

THE VARTREE.

*Quivi le piante più che altrove ombrose
E l'erba molle, e il fresco dolce appare.* POLIZIANO.



SWEET are thy banks, O Vartree! when at morn
Their velvet verdure glistens with the dew;
When fragrant gales by softest Zephyrs borne
Unfold the flowers, and ope their petals new.

How bright the lustre of thy silver tide,
Which winds, reluctant to forsake the vale!
How play the quivering branches on thy side,
And lucid catch the sun-beam in the gale!

And sweet thy shade at Noon's more fervid hours,
When faint we quit the upland gayer lawn
To seek the freshness of thy sheltering bowers,
Thy chesnut glooms, where day can scarcely dawn.

How soothing in the dark sequestered grove
To see thy placid waters seem to sleep;
Pleased they reflect the *sombre* tints they love,
As unperceived in silent peace they creep.

The deepest foliage bending o'er thy wave
Tastes thy pure kisses with embracing arms,
While each charmed Dryad stoops her limbs to lave
Thy smiling Naiad meets her sister charms.

Beneath the fragrant lime, or spreading beech,
The bleating flocks in panting crowds repose:
Their voice alone my dark retreat can reach,
While peace and silence all my soul compose.

Here, Mary, rest! the dangerous path forsake
Where folly lures thee, and where vice ensnares,
Thine innocence and peace no longer stake,
Nor barter solid good for brilliant cares.

Shun the vain bustle of the senseless crowd,
Where all is hollow that appears like joy ;
Where, the soft claims of feeling disallowed,
Fallacious hopes the baffled soul annoy.

Hast thou not trod each vain and giddy maze,
By Flattery led o'er Pleasure's gayest field ?
Basked in the sunshine of her brightest blaze,
And proved whate'er she can her votaries yield ?

That full completion of each glowing hope,
Which youth and novelty could scarce bestow,
From the last dregs of Joy's exhausted cup
Canst thou expect thy years mature shall know ?

Hast thou not tried the vanities of life,
And all the poor, mean joys of Fashion known ?
Blush then to hold with Wisdom longer strife,
Submit at length a better guide to own.

Here woo the Muses in the scenes they love;
Let Science near thee take her patient stand:
Each weak regret for gayer hours reprove,
And yield thy soul to Reason's calm command.