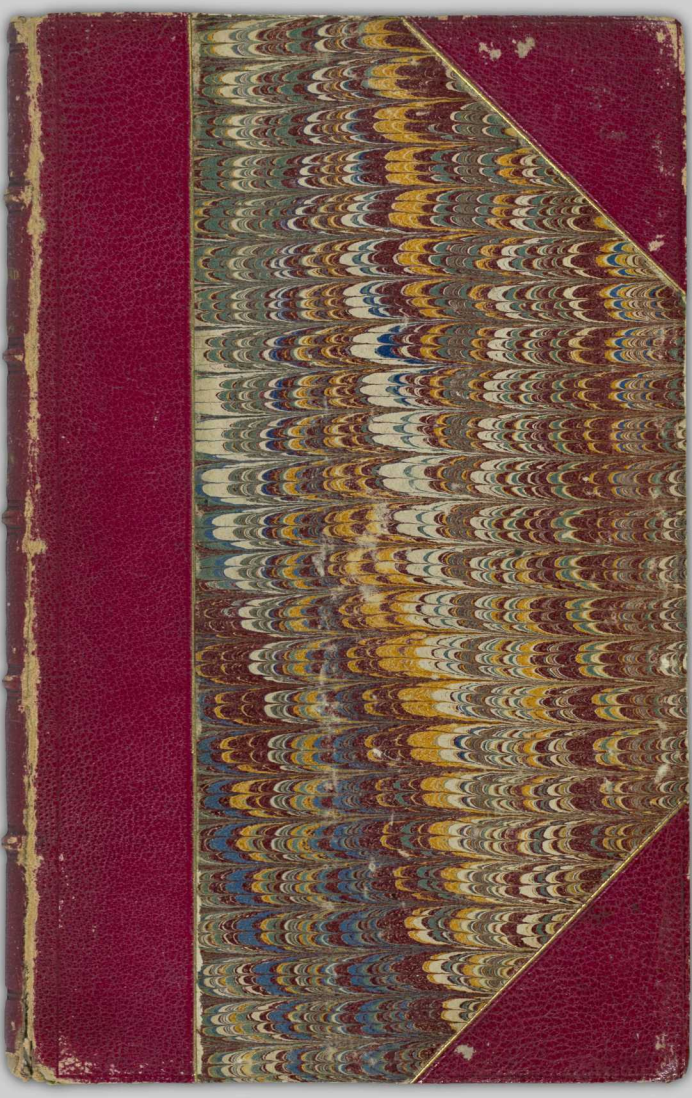

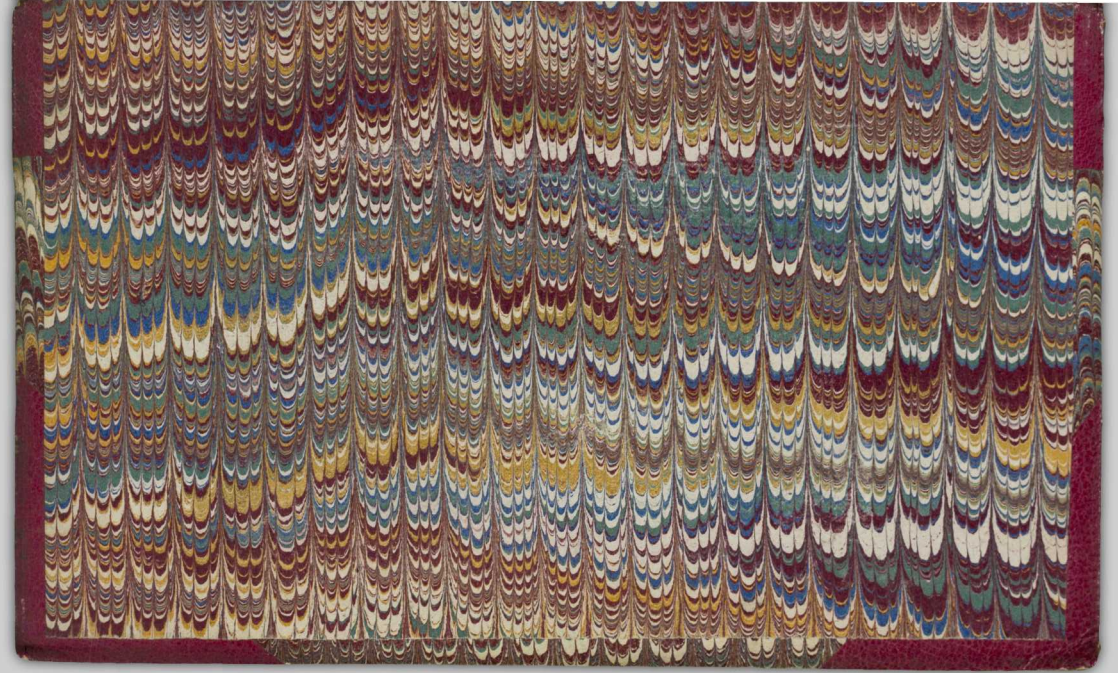

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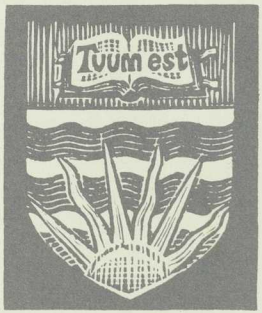

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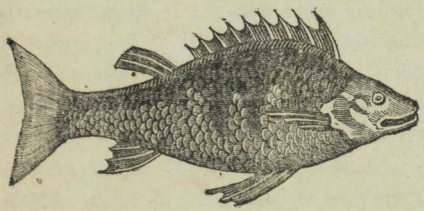
THE ANGLER:

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BY

CHARLES CLIFFORD.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Art, or (if the reader prefers it) the Science of Angling, has been honoured with much consideration in all ages. It has equally afforded sport for the idle, and relaxation for the contemplative. It cannot then be deemed a theme unworthy of the Didactic Muse, since the Muses have always been known to delight in loitering by clear streams. If we have a poetical Art of Cookery*, an Art of Dancing†, and an Art of Walking the Streets‡, the Author trusts he shall be absolved from the charge of invoking the Muse on an unworthy occasion, when he wooes her to sing the toils of the Angler.

It may, indeed, be said, that his task is anticipated, and that the labours and pastimes of the Fisherman have been sung, many centuries ago, by the Muse of Oppian.

 But

* By Dr. King. † By Soame Jennings. ‡ By Gay.

But there will not be found any similarity between the five books of the *Halieutics* of that writer, and the following work, any more than between it and the *Secrets of Angling*, a poem in three books, published by a certain J. D. Esq. in 1613; and which, though called a poem, would doubtless have been as pleasing and as useful, and would have taught those secrets which it professes to disclose, fully as well, had it not been *done into verse*.

