

Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

## LONDON, 1802

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## TO SLEEP

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;  
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie 5  
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,