

Beauties of the Buses.

THE SEASONS.

BY JOHNSON.



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SPRING.



STERN winter now, by spring repress'd
Forbears the long continued strife,
And nature on her naked breast
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er she rural kingdom roves;
Soft pleasure with her laughing train
Love warbles in the vocal groves
And vegetation, plants the plain,

Unhappy whom to beds of pain
Arthritic tyranny consigns!
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines



Yet though my limbs disease invades
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.

Here stop ; my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend ;
 Once more great nature's works review
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.

From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.



Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
Cool meditation's quiet seat,
The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
The silent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatness climbs
Or raging factions rush to war,
Here let me learn to shun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not share.

But lest I fall by subtler foes,
Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art;
The swelling passions to compose,
And quell the rebels of the heart.



SUMMER'S WISH.



O PHŒBUS! down the western sky
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease!
Come, Cynthiaë, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads;
Where the green bow'r with roses crown'd,
In show'rs its fragrant foliage shed.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs, murmuring brooks return

Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretel,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN.



Alas! with swift and silent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay
Now autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of spring are swept away,
And summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.



The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor wealth nor pleasure wanders there

No more, while thro' the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O would some god but wings supply
To where each morn the spring restores
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear,
And downward season's iron reign
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on the blasted plain.

What bliss to life can autumn yield,
If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail,
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
And love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo, shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

WINTER.



No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light ;
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow topt cot, the frozen rill.



No music warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain ;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend ;
Hast, close the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere ;
Rouse, rouse the fire and pile it high ;
Light up the constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.



Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more
 Nor music charm, though Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour
 Improve each moment as it flies.
 Life's a short summer—man a flow'r;
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

