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The Seasons

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Summer.

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W. Kent inv. et del.

P. Bourdieu sculp.

SUMMER.

S U M M E R.

D 3



THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODDINGTON. An introductory Reflection on the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies; whence the Succession of the Seasons. As the Face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the Progress of the Poem is a Description of a Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Insects describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland Retreat. Groupe of Herds and Flocks. A solemn Grove. How it affects a contemplative Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the Prospect of a rich well-cultivated Country; which introduces a Panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening Fields of Ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent S U M M E R comes,
In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's Depth :
He comes attended by the sultry *Hours*,
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way ; 5
While, from his ardent Look, the turning S P R I N G
Averts her blushful face ; and Earth, and Skies,
All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

H E N C E, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade,
Where scarce a Sun-beam wanders thro' the Gloom ; 10
And on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak
Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

C O M E, *Inspiration!* from thy Hermit-Seat, 15
By Mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious Eye, and raptur'd Glance
D 4 Shot

Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look
 Creative of the Poet, every Power
 Exalting to an Ecstasy of Soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early Friend,
 In whom the Human Graces all unite :
 Pure Light of Mind, and Tenderness of Heart ;
 Genius, and Wisdom ; the gay social Sense,
 By Decency chastis'd ; Goodness and Wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting Harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd Honour, and an active Zeal,
 For BRITAIN'S Glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural Song,
 Stoop to my Theme, inspirit every Line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just Applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving Power,
 Were first th' unwieldy Planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable Void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the Flux of many thousand Years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling Race of Men,
 And all their labour'd Monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their Course ;
 To the kind-temper'd Charge of Night and Day,
 And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND,
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.

WHEN

W H E N now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar Blaze,
 Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night;
 And soon, observant of approaching Day, 45
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East:
 Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening Glow;
 And, from before the Lustre of her Face,
 White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step, 50
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
 The dripping Rock the Mountain's misty Top
 Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
 Blue, thro the Dusk, the smacking Currents shine; 55
 And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
 Limp, awkward: while along the Forest-glade
 The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native Voice of undissembled Joy; 60
 And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
 His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crouded Fold, in Order, drives
 His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn. 65

F A L S E L Y luxurious, will not Man awake;
 And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy



The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
 To Meditation due, and sacred Song ?
 For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wife ? 70
 To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting Moments of too short a Life ?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul ;
 Or else to feverish Vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd Dreams ? 75
 Who would in such a gloomy State remain,
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious Morning-walk ?

B U T yonder comes the powerful King of Day, 80
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
 The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
 Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air, 85
 He looks in boundless Majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
 On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer Light !
 Of all material Beings first, and best ! 90
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent Robe !
 Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential Gloom ; and thou, O Sun !

Soul

Soul of furrounding Worlds ! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ? 95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force,
As with a Chain indissoluble bound,
Thy System rolls entire : from the far Bourne
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his Round
Of thirty Years ; to *Mercury*, whose Disk 100
Can scarce be caught by Philosophic Eye,
Loft in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary Train !
Without whose quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs
Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead, 105
And not as now the green Abodes of Life ;
How many Forms of Being wait on thee !
Inhaling Spirit ; from th' unfetter'd Mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily Race,
The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam. 110

THE vegetable World is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons* ! who the Pomp precede
That waits thy Throne, as thro thy vast Domain,
Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,
In World-rejoicing State, it moves sublime. 115
Mean-time th' expecting Nations, circled gay
With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,
Implore thy Bounty, or send grateful up

A common Hymn : while, round thy beaming Car,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly Dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*, 120
 Of Bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into Joy the furlly *Storms*.
 These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand,
 Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,
 Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits ; till, kindling at thy Touch,
 From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year. 126

NOR to the Surface of enliven'd Earth,
 Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods,
 Her liberal Treffes, is thy Force confin'd :
 But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep, 130
 The mineral Kinds confess thy mighty Power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines ;
 Hence Labour draws his Tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the Day ; the nobler Works of Peace
 Hence bless Mankind, and generous Commerce binds 135
 The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

TH' UNFRUITFUL Rock itself impregn'd by thee,
 In dark Retirement, forms the Lucid Stone.
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest Rays,
 Collected Light, compact ; that polish'd bright, 140
 And all its native Lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the Fair-one's Breast,
 With

With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes.
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening Glow,
 And with a waving Radiance inward flames. 145
 From thee the Sapphire, solid Ether, takes
 Its Hue cerulean ; and, of evening Tinct,
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
 With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.
 Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring, 150
 When first she gives it to the southern Gale,
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams ;
 Or, flying several from its Surface, form
 A trembling Variance of revolving Hues, 155
 As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand.

THE very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
 Assumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter Mazes, the relucient Stream
 Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt, 160
 Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
 Softens at thy return. The Defart joys
 Wildly, thro all his melancholy Bounds.
 Rude Ruins glitter ; and the briny Deep,
 Seen from some pointed Promontory's Top, 165
 Far to the blue Horizon's utmost Verge,
 Reflex, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,

Unequal

Unequal far, great delegated Source, 170
Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken; 175
Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro the boundless Sky:
But, should he hide his Face, th' astonish'd Sun,
And all th' extinguish'd Stars, would loosening reel 180
Wide from their Sphères, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering Tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy Praise;
Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,
Even in the Depth of solitary Woods, 185
By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
And to the Quire celestial THEE resound,
Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all!

To me be Nature's Volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing Page, 190
Or, haply catching Inspiration thence,
Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole Delight; as thro the falling Glooms

Pensive

Penfive I fray, or with the riling Dawn
On Fancy's Eagle-wing excursive soar. 195

N o w, flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid Air the high-rai'd Clouds,
And morning Fogs, that hover'd round the Hills
In party-colour'd Bands; till wide unveil'd
The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere. 201

H A L F in a Blush of clustering Roses lost,
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the Shade retires;
There, on the verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,
By gelid Founts and carelefs Rills to muse: 207
While tyrant *Heat*, dispreading thro' the Sky,
With rapid Sway, his burning Influence darts
On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream.

W H O can unpitying see the flowery Race,
Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign, 210
Before the parching Beam? So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro their azure Veins.
But one, the lofty Follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,
Drooping all Night; and, when he warm returns, 215
Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

H O M E,

HOME, from his morning Task, the Swain retreats ;
 His Flock before him stepping to the Fold :
 While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
 The chearful Cottage, then expecting Food, 220
 The Food of Innocence, and Health! The Daw,
 The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks
 (That the calm Village in their verdant Arms,
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight ;
 Where on the mingling Boughs they sit embower'd, 225
 All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household Fowls convene ;
 And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade,
 The House-Dog, with the vacant Greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his Slumbers one 230
 Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
 O'er Hill and Dale ; till waken'd by the Wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy Summer-race
 Live in her Lay, and flutter thro her Song, 235
 Not mean tho simple : to the Sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating Fire.

