

Burton's Castle, October 1764.

IN shades! to pass the summer day,

In Spring—to see the lambkins play,

In Autumn, western skies;

In each returning—season find

New beauties to amuse my mind,

Or gratitude to raise;

No morning ray! no setting sun,

No painted sky—shall be un Sung,

With all its various clouds;

The gayest feat—adorn'd with art,

Or fields—or meads—their sweets impart,

With richest flocks and herds.

The peaceful cottage—in the glen,

With trees—around—and crystal well,

A chearful swain that sings.

All these—with equal mind I view.

From heaven descend the rains—and dew.

Thy wisdom all declare.

To