



VERSES written towards the close of the Year
1748, to WILLIAM LYTTELTON, Esq;

By the Same.

HOW blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was every flow'r!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bow'r.

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bow'r, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree.

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
 This dying scene survey !
 Haste, Winter, haste ; usurp the sky ;
 Compleat my bow'r's decay.

Ill can I bear the motely cast
 Yon' sickening leaves retain ;
 That speak at once of pleasure past,
 And bode approaching pain.

At home unblest, I gaze around,
 My distant scenes require ;
 Where all in murky vapours drown'd
 Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Tho' Thomson, sweet descriptive bard !
Inspiring Autumn sung ;
 Yet how should we the months regard,
 That stopp'd his flowing tongue ?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
 To whose hard share it fell !
 For sure he was the gentlest breast
 That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
 The roofs they lov'd before ;
 Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
 To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
 The sportsman's frantick deed ;
 While hounds and horns and yells unite
 To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown !
 Ye skies no longer blue !
 Too much we feel from fortune's frown,
 To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unfullied green ?
 The zephyr's balmy gale ?
 And where sweet friendship's cordial mien,
 That brighten'd every vale ?

What tho' the vine disclose her dyes,
 And boast her purple store ;
 Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
 Can soothe our sorrows more.

He ! he is gone, whose moral strain
 Could wit and mirth refine ;
 He ! he is gone, whose social vein
 Surpass'd the pow'r of wine.

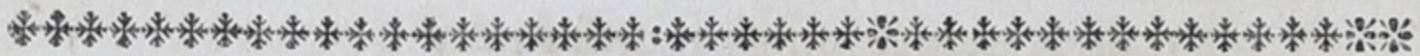
Faith by the streams he deign'd to praise,
 In yon' sequester'd grove,
 To him a votive urn I raise ;
 To him, and friendly love.

Yes there, my friend ! forlorn and sad,
 I grave your Thomson's name ;
 And there, his lyre ; which fate forbad
 To found your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
 Dark themes of hopeless woe ;
 And, faster than the dropping fount,
 I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground ;
 And Spring will then again be seen,
 To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
 Once more, His social hour ;
 Ah Spring ! thou never canst repair
 This loss, to Damon's bow'r.



S O N G S.

By the Same.

I.

IN a vale fring'd with woodland, where grottos abound,
 And rivulets murmur, and echoes resound,
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care ;
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As