

Than all her witlefs revels happier far ;
 Thefe deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail !
 From thee began, auspicious maid, my fong,
 With thee fhall end : for thou art fairer far
 Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's moffy grot ;
 To loftier rapture thou canft wake the thought,
 Than all the fabling Poet's boasted pow'rs.
 Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,
 Once, in his ev'ning-walk a Druid found,
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;
 And piteous bore with hofpitable hand
 To the clofe fhelter of his oaken bow'r.
 There foon the fage admiring mark'd the dawn
 Of folemn mufing in your penfive thought ;
 For when a fmiling babe, you lov'd to lie
 Oft deeply lift'ning to the rapid roar
 Of wood-hung Meinai, ftream of Druids old,
 That lav'd his hallow'd haunt with dafhing wave.

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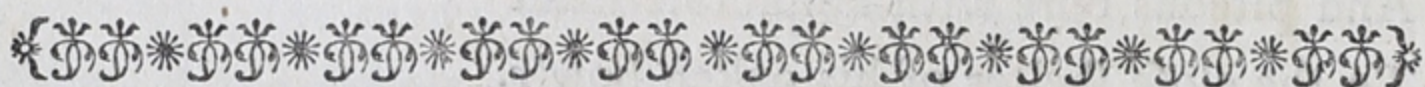
A SONNET; written at W—————DE
 in the Abfence of ———.

By the Same.

W————DE, thy beechen fopes with waving grain
 Border'd, thine azure views of wood and lawn,
 Whilom could charm, or when the joyous Dawn
 'Gan Night's dun robe with flushing purple ftain,

Or

Or Evening drove to fold her woolly train ;
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the Buskin's stately strain ;
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn
 Nor prospects charm, since He far-distant strays
 With whom I trac'd their sweets each eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recall those happier days.



On BATHING.

A SONNET.

By the Same.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
 Fair HEALTH, a Dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Rejoyc'd to rove 'mid the bleak sylvan scene,
 On airy uplands caught the fragrant gale,
 And ere fresh morn the low-couch'd lark did hail
 Watching the sound of earliest horn was seen.
 But since gay Summer, thron'd in chariot sheen,
 Is come to scorch each primrose sprinkled dale,