

THE FARMER'S BOY

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649417827

The Farmer's Boy by Robert Bloomfield

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

**THE
FARMER'S BOY**



SPRING.



The Farmer's Boy.

BY

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Illustrated.



BOSTON:

JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,

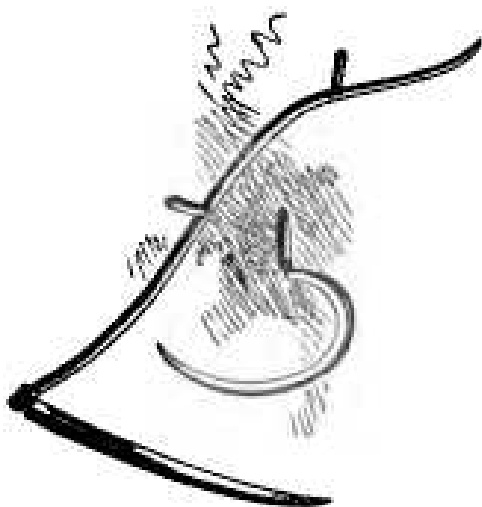
Late Ticknor & Fields, and Fields, Osgood, & Co.

1877.

KC 6748

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

42711





SPRING.

INVOCATION, ETC. SEED-TIME. HARROWING. MORNING WALKS.
MILKING. THE DAIRY. SUFFOLK CHEESE. SPRING COMING
FORTH. SHEEP FOND OF CHANGING. LAMBS AT PLAY. THE
BUTCHER, ETC.



COME, blest spirit! whatso'er thou
art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st
round my heart,
Sweet inmate, hail! thou source of sterling
joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse; and, faithful still to me,
Retrace the paths of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,

Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still :
 Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine
 eyes,
 Nor science led me through the boundless
 skies ;
 From meaner objects far my raptures flow ;
 O point these raptures ! bid my bosom glow !
 And lead my soul to ecstasies of praise
 For all the blessings of my infant days !
 Bear me through regions where gay Fancy
 dwells ;
 But mould to Truth's fair form what Memory
 tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
 That to the humblest menial belong :
 To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
 His joys unreckoned as his cares or woes ;
 Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
 And youthful minds have feelings of their
 own,
 Quick-springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
 Delights from trifles, trifles ever new.
 'T was thus with Giles : meek, fatherless,
 and poor :

Labor his portion, but he felt no more ;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursued :
His life was constant, cheerful servitude :
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, Nature was his book ;
And, as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Though every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

Where noble Grafton spreads his rich do-
mains,
Round Euston's watered vale and sloping
plains,
Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur
rise,
Where the kite brooding unmolested flies,
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And skulking foxes, destined for the chase,
There Giles, untaught and unrepining, strayed
Through every copse, and grove, and winding
glade ;
There his first thoughts to Nature's charms
inclined,
That stamps devotion on the inquiring mind.

A little farm his generous master tilled,
Who with peculiar grace his station filled ;
By deeds of hospitality endeared,
Served from affection, for his worth revered ;
A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,
His fields were fruitful, and his barns well
 stored,
And fourscore ewes he fed ; a sturdy team ;
And lowing kine that grazed beside the
 stream :
Unceasing industry he kept in view ;
And never lacked a job for Giles to do.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps
 forth ;
Her universal green, and the clear sky,
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
The mellowed soil ; imbibing fairer hues,
Or sweets from frequent showers and evening
 dews,
That summon from their sheds the slumber-
 ing ploughs,