

How deeply drunk of all that men call good. 141
 Happiest of nations ! see thy mighty Lord,
 The parent and the guardian of the realm,
 Rejoicing to behold his people blest'd,
 Even as he sorrows to observe their woe. 145

Thus wand'ring on thro' Britain's vary'd bliss,
 Of late so blasted and embitter'd deep,
 By adverse schemes and inauspicious fields ;
 These joyous scenes, and peace now banished,
 Arising bright in one transporting view, 150
 Deceiv'd the anguish for my country's fate,
 And, for short season, stop'd the falling grief.
 So, when Aquarius rules th' inverted year,
 The heavens malign, the country spoil'd around,
 A wither'd waste, some shiv'ring swain by chance
 Lights on a flow'ry border, beauteous, flush'd, 156
 As by the breath of spring, with tend'rest care
 Of gardner, or of raptur'd florist, rais'd ;
 Wond'ring he stares, nor heeds the scouling storm
 Condensing round with congregated gloom, 160
 Till some rough blast, with spoiling fury arm'd,
 Shivers the scene, while sorrowing he retires.

Thus