Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith that panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

THE TEARS of OLD MAY-DAY.

LED by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uproſe the gentle May;
Bluſhing ſhe roſe, and bluſhing roſe the flow'rs
That ſprung ſpontaneous in the genial ray.

Her locks with heav'n's ambroſial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breaſt:
With ev'ry ſhifting gleam of morning light
The colours ſhifted of her rainbow veſt.

Imperial

Imperial enſigns grac'd her ſmiling form,
A golden key, and golden wand ſhe bore;
This charms to peace each ſullen eaſtern ſtorm,
And that unlocks the Summer's copious ſtore.

Onward in conſcious majeſty ſhe came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taſte;
To gather faireſt wreaths of future fame,
And blend freſh triumphs with her glories paſt.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's myſterious rite,
Bruſh the light dew-drops [a] from the ſpangled lawn.

To her no more Auguſta's [b] wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potoſi's mine;
Nor freſh-blown garlands village maids provide,
A purer off'ring, at her ruſtic ſhrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
To Valour's games th' ambitious youth advance:
No merry bells and tabors' ſprightlier ſound
Wake the loud carol, and the ſportive dance.

[a] *Alluding to the country cuſtom of gathering May-dew.*
[b] *The plate garlands of London.*

Sudden in penſive ſadneſs droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the bluſhing crimſon dy'd—
" O! chaſte victorious triumphs, whither fled?
" My maiden honours, whither gone?" ſhe cry'd.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The Earth and ſmiling Ocean ſaw me riſe,
With time coeval and the ſtar of morn,
The firſt, the faireſt daughter of the ſkies.

Then, when at heav'n's prolific mandate ſprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celeſtial harps, to airs of triumph ſtrung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me MAY.

Space in her empty regions heard the ſound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and vallies rung;
The ſun exulted in his glorious round,
And ſhouting planets in their courſes ſung.

For ever then I led the conſtant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild Graces in my train appear,
And infant Beauty brighten in my ſmiles.

No Winter frown'd. In ſweet embrace ally'd,
Three ſiſter Seaſons danc'd th' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring ſoftneſs gently vy'd
With Autumn's bluſh, and Summer's lofty mien.

Too ſoon, when man prophan'd the bleſſings giv'n,
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Aſtrea to my native heav'n
I fled, and flying ſaw the Deluge rage:

Saw burſting clouds eclipſe the noontide beams,
While ſounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my ſtreams,
My nectar'd ſtreams, that flow'd on ſands of gold.

Then vanquiſh'd many a ſea-girt iſle and grove,
Their foreſts floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis [c] ſunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd the Heſperian ſteep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in ſylvan ſcenes I deign'd,
Yet oft deſcending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting maſs ſuſtain'd,
And wak'd her ſlumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo caught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the Muſes, crown'd my lofty brows.

[c] *See Plato.*

But

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I roſe ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth to other climes deny'd,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty ſtor'd.

Ah me! for now a younger rival claims
My raviſh'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal ſong.

O ſay what yet untaſted bounties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lillies fairer, vi'lets ſweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a ſofter ſtrain?

Do morning ſuns in ruddier glory riſe?
Does ev'ning fan her with ſerener gales?
Do clouds drop fatneſs from the wealthier ſkies?
Or wantons Plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Thro' clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure ſprings,
Nor mounting juices feed the ſwelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela ſings
When Silence liſtens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that Nature's baſhful face,
And op'ning charms her rude embraces fear:
Is ſhe not ſprung of April's wayward race,
The ſickly daughter of th' unripen'd year?

With ſhow'rs and ſunſhine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow ſmiles proclaiming treach'rous peace;
With bluſhes, harb'ring in their thin diſguiſe
The blaſt that riots on the Spring's increaſe.

Is this the fair inveſted with my ſpoil
By Europe's laws, and Senates' ſtern command?
Ungen'rous Europe, let me fly thy ſoil,
And waft my treaſures to a grateful land:

Again revive on Aſia's drooping ſhore
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain:
Again to Afric's ſultry ſands reſtore
Embow'ring ſhades, and Lybian Ammon's fane:

Or haſte to northern Zembla's ſavage coaſt,
There huſh to ſilence elemental ſtrife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal Froſt,
And ſwell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then Britain —— here ſhe ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs her fault'ring tongue ſuppreſt:
Veil'd in an amber cloud, ſhe ſought relief,
And tears, and ſilent anguiſh told the reſt.