

James Thomson. Summer (from *The Seasons*).¹

Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Ostendit ignem: jam Procyon furit,
Et stella vesani Leonis,
Sole dies referente siccos.
Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
Horace.

To the Right Honorable Mr. Dodington, one of the Lords of his Majesty's Treasury, Etc.

Argument.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. 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. Sunrising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Insects described. Haymaking. Sheepshearing. Noonday. A Woodland Retreat. Group 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. Sunset. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the praise of Philosophy.

- 1 From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
- 2 Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
- 3 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
- 4 He comes attended by the sultry Hours,
- 5 And ever fanning breezes, on his way;
- 6 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
- 7 Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
- 8 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

- 9 Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
- 10 Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom;
- 11 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
- 12 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
- 13 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
- 14 And sing the glories of the circling year.

- 15 Come, Inspiration! from thy hermit-seat,
- 16 By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
- 17 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
- 18 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
- 19 Creative of the Poet, every power

¹ James Thomson. *The Seasons*, London: J. Murray, 1792 and James Thomson. *The Poetical Works of James Thomson*, London: William Pickering, 1830.

20 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

21 And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
22 In whom the human graces all unite:
23 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
24 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
25 By decency chastised; goodness and wit,
26 In seldom-meeting harmony combined;
27 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
28 For Britain's glory, liberty, and Man:
29 O Dodington! attend my rural song,
30 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
31 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

32 With what an awful world-revolving power
33 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
34 The illimitable void! thus to remain,
35 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
36 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
37 And all their labour'd monuments away,
38 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
39 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
40 And of the seasons ever stealing round,
41 Minutely faithful: such the All-perfect hand!
42 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

43 When now no more the alternate Twins are fired,
44 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
45 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
46 And soon, observant of approaching day,
47 The meek'd-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
48 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
49 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
50 And, from before the lustre of her face,
51 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
52 Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
53 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
54 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
55 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
56 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
57 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
58 Limp, awkward: while along the forest-glade
59 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
60 At early passenger. Music awakes
61 The native voice of undissembled joy;
62 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
63 Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
64 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
65 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
66 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

67 Falsely luxurious! will not Man awake;
68 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
69 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
70 To meditation due and sacred song?
71 For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?
72 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
73 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
74 Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
75 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
76 Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
77 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
78 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
79 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
80 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?

81 But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
82 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
83 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
84 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
85 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
86 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
87 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
88 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
89 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
90 High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
91 Of all material beings first, and best!
92 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
93 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
94 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
95 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
96 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

97 'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
98 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
99 Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne
100 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
101 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
102 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
103 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

104 Informer of the planetary train!
105 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
106 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
107 And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
108 How many forms of being wait on thee!
109 Inhaling spirit; from the unfetter'd mind,
110 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,
111 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

112 The vegetable world is also thine,
113 Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede

114 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
115 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
116 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
117 Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay
118 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
119 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
120 A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
121 High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
122 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
123 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
124 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
125 And softened into joy the surly Storms.
126 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
127 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
128 Herbs, flowers, and fruits; and, kindling at thy touch,
129 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

130 Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
131 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
132 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined:
133 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
134 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
135 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
136 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
137 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
138 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
139 The round of nations in a golden chain.

140 The unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
141 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
142 The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
143 Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
144 And all its native lustre let abroad,
145 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
146 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
147 At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
148 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
149 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
150 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
151 The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
152 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
153 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
154 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
155 Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined,
156 Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
157 Or, flying several from its surface, form
158 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
159 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

160 The very dead creation, from thy touch,
161 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,

162 In brighter mazes the relucent stream
163 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
164 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
165 Softens at thy return. The desert joys,
166 Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
167 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
168 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
169 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
170 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
171 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
172 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
173 Unequal far; great delegated source
174 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

175 How shall I then attempt to sing of Him !
176 Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
177 Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
178 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
179 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
180 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
181 That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
182 But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun,
183 And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
184 Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

185 And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
186 Almighty Father! silent in thy praise;
187 Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
188 E'en in the depth of solitary woods
189 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
190 And to the quire celestial Thee resound,
191 The eternal cause, support, and end of all!

