

POETRY.



THE HERMIT'S INVITATION:

Come, my friend, let's to the fields repair,
And taste the fragrance of the morning air.
The rising sun beams forth his glad'ning ray
And chases swift the shades of night away ;

Now the brisk lark his sprightly song begins,
Joy swells his throat and flutters on his wings ;
The tuneful thrush springs from his downy
nest,
And warbles cheerful from his little breast ;

Green hill and dales the joyous signal take,
And all the feather'd tribes from slumber wake
The bleating flocks and lowing herds arise,
And gladly join the chorus of the skies ;

While from the limpid wat'ry crystal stream
The bounding fish acknowledges the theme ;
Expanding flowers now break their dewy tear
And scent with thousand sweets the ambient
air ;

The butterfly doth now his plumes disclose,
And sips ambrosia from the blushing rose.
Awhile let's shun the world's vain noise and
strife,
And seek the calmer joys of rural life.

No anxious cares do nature's sweets annoy,
Where sober joys cheer and never cloy ;
Let's gaze, and talk, and gratefully admire
Wonders that tun'd of old the psalmist's lyre :

With him transported with the glorious sight,
Let's praise our Maker and his love recite.
He bids the grape pour its nectarious juice,
The luscious pear he mellows for our use ;

He hangs the musky apricot and melting peach
And bends the purple plum within our reach :
For us his goodness form'd the warbling
throng,
And tunes the nightingale's harmonious song.

Behold the flow'ry poplance around,
With splendid colours paint the verdant ground
From which that we might reap a costly treat,
He form'd the bee, t' extract the liquid sweet,

And taught them how, with nicest skill, to
make
The luscious balsam of the honey's cake ;
God's goodness weaves these fertile fields of
corn,
And on their plenteous tops his love is bourne.