

## THE PIEDMÓNTESE.



AN, merry swain, who laugh'd along the vales,  
And with your gay pipe made the mountains ring,  
Why leave your cot, your woods, and thymy gales,  
And friends belov'd, for aught that wealth can bring?  
He goes to wake o'er moon-light seas the string,  
Venetian gold his untaught fancy hails!  
Yet oft of home his simple carols sing,  
And his steps pause, as the last Alp he scales.  
Once more he turns to view his native scene—  
Far, far below, as roll the clouds away,  
He spies his cabin 'mid the pine-tops green,  
The well-known woods, clear brook, and pastures gay;  
And thinks of friends and parents left behind,  
Of sylvan revels, dance, and festive song;  
And hears the faint reed swelling in the wind;

And his sad sighs the distant notes prolong!  
Thus went the swain, till mountain shadows fell,  
And dimm'd the landscape to his aching sight ;  
And must he leave the vales he loves so well ?  
Can foreign wealth, and shows, his heart delight ?  
No, happy vales ! your wild rocks still shall hear  
His pipe, light sounding on the morning breeze ;  
Still shall he lead the flocks to streamlet clear,  
And watch at eve beneath the western trees.  
Away, Venetian gold—your charm is o'er !  
And now his swift step seeks the lowland bow'rs,  
Where, through the leaves, his cottage light *once more*  
Guides him to happy friends, and jocund hours.  
Ah, merry swain ! that laughs along the vales,  
And with your gay pipe make the mountains ring,  
Your cot, your woods, your thymy-scented gales—  
And friends belov'd—more joy than wealth can bring !