192 To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
193 And to peruse its all instructing page,
194 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
195 Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,
196 My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
197 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
198 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

199 Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
200 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
201 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
202 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
203 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
204 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

205 Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
206 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
207 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,

208 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
209 While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky,
210 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
211 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

212 Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
213 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
214 Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,
215 When fevers revel through their azure veins.
216 But one the lofty follower of the sun,
217 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
218 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
219 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

220 Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
221 His flock before him stepping to the fold:
222 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
223 The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
224 The food of innocence and health! the daw,
225 The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
226 That the calm village in their verdant arms,
227 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
228 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
229 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
230 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
231 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
232 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
233 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
234 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
235 O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
236 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
237 To let the little noisy summer race
238 Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
239 Not mean though simple; to the sun ally'd,
240 From him they draw their animating fire.

241 Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
242 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
243 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
244 And secret corner, where they slept away
245 The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
246 To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
247 Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
248 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
249 Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
250 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
251 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
252 They, sportive, wheel: or, sailing down the stream,
253 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,
254 Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
255 Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed,

256 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
257 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
258 And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
259 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
260 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,
261 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
262 The fold, and dairy, hungry bend their flight;
263 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese;
264 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
265 They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
266 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

267 But chief to heedless flies the window proves
268 A constant death; where, gloomily retired,
269 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
270 Mixture abhorr'd! amid a mangled heap
271 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
272 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
273 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
274 Passes, as oft the russian shows his front;
275 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
276 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
277 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
278 Strikes backward grimly pleased; the fluttering wing
279 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
280 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

281 Resounds the living surface of the ground:
282 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
283 To him who muses through the woods at noon;
284 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
285 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
286 Of willows grey, close crowding o'er the brook.

287 Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
288 Evading e'en the microscopic eye?
289 Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
290 Of animals, or atoms organized,
291 Waiting the vital breath, when parent Heaven
292 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
293 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
294 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
295 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
296 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
297 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
298 Within its winding citadel, the stone
299 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
300 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
301 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
302 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
303 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool

304 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
305 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
306 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
307 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
308 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
309 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
310 Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
311 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
312 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
313 The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
314 In worlds inclosed should on his senses burst,
315 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
316 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
317 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

318 Let no presuming impious railer tax
319 Creative Wisdom, as if ought was form'd
320 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
321 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
322 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
323 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
324 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
325 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art!
326 A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
327 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
328 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
329 And lives the man, whose universal eye
330 Has swept at once the unbounded scheme of things;
331 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
332 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
333 That this availeth nought? Has any seen
334 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
335 From Infinite Perfection to the brink
336 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
337 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
338 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
339 And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
340 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
341 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

342 Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
343 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolved,
344 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
345 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
346 E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
347 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
348 A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
349 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
350 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
351 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

352 Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
353 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
354 Healthful and strong; full as the summer-rose
355 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
356 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
357 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
358 E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands
359 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
360 O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
361 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
362 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
363 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
364 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
365 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
366 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
367 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
368 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
369 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
370 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

371 Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
372 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
373 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
374 Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
375 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
376 Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
377 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
378 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
379 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
380 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
381 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
382 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
383 And panting labour to the farthest shore.
384 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
385 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt,
386 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
387 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
388 Slow more the harmless race: where, as they spread
389 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
390 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
391 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
392 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
393 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
394 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
395 Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
396 Head above head: and ranged in lusty rows
397 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
398 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
399 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
400 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
401 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays

402 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
403 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
404 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
405 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
406 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
407 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
408 To stamp the master's cypher ready stand;
409 Others the unwilling wether drag along;
410 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
411 Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
412 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
413 By needy man, that all-depending lord,
414 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
415 What softness in its melancholy face,
416 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
417 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
418 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
419 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
420 Who having now, to pay his annual care,
421 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
422 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

423 A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
424 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
425 The exalted stores of every brighter clime,
426 The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
427 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
428 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
429 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,
430 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
431 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

432 'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
433 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
434 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
435 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
436 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
437 In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
438 Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
439 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
440 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
441 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
442 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
443 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
444 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
445 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
446 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
447 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
448 The very streams look languid from afar;
449 Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
450 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

