

Christopher Smart, "A Morning Piece, or, An Hymn for the Hay-Makers"

Description

CHRISTOPHER SMART

“A Morning Piece, or, An Hymn for the Hay-Makers”

ODE I.

Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
Auroram clara consuetum voce vocare. LUCRET[IUS].

Brisk chauncleer his mattins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale,
He lent new perfumes to breath of the south,
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake.
Now the rural graces three
Dance beneath yon maple tree;

First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamant zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest

In her cleanly home-spun vest.
The abby bells in waking rounds
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to heaven.

All nature wakes—the birds unlock their throats,

SOURCE: *Poems on Several Occasions* (London, 1752), pp. 7-9. [Google Books]

Edited by Mark Novak