

SOLITUDE THE BEST SOCIETY.

I was not form'd to stem the tide,
Or ride the stormy waves of strife;
My little bark can only glide
Along the shallow streams of life.
Whilst bolder spirits fearless roam,
And ocean's wildest tracks explore,
I linger like a drone at home,
And play with pebbles on the shore.
Whilst some are proudly gaining
A name for valiant deeds,
Here lonely I only
Gather shells and weeds.

I was not form'd to push my way,
Or hoard up gold in store,
To swell my treasures day by day,
And worship tinsel ore.

I see that all are not content,
Where Fortune's gifts are hurl'd ;
And I'm too weak and indolent
To battle with the world.
Whilst many men are storing
'Their heaps of glittering dross,
Adoring, I'm poring
O'er flowers, leaves, and moss.

Why is it I would rather walk
With nature all alone,
Than sit and hear the idle talk
Of others or mine own ?
I was not made for festive joys,
To join the boist'rous midnight throng ;
No, rather let me, free from noise,
Be lull'd by nature's sweeter song.
Let others call it pleasure
To have their senses drown'd ;
I wander and ponder
Where cheaper joys are found.

I lie me down beneath this tree,
 And hear the blackbird sing;
 I ask no other company
 Than what the Muses bring:
 I am not lonely, for I feel
 A love for scenes like these,
 And dreamy voices to me steal,
 Low whisperings through the trees.
 I'm free from all distraction
 Down in this lonely glen,
 The bustling and jostling
 Of busy plodding men.

I know 'tis call'd a weakness
 'Gainst which I ought to strive;
 And if I had less meekness,
 Perhaps should better thrive.
 Why should I feel so shrinking,
 So timid and unwise,
 Whilst many men unthinking
 By boldness gain the prize?

I see them how they toil and scheme,
And plan from day to day;
By grove and stream I muse and dream,
Thus pass my time away.

I would not be a senseless clod
To only eat and sleep :
Thou knowest me, my Father God,
Though I can only creep.
Towards thee still my heart doth tend
Though press'd with sorrow down ;
To thee, my everlasting friend,
Are all its struggles known.
Let bold blind bigots wrangle,
And think they only see,
I care not, I fear not,
I dare to hope in Thee.