

Pointed my eye, while from his gentle
tongue
Fell old traditions of his country's woe.
Where now shall Incilanda seek him?
Hence,
Defenceless mourner, ere the dreary night
Wrap thee in added horror. Oh, Def-
pair,
How eagerly thou rend'st the heart! She
pines
In anguish deep, and sullen: Luco's
soul
Pursues her, lives in restless thought, and
chides
Soft consolation. Banish'd from his arms,
She seeks the cold embrace of death; her
soul
Escapes in one sad sigh. Too hapless
maid!
Yet happier far than he thou lov'st; his
tear,
His sigh, his groan avail not, for they plead
Most weakly with a Christian. Sink, thou
wretch,
Whose act shall on the cheek of Albion's
sons
Throw Shame's red blush; thou, who hast
frighted far
Those simple wretches from thy God, and
taught
Their erring minds to mourn his partial
love,
Profusely pour'd on thee, while they are
left
Neglected to thy mercy. Thus deceiv'd,
How doubly dark must be their road to
death!

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

RECLIN'D yon glistering mead along,
The primrose and the violet,
The daffodil with drooping head,
The daisy ermin'd, freak'd with jet;
Shall wreath for me an od'rous bed,
While the dun cuckoo coos his distant
song.

Untutor'd gladner of the grove!
Responsive to thy rustick note,
The lark his Martin choral rings,
The black-bird from the plumb-tree
sings,
And the blithe linnet strains his tender
throat:—
Ploughman hoarse approach not nigh,
Nor milkmaid, heedless, rustling by,
Scare the blest harmony,
Nor break the gen'ral chain of joy and
love!

S O N G.

[From the new Opera of Marian.]

YE happy pairs, sincere and kind,
'Tis here you taste each joy refin'd;
Fair Truth and Love delight to dwell
At yonder cottage on the dell.

How dear sweet Marian's artless sighs
E'er's, the mild eloquence of eyes,
When Constaney's all-cheering ray
Drives every jealous thought away.

Light as the fairy-step at morn,
Swift passing o'er the unbending corn;
All other pleasures weakly move,
The heart awake to generous love.

Far hence be doubt and tender fears!
How blest the life which Love endears?
When Truth informs the glowing cheek,
O, Love! thy transports—who can speak?

S O N G

[From the same.]

HOW blest our condition! how jocund
our day!
Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
To range in sweet order the rows of new
hay,
To lead the stray lamb to the fold!

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we
love,
And guard her from noon's burning
beam;
To guide her dear steps, when she leads
thro' the grove
The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'er-
flows,
To wait while she rests on the stile;
To gather the king-cup, the woodbine, or
rose,
To make her a posy the while.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

HOW truly blest that virtuous swain,
Who can his passion's force restrain;
Who sees, unmov'd, the rich, the great,
Nor mourns his wayward, partial fate.
Free from wild noise, and partial strife,
He calmly treads the stage of life;
Contentment, balm of ev'ry care,
Still guards his soul from fell despair;
Within his breast he still can find
Heav'n's noblest gift—a peaceful mind.

CHRONI.