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Book Farm

Bell Fund

SOLITUDE.

THE Sun is rising high, one lonely cloud,
Draws its fantastic form along the bright
Blue arch of heav'n. Retiring from the loud
And ceaseless noise, where these lone shades invite,
I sit me down with silence, to indite
My pensive song : sweet contemplation come !
And aid my artless musings, while I write
The charms of solitude, the woodland home,
The calm abode of peace, where strife can never come.

The mountain rose just blushing from its bud;
The stately pine that lifts its branches far,
Hiding from gaudy day the gushing flood,
So purely chaste that e'en the morning star
May scarcely view its bosom from afar ;
Children of nature, these I love to trace ;
These the companions of my fancy are,
Deception lurks not in their artless face,
Nor guilt with them abides—dark parent of disgrace !

Here let me rest, in this secluded green,
Where flow'rs half hid the verdant shade adorn ;
—Like artless beauty blushing to be seen—
Still bending with the dewdrops of the morn,
Far in the shade, on nature's bosom born,
And nurs'd in silence, on their beds they bloom,
But ere the fickle moon has fill'd her horn,
The lilies droop—the roses meet their doom,
And the wild desert blast is rich with their perfume.