
ON REVISITING THE PLACE OF
MY NATIVITY.

THOUGH Winter's frowns had damp'd the beaming eye,
Through Twelve successive Summers heav'd the sigh,
The unaccomplish'd wish was still the same;
Till May in new and sudden glories came!
My heart was rous'd; and Fancy on the wing,
Thus heard the language of enchanting Spring:—
„Come to thy native groves and fruitful fields!
„Thou know'st the fragrance that the wild-flow'r yields;
„Inhale the Breeze that bends the purple bud,
„And plays along the margin of the Wood.
„I've cloth'd them all; the very Woods where thou
„In infancy learn'd'st praise from every bough.
„Would'st thou behold again the vernal day?
„My reign is short;—this instant come away:
„Ere Philomel shall silent meet the morn;
„She hails the green, but not the rip'ning corn.
„Come, ere the pastures lose their yellow flow'rs:
„Come now; with heart as jocund as the hours.“
Who could resist the call?—that, Giles had done,
Nor heard the Birds, nor seen the rising Sun;
Had not Benevolence, with cheering ray,
And Greatness stoop'd, indulgent to display