To the REV. MR. NEWTON.

it narmony, tis far

the salpit hideness and old against

An Invitation into the Country.

Age the regression declening

THE swallows in their torpid state,

Compose their useless wing,

And bees in hives as idly wait

The call of early spring.

A spairs confightionate . 2 blind

The keenest frost that binds the stream,

The wildest wind that blows,

Are neither felt nor sear'd by them,

Secure of their repose.

3.

cit has the heartest pone, of his

to much abstraction A

But man all feeling and awake

The gloomy scene surveys,

With present ills his heart must ach,

And pant for brighter days.

4.

Old winter halting o'er the mead,

Bids me and Mary mourn,

But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,

And whispers your return.

Compose dreft usola 5. alogano

Then April with her fifter May,

Shall chafe him from the bow'rs,

And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,

To crown the smiling hours.

The wilded wind shar blower.

And if a tear that speaks regret

Of happier times appear,

A glimpse of joy that we have met

Shall shine, and dry the tear.

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