

And bring no book, for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living Calendar:  
We from to-day, my friend, will date  
The opening of the year.     20

Love, now an universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth,  
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than fifty years of reason;  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts may make,  
Which they shall long obey;     30  
We for the year-to come may take  
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above;  
We'll frame the measure of our souls,  
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my sister! come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress,  
And bring no book; for this one day  
We'll give to idleness.     40

*Simon Lee,*

*the Old Huntsman, with an incident in which he was concerned*

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
 An old man dwells, a little man,  
 I've heard he once was tall.  
 Of years he has upon his back,  
 No doubt, a burthen weighty;  
 He says he is three score and ten,  
 But others say he's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,  
 That's fair behind, and fair before;     10  
 Yet, meet him where you will, you see  
 At once that he is poor.  
 Full five and twenty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry;  
 And, though he has but one eye left,  
 His cheek is like a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And no man was so full of glee;  
 To say the least, four counties round  
 Had heard of Simon Lee;     20  
 His master's dead, and no one now  
 Dwells in the hall of Ivor;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;  
 He is the sole survivor.

His hunting feats have him bereft  
 Of his right eye, as you may see:  
 And then, what limbs those feats have left  
 To poor old Simon Lee!  
 He has no son, he has no child,  
 His wife, an aged woman,     30  
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
 Upon the village common.

And he is lean and he is sick,  
 His little body's half awry

His ancles they are swoln and thick  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 When he was young he little knew  
 Of husbandry or tillage;  
 And now he's forced to work, though weak,  
 —The weakest in the village. 40

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind;  
 And often, ere the race was done,  
 He reeled and was stone-blind.  
 And still there's something in the world  
 At which his heart rejoices;  
 For when the chiming hounds are out,  
 He dearly loves their voices!

Old Ruth works out of doors with him,  
 And does what Simon cannot do; 50  
 For she, not over stout of limb,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And though you with your utmost skill  
 From labour could not wean them,  
 Alas! 'tis very little, all  
 Which they can do between them.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor. 60  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger;  
 But what avails the land to them,  
 Which they can till no longer?

---

25–32. St. 6 [1802].

34. little] dwindled [1800].

Few months of life has he in store,  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 His poor old ancles swell.  
 My gentle reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,      70  
 And I'm afraid that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O reader! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle reader! you would find  
 A tale in every thing.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 I hope you'll kindly take it;  
 It is no tale; but should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.      80

One summer-day I chanced to see  
 This old man doing all he could  
 About the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock totter'd in his hand  
 So vain was his endeavour  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
 Give me your tool" to him I said;      90  
 And at the word right gladly he  
 Received my proffer'd aid.  
 I struck, and with a single blow  
 The tangled root I sever'd,  
 At which the poor old man so long  
 And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
 And thanks and praises seemed to run

So fast out of his heart, I thought  
 They never would have done.      100  
 —I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
 With coldness still returning.  
 Alas! the gratitude of men  
 Has oftner left me mourning.

*Anecdote for Fathers,*

*showing how the art of lying may be taught*

I have a boy of five years old,  
 His face is fair and fresh to see;  
 His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
 And dearly he loves me.  
 One morn we stroll'd on our dry walk,  
 Our quiet house all full in view,  
 And held such intermitted talk  
 As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;  
 I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,      10  
 My pleasant home, when spring began,  
 A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
 To think, and think, and think again;  
 With so much happiness to spare,  
 I could not feel a pain.

My boy was by my side, so slim  
 And graceful in his rustic dress!  
 And oftentimes I talked to him,  
 In very idleness.      20