Poplar Field, The.

By Cowper, William .

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade

And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade:

The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,

Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view

Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew,

And now in the grass behold they are laid,

And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat

Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;

And the scene where his melody charmed me before

Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,

And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,

With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,

Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,

To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;

Short-lived as we are, our enjoyments, I see,

Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.