451 All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
452 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
453 Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
454 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
455 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
456 And restless turn, and look around for night;
457 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
458 Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
459 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
460 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
461 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
462 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
463 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
464 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
465 Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
466 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
467 And every passion aptly harmonized,
468 Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.
469 Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
470 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
471 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
472 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
473 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
474 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
475 Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink.
476 Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
477 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
478 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
479 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

480 Around the adjoining brook, that purls along
481 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
482 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
483 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
484 Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
485 A various group the herds and flocks compose,
486 Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
487 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
488 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
489 The circling surface. In the middle droops
490 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
491 Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
492 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
493 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
494 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
495 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
496 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
497 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
498 Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
499 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;

500 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
501 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
502 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
503 Through all the bright severity of noon;
504 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
505 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

506 Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,
507 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
508 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
509 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effused,
510 Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
511 And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,
512 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
513 Bears down the opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
514 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
515 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

516 Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
517 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
518 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
519 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
520 Solemn and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
521 And all is awful listening gloom around.

522 These are the haunts of Meditation, these
523 The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath,
524 Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retired,
525 Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,
526 On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
527 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
528 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
529 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
530 For future trials fated to prepare;
531 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
532 His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
533 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
534 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
535 But foremost when engaged) to turn the death;
536 And numberless such offices of love,
537 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

538 Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
539 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
540 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-roused, I feel
541 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
542 Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, me-thinks,
543 A voice than human more, the abstracted ear
544 Of fancy strikes:---"Be not of us afraid,
545 Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
546 From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,

547 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
548 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
549 Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
550 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
551 Where purity and peace immingle charms.
552 Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
553 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
554 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
555 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
556 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
557 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
558 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
559 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
560 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
561 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
562 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
563 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

564 And art thou, Stanley, ¹ of that sacred band?
565 Alas, for us too soon! though raised above
566 The reach of human pain, above the flight
567 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
568 Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel
569 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
570 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
571 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
572 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
573 Inspired: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
574 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
575 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
576 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
577 Or rather to Parental Nature pay
578 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
579 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
580 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
581 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
582 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
583 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
584 Through endless ages, into higher powers.

585 Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapt,
586 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
587 Of a near fall of water every sense
588 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
589 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

590 Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
591 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
592 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
593 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
594 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;

595 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
596 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
597 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
598 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
599 Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:
600 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
601 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
602 Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
603 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
604 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
605 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
606 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

607 Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
608 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
609 With upward pinions through the flood of day;
610 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
611 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
612 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
613 Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
614 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
615 The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
616 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
617 Short interval of weary woe! again
618 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
619 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
620 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
621 A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

622 Beside the dewy border let me sit,
623 All in the freshness of the humid air:
624 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
625 An ample chair moss-lined, and over head
626 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
627 Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm
628 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

629 Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
630 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
631 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
632 And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
633 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,
634 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
635 See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
636 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
637 The short-lived twilight; and with ardent blaze
638 Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
639 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
640 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
641 The general breeze ², to mitigate his fire,
642 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

643 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
644 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
645 Returning suns and double seasons ³ pass:
646 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
647 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
648 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
649 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
650 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
651 Or to the far horizon wide diffused,
652 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
653 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
654 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
655 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
656 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
657 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
658 Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
659 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
660 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
661 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
662 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

663 Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
664 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
665 With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
666 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined
667 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
668 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
669 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
670 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
671 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
672 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
673 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
674 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
675 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
676 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
677 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
678 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
679 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
680 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
681 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
682 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
683 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
684 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
685 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride
686 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
687 The poets imaged in the golden age:
688 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
689 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

690 From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
691 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,

692 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
693 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
694 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
695 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
696 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
697 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
698 Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
699 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
700 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

701 Along these lonely regions, where, retired
702 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
703 In awful solitude, and nought is seen
704 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
705 Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
706 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
707 Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
708 Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
709 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail
710 Behemoth ⁴ rears his head. Glanced from his side,
711 The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
712 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
713 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
714 In widening circle round, forget their food,
715 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

716 Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
717 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
718 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
719 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
720 High raised in solemn theatre around,
721 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
722 O truly wise, with gentle might endow'd,
723 Though powerful, not destructive! here he sees
724 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
725 And empires rise and fall; regardless he
726 Of what the never-resting race of men
727 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
728 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
729 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
730 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
731 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
732 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

