



ODE ON AUTUMN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXI.

BY THE SAME.

ADIËU the pleasing rural scene,
Sequester'd shades and meadows green,
The field thick spread with sheaves of corn,
The walk at early hour of morn.

No linnet's salutary song
Soft echoes now the sprays among :
No nightingale's more plaintive strain
Soothes the lone peasant on the plain.

The vales their chearful green resign,
And on their stems the flowers decline:
No more we wish to pass the hour
Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

And see the swallows leave their home,
To distant, warmer climes they roam ;
Where zephyrs cool and grateful showers
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.

How fade the glories of the year !
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man !
Thy life's a flower, thy day's a span.

Parent of All ! tremendous Power !
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
Whose mandate form'd earth's spacious plain,
And the immeasurable main.

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling seasons Thou !
O hasten happier days, and bring
One glorious, One Eternal Spring.



EPI TAPH ON A P E A S A N T.

B Y T H E S A M E.

THE Swain who own'd yon rural cot
Now lies near this sequester'd spot.
With his industrious faithful wife
He trod the path of humble life,
Nor knew the sorrows which await
The trifling revels of the great :



M N.

LXI.

green,
corn,

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HOW