gold, the *Niger* rolls 685
 His amber wave; while on his balmy banks,
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Or in the spicy *Abyssinian* vales,

The citron, orange, and pomegranate, drink

Intolerable day, yet in their coats

A cooling juice contain. Peaceful beneath,

Leans the huge elephant; and in his shade 690

A multitude of beauteous creatures play,

And birds of bolder note rejoice around.

675

And oft amid their aromatic groves,

Touch'd by the torch of noon, the gummy bark,

Smouldering, begins to roll the dusky wreath. 695

Instant, so swift the ruddy ruin spreads,

A cloud of incense shadows all the land;

And, o'er a thousand thundering trees at once,

Riots with lawless rage the running blaze:

But chiefly should fomenting winds assist, 700

And doubling blend the circulating waves

Of flame tempestuous; or directly on,

Far-streaming, drive them thro' the forest's length.

But other views await; where heaven above
 Glows like an arch of brass; and all below, 705
 The brown-burnt earth a mass of iron lies;
 Of fruits, and flowers, and every verdure spoilt;
 Barren, and bare, a joyless, weary waste;
 Thin-cottag'd; and in time of trying need,
 Abandon'd by the vanish'd brook; like one 710
 Of fading fortune by his treacherous friend.

Such are thy horrid desarts, *Barca*; such,

Zaara, thy hot inhospitable sands;

Continuous rising often with the blast,

Till the sun sees no more; and unknit earth, 715

Shook by the south into the darken'd air,

Falls in new hilly kingdoms o'er the waste.

Hence late expos'd (if distant fame says true)

A smother'd city from the sandy wave

Emergent rose; with olive-fields around, 720

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Fresh woods, reclining herds, and silent flocks,
Amusing all, and incorrupted seen.

For by the nitrous penetrating salts,
Mix'd copious with the sand, pierc'd, and preserv'd,
Each object hardens gradual into stone, 725
Its posture fixes, and its colour keeps.

The statue-folk, within, unnumber'd crowd
The streets, in various attitudes surpriz'd
By sudden fate, and live on every face

The passions caught, beyond the sculptor's art. 730
Here leaning soft, the marble-lovers stand,

Delighted even in death; and each for each
Feeling alone, with that expressive look,
Which perfect *Nature* only knows to give.

And there the father agonizing bends
Fond o'er his weeping wife, and infant train 735
Aghast, and trembling, tho' they know not why.
The stiffen'd vulgar stretch their arms to heaven,
With horror staring; while in council deep
Assembled full, the hoary-headed fires

Sit

Sit sadly-thoughtful of the public fate. 740

As when old *Rome*, beneath the raging *Gaul*,

Sunk her proud turrets, resolute on death,

Around the *Forum* sat the grey divan

Of *Senators*, majestic, motionless,

With ivory-staves, and in their awful robes 745

Dress'd like the falling fathers of mankind;

Amaz'd, and shivering, from the solemn fight

The red barbarians shrunk, and deem'd them *Gods*.

'Tis here that *Thirst* has fix'd his dry domain;

And walks his wide, malignant round, in search 750

Of pilgrim lost; or on the * *Merchant's* tomb

Triumphant sits, who for a single cruise

Of unavailing water paid so dear:

Nor could the gold his hard associate save.

Here

* In the desert of Araoan are two tombs with inscriptions on them, importing that the persons there interr'd were a rich merchant and a poor carrier, who both died of thirst; and that the former had given to the latter ten thousand ducats for one cruise of water.

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Here the green serpent gathers up his train, 755

In orbs immense; then darting out anew,

Progressive, rattles thro' the wither'd brake;

And, lolling frightful, guards the scanty fount,

If fount there be: or of diminish'd fize,

But mighty mischief, on th' unguarded swain 760

Steals, full of rancour. Here the savage race

Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of blood,

And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut

His sacred eye. The rabid tyger then,

The fiery panther, and the whisker'd pard, 765

(Bespeckled fair, the beauty of the waste)

In dire divan, surround their *Spaggy King*,

Majestic, stalking o'er the burning sand,

With planted step; while an obsequious crowd

Of grinning forms at humble distance wait. 770

These all together join'd from darksome caves,

Where o'er gnaw'd bones they slumber'd out the day,

By supreme hunger smit, and thirst intense,

At

At once their mingling voices raise to *Heaven*;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars, 775
 Demanding food, the wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Ceaseless he sits, 780
 Sad on the jutting eminence, and views
 The rowling main, that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds.
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns 786
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night.