733 Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
734 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
735 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
736 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
737 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
738 Profusely pours. ⁵ But, if she bids them shine,
739 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,

740 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
741 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
742 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
743 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
744 While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
745 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
746 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

747 But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
748 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
749 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
750 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
751 The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
752 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
753 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
754 Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;
755 No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
756 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
757 And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
758 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
759 Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range,
760 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
761 From jasmine grove to grove mayst wander gay,
762 Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
763 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
764 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
765 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
766 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
767 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
768 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
769 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
770 And gardens smile around, and cultured fields;
771 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
772 Securely stray; a world within itself,
773 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
774 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
775 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
776 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
777 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
778 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
779 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
780 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
781 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
782 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
783 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

784 How changed the scene! in blazing height of noon,
785 The sun, oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.
786 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
787 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
788 For to the hot equator crowding fast,

789 Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
790 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
791 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
792 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
793 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
794 With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.
795 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed
796 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
797 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
798 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
799 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
800 Till, in the furious elemental war
801 Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
802 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

803 The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
804 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
805 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
806 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
807 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
808 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
809 There, by the naiads nursed, he sports away
810 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
811 That with unfading verdure smile around.
812 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
813 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
814 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
815 Winds in progressive majesty along:
816 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
817 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
818 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
819 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
820 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
821 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

822 His brother Niger too, and all the floods
823 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
824 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
825 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous
826 Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar;
827 From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
828 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
829 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
830 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
831 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

832 Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
833 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
834 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
835 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
836 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,

837 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
838 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
839 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
840 The mighty Orellana. ^z Scarce the Muse
841 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
842 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
843 The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
844 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
845 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
846 In silent dignity they sweep along,
847 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
848 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
849 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
850 Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
851 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
852 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
853 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
854 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
855 By christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
856 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
857 Whose vanquish'd tide recoiling from the shock,
858 Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
859 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

860 But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
861 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
862 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
863 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
864 By vagrant birds dispersed and wafting winds,
865 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
866 The ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
867 Their forests yield? their toiling insects what?
868 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
869 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
870 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
871 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
872 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
873 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
874 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
875 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
876 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
877 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
878 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
879 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
880 Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
881 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
882 And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
883 Sustains the name and dignity of man:
884 These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
885 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
886 And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom

887 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
888 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
889 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
890 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
891 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
892 The heart-shed tear, the ineffable delight
893 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
894 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
895 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
896 There lost. The very brute-creation there
897 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

898 Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
899 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
900 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
901 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
902 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,
903 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue
904 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
905 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
906 Or shivering flies or check'd at distance stands,
907 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
908 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
909 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
910 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
911 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
912 This child of vengeful Nature! there, sublimed
913 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
914 Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
915 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
916 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
917 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
918 The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
919 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
920 And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
921 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
922 These, rushing from the inhospitable woods
923 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
924 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
925 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
926 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
927 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
928 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
929 Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
930 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease
931 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
932 The coming rage. The awaken'd village starts;
933 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
934 Her thoughtless infant. From the pyrate's den,
935 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escaped,
936 The wretch half wishes for his bonds again:

937 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
938 From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

939 Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
940 Society, cut off, is left alone
941 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
942 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
943 And views the main that ever toils below;
944 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
945 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
946 Ships, dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds;
947 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
948 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
949 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
950 And hiss continual through the tedious night.
951 Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
952 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
953 And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retired,
954 Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
955 Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
956 And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
957 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
958 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

959 Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
960 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
961 Let loose the raging elements. Breathed hot
962 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
963 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
964 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
965 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
966 Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
967 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
968 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
969 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
970 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
971 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;
972 Till, with the general all-involving storm
973 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
974 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
975 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
976 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
977 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
978 The impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
979 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

980 But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
981 Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.
982 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
983 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
984 The circling Typhon⁸, whirl'd from point to point,

