

thou stand

Workman's hand ;
of Sap is spent,

mer's Ornament ;
that vainly strive

lefs whilst alive,

Hour attend,

grace thy End ;

length together call,

ing-Dews may spare,

art their Care ;

nt Heroes, burn,

arth be made thy Urn.

A Nocturnal Réverie.

IN such a *Night*, when every louder Wind
Is to its distant Cavern safe confin'd ;
And only gentle *Zephyr* fans his Wings,
And lonely *Philomel*, still waking, sings ;
Or from some Tree, fam'd for the *Owl*'s delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'r'r right :
In such a *Night*, when passing Clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the Heav'n's mysterious Face ;
When in some River, overhung with Green,
The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are seen ;
When freshen'd Grass now bears it self upright,
And makes cool Banks to pleasing Rest invite,
Whence springs the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble*-
[Rose,
And where the sleepy *Cowslip* shelter'd grows ;
Whilst now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes,
Yet chequers still with Red the dusky brakes ;
When scatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,
Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to shine ;
Whilst

Whilſt Salis'bry stands the Test of every Light,
In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright :
When Odours, which declin'd, repelling Day,
Thro' temp'rare Air uninterrupted stray; ¹
When darken'd Groves their softest Shadows wear,
And falling Waters we distinctly hear ; ² ~~lenol ha~~
When thro' the Gloom more venerable shows ¹⁰
Some ancient Fabrick, awful in Repose, ² ~~2~~
While Sunburnt Hills their swarthy Looks conceal,
And swelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale : ¹⁰
When the loos'd Horse now, as his Pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' th' adjoining Meads,
Whose stealing Pace, and lengthen'd Shade we
Till torn up Forage in his Teeth we hear : ^[fear]
When nibbling Sheep at large pursue their Food,
And unmoleſted Kine rechew the Cud ; ¹⁰ ~~for~~
When Curlews cry beneath the Village-walls ; ¹⁰
And to her straggling Brood the Partridge calls ;
Their shortliv'd Jubilee the Creatures keep,
Which but endures, whilſt Tyrant-Man do's sleep : ¹⁰
When

When a sedate
And no fierce
But silent M
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Till the free
Finding the I
Over all below
In such a Ni
Joys in th' in
Till Morning
Our Cares, ou
Or Pleasures,
When nibbling S
And unmoleſte
When Curlew
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When

the Test of every Light,
and perfect Virtue bright;
declin'd repell'n Day, [I]
uninterrupt'd stray; [i]
at their softest Shadowswear,
we distinctly hear; [and ha]
m more venerable shows [10]
, awful in Repose, [and 21]
their swarthy Looks conceal,
ks thicken up the Vale: [10]
is now, as his Pasture leads,
g thro' th' adjoining Meads,
and lengthen'd Shade we

[fear]
n his Teeth we hear:
it large pursue their Food,
e rechew the Cud; [dix 10]
n beneath the Village-walls,
neath the Partridge calls;
g Brood the Creatures keep,
ile the Tyrant-Mando's sleep:
whilst T

Miscellany POEMS.

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When a sedate Content the Spirit feels,
And no fierce Light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent Musings urge the Mind to seek
Something, too high for Syllables to speak;
Till the free Soul to a compos'dness charm'd,
Finding the Elements of Rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn Quiet grown, [Own:
Joys in th' inferiour World, and thinks it like her
In such a Night let Me abroad remain,
Till Morning breaks, and All's confus'd again;
Our Cares, our Toils, our Clamours are renew'd,
Or Pleasures, seldom reach'd, again purſu'd.

In his Teeth we hear:
it large pursue their Food,
e rechew the Cud; [dix 10]
n beneath the Village-walls,
neath the Partridge calls;
g Brood the Creatures keep,
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whilst T

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