WAK'D by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light Air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of Soul. From every Chink, 240
 And secret Corner, where they slept away
 The wintry Storms ; or rising from their Tomb,

To

To higher Life ; by Myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd Hues
 Their Beauty-beaming Parent can disclose. 245
 Ten thousand Forms ! Ten thousand different Tribes !
 People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
 By fatal Instinct fly ; where on the Pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the Stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed Trout, 250
 Or darting Salmon. Thro the green-wood Glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The Meads their choice, and visit every Flower,
 And every latent Herb : for the sweet Task, 255
 To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft Beds, their Young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender Care. Some to the House,
 The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight ;
 Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese : 260
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky Stream
 They meet their Fate ; or, weltering in the Bowl,
 With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless Flies the Window proves
 A constant Death ; where, gloomily retir'd, 265
 The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhor'd ! Amid a mangled Heap
 Of Carcasses, in eager Watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving Snares around,

Near

Near the dire Cell the dreadful Wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the Ruffian shows his Front, 270
 The Prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line ;
 And, fixing in the Wretch his cruel Fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering Wing,
 And shriller Sound declare extreme Distress, 276
 And ask the helping hospitable Hand.

R E S O U N D S the living Surface of the Ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless Hum,
 To him who muses thro the Woods at Noon ; 280
 Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade
 Of Willows grey, close-crouding o'er the Brook.

GRADUAL, from These what numerous Kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic Eye ! 285
 Full Nature swarms with Life ; one wondrous Mass
 Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
 Shall bid his Spirit blow. The boary Pen,
 In putrid Steams, emits the living Cloud 290
 Of Pestilence. Thro subterranean Cells,
 Where searching Sun-Beams scarce can find a Way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
 Wants not its soft Inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding Citadel, the Stone 295
 Holds

Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze,
 The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
 Of mellow Fruit, the nameless Nations feed
 Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool 300
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.
 Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the Taste,
 With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream 305
 Of purest Crystal, nor the lucid Air,
 Tho' one transparent Vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen People. These, conceal'd
 By the kind Art of forming HEAVEN, escape
 The grosser Eye of Man: for, if the Worlds 310
 In Worlds inclos'd should on his Senses burst,
 From Cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd Bowl,
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night,
 When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.

LET no presuming impious Railer tax 315
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable Ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His Works unwise, of which the smallest Part
 Exceeds the narrow Vision of her Mind? 320
 As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,
 On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!

A

A Critic-Fly, whose feeble Ray scarce spreads
 An Inch around, with blind Presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole. 325
 And lives the Man, whose universal Eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded Scheme of Things ;
 Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord,
 As with unfaltering Accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought ? Has any seen 330
 The mighty Chain of Beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the Brink
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate Abyss !
 From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till then alone let zealous Praise ascend, 335
 And Hymns of holy Wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,
 As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun.

THICK in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd, 340
 The quivering Nations sport ; till, Tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day.
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
 An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,
 A Season's Glitter ! Thus they flutter on 345
 From Toy to Toy, from Vanity to Vice ;
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life.

Now

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead:
 The rustic Youth, brown with meridian Toil, 350
 Healthful, and strong; full as the Summer-Rose
 Blown by prevailing Suns, the ruddy Maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the Sight, and all
 Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.
 Even stooping Age is here; and Infant-Hands 355
 Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind Oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded Grain; all in a Row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field,
 They spread the breathing Harvest to the Sun, 360
 That throws refreshful round a rural Smell:
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground,
 And drive the dusky Wave along the Mead,
 The russet Hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from Dale to Dale, 365
 Waking the Breeze, resounds the blended Voice
 Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee.

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive Band,
 They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook 370
 Forms a deep Pool: this Bank abrupt and high,
 And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil,
 The Clamour much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
 Ere

Ere the soft fearful People to the Flood 375
 Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,
 And panting labour to the farther Shore. 380
 Repeated This, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece
 Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
 The Trout is banish'd by the fordid Stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow
 Slow-move the harmless Race : where, as they spread
 Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray, 386
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous Tumult means, their loud Complaints
 The Country fill ; and, tofs'd from Rock to Rock,
 Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills. 390
 At last, of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks
 Are in the wattled Pen innumeros press'd,
 Head above Head ; and, rang'd in lussy Rows,
 The Shepherds sit, and whet the founding Shears.
 The Houfewise waits to roll her fleecy Stores, 395
 With all her gay-drest Maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious Dignity inthron'd,
 Shines o'er the Rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays
 Her Smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King ;
 While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls 400
 To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall.
 Meantime, their joyous Task goes on apace : Some

S U M M E R.

71

Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and Some,
 Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
 To stamp his Master's Cipher ready stand ; 405

Others th' unwilling Wether drag along,
 And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy
 Holds by the twisted Horns th' indignant Ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending Lord, 410

How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies !
 What Softness in its melancholy Face,
 What dumb complaining Innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
 Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ; 415

No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual Care,
 Borrow'd your Fleece, to you a cumbrous Load,
 Will send you bounding to your Hills again.

A simple Scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees 420

Her solid Grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted Stores of every brighter Clime,
 The Treasures of the Sun without his Rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,
 Wide glows her Land : her dreadful Thunder hence 425

Rides o'er the Waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled Coast,
 Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World.

'T IS

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays. 430
 O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging Eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling Deluge reigns ; and all
 From Pole to Pole is undistinguish'd Blaze.
 In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
 Stoops for Relief ; thence hot ascending Steams 435
 And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the Root
 Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields
 And slippery Lawn an arid Hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful Sound 440
 Of sharpening Scythe : the Mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perfum'd ;
 And scarce a chirping Grass-hopper is heard
 Thro the dumb Mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very Streams look languid from afar ; 445
 Or, thro th' unshelter'd Glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath !
 And on my throbbing Temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow, 45
 And still another fervent Flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the Head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for Night ;
 Night is far off ; and hotter Hours approach.

Thrice

S U M M E R.

73

Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
 Of a romantic Mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines:
 Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the World without, 465
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure,
 And every Passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd. 465

WELCOME, ye Shades! ye bowery Thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty Pines! ye venerable Oaks!
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep!
 Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
 As to the hunted Hart the falling Spring, 470
 Or Stream full-flowing, that his swelling Sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.
 Cool, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comfort glides;
 The Heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded Eye
 And Ear resume their watch; the Sinews knit; 475
 And Life shoots swift thro all the lighten'd Limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining Brook, that purls along
 The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro a reedy Pool,
 Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now 480
 E Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain ;
 A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
 Rural Confusion! On the grassy Bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the Flood, and often bending sip 485
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
 The strong laborious Ox, of honest Front,
 Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his Sides
 The troublous Insects lashes with his Tail,
 Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe, 490
 Slumbers the Monarch-Swain ; his careles Arm
 Thrown round his Head, on downy Moss sustain'd ;
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd :
 There, listening every Noise, his watchful Dog.

