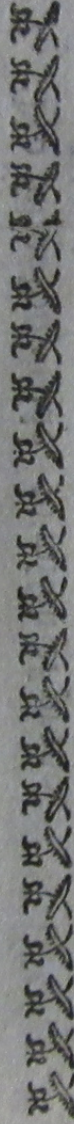


Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.



AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE,
MDCCLXIII.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

A G A I N the balmy Zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.

Here

Here freely hop from spray to spray,

Or weave the mossy nest ;

Here rove and sing the live-long day,

At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,

That trickles down the glade,

Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,

And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,

E'er shews his ruddy face,

Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone

In this sequestered place.

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs,

Secure the Linnet sings,

The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,

To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel ! ah quit thy haunt,

Yon distant woods * among,

And round my friendly grotto chaunt

Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Red-breast fear,

Domestic bird, to come

And seek a sure asylum here,

With one that loves his home.

* Warley Woods.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve ;
Oh let me thus your friendship bribe !
Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong ;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual interests guard,
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
Your songs be my reward.



UNDER AN HOUR-GLASS,

IN A GROTTO NEAR THE WATER AT CLAVERTON.

BY THE SAME.

THIS bubbling stream not unfruitful flows,
Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main,
Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain,

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides
Time's current stealing on with silent haste ;
For lo ! each falling sand his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waste.