The plan of Oppian confines him to sing of fishing on the *main seas*, as they are styled; or rather, to the enumeration of the various species of Fish which sojourn there, their habits, their amours, and modes of preying, both true and fabulous. The following Work leaves these subjects wholly untouched; although, if the Author be encouraged to extend his plan, these matters will naturally occupy some of his attention. In the mean time, he confines himself entirely to the pursuits of the true and legitimate Angler, who with taper rod and

and dancing hook gaudily fashioned, like a giddy fly, exerts all his dexterity in beguiling the nobler inmates of the stream, the trout and salmon.

This is a branch of the fisherman's art which has obtained the highest eulogium of all the adepts, down from the celebrated *Dame Julyans Bernes*, authoress of the *Book of St. Alban's*, to *Samuel Taylor*, *Gent.* author of *Angling reduced to a complete Science*; and it is that which appears to be best calculated for the effusions of the Muse. But the Author will by no means be averse to make a more complete work of *the Angler* hereafter, should the Public encourage it; and once more tune his lyre, to sing the manifold snares by which the wily fisherman accomplishes his end; his baits, his gins, his wears, and his nets; as well as what he has above hinted at, the habits of the numerous tribes of the finny race, and the modes by which each of them may be most successfully assailed.

THE

ANGLER:

A DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed (line 1).—*Defence of Angling, from the Imputation of Cruelty* (line 40).—*Best Situations for the Angler* (line 66.)—*Digression on the Origin of Springs and Rivers* (line 133).—*Directions to the Angler for the Management of his Tackle* (line 221).—*Digression concerning Zephyrus* (line 247).—*Method of catching and landing the Trout* (line 271).—*Various Seasons for the Sport* (line 322.)—*Digression concerning the People and Scenery of Greenland* (line 380).—*Conclusion* (line 480).