LIGHT fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight 495
 Of angry Gad-Flies fasten on the Herd ;
 That startling scatters from the shallow Brook,
 In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam,
 They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scowr the Plain,
 Thro all the bright Severity of Noon ; 500
 While, from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

OFT in this Season too the Horse, provok'd,
 While his big Sinews full of Spirits swell,
 Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood, 505
 Springs the high Fence ; and, o'er the Field effus'd,
 Darts

Darts on the gloomy Flood, with stedfast Eye,
 And Heart estrang'd to Fear : his nervous Chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength !
 Bears down th' opposing Stream : quenchiefs his Thirst ;
 He takes the River at redoubled Draughts ; 511
 And with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

S T I L L let me pierce into the midnight Depth
 Of yonder Grove, of wildest largest Growth :
 That, forming high in Air a woodland Quire, 515
 Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
 Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful listning Gloom around.

T H E S E are the Haunts of Meditation, These
 The Scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring Breath, 520
 Extatic, felt ; and, from this World retir'd,
 Convers'd with Angels, and immortal Forms,
 On gracious Errands bent : to save the Fall
 Of Virtue strugling on the Brink of Vice ;
 In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams, 525
 To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul
 For future Trials fated to prepare ;
 To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives
 His Muse to better Themes ; to sooth the Pangs
 Of dying Worth, and from the Patriot's Breast, 530
 (Backward to mingle in detested War,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the Death ;

E e

And

And numberless such Offices of Love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the Bosom of the Sky, 535
A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the Dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred Terror, a severe Delight,
Creep thro my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
A Voice, than Human more, th' abstracted Ear 540
Of Fancy strikes. " Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred Man! thy Fellow-creatures, we
" From the same PARENT-POWER our Beings drew,
" The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro stormy Life, 545
" Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
" Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
" Then fear not us; but with responsive Song,
" Amid these dim Recesses, undisturb'd 550
" By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD.
" Here frequent, at the Visionary Hour,
" When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,
" Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard, 555
" And Voices chaunting from the Wood-crown'd Hill,
" The deepening Dale, or inmost silvan Glade :
" A Privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
" On

“ On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
 “ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain.” 560

A N D art thou, *STANLEY, of that sacred Band ?

Alas, for us too soon !—Tho rais'd above
 The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight
 Of human Joy ; yet, with a mingled Ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd Remembrance, must thou feel 565

A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe :
 Who seeks Thee still, in many a former Scene ;
 Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,
 Thy pleasing Converse, by gay lively Sense
 Inspir'd : where moral Wisdom mildly shone, 570
 Without the Toil of Art ; and Virtue glow'd,
 In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride.

But, O thou best of Parents ! wipe thy Tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while 575
 Lent thee this younger Self, this opening Bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.

Believe the Muse : the wintry Blast of Death
 Kills not the Buds of Virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns, 580
 Thro endless Ages, into higher Powers.

T H U S up the Mount, in airy Vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the Sound

E 3

Of

* *A Young Lady, well-known to the Author, who died
 at the Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1738.*

Of a near Fall of Water every Sense
 Wakes from the Charm of Thought : swift-shrinking back,
 I check my Steps, and view the broken Scene. 586

S M O O T H to the shelving Brink a copious Flood
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous Torrent, down the Steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the Country round. 590
 At first, an azure Sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding Rocks below
 Dash'd in a Cloud of Foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary Mist, and forms a ceaseless Shower. 595
 Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repose :
 Eut, raging still amid the shaggy Rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd Fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow'd Channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual Slope to Slope, 600
 With wild infracted Course, and lessen'd Roar,
 It gains a safer Bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.

I N V I T E D from the Cliff, to whose dark Brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending Eagle soars, 605
 With upward Pinions thro the Flood of Day ;
 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
 Gains on the Sun ; while all the tuneful Race,
 Smit by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the Thicket ; or, from Bower to Bower 610
 Responsive,

Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
 The Stock-Dove only thro the Forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
 Short Interval of weary Woe! again
 The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate, 615
 Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
 Across his Fancy comes; and then refounds
 A louder Song of Sorrow thro the Grove.

BESIDE the dewy Border let me sit,
 All in the Freshness of the humid Air; 620
 There on that hollow'd Rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample Chair Moss-lin'd, and over Head
 By flowering Umbrage shaded; where the Bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted Balm
 Of fragrant Woodbine loads his little Thigh. 625

Now, while I taste the Sweetness of the Shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring Flight,
 And view the Wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose Rage compar'd, 630
 Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent Sun,
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the Sky
 The short-liv'd Twilight; and with ardent Blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling Air: 635
 He mounts his Throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the Portals of the Morn,

The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his Fire,
 And breathe Refreshment on a fainting World.
 Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd 640
 And barbarous Wealth, that see, each circling Year,
Returning Suns and † *double Seasons* pass:
 Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
 That on the high Equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a burbling Stream auriferous plays: 643
 Majestic Woods, of every vigorous Green,
 Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills;
 Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep Immensity of Shade.
 Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown, 650
 The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods
 Prone-rushing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny Stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime,
 Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taste 655
 And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,
 And burning Sands that bank the shrubby Vales,
 Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats
 A friendly Juice to cool its Rage contain.

BEAR

* *Which blows constantly between the Tropics from the East, or the collateral Points, the North-East and South-East: caused by the Pressure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from East to West.*

† *In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.*

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy Citron-Groves; 660
 To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,
 With the deep Orange, glowing thro' the Green,
 Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the Breeze, its Fever-cooling Fruit. 665
 Deep in the Night the massy Locust sheds,
 Quench my hot Limbs; or lead me thro the Maze,
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian Fig*;
 Or thrown at gayer Ease, on some fair Brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy Murmurs cool'd, 670
 Broad o'er my Head the verdant Cedar wave,
 And high Palmetos lift their graceful Shade.
 O stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun,
 Give me to drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl,
 And from the Palm to draw its freshening Wine! 675
 More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender Twigs
 Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro the Woods, the gelid Race
 Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells 680
 Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the Pride
 Of vegetable Life, beyond what's
 The Poets imag'd in the golden Age:
 Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty Coat, 685
 Spread thy ambrosial Stores, and feast with *Jove!*

FROM These the Prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads, 680
And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder Hues,
And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,
Plays o'er the Fields, and showers with sudden Hand 685

Exuberant Spring: for oft these Valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,
And swift to Green again, as scorching Suns,
Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.
Along these lonely Regions, where retir'd, 690

In awful Solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild Herds that own no Master's Stall,
Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas:

On whose luxuriant Herbage, half-conceal'd, 695
Like a fallen Cedar, far diffus'd his Train,
Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.

