

Day's undisguis'd effulgent blaze
Adorns the Mead, or Mountain blue :
And Night, amid her train displays
Whole worlds revolving to the view.

Lone Contemplation, musing deep,
This vast stupendous vault explores :
These rolling Orbs—the roads they keep,
And Night's great Architect adores.

Nor burns the absent glare of day.
The glittering mead or warbler's song !
For what are birds, or meadows gay,
To all the dazzling, starry throng !

So, when the Salt's calm Eve draws
night,
With joy the voice of death he hears :
Heav'n opes upon his wond'ring eye,
And Earth's poor vision disappears.

M O R N I N G.

To a Sluggard.

SLEEP, sleep, thou Sluggard, fear to rise,
Not midn't for thee are morning skies ;
Thy midnight cup and aching head
Still bid thee hug thy frowzy bed ;
Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then for care I breathe a cure ;
You also breathe, but not so pure ;
I, the sweets of every lill,
You breathe a breath that helps to kill ;
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I hear the sky lark rise :
You also hear—you'r harsh town-cries ;
Be such thy lot, the while I rove
To hear the music of the grove :
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I catch the dappled trout ;
You also catch—but catch the gout ;
Whilst free from pain my limbs I use,
And led by pleasure, court the Muse,
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I view th' enamell'd fence ;
And find a charm from ev'ry fence ;
You also view where flow'rs bespread,
But on the fence that shields thy bed ;
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then, with spirits light and free,
I contemplate the busy BEE ;
By her pursuits, improv'd, I cry,
'Here, thou Sluggard, learn industry ;
Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss it be,
But leave the morning beams for me.

O then, while you the hours destroy,
Kind Nature fills my soul with joy ;
Presents her choicest bloom to see,
And points the wond'rous DEITY ;
Go, boast thy bliss, if bliss it be,
But leave the morning beams for me.

Whilst bloom and verdure dress the
thorn,
O let me breathe the breath of morn ;
And should you scorn my humble lay,
Go, Sluggard, sleep thy life away ;
Enjoy such bliss, if bliss it be,
Still leave the morning beams for me.

An ENQUIRY after CONTENTMENT.

O ! thou reserv'd celestial fair !
Come, and my sorrows heal ;
I seek thee with assiduous care,
Thy pleasing haunts reveal.

Dwell'st thou with them who rule the
globe !
Or with the rustick race ?
With them that wear the ermin'd robe ?
Or those who spurn a place ?

With the thrice benedict priest,
Who basks in opulence ?
Or with his curates, who subsist
On a bare competence ?

Art thou the sage physician's guide,
Who takes the enormous fee ?
Or joint'st thib on his patient's side,
T' alleviate misery ?

Dost thou attend the hero's sword,
Support the ribbon's blaze ?
Brood on the miser's countless hoard,
Or tag the poet's lays ?

Ask these, and ask ten thousand more,
Who own thee as a guest ;
Some absent good they all deplore,
Some wish still racks the breast.

Endless my search to find thee out,
Thro' mazes, and mazes here ;
Turn'd sceptick, I thy being doubt,
Confute me, and appear.

From