THE ANGLER.

BOOK I.

NOR arms nor heroes sings my simple Muse,
The trump of war she shuns :—the clang of arms,
Groans of the wounded, shouts of victory,
Please not her rustic reed.—Yet can she sing
Of contests keen, not bloodless—victories
Not without ambush, or manœuvred skill.
The warfare 'gainst the finny tribe she sings ;
When with the mellow morn th'accoutred angler
Hies to the limpid brook or broader flood,
To wage the contest with the heedless trout
Or flound'ring salmon ; and full jocundly
Bears off the golden prey. Nor need she hie
To courtly domes to learn her needed lore,
Or populous lands :—rustic the angler's art,
Best known to our untutor'd forefathers,
Who erst on Severn's side heard from afar

The

The hardy enterprise of Roman arms
'Gainst Albion's shores,—victorious oft, and oft
Boldly repuls'd. Or may she wing her flight
To where the vast and sea-like Amazon
Rolls on her billowy course—or broad St. Lawrence,
Bursts o'er the wild and foaming cataract.
There shall the painted savage teach the guile
Best suited to ensnare the myriad race
That sport within the flood. His rude device
Of bony barbless hook, unpolish'd reed
And cord untwisted, when but duly pois'd
By his oft-practis'd hand, shall shame the art
Of city-tutor'd, book-instructed angler.*

Yet what the skill of Britain boasts, my Muse
Wills to impart.—And had I but thy lore
Who on the glittering Dove, 'mid the rude steeps
Of wond'rous Derby, erst thy silent toil
Eager pursued, sage Cotton! or of him
Whose

* Captain Cook informs us, in the narrative of his second voyage, that the natives of Otaheite always caught more fish with their rude lines of fish-bone hooks, than our sailors were able to do with the assistance of the best-made London tackle.

Whose tut'ring care thou own'dst, by double ties
Endear'd, the skill'd instructor and the friend,
The hoary Walton !†—then mayhap my page
The ardent youth, charm'd by the healthful sport,
Might eager con.—Yet what I know, receive.—

And ye who boast the tender feeling heart,
Who own soft pity's fascinating sway !
Deem not our pastime cruel, murderous;
Oh, rank us not with base assassins, who
The helpless innocent oppress, the weak
Destroy ! Know, death's th'unerring doom of all !
Know that by kindred fangs devour'd each day,
Thousands of finny wanderers fall. The trout
Devours the brother trout: the rav'nous pike
Preys on each inmate of the teeming brook:
The shark alike the whole, e'en man, destroys.
Say then, shall man to serve his wants refrain,
When all around is havock ? Shall he fail
To help himself, when all unbid partake ?
Nor with th'exulting infidel exclaim,
This ruin proves an erring Providence !

Know

† Isaac Walton, author of "The Complete Angler," of which a continuation was written by Charles Cotton:—both these entertaining and instructive productions have been pleasingly edited by Sir J. Hawkins, in one volume.

Know that from partial evil general good
Proceeds. While shorten'd thus each single thread,
Millions enjoy the blessed boon of life:
Nor could these millions live, were there not giv'n,
By nature's wise behest, a mutual prey.
So weak and self-elated man exclaims,
Why is our span of life so short? and why
Are not our days on earth unlimited?
Vain fool! the universe is not for thee!
'Twas made for thousands...made for gen'ral good.

Various the prey the fisherman pursues,
And num'rous are the arts by which he snares
The finny prize. By nets, by secret lines,
By barbed dart, or bait, or circling dike,
He cunningly assails the heedless foe;
Nor does the ocean or wide river hide
A scaly inmate that evades his lust,
From huge Leviathan to meanest shrimp.
But if the tutoring Muse may guide thy choice,
Let the clear streamlet's wealth, the speckled trout,
The browner greyling, or the silvery salmon,
Form thy prey; and let the angler's glory
Be thy meed. Behold yon eddying flood:
O'er rocks precipitous it hurls its course,

Now glancing where the barely-rooted pine
O'erhangs—now whit'ning with its glist'ning foam
The ferny bank : sudden it bursts abrupt
Down the rude wall of ledged rock ; then calm
Beneath, it creeps along with glassy face.