The Flood disparts: behold! in plaited Mail,
* Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,
The darted Steel in idle Shivers flies: 700

He fearless walks the Plain, or seeks the Hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,
In widening Circle round, forget their Food,
And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL,

* *The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse.*

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval Trees, that cast 705
 Their ample Shade o'er *Niger's* yellow Stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred Wave ;
 Or mid the Central Depth of blackning Woods,
 High-rai'd in solemn Theater around,
 Leans the huge Elephant : wifest of Brutes ! 710
 O truly wise ! with gentle Might endow'd,
 Tho powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
 Revolving Ages sweep the changeful Earth,
 And Empires rise and fall ; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting Race of Men 715
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their Guile,
 Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps ;
 Or with his towry Grandeur swell their State,
 The Pride of Kings ! or else his Strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray, 720
 Astonish'd at the Madness of Mankind.

W I D E o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods,
 Like vivid Blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,
 That with a sportive Vanity has deck'd 725
 The plummy Nations, there her gayest Hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 E 6 Array'd

* *In all the Regions of the torrid Zone, the Birds,
 tho more beautiful in their Plumage, are observed to be
 less melodious than ours.*

Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song:
 Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent 730
 Froud *Montezuma's* Realm, whose Legions cast
 A boundless Radiance waving on the Sun,
 While Philomel is ours, while in our Shades,
 Thro the soft Silence of the listening Night,
 The sober-suited Songstrefs trills her Lay. 735

B U T come, my *Muse*, the Desert-Barrier burst,
 A wild Expanse of lifeless Sand and Sky :
 And, swifter than the toiling Caravan,
 S. o. o' er the Vale of *Sennar* ; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* Mountains, and the secret Bounds 740
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.
 Thou art no Ruffian, who beneath the Mask
 Of social Commerce com'ft to rob their Wealth ;
 No *holy Fury* Thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
 With consecrated Steel to stab their Peace, 745
 And thro the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds,
 To spread the purple Tyranny of *Rome*.
 Thou, like the harmless Bee, may'ft freely range,
 From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,
 From Jasmine-Grove to Grove, may'ft wander gay, 750
 Thro Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods,
 That grace the Plains, invest the peopled Hills,
 And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave.
 There on the breezy Summit, spreading fair,

For

S U M M E R.

85

For many a League ; or on stupendous Rocks, 755
 That from the Sun-redoubling Valley lift,
 Cool to the middle Air, their lawny Tops ;
 Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas rise ;
 And Gardens smile around, and cultur'd Fields ;
 And Fountains gush ; and careless Herds and Flocks 760
 Securely stray ; a World within itself,
 Disdaining all Assault : there let me draw
 Etherial Soul, there drink reviving Gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy Groves,
 And Vales of Fragrance ; there at distance hear 765
 The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold ;
 And o'er the vary'd Landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with Life of every fairer kind :
 A Land of Wonders ! which the Sun still eyes 770
 With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the Scene ! In blazing Height of Noon,
 The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round, 775
 Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot Equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air
 Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,
 Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd ; 780
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind,

Os

Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big Stores of steaming Oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper Seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aërial Mountain's Brow, 785
 And by conflicting Winds together daff'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
 From Cloud to Cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental War
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass 790
 Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours.

THE Treasures These, hid from the bounded Search
 Of ancient Knowledge; whence, with annual Pomp,
 Rich King of Floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
 From his two Springs, in *Gojam's* sunny Realm, 795
 Pure-welling out, he thro the lucid Lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his Infant-Stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,
 That with unfading Verdure smile around. 800
 Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks;
 And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellow'd Treasures of the Sky,
 Winds in progressive Majesty along:
 Thro splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze, 805
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts
 Of Life-deserted Sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless Desert, down the *Nubian* Rocks

From

S U M M E R.

87

From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading Wave. 810

HIS Brother *Niger* too, and all the Floods
In which the full-form'd Maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty Limbs; and all that from the Tract
Of woody Mountains stretch'd thro gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel's* Coast, or *Malabar*; 815
From * *Menam's* orient Stream, that nightly shines
With Insect-Lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
On *Indus'* smiling Banks the rosy Shower:
All, at this bounteous Season, ope their Urns,
And pour untoiling Harvest o'er the Land. 820

NOR less thy World, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish Moisture of the melting Year.
Wide o'er his Isles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown Deluge; and the Native drives
To dwell aloft on Life-sufficing Trees, 825
At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.
Swell'd by a thousand Streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her Wing o'er this enormous Mass 830
Of

* *The River that runs thro Siam; on whose Banks a vast Multitude of those Insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful Appearance in the Night.*

† *The River of the Amazons.*

Of rushing Water, scarce she dares attempt
 The Sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread Expanse,
 Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Course,
 Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,
 In silent Dignity they sweep along, 835
 And traverse Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,
 And fruitful Desarts, Worlds of Solitude,
 Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking These,
 O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffusive flow, 840
 And many a Nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft Bosom, many a happy Isle;
 The Seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By christian Crimes and *Europe's* cruel Sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the Deep, 845
 Whose vanquish'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock,
 Yields to this liquid Weight of half the Globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous Waste of Wealth?
 This gay Profusion of luxurious Blifs? 850
 This Pomp of Nature? what their balmy Meads,
 Their powerful Herbs, and *Ceres* void of Pain?
 By vagrant Birds dispers'd, and wafting Winds,
 What their unplanted Fruits? What the cool Draughts,
 Th' ambrosial Food, rich Gums, and spicy Health, 855
 Their Forests yield? Their toiling Insects what,
 Their silky Pride, and vegetable Robes?

Ah!

S U M M E R.

89

Ah! what avail their fatal Treasures, hid
 Deep in the Bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's Gems, and sad *Potosi's* Mines ; 860
 Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun?
 What all that *Afric's* golden Rivers rowl,
 Her odorous Woods, and shining Ivory Stores?
 Ill-fated Race! the softening Arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ; 865
 The godlike Wisdom of the temper'd Breast ;
 Progressive Truth, the patient Force of Thought ;
 Investigation calm, whose silent Powers
 Command the World ; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN ;
 Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws, 870
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the Name and Dignity of Man :
 These are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himself
 Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize ;
 And, with oppressive Ray, the roseat Bloom 875
 Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy Hue,
 And Feature gross : or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
 Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
 Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft Regards, the Tenderness of Life, 880
 The Heart-shed Tear, th' ineffable Delight
 Of sweet Humanity : These court the Beam
 Of milder Climes ; in selfish fierce Desire,
 And the wild Fury of voluptuous Sense,

There

There loft. The very Brute-Creation there 885
This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire.

Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his Train
In Orbs immense, then, darting out anew, 890
Seeks the refreshing Fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his Folds: and while, with threatenng Tongue,
And deathful Jaws erect, the Monster curls
His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at Distance stands, 895
Nor dares approach. But still more direful He,
The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted Venom thro the Veins
A rapid Lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man, 900
This Child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless Lust of Blood, the Savage Race
Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Guilt,
And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
His sacred Eye. The Tyger darting fierce, 905
Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd.
The lively-shining Leopard, speckled o'er
With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Waste;
And, scorning all the taming Arts of Man,
The keen Hyena, fellest of the Fell. 910
These, rushing from th' inhospitable Woods
Of

Of *Mawritania*, or the tufted Isles,
 That verdant rife amid the *Lybian* Wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy King,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed Sand ; 915
 And, with imperious and repeated Roars,
 Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks
 Croud near the guardian Swain ; the nobler Herds,
 Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,
 They ruminating lie, with Horror hear 920
 The coming Rage. Th' awaken'd Village starts ;
 And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains
 Her thoughtless Infant. From the *Pyrate's* Den,
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant Fang escap'd,
 The Wretch half-wishes for his Bonds again : 925
 While, Uproar all, the Wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* Eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

U N H A P P Y he ! who from the first of Joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this World of Death. Day after Day, 930
 Sad on the jutting Eminence he sits,
 And views the Main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest Verge,
 Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the Clouds, 935
 At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns
 A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted Roar is up,
 And

And His continual thro the tedious Night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes 940
 Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
 Her CATO following thro *Numidian* Wilds :
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle Plains,
 And all the green Delights *Aufonia* pours ; 945
 When for them she must bend the servile Knee,
 And fawning take the splendid Robber's Boon.

NOR stop the Terrors of these Regions here.
 Commission'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,
 Let loose the raging Elements. Breath'd hot, 950
 From all the boundless Furnace of the Sky,
 And the wide glittering Waste of burning Sand,
 A suffocating Wind the Pilgrim smites
 With instant Death. Patient of Thirst and Toil,
 Son of the Desert! even the Camel feels, 955
 Shot thro his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blast.
 Or from the black-red Ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play :
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ; 960
 Till with the general all-involving Storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise ;
 And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at Night in sad disastrous Sleep,
 Beneath descending Hills, the Caravan 965
 Is

Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded Streets,
Th' impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,]
And *Mecca* faddens at the long Delay.

BUT chief at Sea, whose every flexile Wave
Obeys the Blast, th' aërial Tumult swells. 970
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,
Exhausting all the Rage of all the Sky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens, 975
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † Speck
Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells.
Of no Regard, save to the skilful Eye,
Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow 980
Musters its Force. A faint deceitful Calm,
A fluttering Gale, the Demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading Sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled Mass
Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and rushing Floods. 985
In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor stands.
Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd Vessel drinks the whelming Tide,

Hid

* Typhon and Ecnephia, Terms for particular Storms
or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.

† Called by Sailors the Ox-eye, being in Appearance
at first no bigger.

Hid in the Bosom of the black Abyfs.
 With such mad Seas the daring * GAMA fought, 990
 For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape ;
 By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirst
 Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd
 The rising World of Trade : the Genius, then, 995
 Of Navigation, that, in hopeless Sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic Deep,
 For idle Ages, starting, heard at last
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE ; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
 To Love of useful Glory rous'd Mankind, 1000
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World.

INCREASING still the Terrors of these Storms,
 His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,
 Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent
 Of steaming Crouds, of rank Disease, and Death, 1005
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny Flood,
 Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along ;
 And, from the Partners of that cruel Trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her Sons,
 Demands his share of Prey, demands themselves. 1010
 The

* VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round
 Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.

† DON HENRY, third Son to John the first, King of
 Portugal. His strong Genius to the Discovery of new
 Countries was the chief Source of all the modern Improve-
 ments in Navigation.

The stormy Fates descend : one Death involves
 Tyrants and Slaves ; when strait, their mangled Limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple Seas
 With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.

WHEN o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains 1015
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
 And draws the copious Steam : from swampy Fens,
 Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,
 And breathes destructive Myriads ; or from Woods,
 Impenetrable Shades, Recesses foul, 1020
 In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy Horrors yet no desperate Foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent Disease.
 A thousand hideous Fiends her Course attend, 1025
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe,
 And feeble Desolation, casting down
 The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at *Carthagera* quench'd
 The BRITISH Fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw 1030
 The miserable Scene ; you, pitying, saw,
 To Infant-Weakness funk the Warrior's Arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghastly Form,
 The Lip pale-quivering, and the beamless Eye
 No more with Ardor bright : you heard the Groans 1035
 Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore ;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen Waves,
 The

The frequent Corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad Prefage, the blank Assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand. 1040

WHAT need I mention those inclement Skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening City, Plague,
 The fiercest Child of NEMESIS DIVINE,
 Descends? * From *Ethiopia's* poison'd Woods,
 From stifled *Cairo's* Filth, and fetid Fields 1045
 With Locust-Armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful Rage
 The Brutes escape. Man is her destin'd Prey,
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty Domes,
 She draws a close incumbent Cloud of Death; 1050
 Uninterrupted by the living Winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze; and stain'd
 With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful Eye; and from the Hand 1055
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
 The Sword and Balance: mute the Voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
 Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad;
 Into the worst of Desarts sudden turn'd 1060
 The chearful Haunt of Men: unless escap'd
 From

* *These are the Causes supposed to be the first Origin of the Plague, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant Book on that Subject.*

From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,
 With Frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns, 1065
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sudden Door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious Hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors Society.

Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender Tie, 1070
 The sweet Engagement of the feeling Heart.

But vain their selfish Care: the circling Sky,
 The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;
 And, struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd. 1075

Thus o'er the prostrate City black Despair
 Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat
 The Scene of Defolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim Guards stand, denying all Retreat,
 And give the flying Wretch a better Death. 1080

MUCH yet remains unsung: the Rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,
 Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted Year:
 Fir'd by the Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,
 Th' infuriate Hill that shoots the pillar'd Flame; 1085
 And, rous'd within the subterranean World,
 Th' expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring Cities from their solid Base,

F

And

And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse : 1090
 A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid Grove
 Unusual Darknefs broods ; and growing gains
 The full Possession of the Sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful Vapour, from the secret Beds, 1095
 Where sleep the mineral Generations, drawn.
 Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the Day,
 With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,
 Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud, 1100
 A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the Touch ethereal rous'd,
 The Dash of Clouds, or irritating War
 Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns, 1105
 Dread thro the dun Expanse ; save the dull Sound
 That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering Earth, disturbs the Flood,
 And shakes the Forest-Leaf without a Breath.
 Prone, to the lowest Vale, th' aërial Tribes 1110
 Descend : the Tempest-loving Raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
 The Cattle stand, and on the scouling Heavens
 Cast a deploring Eye ; by Man forfook,

Who

S U M M E R. 99

Who to the crowd'd Cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave. 1115

'Tis list'ning Fear, and dumb Amazement all:
When to the startled Eye the sudden Glance
Appears far South, eruptive thro' the Cloud; 1120
And following slower, in Explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice.

