

These curtains that keep the room warm
Or cool, as the season demands,
Those stoves which for figure and form
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands.

That range, from which many a mess
Comes smoking the stomach to cheer;
That tub,—(you might bathe in a less)
Where malt is transform'd into beer.
These painted and unpainted chairs,
Those cushion'd, these curiously framed;
Your bedding and bed above stairs,
With other things not to be named!

These items endear my abode,
Disposing me oft to reflect
By whom they were kindly bestowed,
Whom here I impatient expect
But, hush! She a parent attends,
Whose dial-hand points to eleven,
Who, oldest and dearest of friends,
Waits only a passage to Heaven.

Then willingly wait her awhile,
And, sweeping the chords of your lyre,
The gloom of her absence beguile
As now, with poetical fire.
'Tis yours, for true glory athirst,
In high-flying ditty to rise
On feathers renown'd from the first
For bearing a goose to the skies.

383 *Dog and Water-Lily.* 23. set] Cp. note on p. 279, l. 26.

403 62. largess] Probably Cowper wrote 'largeness', as printed by the early editions, but the N. E. D. gives no instance of a parallel use.

413 144-168. These lines may have been crossed out by Cowper himself, but it is at least equally probable that Hayley omitted them, exercising his editorial discretion. They are not markedly inferior to the rest of the fragment, though the transition to Adam in l. 167 is abrupt.

415 *Sonnet.* The variations in *The Northampton Mercury* (April 21, 1792), where the Sonnet first appeared with a letter from Cowper, are as follows: 1 Thy country] I praise thee with just] and with 2 Hears] Hear 5 wrong'd] scourg'd 7 gain'd] won 9 pause] draws 10 And weave] Delay 11 thy toils] all thy pains 12 for] to

13, 14 Then let them scoff—two prizes thou hast won—
Freedom for Captives, and thy God's—WELL DONE.