

Oh! then we live again our boyish hours —
 Back to each fav'rite spot our steps are led!
 The child once more is glad among his flowers,
 Or sportive seeks the river's pebbled bed —
 Ye shades of pleasures, wither'd long and fled!
 Like summer clouds ye spread your beauteous charms;
 While later scenes like dismal vapours bred
 From marshy pools, and cradled in the storms,
 Arise before the mind with dark repulsive forms!

Here too, with all the brilliancy of truth,
 We see a young, a pigmy race pourtray'd;
 Friends of our childhood, partners of our youth,
 They throng around, and people all the shade:
 What though on India's burning plains are laid,
 The hands we grasp'd with youth's fond ardour warm;
 What though in ocean caves their beds be made,
 Or bleach'd beneath the Andes-sweeping storm,
 Still must their memory yield a never failing charm.

Blest contemplation! hither would I come,
 To seek thy converse far from madd'ning crowds;
 To trace the beauties of thy rural home,
 Thy grassy throne and canopy of clouds: —
 Thy still retreat the God of nature shrouds,
 From vulgar gaze of every boisterous foe;
 The mountain path, the close sequester'd woods,
 Lead to thy shrine, where fairest wild-flowers grow,
 And cool refreshing streams 'mid flow'ry grotto's flow.

When spring with all its loveliness is past,
 When summer, glorious summer, leaves his bow'r's;
 When Autumn's placid smile is overcast,
 And tyrant winter rules his stormy pow'r's;
 While round our shed the drifting snow and shower's,
 Hide the fair earth with blustering long and rude;
 'Tis doubly sweet to spend the stormy hours,
 Where life's worst ills forbidden to intrude,
 Leave us to taste the joys of blissful solitude.