At first, heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful Burden on the Wind, 1125

The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
The Noise astounds: till over Head a Sheet
Of livid Flame discloses wide, then shuts
And opens wider, shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze. 1130

Follows the loosen'd aggravated Roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,
Or prone-descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds, 1135
Pour a whole Flood; and yet, its Flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable Lightning struggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.
Black from the Stroke, above, the smouldring Pine 1140
Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk; and, stretch'd below,

A lifeless Groupe the blasted Cattle lie :
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's Eye ; and there the frowning Bull, 1145
 And Ox half-rai's'd. Struck on the castled Cliff,
 The venerable Tower and spiry Fane
 Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
 Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recefs,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake. 1150
 Amid *Carnarvon's* Mountains rages loud
 The repercussive Roar : with mighty Crush,
 Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the Sky,
 Tumble the smitten Cliffs ; and *Snowden's* Peak, 1155
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.
 Far-seen, the Heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thulé* bellows thro her utmost Isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled Thought ;
 And yet not always on the guilty Head 1160
 Descends the fated Flash. Young *CELADON*
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless Pair,
 With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone :
 Hers the mild Lustre of the blooming Morn, 1165
 And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

T H E Y

T H E Y lov'd. But such their guileless Passion was,
 As in the Dawn of Time inform'd the Heart
 Of Innocence; and undissembled Truth.
 'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual Wish, 1170
 Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual Eye. Devoting all
 To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd Power
 Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades, 1175
 Still in harmonious Intercourse they liv'd
 The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart,
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their Life, a clear united Stream,
 By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour, 1180
 The Tempest caught them on the tender Walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its Mazers stray'd,
 While, with each other blest, creative Love
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.
 Heavy with instant Fate her Bosom heav'd 1185
 Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
 Of the big Gloom on CELADON her Eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd Cheek.
 In vain assuring Love, and Confidence
 In HEAVEN repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook 1190
 Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal Conflict, and as Angels look



On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
 With Love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet Innocence ! thou Stranger to Offence, 1195
 " And inward Storm ! He, who yon Skies involves
 " In Frowns of Darknefs, ever smiles on thee,
 " With kind Regard. O'er thee the secret Shaft
 " That wafes at Midnight, or th' undreaded Hour
 " Of Noon, flies harmlefs : and that very Voice, 1200
 " Which thunders Terror thro the guilty Heart,
 " With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.
 " 'Tis Safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp Perfection !" From his void Embrace,
 (Myfterious Heaven !) that moment, to the Ground, 1205
 A blacken'd Corfe, was struck the beauteous Maid.
 But who can paint the Lover, as he flood,
 Pierc'd by fevere Amazement, hating Life,
 Speechlefs, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe !
 So, faint Refemblance, on the Marble-Tomb, 1210
 The well-difsembled Mourner flooping ftands,
 For ever filent, and for ever fad.

As from the Face of Heaven the fhatte'r'd Clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable Sky
 Sublimier fwells, and o'er the World expands 1215
 A purer Azure. Nature, from the Storm,
 Shines out afrefh ; and thro the lighten'd Air
 A higher Luster and a clearer Calm,
 Diffufive, tremble ; while, as if in fign

Of

Of Danger past, a glittering Robe of Joy, 1220
 Set off abundant by the yellow Ray,
 Invests the Fields, yet dropping from Distress.

'T I S Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
 Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
 Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro the clover'd Vale. 1225
 And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most-favour'd; who with Voice articulate
 Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 That hush'd the Thunder, and serenest the Sky, 1230
 Extinguish'd feel that Spark the Tempest wak'd,
 That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble Heart has lost its Fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder Beam, the sprightly Youth
 Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose crystal Depth 1235
 A sandy Bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted Landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue Profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.
 His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek 1240
 Instant emerge; and thro th' obedient Wave,
 At each short breathing by his Lip repell'd,
 With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,
 As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path;

F 4

While;

While, from his polish'd Sides, a dewy Light 1245
Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

THIS is the purest Exercise of Health,
The kind Refresher of the Summer-Heats ;
Nor, when cold Winter keeps the brightening Flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the Brink. 1250
Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse
Of Accident disastrous. Hence the Limbs
Knit into Force ; and the same *Roman* Arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth, 1255
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.
Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind
Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

CLOSE in the Covert of an Hazel Copse,
Where winded into pleasing Solitudes 1260
Runs out the rambling Dale, young DAMON sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs.
There to the Stream that down the distant Rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that play'd
Among the bending Willows, falsely he 1265
Of MUSIDORA's Cruelty complain'd.
She felt his Flame ; but deep within her Breast,
In bashful Coyness, or in maiden Pride,
The soft Return conceal'd ; save when it stole
In side-long Glances from her downcast Eye, 1270
Or

Or from her swelling Soul in stifled Sighs.
 Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows,
 He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart ;
 And, if an infant Passion struggled there,
 To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain! 1275
 A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate
 Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool Retreat his MUSIDORA sought :
 Warm in her Cheek the sultry Season glow'd ; 1280
 And, robe'd in loose Array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent Limbs in the refreshing Stream.
 What shall he do ? In sweet Confusion lost,
 And dubious Flutterings, he a while remain'd.
 A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul, - 1285
 A delicate Refinement, known to Few,
 Perplex'd his Breast, and urg'd him to retire.
 But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?
 Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest 1290
Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around
 The Banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous Limbs,
 To taste the lucid Coolness of the Flood.
 Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny Top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside 1295
 The Rival-Goddesſes the Veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their Charms,
 Than, DAMON, thou ; as from the snowy Leg,



And slender Foot, th' inverted Silk she drew ;
 As the soft Touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone ; 1300
 And, thro the parting Robe, th' alternate Breast,
 With Youth wild-~~l~~-robbing, on thy lawless Gaze
 In full Luxuriance rose. But, desperate Youth,
 How durst thou risque the Soul-distracting View ;
 As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White, 1305
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest Hand,
 In Folds loose-floating fell the fainter Lawn ;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With Fancy blushing, at the doubtful Breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful Fawn ? 1310
 Then to the Flood she rush'd ; the parted Flood
 Its lovely Guest with closing Waves receiv'd ;
 And every Beauty softening, every Grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow Luster shed :
 As shines the Lily thro the Crystal mild ; 1315
 Or as the Rose amid the Morning Dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* Hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the Wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming Locks,
 That half embrac'd Her in a humid Veil, 1320
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew
 Such madning Draughts of Beauty to the Soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought
 With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By Love's respectful Modesty, he deem'd 1325
 The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love

Can

Can e'er be deem'd, and, struggling from the Shade,
 With headlong Hurry fled: but first these Lines,
 Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank,
 With trembling Hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair,
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred Eye" 133f
 " Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt,
 " To keep from thy Recess each vagrant Foot,
 " And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprise,
 As if to Marble struck, devoid of Sense, 133s
 A stupid Moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the * Statue that enchants the World,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless Boast,
 The mingled Beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those Robes 134o
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
 In careless Haste, th' alarming Paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known Hand she saw,
 Her Terrors vanish'd, and a softer Train
 Of mixt Emotions, hard to be describ'd, 134s
 Her sudden Bosom seiz'd: Shame void of Guilt,
 The charming Blush of Innocence, Esteem
 And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,
 By Modesty exalted. Even a Sense
 Of self-approving Beauty stole across 135o
 Her busy Thought. At length, a tender Calm
 Hush'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul;
 And on the spreading Beech, that o'er the Stream
 F 6 Incumbent

* *The Venus of Medici.*

Incumbent hung, she with the silvan Pen
 Of rural Lovers this Confession carv'd, 1355
 Which soon her DAMON kifs'd with weeping Joy.

