

Companionable to a thing like me
 That has been wantonly tossed to and fro.
 No stranger to vicissitudes in life,
 Or the bereav'ments Death remorseless makes,
 Calamities that more than once have drawn
 The Poet's sighing, and the chestnuts' sough
 Into condolence of a mournful kind.

Amidst the silence of a pause in thought
 As if the very quiver of the leaves
 Shook too much feeling into fancy then.
 A breathing almost audible we heard
 Or seemed to hear, in accents soft and sweet,
 Like the fond music of a lover's song,
 At gleamin. warbled in a distant grove,
 Acknowledging the joy some rural swain
 Is nursing from the smile of one he loves,
 Unconscious of the pleasure it awakes—
 Not less delightful to the child of song
 The revelation then to him convey'd,
 Albeit till now from over-curious ears
 It has been kept in memory embalm'd.

“ More happy far O Albyn is thy meed,
 What Agur prayed for is already thine,
 The golden mean, without the golden age
 May be as much as mortals can endure ;
 Here in this quiet hermitage how sweet
 To own the pleasures of domestic bliss.
 The sanctities of love and friendship too,
 And sympathies like sunlight to the soul
 That make impressions never to be void.
 An enviable lot on earth is yours
 By thee there is so little to desire
 And better still, so little to deplore
 The chestnut tree ; a paradise at eve,
 Where contemplation can be entertain'd,
 And where content a fav'rite is become
 Nor hope is held a stranger when among
 The guests familiar with the Muses' haunt.

Untroubled with an over curiousness
 In miniature to copy the sublime,
 Or in poetic numbers pencil down