985 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 986 And dire Ecnephia ⁹ reign. Amid the heavens,
 987 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck ¹⁰
 988 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
 989 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 990 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 991 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 992 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 993 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 994 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 995 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 996 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 997 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 998 Art is too slow: by rapid fate oppress'd,
 999 His broad-winged vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 1000 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 1001 With such mad seas the daring Gama ¹¹ fought,
 1002 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 1003 Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape;
 1004 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 1005 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged
 1006 The rising world of trade: the Genius, then,
 1007 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 1008 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 1009 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 1010 The Lusitanian Prince; ¹² who, Heaven-inspired,
 1011 To love of useful glory roused mankind,
 1012 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
 1013 Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 1014 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 1015 Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
 1016 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 1017 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 1018 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 1019 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 1020 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
 1021 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
 1022 The stormy fates descend: one death involves
 1023 Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
 1024 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 1025 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

1026 When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 1027 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 1028 And draws the copious stream: from swampy fens,
 1029 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 1030 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
 1031 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 1032 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 1033 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 1034 Has ever dared to pierce; then, wasteful, forth

1035 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease.
 1036 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 1037 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 1038 And feeble desolation, casting down
 1039 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 1040 Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
 1041 The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
 1042 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
 1043 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
 1044 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 1045 The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
 1046 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
 1047 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;
 1048 Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
 1049 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 1050 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 1051 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

1052 What need I mention those inclement skies,
 1053 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 1054 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 1055 Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
 1056 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 1057 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 1058 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 1059 The brutes escape: Man is her destined prey,
 1060 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
 1061 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 1062 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 1063 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 1064 With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,
 1065 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 1066 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
 1067 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 1068 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 1069 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 1070 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
 1071 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 1072 The cheerful haunt of men: unless escaped
 1073 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
 1074 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
 1075 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 1076 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
 1077 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 1078 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 1079 Fearing to turn, abhors society:
 1080 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
 1081 Savaged by woe, forget the tender tie,
 1082 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 1083 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 1084 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;

1085 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
1086 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
1087 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
1088 Extends her raven wing: while, to complete
1089 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
1090 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
1091 And give the flying wretch a better death.

1092 Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
1093 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
1094 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
1095 Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
1096 The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
1097 And, roused within the subterranean world,
1098 The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
1099 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
1100 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
1101 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
1102 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

1103 Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
1104 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
1105 The full possession of the sky, surcharged
1106 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
1107 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
1108 Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
1109 Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
1110 With various-tinctured trains of latent flame,
1111 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
1112 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
1113 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal roused,
1114 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
1115 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
1116 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
1117 Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
1118 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
1119 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
1120 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
1121 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
1122 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
1123 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
1124 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
1125 Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
1126 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
1127 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
1128 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
1129 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
1130 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
1131 And following slower, in explosion vast,
1132 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
1133 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,

1134 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
1135 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
1136 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
1137 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
1138 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
1139 And opens wider; shuts and opens still
1140 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
1141 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
1142 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
1143 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

1144 Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
1145 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
1146 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
1147 The unconquerable lightning struggles through,
1148 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
1149 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
1150 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
1151 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
1152 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
1153 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
1154 They wore alive, and ruminating still
1155 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
1156 And ox half-raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
1157 The venerable tower and spiry fane
1158 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
1159 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
1160 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
1161 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
1162 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
1163 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
1164 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
1165 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
1166 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
1167 Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
1168 And Thulè bellows through her utmost isles.

1169 Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
1170 And yet not always on the guilty head
1171 Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
1172 And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
1173 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
1174 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
1175 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
1176 And his the radiance of the risen day.

1177 They lov'd: but such the guileless passion was,
1178 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
1179 Of innocence and undissembling truth.
1180 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish;
1181 The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,

1182 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
1183 To love, each was to each a dearer self;
1184 Supremely happy in the awaken'd power
1185 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
1186 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
1187 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
1188 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

1189 So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
1190 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
1191 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
1192 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
1193 While, with each other blest, creative love
1194 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
1195 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved
1196 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
1197 Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
1198 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
1199 In vain assuring love, and confidence
1200 In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
1201 Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
1202 The unequal conflict, and as angels look
1203 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
1204 With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
1205 "Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
1206 And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
1207 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
1208 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
1209 That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
1210 Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
1211 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
1212 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
1213 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
1214 To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
1215 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
1216 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
1217 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
1218 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
1219 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
1220 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
1221 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
1222 For ever silent and for ever sad.

