

ON THE  
STUMP OF AN OLD TREE,

O Moving sight! it wakes the tragic muse;  
 To scenes like this my heart is never cold:  
 Alas! poor plant, why stand'st thou here alone?  
 Is it because thou'rt leafless, bent, and old?  
 Thy branches lop'd, no more afford a shade  
 From beating rains, or PHOEBUS' scorching beams;  
 Nor here, reclin'd in slumbers, lies the swain,  
 And of his fancied fortune fondly dreams.

Thou, once the pride, the glory of the plain,  
 Round which sweet innocents did often play;  
 Thy trunk the houseless wretch has gladly sought,  
 And little songsters lodg'd on every spray:

Here

Here has the bee procur'd a snug recess,  
Form'd by the art of no destructive hand ;  
Her toils repaid, her luxuries enjoyed,  
And here in safety rear'd a busy band.

Neglected now alike by man and brute,  
The woeful monument of many years ;  
My spirits sink—I'll on thy stump recline,  
And wash thy wither'd bark with female tears.

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