

COMMONPLACES.

Some at the commonplace will sneer,
But more the commonplace hold dear,
For bread and water, time and space,
And light and love are commonplace;
Besides, the trite and dull to me
May startling truth to many be.

TO FAUNUS.

[HORACE, ODES, III. 18.]

O Faunus, who sportest with Naiads shy,
My broad sunny fields come and fructify,
And may all the nurslings in safety be,

When thou hast departed :

For thee falls a kid when the year grows cold,
Rich wines in abundance our goblets hold,
And incense so sweet from thy altar old,
Is heavenward started.

The cattle all sport on the grassy plain,
When festal December comes round again,
The ox free from toil and the joyful swain,

Find rest in the meadows :

The lambkins from fear of the wolf are free,
The wood on the ground spreads its leaves for thee,
The labourer dances with spiteful glee,

Till long are the shadows.

Feb. 26th, 1880.