1223 As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
1224 Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
1225 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
1226 A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
1227 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
1228 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
1229 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
1230 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,

1231 Invests the fields; and nature smiles revived.
 1232 'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 1233 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 1234 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
 1235 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 1236 Most-favour'd! who with voice articulate
 1237 Should lead the chorus of this lower world;
 1238 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 1239 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 1240 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked,
 1241 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 1242 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

 1243 Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 1244 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 1245 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
 1246 Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid
 1247 To meditate the blue profound below;
 1248 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 1249 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 1250 Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,
 1251 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 1252 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 1253 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
 1254 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 1255 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

 1256 This is the purest exercise of health,
 1257 The kind refresher of the << ■ summer >> -heats;
 1258 Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
 1259 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 1260 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
 1261 By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
 1262 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
 1263 Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
 1264 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
 1265 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
 1266 Even from the body's purity the mind
 1267 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

 1268 Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
 1269 Where, winded into pleasing solitudes,
 1270 Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
 1271 Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.
 1272 There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 1273 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
 1274 Among the bending willows, falsely he
 1275 Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
 1276 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast
 1277 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,

1278 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
1279 In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
1280 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
1281 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
1282 He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
1283 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
1284 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
1285 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
1286 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
1287 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
1288 This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
1289 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
1290 And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
1291 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
1292 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
1293 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
1294 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
1295 A delicate refinement, known to few,
1296 Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:
1297 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
1298 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
1299 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
1300 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
1301 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
1302 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
1303 Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
1304 Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
1305 The rival-goddesses the veil divine
1306 Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
1307 Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
1308 And slender foot, the inverted silk she drew;
1309 As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone:
1310 And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast,
1311 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
1312 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
1313 How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
1314 As from her naked limbs of glowing white,
1315 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
1316 In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn;
1317 And fair exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,
1318 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
1319 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
1320 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
1321 Its lovely guest with closing waves received;
1322 And every beauty softening, every grace
1323 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
1324 As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
1325 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
1326 Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows,
1327 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
1328 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,

1329 That half-embraced her in a humid veil,
1330 Rising again, the latent Damon drew
1331 Such madening draughts of beauty to the soul,
1332 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
1333 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
1334 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
1335 The theft profane, if aught profane to love
1336 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
1337 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
1338 Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
1339 With trembling hand he threw:---'Bathe on, my fair,
1340 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
1341 Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
1342 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
1343 And each licentious eye.' With wild surprise,
1344 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
1345 A stupid moment motionless she stood:
1346 So stands the statue ¹³ that enchants the world,
1347 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
1348 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
1349 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
1350 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
1351 In careless haste, the alarming paper snatch'd.
1352 But, when her Damon's well known hand she saw,
1353 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
1354 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,
1355 Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,
1356 The charming blush of innocence, esteem,
1357 And admiration of her lover's flame,
1358 By modesty exalted: e'en a sense
1359 Of self-approving beauty stole across
1360 Her busy thought. At length a tender calm
1361 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
1362 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
1363 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
1364 Of rural lovers this confession carved,
1365 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
1366 'Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
1367 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
1368 Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
1369 Discreet: the time may come you need not fly.'

1370 The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
1371 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
1372 And vital lustre; that with various ray
1373 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven,
1374 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
1375 The dream of waking fancy! broad below,
1376 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
1377 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
1378 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour

1379 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
1380 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
1381 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
1382 And in pathetic song to breathe around
1383 The harmony to others. Social friends,
1384 Attuned to happy unison of soul;
1385 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
1386 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
1387 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
1388 With philosophic stores, superior light;
1389 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
1390 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
1391 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
1392 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
1393 To Nature's vast Lyceum forth they walk;
1394 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
1395 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
1396 Improving and improved. Now from the world,
1397 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
1398 And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
1399 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
1400 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
1401 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
1402 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
1403 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
1404 Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
1405 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
1406 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
1407 Thy hill, delightful Shene? ¹⁴ Here let us sweep
1408 The boundless landscape: now the raptured eye,
1409 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
1410 Now to the Sister-Hills ¹⁵ that skirt her plain,
1411 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
1412 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
1413 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
1414 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
1415 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
1416 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
1417 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
1418 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
1419 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
1420 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
1421 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
1422 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
1423 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
1424 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames;
1425 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
1426 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
1427 The healing God; ¹⁶ to royal Hampton's pile,
1428 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
1429 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced