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 790
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
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And haughty *Cæsar*, *Liberty* retir'd,
 With *Cato* leading thro' *Numidian* wilds:
 Disdainful of *Campania's* fertile plains,
 And all the green delights of *Italy*; 795
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the blessings once her own.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where frequent, o'er the sickening city, *Plague*,
 The fiercest son of *Nemesis* divine, 800
 Collects a croud, incumbent night of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture, by the sun suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect? Princely *Wisdom* then 805
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 Of drooping *Justice*, ineffectual, falls
 The sword, and balance. Mute the voice of Joy;
 And hush'd the murmur of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad, 810
 And

S U M M E R.

And rang'd at open noon by beasts of prey,
 And birds of bloody beak. The fullen door
 No visit knows, nor hears the wailing voice
 Of fervent Want. Even foul-attracted friends,
 And relatives endear'd for many a year, 815
 Savag'd by woe, forget the social tye,
 The close engagement of the kindred heart;
 And, sick in solitude, successive die,
 Untended, and unmourn'd. While to compleat 820
 The scene of desolation, wide around,
 Denying all retreat, the grim guards stand,
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much of the force of foreign *Summers* still,
 Of growling hills that shoot the pillar'd flame,
 Of earthquake, and pale famine, could I sing;
 But equal scenes of horror call me home. 826

For now, flow-fetling, o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains

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The broad possession of the sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the damp abrupt, 830
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence nitre, sulphur, vitriol, on the day
 Steam, and fermenting in yon baleful cloud,
 Extensive o'er the world a reddening gloom!
 In dreadful promptitude to spring, await 835
 The high command. A boding silence reigns
 Dread thro' the dun expanse, save the dull sound,
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rowls o'er the trembling earth, disturbs the flood,
 And stirs the forest-leaf without a breath. 840
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook, 845
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis

'Tis dumb amaze, and listning terror all;
 When to the quicker eye the livid glance
 Appears far fouth, emissive thro' the cloud; 850
 And, by the powerful breath of *God* inflate,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice;
 At first low-muttering; but at each approach,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet 855
 Of various flame discloses wide, then shuts;
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosn'd, aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal 860
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 In the white, heavenly magazines congeal'd;
 And often fatal to th' unshelter'd head 864
 Of man, or rougher beast. Wide-rent the clouds
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Pour a whole flood; and yet, its rage unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro',
 Ragged, and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And strikes the shepherd, as he shuddering sits,
 Prefaging ruin, mid the rocky cliff. 870
 His inmost marrow feels the gliding flame;
 He dies; and, like a statue grim'd with age,
 His live dejected posture still remains;
 His ruffet sing'd, and rent his hanging hat;
 Against his crook his sooty cheek reclin'd; 875
 While, whining at his feet, his half-stun'd dog,
 Importunately kind, and fearful, pats
 On his infensate master for relief.

Black from the stroak, above, the mountain-pine,
 A leaning shatter'd trunk, stands scath'd to heaven, 881
 The talk of future ages; and, below,
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look,
 They wore alive, and ruminating still,

D

In

In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 885

And ox half-rais'd. A little further, burns

The guiltless cottage; and the haughty dome

Stoops to the base. In one immediate flash,

The forest falls; or, flaming out, displays

The savage-haunts, unpierc'd by day before. 890

Scar'd is the mountain's brow; and from the cliff

Tumbles the smitten rock. The desert shakes,

And gleams, and grumbles, thro' his deepest dens.

