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Ode to Health

BY THE SAME.

Nymph! that flies the crowded street,
Now a Naiad of the wood,
And the proud lord's pompous seat;
Now a Dryad of the flood.

Thou art seen to fit and weep;
Yet art seen to fit and weep;
For frequent falls thy tender tear.
O'er Youth's cold grave, or Beauty's bier.

Teach me that Life's momentary day,
However various, or how gay,
Is transient as the odorous flower,
That blooms and withers in an hour;

Nor turn the pilgrim from my door;
For others woe still prompt the sigh,
Accept their numbers wild and rude,
Caledian matron! Solitude!

Not.
Not the shade of spreading trees,
Nor the cooling, fragrant breeze,
Nor the lov'd approach of morn,
Nor the walk through waving corn,
Nor the blackbird's serenade,
Echoing from the distant shade,
Nor the gifts of Summer's hand,
Flowrets fair, or odours bland;
Or each cheerful, rural sight
Yield or pleasure or delight
To the wretch that sighs for thee,
Sighs for Health and Liberty!

Nor disdain, all-lovely Fair!
Thy ever-fervent suppliant's prayer!
From some distant region haste,
Norway's hills, or Russia's waste;
From Montpelier's vineyards wide,
Or from Tajo's sunny side,
Or Bermuda's western isle,
Where eternal summers smile;
'Midst our country deign to stray,
Come, and make our Britain gay.