

A  
MORNING PIECE,  
OR,  
An HYMN for the HAY-MAKERS.

O D E I.

Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis  
Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare.

LUCRET.

**B**RISK chaunticleer his mattins had begun,  
And broke the silence of the night,  
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,  
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;  
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.  
Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,  
And stoutly strode over the dale,  
He lent new perfumes to breath of the south,  
On his back hung his wallet and flail.  
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,  
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First

First of the village Colin was awake,  
And thus he fung, reclining on his rake.

Now the rural graces three  
Dance beneath yon maple tree;  
First the vestal Virtue, known  
By her adamantine zone;  
Next to her in rosy pride,  
Sweet Society, the bride;  
Last Honesty, full seemly drest  
In her cleanly home-spun vest.

The abby bells in wak'ning rounds  
The warning peal have giv'n;  
And pious Gratitude refounds  
Her morning hymn to heav'n.

All nature wakes---the birds unlock their throats,  
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.

• All alive o'er the lawn,  
Full glad of the dawn,  
The little lambkins play,  
Sylvia and Sol arise,---and all is day---

Come, my mates, let us work,  
And all hands to the fork,  
While the Sun shines, our Hay-cocks to make,  
So fine is the Day,  
And so fragrant the Hay,  
That the Meadow's as blithe as the Wake.





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Our voices let's raise  
 In Phœbus's praise,  
 Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,  
 Our musical words  
 Shall be join'd by the birds,  
 And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

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A

N O O N - P I E C E ;

O R,

The M O W E R S at Dinner.

O D E II.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,  
 Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi  
 Dumeta Silvani, caretque  
 Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

HOR.

**T**HE Sun is now too radiant to behold,  
 And vehement he sheds his liquid Rays of Gold ;  
 No cloud appears thro' all the wide expanse ;  
 And short, but yet distinct and clear,  
 To the wanton whistling air  
 The mimic shadows dance.

C

Fat