There where the swelling stream more gently glides
Be ta'en thy station : there the sportive fry
In myriads ramble, and on ev'ry side
Their balanc'd forms are seen athwart the flood,
Quick darting, or in sport, or in the search
Of winged food ; and with a sudden flounce
Down plunging.—Oft with bold ambition urg'd,
The stronger few the upward height assail.
Each nerve propels the strong elastic bound—
Again, and yet again, the vaulter tries,
Nor will desist, till oft repeated toil
Calls absolute for rest. To other arts
Anon he hies—boldly with broaden'd breast
Affronts the rushing cataract, and twines
His pliant form up the translucent wall.
Nor is defeat his constant portion : oft
The wish'd-for height — field unexplor'd, he gains.

Here

Here seldom shalt thou ply in vain thy lure;
But if the stream, more gently moving, knows
No rude resounding torrent—then do thou hie
To where, with prattling and a ruffled brow,
It glides more fleetly o'er the pebbly slope.
There at th'extremest verge the playful throng
Love to abide, to prove their growing pow'r
'Gainst the descending current, and to gain
Fresh vigour from its renovating flow.
Be then the current cautiously explor'd,
Nor cease till the wide darkening pool beneath,
The bason of the hurrying stream, be once
And yet again research'd. But still be this
Thy guiding law:—when Boreas fiercely rages,
Or the bland Zephyrus with passion swells,
Then seek the deepen'd bank, where scarcely flows
The now half-ruffled wave. There calmly rest
The finny crew, yet eager still to catch
The proffer'd lure. Or when the loaden sky
Sends down her moisten'd tribute to the earth
When the erst dwindled rivulet descends,
An overflowing flood—then be the shelves
Where shallowest runs the stream, shallow and clear,
Thy chosen station; and with keenest glow,

Now

Now let the angler urge the toil; for now
The river's wealth is loosen'd; now renew'd
Her strength, she bears, with unresisted sway,
The myriad creatures that her banks enclose:
Her finny inmates revel unrestrain'd,
Glut on the treasure, and intoxicate
Rush headlong on the watching angler's lure.

Say, is this liquid tribute of the sky
The source primeval, whence the rolling flood,
Orgentler rill proceeds? Does Autumn's rain,
And Winter's fleecy covering later thaw'd,
Feed solely yonder torrent ever flowing?
Or is the mother ocean secret drain'd
By hidden spiracles and tubes unseen,
In earth deep-buried; thence by wondrous law
Capillary upborn, to where bursts forth
The slow and silent spring, that weak and small
Its rocky cradle leaves; but swell'd anon
By tributary waves as on it speeds,
A vast impetuous torrent seeks the bed
Whence first it sprung? The hoary ocean thus
At once the source and receptacle, grave
And womb, of all its myriad influent streams.

But

But mark the stately Danube, vast and deep:
O'er many a league it winds its varying course.
There did the blue-ey'd Germans, warlike tribe
First ramble, nor less largely ample found
The range than their far roving will. There too
The bold Hungarian tends his flock; and there
The turban'd Turk his sunny tent has fix'd,
Where by a six-fold mouth rapid it seeks
Its ample bed the sable sea. Behold
Th'impetuous Wolga—deep in Scythian wilds
Is pent her savage source: far o'er the plains
Of rugged Scandinavia vast she rolls,
Burying at length her wrath in the broad breast
Of insulated Caspia, where erewhile
The rav'nous Goths found pause, till onward driven
By yet more rav'nous Huns, fell havock came
With the all-ruining band on destin'd Rome.
Mark too the Afric Niger, and the Nile,
That wond'rous stream, on whose prolific banks
Science and Art their earliest empire knew:
That wond'rous stream, whose far-secluded source
Was by a Briton's * ardour first unveil'd,
A deed

* James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird.

A deed by Monarchs and their mighty hosts
Essay'd in vain: that ever-wond'rous stream,
Destin'd in later times to mark the pow'r
Of Britain's valorous arms.—With thee, O Nile!
Now ever shall be join'd a Nelson's name,
Unrivall'd in the list of Ocean's sons;—
An Abercrombie's deathless fame, embalm'd
For ever by a grateful nation's love!