Guilt dubious hears, with deeply-troubled thought;

And yet not always on the guilty head 895

Falls the devoted flash. Young *Celadon*

And his *Amelia* were a matchless twain;

With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,

The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 900

And his the radiance of the risen day.

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They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time alarm'd the heart
 Of *Innocence*, and undiffembling *Truth*. 904
 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathick glow,
 Struck from the charming eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 910
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

Thus pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled; till in evil hour 915
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far. Her breast prefaceful heav'd
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look,
 Of the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye

Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek. 920

In vain assuring love, and confidence

In heaven repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd

Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look

On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed, 925

With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,

"Fair innocence! thou stranger to offence,

"And inward storm! *He*, who yon skies involves

"In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,

"With full regard. O'er thee the secret shaft 930

"That wafes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour

"Of noon, flies hurtless; and that very voice,

"Which thunders terror thro' the conscious heart,

"With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.

"'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 935

"To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,

(Mysterious heaven!) that moment, in a heap

Of pallid ashes fell the beauteous maid.

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,

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Struck by severe amazement, hating life, 940
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble-tomb,
 The well-diffembl'd mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable blue, 946
 Delightful swells into the general arch,
 That copes the nations. Nature from the storm
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm, 950
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the level ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress,

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around, 955
 Joyn'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.

And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world? 960
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and expands the sky,
 After the tempest puff his idle vows,
 And a new dance of vanity begin,
 Scarce ere the pant forsake the feeble heart? 965

Chear'd by the setting beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose cryстал depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below; 970
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge; and thro' the flexile wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes, 975
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;

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While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

'Twas then beneath a secret-waving shade,
Where winded into lovely solitudes 980

Runs out the rambling dale, that *Damon* sat,
Thoughtful, and fix'd in philosophic muse:
Damon, who still amid the savage woods,
And lonely lawns, the force of beauty scorn'd,
Firm, and to false philosophy devote. 985

The brook ran babbling by; and sighing weak,
The breeze among the bending willows play'd;
When *Sacharissa* to the cool retreat,
With *Amoret*, and *Musidora* stole.

Warm in their cheek the fultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, they came to bathe
Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream. 992

Tall, and majestic, *Sacharissa* rose,
Superior treading, as on *Ida's* top
(So *grecian* bards in wanton fable sung) 995

High-shone the sister and the wife of *Jove*.

Another *Pallas Musidora* seem'd,

Meek-ey'd, sedate, and gaining every look

A surer conquest of the sliding heart,

While, like the *Cyprian* goddess, *Amoret*, 1000

Delicious dress'd in rosy-dimpled smiles,

And all one softness, melted on the sense.

Nor *Paris* panted stronger, when aside

The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1004

Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,

Than, *Damon*, thou; the stoick now no more,

But man deep-felt, as from the snowy leg,

And slender foot, th' inverted silk they drew;

As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin-zone;

And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breath,

With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze

Luxuriant rose. Yet more enamour'd still, 1114

When from their naked limbs of glowing white,

In folds loose-floating felt the fainter lawn;

And fair expos'd they stood, shrunk from themselves;

With

With fancy blushing; at the doubtful breeze
 Arous'd, and starting, like the fearful fawn.
 * So stands the statue that enchants the world,
 Her full proportions such, and bashful so
 Bends ineffectual from the roving eye. 1020
 Then to the flood they rush'd; the plunging fair
 The parted flood with closing waves receiv'd;
 And, every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing afresh, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild; 1025
 Or as the rose amid the morning-dew
 Puts on a warmer glow. In various play,
 While thus they wanton'd; now beneath the wave,
 But ill conceal'd; and now with streaming locks
 That half-embrac'd them in a humid veil, 1030
 Rising again; the latent *Damon* drew
 Such draughts of love and beauty to the soul,
 As put his harsh philofophy to flight,
 The

* *The Venus of Medicis.*

The joyless search of long-deluded years;

And *Musidora* fixing in his heart,

1035

Inform'd, and humaniz'd him into man.

This is the purest exercise of health,

The kind refresher of the summer-heats;

Nor when, the brook pellucid, Winter keens,

Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1040

Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd

By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse

Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs

Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,

That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1045

First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.

