HAIL, silent matron! ever-hail!  
Thou lover of the wood or vale!  
When musing near you aged tree,
Thou hearst the volean's funeral bell;
Nor thou despisst my numbers rude,
The votive song has flow'd to thee;
Oft where the Alceni's cottage stands;
Midst cheerful waves and moist lands;

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY THE SAME.

Adieu, lov'd vale! adieu, smooth stream!  
Yet till Content be thou my theme:  
'Tis thee, sweet maid! I woo; again,  
Attend thy constant lover's strain;  
Where'er tis his lot to stay,  
O deign with him to take thy way!
Ode to Health

By the same.

Nymph! that flies the crowded street,
Now a Naiad of the wood,
And the proud lord's pompous feast;
Now a Dryad of the flood,
Ever blythe, and young, and gay,
Health, accept the unpolished lay.