

SONNET XXXI.

Written on Farm Wood, South Downs, May, 1784.

SPRING's dewy hand on this fair summit weaves
The downy grafs, with tufts of Alpine flow'rs, 2
And shades the beechen slopes with tender leaves,
And leads the shepherd to his upland bow'rs,
Strewn with wild thyme ; while slow descending show'rs,
Feed the green ear, and nurse the future sheaves !
—Ah ! blest the hind, whom no sad thought bereaves
Of the gay Season's pleasures !—All his hours
To wholesome labour giv'n, or thoughtless mirth ;
No pangs of sorrow past, or coming dread,
Bend his unconscious spirit down to earth,
Or chase calm slumbers from his careless head !
Ah ! What to me can those dear days restore,
When scenes could charm, that now I taste no more !