Yet, too, behold the stream of Eastern Ind
The golden Ganges, with the vast Euphrates,
And all the wooded floods, yet vaster still,
Of green Columbia. Say, oh say, are all
The offspring of those puny mists and dews
That feed the parched grass, fortuitous,
And but of chance descent? or, do they spring
From unknown conduits in the deepest earth,
'Gainst Nature's greatest law, strong gravitation?
When was the hour they flow'd not? Who hath seen
Their infant channels scoop'd, or known their youth,
Or growing prime?—Mark yonder little brook:
In summer's deadliest drought it flows as free
As in the tearful spring, or when the clouds

Of wat'ry Autumn low'r.* Say then, its source
Is bosom'd in the earth, and foster'd not
By chance-descending dews, or yet more frail,
More chanceful conduits of the effluent sea.
Did not our veins teem rich with sanguine juice,
Long ere for outward food frail nature call'd?
Then deem not that the cause, which but supplies
A partial waste; nor erringly confound
The circling course of nature with the first,
The dread creative fiat:—on this too
Reflect. All-present is the wat'ry store;
The blood, the living juice of parent earth
Where pierce we and not find it? Treasur'd deep
In earth's broad bosom, on each side it flows
Meand'ring in clear brooks or ampler streams,
Dispensing life to sun-exhausted plants,
And food and joy to man. In glassy lakes
Here it wide stretches;—there, with nimble feet,
It speeds along a rapid flood; and there
A sparkling spring it plays, to needful man
Supplying daily wastings, or impregn'd

With

* There are various springs in which no increase in consequence of rain, nor diminution in consequence of drought, can be observed. Such a one is particularly described by Dr. Derham, in his Physico-Theology.

With healthiest mixtures, Nature's bounteous aid
In dire disease.--Now in the ample sea
All rest their stores; the ample sea that girds
With azure zone the insulated earth,
Enriching myriads by her finny stores,
And linking lands remotest by the chain
Of gainful commerce, and the seaman's skill!

But deem not thou successfully to lure
Thy prey, till with a well-tried arm thou sway'st
The taper rod:—not with a sudden switch
Down dashing; but with slow and cautious poize
Steadily circle round its pliant length.
So shall the glassy surface smooth receive
The viewless line, its spiral coils unwound,
Nor sudden splash affright the cautious prey.
Yet oft, ere thy well-tutor'd arm aright
Bestow the outstretch'd line—oft shalt thou hear
The crackling hairs, sure proof of hook far flown.
Oft shall the tangling brake, or furze, or stone
Out-jutting, rudely fix in mazy folds
The twisted tackle, seldom safe restor'd.
Patience, how needful to the Angler's art!—

Patience and care with keenest ardour join'd!
And that thy pliant tackle, far outstretch'd,
May reach the deepest flood, choose thou the bank
Where curling winds direct behind thee swell;
Or, with a fav'ring eddy, send afar
Thy circling line. But when the eastern blast
With icy torpor warps the lifeless flood,
Vain all thy practis'd arts, thy well-tried lures
To snare the careless prey. Closely they rest
'Mid sheltering shelves, beneath the basking bank,
Nor rise they to thy oft repeated snare.

But friendliest thou, bland Zephyr, to the toil
Of eager Angler....When thy breezes play
O'er the swell'd bosom of the roving rill,
Then boldly springs the sportive trout; keenly
He snaps the proffer'd lure, too treacherous gift!
And falls an easy prey.—Zephyr, lov'd son
Of fair Aurora, who with purple wings
Daily fann'st on thy mother's golden car;
Thou, when thy parent with a tender flame
Burn'd for her lov'd Tithonus, erst were wont
On the wide plain of wall-environ'd Troy,
Where his old sire Laomedon bore sway,

The

The sportive youth full jocundly to aid
In search of finny prey. In the clear flood
Of golden Xanthus, or Scamander old,
The lure he plied. Scamander, poets tell,
Of young Tithonus grandsire, with large will
His scaly stores down pour'd; and playful Zephyr
From the remotest source, with flutt'ring wings,
Chas'd down the heedless fry. Hence friendly still
This god of balmy spring to the keen angler:—
When the red mantling west proclaims his sway,
Then shall success thy varying art reward;
Then rushes in amain the golden prize.
But lo! thy recompense, the long-sought prey
Is near! Mark, where around thy dancing hook,
In eddies, wheels the eager lurker—now,
Instant he snaps the well-enticing lure.
Aid then his ardour—homeward jerk thy line—
Yet pause—let caution temper well thy fire;
Pull not thy prey with haste, else shalt thou miss
The sure-deem'd prize;—the tender hold shall yield,
And freedom be regain'd:—or 'gainst thy speed
The vigorous foe, contending, sudden snaps
Thy tended tackle; flounces then away,

