Summons to Love.

By Drummond, William (of Hawthorndon) .

Phoebus, arise!

And paint the sable skies

With azure, white, and red:

Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed

That she may thy career with roses spread:

The nightingales thy coming each-where sing:

Make an eternal spring!

Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;

Spread forth thy golden hair

In larger locks than thou wast wont before,

And emperor-like decore

With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:

Chase hence the ugly night

Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

This is that happy morn,

That day, long-wished day,

Of all my life so dark,

(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,

And fates my hopes betray),

Which, purely white, deserves

An everlasting diamond should it mark.

This is the morn should bring unto this grove

My Love, to hear and recompense my love.

Fair King, who all preserves,

But show thy blushing beams

And thou two sweeter eyes

Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams

Did once thy heart surprise.

Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:

If that ye winds would hear

A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,

Your furious chiding stay;

Let Zephyr only breathe,

And with her tresses play.

The winds all silent are,

And Phoebus in his chair

Ensaffroning sea and air

Makes vanish every star:

Night like a drunkard reels

Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:

The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,

The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;

Here is the pleasant place,

And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!