

## SECTION XXXII.

*The Swallows.*

ERE yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,  
And gave to wint'ry storms the varied year,  
The swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd,  
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.  
On Damon's roof a grave assembly sate;  
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind:  
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,  
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.  
"Observe you twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid;  
Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n!  
With us, through summer's genial reign they stay'd,  
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.  
But now, through sacred prescience, well they know  
The near approach of elemental strife;  
The blust'ring tempest, and the chilly snow,  
With ev'ry want and scourge of tender life.

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;  
For this, e'en now, they prune their v'rous wing;  
For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite;  
And prove their strength, in many an airy ring.