

See, with pleas'd looks, gay Ceres' happy train
Watch their young donors, loaded on the plain ;
Inhale the grateful fumes, that round them rise,
Mark their slow, heedful step, and earnest eyes ;
The chubby hands, that grasp the earthen rim,
Where health's warm viand rises to the brim.

Like on the new shorn bank recline the band,
And take the present from the willing hand,
With eager appetite, and poignant taste,
Thank the kind bearers and enjoy the feast.

Yon tall, white spire, that rises 'mid the trees,
Courting, with gilded vane, the passing breeze,
A peal far heard, sends merry down the dale,
The notes triumphant tell a bridal tale.

Our youthful lovers hail the jocund noise,
And hope anticipates their bridal joys ;
Pours all her magic influence o'er the scene,
Laughs in their eyes, and animates their mien.
Sportive their little friends around them rove,
And all is frolic, innocence and love.

May equal joys the varying year adorn,
And gild the labours of each future morn ;
Whether the wanton hours, that lead the spring,
Catch the translucent rain drops from her wing ;
Or zoneless summer, flaunting o'er the meads,
Consummate bloom, and richest fragrance sheds ;
Or auburn autumn, from her full lap, throws,
The mellow fruit upon the bending boughs ;
Or winter, with his dark relentless train,
Wind, snow and sleet, shall desolate the plain,
Howl round the hill, and, as the river raves,
In drear stagnation warp th' arrested waves.
O may the days of bloom, and ripeness, find
Such joys the meed of each untainted mind ;
And, in the rage of the severer hours,
May balmy comfort, with assuasive powers,
Present the stores, by former toil amass'd,
Pile the warm hearth, and spread the neat repast :
Bid sport and song, prepare the gladsome rite ;
Then smooth the pillow thro' the stormy night.
Thus health and love the varying year shall crown,
While truth and nature smile, tho' pale refinement frown.