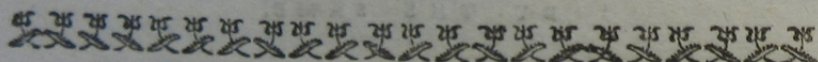


A short repose of cares to find,
 And soothe my love-distracted mind,
 O fail not then, sweet Philomel,
 Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell ;
 In sympathetic numbers join
 Thy pangs of luckless love with mine !

So may no swain's rude hand infest
 Thy tender young, and rob thy nest ;
 Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
 Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
 No more to visit vale or shade,
 Some barbarous virgin's captive made.



ODE TO A LADY WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

BY THE SAME.

NOW Summer, daughter of the Sun,
 O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,
 And earth o'erflows with joys ;
 Too long in routs and drawing-rooms,
 The tasteless hours my fair consumes
 'Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come

Come hear mild Zephyr bid the rose
Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
Come hear the falling rill ;
Observe the honey-loaded Bee,
The beech-embower'd cottage see,
Beside yon' sloping hill.

By Health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush sweet dews from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold ;
Hence to yon hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
An holy Druid old.

Come wildly rove thro' desert dales
To listen how lone Nightingales
In liquid lays complain ;
Adieu, the tender thrilling note,
That pants in Monticelli's throat,
And Handel's stronger strain.

" Insuper pleasures these ! you cry,
" Must I from dear assemblies fly,
" To see rude peasants toil ?
" For operas listen to a bird ?
" Shall ^b Sydney's fables be preferr'd
" To my sagacious Hoyle ?

O falsely fond of what seems great,
 Of purple pomp and robes of state,
 And all life's tinsel glare!
 Rather with humble violets bind,
 Or give to wanton in the wind
 Your length of fable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
 Will Mirth, the sprightly mountain maid,
 Your days and nights attend;
 She'll bring fantastic Sport and Song,
 Nor Cupid will be absent long,
 Your true ally and friend.

O D E T O S O L I T U D E.

BY THE SAME.

THOU, that at deep dead of night
 Walk'st forth beneath the pale moon's light,
 In robe of flowing black array'd,
 While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;
 Listening to the crowing cock,
 And the distant sounding clock;
 Or sitting in thy cavern low,
 Do'st hear the bleak winds loudly blow,

Or