

Nature (Thomson)

"I hate the clamour of the smoky towns
But much admire the bliss of rural downs."

On a Country Life.

In maiden white the glittering fields do shine;
Then bleating flocks for want of food repine,
With wistful eye they see all round around,
And with their fore-foot paw'd scrape the ground.

They cheerfully crop the in ripid grass,
The shepherd's sighing, cry, "Hos! Hos!"
Then pinching want the wildest beast
does tame;

Then huntsmen on the snow do trace
their game;
Keen frost then turns the liquid lakes
to glass,
Arrest the dancing rivulet as they pass.

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But grant ye powers that it may be my lot
To live in peace from noisy towns remote

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釣 (Thomson)

You, on the banks of soft meandering Tweed,
 May in your loit'ers ensnare the watery breed,
 And nicely lead the art'ificial fly,*
 Which when the minible, watchful trout does
 He at the bearded hook will briskly spring;
 Then in that instant twileth your hairy string
 And when he's hook'd, you, with a constant
 hand
 May draw him struggling to the fatal land.

On a country life
 * Anglice, fly.

Pope

In genial spring, beneath along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent his angle trembling in his hand;
 With look unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed,
 Our plentiful streams a various race
 supply,
 The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian
 dye,
 The silver eel, in shining volume rolled,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
 Swift trout, diversified with crimson stains,
 And pike, the tyrant of the watry plains.

Windsor Great

" Accuse me not

 Of arrogance,
 If, having walked with Nature
 And offered, for as frailty would allow,
 my heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
 I now affirm of Nature & of Truth,
 Whom I have served, that their Divinity
 Revolts, offended at the ways men,
 Philosophers, who, though do human soul
 Be of a thousand faculties composed
 And twice the thousand interests do yet
 This soul, and the transcendent ^{prize} universe
 No more than as a mirror that reflects
 To proud Self-love own intelligence

Wordsworth.