“ Dear Youth! sole Judge of what these Verfes mean,

“ By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,

“ Alas! not favour'd lefs, be still as now

“ Discreet: the Time may come you need not fly.” 1360

T H E Sun has loft his Rage: his downward Orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth,
 And vital Lustre; that, with various Ray,
 Lights up the Clouds, those beauteous Robes of Heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic Shapes, 1365

The Dream of waking Fancy! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth
 And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the soft Hour
 Of Walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1370

To seek the distant Hills, and there converse
 With Nature; there to harmonize his Heart,
 And in pathetic Song to breathe around

The Harmony to others. Social Friends,
 Attun'd to happy Unison of Soul; 1375

To whose exalting Eye a fairer World,
 Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpse,
 Displays its Charms; whose Minds are richly fraught
 With Philosophic Stores, superior Light;
 And in whose Breast, enthusiastic, burns 1380

Virtue,

Virtue, the Sons of Interest deem Romance ;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day :
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of Woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk ;
 By that kind *School* where no proud Master reigns, 1385
 The full free Converse of the friendly Heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the World,
 Sacred to sweet Retirement, Lovers steal,
 And pour their Souls in Transport, which the SIRE
 Of Love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1390
 Which Way, *AMANDA*, shall we bend our Course ?
 The Choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with Thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the Streams ? or walk the smiling Mead ?
 Or court the Forest-Glades ? or wander wild 1395
 Among the waving Harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its Pride,
 Thy Hill, delightful * *Sbene* ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless Landkip : now the raptur'd Eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge *AUGUSTA* send, 1400
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her Plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his Princely Brow.
 In lovely Contrast to this glorious View,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1405
 To

* *The old Name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon
 Shining, or Splendor.*

† *Highgate and Hamstead.*



To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted Eye unweari'd stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove thro the pendant Woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's Retreat ;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering Walks, 1410
 Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd,
 With HER the pleasing Partner of his Heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES; 1415
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt:
 In *Twitnam's* Bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God ; to royal *Hampton's* Pile,
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd Height, and *Essex's* Groves,
 Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd 1420
 By the soft Windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From Courts and Senates PELHAM finds Repose.
 Enchanting Vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung !
 O Vale of Bliss ! O softly-swelling Hills !
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil. 1425

HEAVENS ! what a goodly Prospect spreads around,
 Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,
 And glittering Towns, and gilded Streams, till all
 The stretching Landskip into Smoke decays !
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN OF ARTS, 1430
 Inspiring.

S U M M E R. III

Inspiring Vigor, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,
And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Clime ;
Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought ; 1435
Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks ; thy Valleys float
With golden Waves : and on thy Mountains Flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their Sides,
Bellow the blackening Herds in lusty Droves.
Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and rise unquell'd 1440
Against the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,
Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth ;
And Property assures it to the Swain,
Pleas'd, and unweary'd, in his guarded Toil.

FULL are thy Cities with the Sons of Art ; 1445
And Trade and Joy, in every busy Street,
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
As at the Car he sweats, or dusty hews
The Palace-Stone, looks gay. Thy crouded Ports,
Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield, 1450
With labour burn, and echo to the Shouts
Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves
His last Adieu, and loosening every Sheet,
Re signs the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

BOLD,

B O L D, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
 By Hardship finew'd, and by Danger fir'd, 1456
 Scattering the Nations where they go ; and first
 Or in the list'd Plain, or stormy Seas.
 Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside ; 1460
 In Genius, and substantial Learning, high ;
 For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd,
 The Dread of Tyrants, and the sole Resource 1465
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

T H Y S O N S O F G L O R Y many ! A L F R E D thine,
 In whom the Splendor of heroic War,
 And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine ; whose hallow'd Name the Virtues faint, 1470
 And *his own* Muses love, the best of *Kings*.
 With him thy E D W A R D S and thy H E N R Y S shine,
 Names dear to Fame ; the First who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the Terror of thy Arms,
 That awes her Genius still. In *Statesmen* Thou, 1475
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady M O R E,
 Who, with a generous tho mistaken Zeal,
 Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful Rage,
 Like C A T O firm, like A R I S T I D E S just,
 Like rigid C I N C I N N A T U S nobly poor, 1480
 A

A dauntless Soul erect, who smil'd on Death.
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
 A DRAKE, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,
 And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World.
 Then flam'd thy Spirit high : but who can speak 1485
 The numerous Worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every Glory mix'd,
 RALEIGH, the Scourge of *Spain* ! whose Breast with all
 The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign 1490
 The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the Vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his Mind
 Explor'd the vast Extent of Ages past,
 And with his Prison-Hours enrich'd the World ; 1495
 Yet found no Times, in all the long Research,
 So glorious, or so base, as Those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The Plume of War ! with early Laurels crown'd, 1500
 The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious Land,
 Wife, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting Soul,
 Who stem'd the Torrent of a downward Age
 To Slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1505
 In all thy native Pomp of Freedom bold.
 Bright, at his Call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye
 Shall

Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest Flower, and let me strew 1510
 The Grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd Blood
 With calmest Cheerfulness for Thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad Annals of a giddy Reign;
 Aiming at lawless Power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious Luxury. With him 1515
 His Friend, the *BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient Learning to th' enlighten'd Love
 Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*; 1520
 Soon as the Light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muses' Song.
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his Choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil Storm of State,
 And thro' the smooth Barbarity of Courts,
 With firm but pliant Virtue, forward still
 To urge his Course. Him for the studious Shade-
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1525
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich Soul,
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great Deliverer he! who from the Gloom
 Of cloister'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long 1530
 Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,
 And Definitions void: he led Her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,
 * ALGERNON SIDNEY. 1535

Investigating sure the Chain of Things,
 With radiant Finger points to HEAVEN again. 1535
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the Friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye,
 His Weakness prompt to shade, to raise his Aim,
 To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,
 And with the *moral Beauty* charm the Heart. 1540
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious Search
 Amid the dark Recesses of his Works,
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal World his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD 1545
 To Mortals lent, to trace his boundless Works
 From Laws sublimely simple, speak thy Fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty Sense,
 Creative Fancy, and Inspection keen
 Thro the deep Windings of the human Heart, 1550
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's Boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of Classic Ages in thy MILTON met?
 A Genius universal as his Theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the Bloom 1555
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my Verse that elder Bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing Son;
 Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song
 O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground: 1560
 Nor

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, *Earl of Shaftesbury.*

Nor Thee, his antient Master, laughing Sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native Manners-painting Verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro the Gothic Cloud
 Of Time and Language o'er thy Genius thrown.

