

Hear larks that soaring sing on high,
Their matchless carols to the sky,
Responsive songs, from spray to spray,
Regale the ear, while lambkins play ;
At once affording sweet delight
To nicest ear and sense of sight.

Yet once again I change my theme,
To social converse, joy supreme :
The hospitable man of pray'r
Invites, his friendly boon to share ;
List'ning, as we proceed along,
To heav'n's pure tone—the human tongue,
Well taught and in a nat'ral strain,
Which here about is hard to gain.
Through daisied fields in green array,
This music wiles the hours away,
Like solo of the sweetest sound,
Till we approach the Parson's ground.
His mansion in the vale before us,
Affords fine opening for a chorus :
The deep violoncello I play'd,
And rustic spirits merry made ;
With moral songs and pious airs,
We thus allay'd our varied cares.
Inspir'd with love of sacred sound,
The shepherd call'd his flock around,
Unwilling to enjoy the treat,
Without his charge around his seat ;