

**THIRTEENTH VOLUME.  
LITTLE CLASSICS.  
POEMS NARRATIVE**

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**ROSSITER JOHNSON**

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LITTLE CLASSICS.  
POEMS NARRATIVE**



Thirteenth Volume.

# LITTLE CLASSICS.

EDITED BY

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

POEMS NARRATIVE.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. — THE ANCIENT MARINER. — THE PRISONER OF CHIL-  
LON. — RINGEN ON THE RHINE. — O'CONNOR'S CHILD. — KILMENY. — THE  
DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM. — LADY BARBARA. — THE SENSI-  
TIVE PLANT. — THE EYE OF ST. AGNES. — PARADISE AND  
THE PER. — THE RAVEN. — THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.  
THE HAUNTED HOUSE. — THE WRITING ON  
THE WAGE. — YAM O'BHANTER. — THE  
FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.  
MORTE D'ARTHUR.  
HORATIUS.

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## THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain;

Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blest the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
By holding out to tire each other down ;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please :  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :  
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green :  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass p'ertops the mouldering wall ;

And trembling, shrieking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;  
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds  
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
And, many a year elapsed, return to view