MAY my Song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I, 1565
 BRITANNIA, hail! for Beauty is their own,
 The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life,
 And Elegance, and Taste: the faultless Form,
 Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony; the Cheek,
 Where the live Crimson, thro the native White 1570
 Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
 And every nameless Grace; the parted Lip,
 Like the red Rose-bud moist with Morning-Dew,
 — Breathing Delight; and, under flowing Jet,
 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown, 1557
 The Neck slight-shaded, and the swelling Breast;
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul,
 And by the Soul inform'd, when dress'd in Love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious Eye.

ISLAND of Bliss! amid the subject Seas, 1580
 That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
 At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight,
 Of distant Nations; whose remotest Shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy Naval Arm,
 Not to be shook thy self, but all Assaults 1585
 Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O T H O U ! by whose almighty *Nod* the Scale
 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving *VIRTUES* round the Land,
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ; 1590
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro Smiles ;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind ;
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in Heart and Look ; clear *Chastity* 1595
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant Front, superior shines 1600
 That first paternal Virtue, *public Zeal*,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey,
 And, ever musing on the common Weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great Design.

L o w walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees, 1605
 Just o'er the Verge of Day. The shifting Clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train,
 In all their Pomp attend his setting Throne.
 Air, Earth and Ocean finite immense. And now,
 As if his weary Chariot fought the Bowers 1610
 Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending Nymphs,
 (So *Grecian Fable* sung) he dips his Orb ;
 Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden Curve
 Gives one bright Glance, then total disappears.

F O R

F O R ever running an enchanted Round, 1615
 Passes the Day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
 As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain,
 This Moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd Soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The Dreamer of this Earth, an idle Blank : 1620
 A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,
 Who all day long in fordid Pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an usefess Load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel Train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping Family of modest Worth. 1625
 But to the generous still-improving Mind,
 That gives the hopefess Heart to sing for Joy,
 Diffusing kind Beneficence around,
 Boastfess, as now descends the silent Dew ;
 To him the long Review of order'd Life 1630
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

C O N F E S S ' D from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds,
 All Ether softening, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted Station in the middle Air ;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her Beck. First *This* 1635
 She sends on Earth ; then *That* of deeper Dye
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *Deeper* still,
 In Circle following Circle, gathers round,
 To close the Face of Things. A fresher Gale
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream, 1640
 Sweeping

Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn ;
 While the Quail clamours for his running Mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly Lawn, as swells the Breeze,
 A whitening Shower of vegetable Down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial Care 1645
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest Sons, and clothe the coming Year,
 From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds she wings.

HIS folded Flock secure, the Shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves 1650

The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail ;
 The Beauty whom perhaps his witlefs Heart,
 Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best Language shewn
 Of cordial Glances, and obliging Deeds. 1655

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting Height,
 And Valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,
 In various Game, and Revelry to pass
 The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell. 1660

But far about they wander from the Grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad Breast to lift the Hand
 Of impious Violence. The lonely Tower
 Is also shun'd ; whose mournful Chambers hold, 1665
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost.

AMON

A M O N G the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,
 The Glow-Worm lights his Gem ; and, thro the Dark,
 A moving Radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
 The World to *Night* ; not in her Winter-Robe 1670
 Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd
 In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
 Flings half an Image on the straining Eye ;
 While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams, 1675
 And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
 Thence weary Vision turns ; where, leading soft
 The silent Hours of Love, with purest Ray 1680
 Sweet *Venus* shines ; and from her genial Rife,
 When Day-Light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest Lamp of Night.
 As thus th' Effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd Gaze, the lambent Lightnings shoot 1685
 Across the Sky ; or horizontal dart,
 In wondrous Shapes : by fearful murmuring Clouds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the Sky,
 The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds ; 1690
 Lo ! from the dread Immenfity of Space
 Returning, with accelerated Course,
 The rushing Comet to the Sun descends ;

And

S U M M E R.

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And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
 With awful Train projected o'er the Heavens, 1695
 The guilty Nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious Horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious Herd, to mystic Faith
 And blind Amazement prone, th' enlighten'd Few,
 Whose Godlike Minds Philosophy exalts, 1700
 The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy
 Divinely great; they in their Powers exult,
 That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting spurrs
 This dusky Spot, and measures all the Sky;
 While, from his far Excursion thro the Wilds 1705
 Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,
 They see the blazing Wonder rise anew,
 In seeming Terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the Will of all-sustaining LOVE:
 From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to shake 1710
 Reviving Moisture on the numerous Orbs,
 Thro which his long Ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,
 To light up Worlds, and feed th' eternal Fire.

WITH Thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with Thee, 1711
 And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song!
 Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth!
 A Luster shedding o'er th' ennobled Mind,
 Stronger than Summer-Noon; and pure as That, 1720
 Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,

G

New



New to the Dawning of celestial Day.
 Hence thro her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated Pride,
 Above the tangling Mass of low Desires, 1725
 That bind the fluttering Croud; and, Angel-wing'd,
 The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry Regions, or th' Abyfs,
 To Reason's and to Fancy's Eye display'd: 1730
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary Void,
 The Chain of Causes and Effects to HIM,
 The World-producing ESSENCE, who alone
 Possesses Being; while the *Last* receives
 The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth, 1735
 And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts
 Her Voice to Ages; and informs the Page 1740
 With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
 Never to die! the Treasure of Mankind!
 Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy!

WITHOUT thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
 A Savage roaming thro the Woods and Wilds, 1745
 In quest of Prey; and with th' unfashion'd Furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer Art,

And

And Elegance of Life. Nor Happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of Tendernefs and Care,
 Nor moral Excellence, nor social Bliss, 1750
 Nor guardian Law were his; nor various Skill
 To turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool
 Mechanic; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow
 Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole, 1755
 Mother severe of infinite Delights!
 Nothing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
 And Woes on Woes, a still-revolving Train!
 Whose horrid Circle had made human Life
 Than Non-existence worse: but, taught by Thee, 1760
 Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace;
 To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embelish Life. While thus laborious Crouds
 Ply the tough Oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling Helm; or like the liberal Breath 1765
 Of potent Heaven, invifible, the Sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior World along.

NOR to this evanescent Speck of Earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
 Are her exalted Range; intent to gaze 1770
 Creation thro; and, from that full Complex
 Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd complet. With inward View,

Thence on th' ideal Kingdom swift she turns 1775
 Her Eye; and instant, at her powerful Glance,
 Th' obedient Phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into Order shift,
 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
 To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train; 1780
 To Reason then, deducing Truth from Truth;
 And Notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep. 1785
 Enough for us to know that this dark State,
 In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 The final Issue of the Works of GOD,
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd, 1790
 And ever rising with the rising Mind.



A U T U M N.