1430 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
1431 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
1432 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
1433 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
1434 O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
1435 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
1436 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

1437 Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
1438 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
1439 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
1440 The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
1441 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
1442 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
1443 Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
1444 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

1445 Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
1446 Thy streams unfailing in the << ■ Summer >> 's drought;
1447 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
1448 With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
1449 Bleat numberless! while, roving round their sides,
1450 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
1451 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
1452 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
1453 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
1454 And property assures it to the swain,
1455 Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

1456 Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;
1457 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
1458 Mingling are heard; e'en Drudgery himself,
1459 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
1460 The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
1461 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
1462 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
1463 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
1464 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
1465 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

1466 Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
1467 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,
1468 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
1469 Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
1470 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
1471 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
1472 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
1473 For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
1474 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
1475 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
1476 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource

1477 Of those that under grim oppression groan.
 1478 Thy sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
 1479 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 1480 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 1481 Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
 1482 And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
 1483 With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
 1484 Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
 1485 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 1486 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
 1487 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 1488 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
 1489 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 1490 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 1491 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 1492 A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
 1493 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine,
 1494 A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 1495 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 1496 Then flamed thy spirit high: but who can speak
 1497 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
 1498 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
 1499 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
 1500 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd,
 1501 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 1502 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 1503 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 1504 Then active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 1505 Explored the vast extent of ages past,
 1506 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
 1507 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 1508 So glorious, or so base, as those he proved,
 1509 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 1510 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 1511 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 1512 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 1513 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
 1514 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 1515 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
 1516 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 1517 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 1518 Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulged,
 1519 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 1520 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 1521 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 1522 The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
 1523 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 1524 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 1525 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
 1526 In loose inglorious luxury. With him

1527 His friend, the British Cassius, ¹⁷ fearless bled;
1528 Of high determined spirit, roughly brave,
1529 By ancient learning to the enlighten'd love
1530 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
1531 In awful sages and in noble bards;
1532 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
1533 Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song.
1534 Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
1535 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
1536 And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
1537 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
1538 To urge his course: him for the studious shade
1539 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
1540 Exact, and elegant: in one rich soul,
1541 Plato, the Stagyrice, and Tully join'd.
1542 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
1543 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
1544 Let forth the true Philosophy, there long
1545 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
1546 And definitions void: he led her forth,
1547 Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
1548 Investigating sure the chain of things,
1549 With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
1550 The generous Ashley ¹⁸ thine, the friend of man;
1551 Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
1552 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
1553 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
1554 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
1555 Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
1556 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
1557 The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
1558 Who made the whole internal world his own?
1559 Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
1560 To mortals lent, to trace His boundless works
1561 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
1562 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
1563 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
1564 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
1565 Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?
1566 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
1567 Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
1568 A genius universal as his theme;
1569 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
1570 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime!
1571 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
1572 The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
1573 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
1574 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
1575 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
1576 Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
1577 Well moralized, shines through the gothic cloud

1578 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

1579 May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
1580 Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
1581 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
1582 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
1583 Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
1584 Where the live crimson, through the native white
1585 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
1586 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
1587 Like the red rose bud moist with morning dew,
1588 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
1589 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
1590 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
1591 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
1592 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
1593 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

1594 Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
1595 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
1596 At once the wonder, terror, and delight
1597 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
1598 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
1599 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
1600 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

1601 O Thou! by whose Almighty nod the scale
1602 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
1603 Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
1604 In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
1605 The tender-looking Charity, intent
1606 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
1607 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind:
1608 Courage composed, and keen; sound Temperance,
1609 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
1610 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
1611 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
1612 Rough Industry; Activity untired,
1613 With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
1614 While in the radiant front, superior shines
1615 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
1616 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
1617 And, ever musing on the common weal,
1618 Still labours glorious with some great design.

