

## IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

Invite to gentle slumbers. But ere long  
Comes winter with fierce rains and snows, and song  
Is fled. And now he winds the hunting horn,  
And with his dogs, goes forth at early morn  
To drive ferocious boars into the toils ;  
Or, being in the mood for trifling spoils,  
He stretches with smooth pole his thinnest nets  
To snare the greedy thrushes ; or he gets  
A timorous hare, or, rarest luck, a crane  
Is caught within the trap,—amusing gain  
For labours given. Pursuing joys like these,  
Who will remember those anxieties  
Which are among the bitter-sweets of Love,  
Whose flaming eyes have kindled gods above !  
But if a faithful wife—a Sabine one,  
Or an Apulian tawny with the sun—  
And healthy children greet him on his way  
With warm embrace, and prattle of the day ;  
And the wide hearth is piled up with old wood,  
The cattle housed and fed, and night's milk stood  
To cool ; and this year's wholesome wine is poured  
Out of a seasoned cask, and on the board