Half dubious if yet 'scap'd the perilous strife.
Gently draw near the prize—if vig'rous still,
And unsubdued he strives, yield to his might,
Give line at will, and let him run his course.
He pants, he pauses; now thy line regain;
Advance him to the shore; again he struggles;
Rushes again far off to deepest stream,
Nor seek thou to resist: a closing strife—
He springs above the flood, writhes on the hook,
Thou yielding freely still:—'tis past—'tis o'er—
Lifeless he on the eddying surface rolls
Thy certain prey, now proudly dragg'd to land.
So 'mid the scorching wastes of Eastern Ind,
Or wilder Africa, the lurking snake
Lures from on high some flutterer of the grove,
By the strange pow'r of secret fascination.
In vain his struggles—vain, with piercing cry,
He circles round, in eager strife to burst
The deathful chain;—near and more near he comes,
While with keen eyes his unrelenting foe
Glares on the destin'd prize: now, all subdued,
Lifeless he drops an unresisting prey.

Yet

Yet deem thou not that still, when at thy lure,
The hungry lurker strikes, then shall the prize
Be surely thine. Frequent he flounces near;—
Frequent his greedy aim its purpose fails,
Or slightly gripes he to the barbed snare,
And 'scapes when most thou deem'st him fairly won.
Bear well these crosses, oft the Angler's fate,
And craving all his suff'rance; nor deny
That but t'entice, tho' not to win the prey,
Is sport in certain measure. Learn this too;
When oft the finny fry have view'd thy lure,
Have snapp'd and flounc'd, and yet in safety 'scap'd,
Caution and skill they earn, nor blindly rush
Again upon the snare. Shift then thy ground,
No more this pool thy labour will reward;
Explore the stream beneath, yet farther roam,
Nor idly spend thy time where frighted foes
On lurking are intent, or faroff flight.

Dost thou demand, when aptest for thy sport
The teeming waters roll—a liquid world;
When, fraught with fullest strength, the sportive fry
Less tim'rous roam, and with a bolder spring

Rush on, nor cautious shun the secret snare ?—
When hoary Winter's fleecy shroud dissolves;
When the young year, by genial warmth restor'd,
Shakes off the slough of age, and, phœnix-like,
Renew'd to glowing youth from late decay,
Hails the reviving spring ;—all Nature then
With freshen'd life exults, pants with new strength,
As mantling vigour streams from every source.
The founts of life then loosen'd, downward rush
Teeming with wealth. The brown and drooping shrub
Rears it sad head, and trims its tearful brow.
The earth lays off her sober russet coat,
Now deck'd in mantle green ; fresh spring to life
The sweetly opening flow'rs, in all the charms
Of varying colour dress'd ;—the air resounds
With flitting wings, and vocal is the shade ;—
All—all is life and vigour, joy and love.
Then most in wealth abounds the growing stream :
Then new to life, and but just warm'd to day,
Down sportive myriads wanton, young in pow'r.
Above, around, athwart, on every side
Their little forms are seen. Alas ! how oft
The prize of stronger fellows ! and how oft

To youthful angler yield they gladsome prey!
Then, too, the nobler inmates of the brook
Glow with their keenest ardour ;—then they lie
In eagerest wait, and willing snatch the lure.
They snatch, and with intent so surely aim'd,
So lively urge the strife, rare 'tis to miss
The glorious prize: rare 'scape they the deep snare.

E'en while the powerful summer holds her reign,
Or softer autumn, ear-crown'd, clothes the field,
Still urge, and with success the sport ;—for still
The finny foe will eager seek the snare.—
No puny conquest then ;—all proud in strength,
He dares thy tackle's pow'r :—urge all thy skill,
Yield to his vigour—watch the weakening hour,
Else sure he 'scapes thy cunning.—But when wanes
The ripening year ; when Autumn mellower fades,
Or biting winter creeps upon the plain.—
Then cease the contest :—vainly shalt thou ply
The aptest lure. On other cares intent,
Then heedless pass thy vainly-tempting bait
The finny people :—love is then their search,
(So Nature wills), and care of future offspring.
Yet does this season offer glad employ
To the well-tutor'd angler. He with skill

His

His injur'd tackle fashions, moulds his lure,
Repairs the ruin of the warfare past,
And for the future contest arms. 'Tis thus
All varying nature offers fittest time
For varying needs;—to labour and to rest,
Suits seasons as they change, and, altering still,
In youth, in health, and strength, is still the same.

