

To the REV. MR. NEWTON.

*An Invitation into the Country.*

I.

THE swallows in their torpid state,  
Compose their usefess wing,  
And bees in hives as idly wait  
The call of early spring.

2.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,  
The wildest wind that blows,  
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,  
Secure of their repose.

3.

But man all feeling and awake  
The gloomy scene surveys,  
With present ills his heart must ach,  
And pant for brighter days.

4.

Old winter halting o'er the mead,  
Bids me and Mary mourn,  
But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,  
And whispers your return.

5.

Then April with her sister May,  
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,  
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,  
To crown the smiling hours.

6.

And if a tear that speaks regret  
Of happier times appear,  
A glimpse of joy that we have met  
Shall shine, and dry the tear.

TRANS-