

Thy gay Noon glows with unoppressive beams,
 And glitters on her winding streams ;
 Thy modest Evening draws the deep'ning shades
 O'er her green hills, and bowery glades,
 Till the fair Months, with faded charms,
 Shrink in the chilly grasp of Winter's icy arms.

V.

But this highly-favoured year,
 From thee with gifts peculiar sprung ;
 At thy command Autumnna fair
 Her golden vest o'er shiv'ring Winter flung ;
 And bid him his pale ling'ring hours
 Gaily deck with fragrant flow'rs ;
 For his hoar brow matur'd the Violet wreath,
 From his wan lip bid Pleasure breathe ;
 No more he blasts the plain, or warps the tide,
 But throws his iron rod aside,
 His soften'd gale serenely blows,
 Till with Italia's charms hybernal Albion glows.