1619 Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
1620 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
1621 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
1622 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
1623 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
1624 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers

1625 Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
1626 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
1627 Now half-immersed; and now a golden curve
1628 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

1629 For ever running an enchanted round,
1630 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
1631 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
1632 This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
1633 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
1634 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
1635 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
1636 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
1637 Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,
1638 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
1639 A drooping family of modest worth.
1640 But to the generous still-improving mind,
1641 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
1642 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
1643 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
1644 To him the long review of order'd life
1645 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

1646 Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
1647 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
1648 Her wonted station in the middle air;
1649 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
1650 She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
1651 Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
1652 In circle following circle, gathers round,
1653 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
1654 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
1655 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
1656 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
1657 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
1658 A whitening shower of vegetable down
1659 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
1660 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
1661 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
1662 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

1663 His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
1664 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
1665 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
1666 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
1667 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
1668 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
1669 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
1670 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
1671 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
1672 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,

1673 In various game, and revelry, to pass
1674 The summer night, as village-stories tell.
1675 But far about they wander from the grave
1676 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged
1677 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
1678 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
1679 Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
1680 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

1681 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
1682 The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
1683 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
1684 The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
1685 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd
1686 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
1687 Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
1688 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
1689 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
1690 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
1691 The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
1692 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
1693 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
1694 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
1695 Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
1696 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
1697 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.
1698 As thus the effulgence tremulous I drink,
1699 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
1700 Across the sky; or horizontal dart
1701 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
1702 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
1703 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
1704 The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
1705 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
1706 Returning, with accelerated course,
1707 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
1708 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
1709 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
1710 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
1711 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
1712 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith

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1713 And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
1714 Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
1715 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
1716 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
1717 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
1718 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;

1719 While, from his far excursion through the wilds
1720 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
1721 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
1722 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
1723 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
1724 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
1725 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
1726 Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
1727 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
1728 To light up worlds, and feed the eternal fire.

1729 With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
1730 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
1731 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
1732 A lustre shedding o'er the ennobled mind,
1733 Stronger than  summer-noon; and pure as that,
1734 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
1735 New to the dawning of celestial day.
1736 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
1737 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
1738 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
1739 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
1740 The heights of science and of virtue gains,
1741 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
1742 Or in the starry regions, or the abyss,
1743 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
1744 The First up-tracing, from the dreary void,
1745 The chain of causes and effects to Him,
1746 The world-producing Essence, who alone
1747 Possesses being; while the Last receives
1748 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
1749 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
1750 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
1751 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

1752 Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
1753 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
1754 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
1755 Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
1756 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

1757 Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
1758 A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
1759 In quest of prey; and with the unfashion'd fur
1760 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
1761 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
1762 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
1763 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
1764 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
1765 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
1766 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow

1767 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 1768 The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
 1769 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 1770 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 1771 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 1772 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 1773 Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
 1774 Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
 1775 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 1776 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 1777 Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
 1778 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
 1779 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 1780 Swells out, and bears the inferior world along.

1781 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 1782 Poorly confined, the radiant tracts on high
 1783 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 1784 Creation through; and, from that full complex
 1785 Of never ending wonders, to conceive
 1786 Of the Sole Being right, who spoke the Word,
 1787 And Nature moved complete. With inward view,
 1788 Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
 1789 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 1790 The obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 1791 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 1792 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 1793 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
 1794 To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 1795 And notion quite abstract; where first begins
 1796 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 1797 Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 1798 (So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep.
 1799 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 1800 In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
 1801 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 1802 The final issue of the works of God,
 1803 By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
 1804 And ever rising with the rising mind.

NOTES

[^] [Footnote 1

A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738, upon whom Thomson wrote an Epitaph.

[^] [Footnote 2

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.

^ [Footnote 3

In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

^ [Footnote 4

The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

^ [Footnote 5

In all the regions of the torrid zone the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

^ [Footnote 6

The river that runs through Siam: on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects, called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

^ [Footnote 7

The river of the Amazons.

^ [Footnote 8

Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

^ [Footnote 9

Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

^ [Footnote 10

Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

^ [Footnote 11

Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

^ [Footnote 12

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 improvements in navigation.

^ [Footnote 13

The Venus of Medici.

^ [Footnote 14

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

^ [Footnote 15

Highgate and Hampstead.

^ [Footnote 16

In his last sickness.

^ [Footnote 17

Algernon Sidney.

^ [Footnote 18

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.