

- Now the busy bee's employed',  
Sipping dew before the sun'.
- 7 Trickling through the crevic'd rock',  
Where the limpid stream distils',  
Sweet refreshment waits the flock',  
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills'.
- 8 Colin's for the promis'd corn',  
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe',)  
Anxious';—whilst the huntsman's horn',  
Boldly sounding', drowns his pipe'.
- 9 Sweet'—O sweet', the warbling throng',  
On the white emblossom'd spray!  
Nature's universal song',  
Echoes to the rising day'.

## NOON.

- 10 FERVID on the glitt'ring flood',  
Now the noontide radiance glows':  
Drooping o'er its infant bud',  
Not a dew-drop's left the rose'.
- 11 By the brook the shepherd dines',  
From the fierce meridian heat',  
Shelter'd by the branching pines',  
Pendent o'er his grassy seat'.
- 12 Now the flock forsakes the glade',  
Where', uncheck'd', the sunbeams fall',  
Sure to find a pleasing shade'  
By the ivy'd abbey wall'.
- 13 Echo', in her airy round',  
O'er the river', rock', and hill',  
Cannot catch a single sound',  
Save the clack of yonder mill'.
- 14 Cattle court the zephyrs bland',  
Where the streamlet wanders cool';  
Or with languid silence stand'  
Midway in the marshy pool'.
- 15 But from mountain', dell', or stream',  
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs';  
Fearful lest the noontide beam',  
Scorch its soft', its silken wings'.
- 16 Not a leaf has leave to stir';  
Nature's lull'd'—serene'—and still':  
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur',  
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill'.