

O D E T O T H E S U N .

Prize P O E M at Batheaston, April 1779.

I.

L O R D of the Planets! in their course
 Thro' the long tracts of never-ceasing day,
 Who to their orbs, with matchless force,
 Bendest their rapid, wild, reluctant way;
 Tho' midst the vast and glitt'ring maze
 Of countless worlds, that round thee blaze,
 Small, dim, and cold, our little Earth appears,
 Thy life-enkindling light she shares:
 From the chill Pole's far-shining mountains froze,
 To sandy Afric's sultry shore,
 Wide o'er her plains thy living lustres stream,
 In Lapland's long pale day, and swart Numidia's beam.

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II. For