Even from the body's purity the mind

Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,

Just o'er the verge of day. The rising clouds,

That shift perpetual in his vivid train,

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Their watry mirrors, numberless, oppos'd,
 Unfold the hidden riches of his ray;
 And chafe a change of colours round the sky.
 'Tis all one blush from east to west! and now,
 Behind the dusky earth, he dips his orb; 1055
 Now half immers'd; and now a golden curve
 Gives one faint glimmer, and then disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, tedious, void; 1060
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying all th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, a cheerless blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch; 1065
 Who, rowling in inhuman pleasure deep,
 The whole day long has made the widow pine;
 And snatch'd the morsel from her orphan's mouth.
 To give his dogs. But to the tuneful mind,
 Who makes the hopeless heart to sing for joy,

Dis-

Diffusing kind beneficence around, 1071
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether fading, sober *Evening* takes 1076
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her beck. First *This*
 She sends on earth; then *That* of deeper die
 Steals soft behind; and then a *Deeper* still, 1080
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher breeze
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate. 1085

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;

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The Beauty, whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means, 1090
 Loves fond, by the sincerest language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley funk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng, 1095
 In various game, and revelry to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd 1100
 Against himself to lift the hated hand
 Of violence; by men cast out from life,
 And after death, to which they drove his hope,
 Into the broad way side. The ruin'd tower
 Is also shun'd; whose hoary chambers hold, 1104
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his lamp; and, thro' the dark,
 Twinkles

Twinkles a moving gem. On *Evening's* heel,
Night follows fast; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd 1110
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye. 1113
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Doubtful if seen: whence sudden *Vision* turns
 To heaven; where *Venus*, in the starry front,
 Shines eminent; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens, till it springs afresh, 1120
 Sheds influence on earth, to love, and life,
 And every form of vegetation kind.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With glad perfume, the lambent lightnings shoot
 A-crofs the sky; or horizontal dart 1125
 O'er half the nations, in a minute's space,
 Cor^r

Conglob'd, or long. Astonishment succeeds,

And silence, ere the various talk begin.

The vulgar stare; amazement is their joy,

And mystic faith, a fond sequacious herd! 1130

But scrutinous *Philosophy* looks deep,

With piercing eye, into the latent cause;

Nor can she swallow what she does not see.

With thee, serene *Philosophy!* with thee,

And thy high praises, let me crown my song!

Effusive source of evidence, and truth! 1136

A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,

Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,

Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,

New to the dawning of celestial day. 1140

Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,

She soaring spurns, with elevated pride,

The tangling mafs of cares, and low desires,

That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,

The heights of Science, and of Virtue gains, 1145

Where

Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,
 To Reason's, and to Fancy's eye display'd:
 The *First* up-tracing from the vast inane,
 The chain of causes and effects to *Him*, 1150
 Who, all-sustaining, in himself, alone
 Possesses *Being*; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1155
 A world swift-painted on th' attentive mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence *Poetry* exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind, 1160
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unassisted man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,

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In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every honest art, 1165
 And elegance of life. Nor home, nor joy
 Domestick, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social blifs,
 Nor law were his; nor property; nor swain,
 To turn the furrow; nor mechanic hand, 1170
 Harden'd to toil; nor sailor bold; nor trade,
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train! 1175
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse. But taught by thee
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds 1180
 Ply the tough oar, *Philosophy* directs,
 Star-led, the helm; or like the liberal breath
 Of urgent heaven, invisible, the sails
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

E

Nor

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high 1185
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of *the sole Being* right, who spoke the word,
 And nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns 1191
 Her eye; and instant, at her virtual glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up 1195
 To notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Immediate, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
 So wills *Eternal Providence*, sits deep.
 Enough for us we know that this dark state, 1200
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,

This

This infancy of being, cannot prove

The final issue of the works of *God*;

By *Love* and *Wisdom* inexpressive form'd,

And ever rising with the rising mind.

1205

The END.