There dwells a people far on th' utmost verge
Of habitable earth---a simple, poor,
Yet free and harmless race, to mariners
Who each where roam, and every coast explore,
Known by th'inglorious name of Greenlander.
Bleak is their shore, and desolate their clime—
A barren waste, denying needful food
To its few frugal inmates; who, to earn
Nature's support, search well the teeming ocean,
That with a liberal and prolific womb
Ten-fold repays the land's sterility.
The changing labours of the fisherman
Claim all this people's skill thro' the long year;
The year, that glides not there by gentle steps,
From change to change; mellowing the summer's heat,
By softening shades, to winter's sterner frost;

But,

But, with a sudden unforewarning start,
Passes at once from summer's scorching suns
To midnight winter's chilling—from the glare
Of broadest day to dark and cheerless gloom.
There through the long, long period, while the sun
Scarce gilds his icy shore, or gilds in vain,
The patient native, shelter'd in the depth
Of some lone cave, moulds with a master's skill
His various tackle :---his well-stitch'd canoe,
That, form'd of fish-skin, round his middle fits,
Excluding sure the wave, behind, around,
On every side ; while, upright in its midst,
The solitary steersman guides his course
With shifting paddle ;—guarded from the chance
Of billow overwhelming ;—for, o'erthrown,
Again he rights his light and limber bark,
Regardless of the wave. Arm'd too with dart
Full-sharply barb'd, and shrewdly-baited hook
Of bony mould, he urges two-fold strife ;
Either to strike in vow'd and open war
The bolder tribes of ocean, or to snare
With secret lure the weaker timorous fry.

Nor

Nor deem, tho' waste and desolate his shore,
All-bounteous parent Nature has denied
To his chill clime her gifts peculiar. There,
While hoary Winter holds his lengthen'd reign,
And the chill night long lingers on the verge
Of the bedimm'd horizon, 'mid the sky
Of deepest azure, spangled thick with stars,
In lieu of mid-day suns, bursts forth a gleam
Of light celestial, vivid, bright, and pure,
By swains exulting hail'd the " Boreal morn."*

Now a wide sheet of silv'ry rays it spreads
Far o'er the blue expanse;—now swift it glides
From side to side, in sudden tremulous waves,
Not without crackling sound; or, rang'd on high,
A lofty luminous arch, it branches far
Down from the pinnacle of heav'n's vast dome.
Again it shifts; a radiant sun it seems,
Or clustering constellation.—Myriad forms,
Fleeter than thought, each than the first more
fair,

It

* See " Krantz's History of Greenland," for a detail of the remarkable atmospheric phœnomena which are to be seen in that country.

It changes sudden;—myriad tints and dyes
Of radiant purple, gold and heavenly blue,
Of violet, roseate, crimson, to the gaze
Of the entranc'd spectator it unfolds,
Blending and varying, and combining all,
With wond'rous wizard skill; aping the tinge
Of azure ocean, mantling wide its waves;
Or, with a bloody glare and hue encrimson'd,
Scaring with portent dire a timid race.

Nor is the Boreal day without her wonders.
Oft from the bosom of some frozen cloud,
The gleaming image of th'opposing sun
Reflected bursts. Oft may the wond'ring swain
Mark the bright radiance o'er and o'er display'd;
Count several suns, while round their airy forms,
The circling *halo* apes the rainbow's pride;
Or spreads afar around th' horizon's brow,
Linking in painted chain the mimic orbs
That mock the God of day.—Oft, tho' no show'r
Broods in the darken'd cloud, the rainbow bends
Her glories 'gainst the sun;—'mid the dim mist
Of frozen skies, a fostering bed she finds.
Oft, too, the paler Iris of the moon

Gleams

Gleams on the midnight wanderer; faint her rays,
The shadow of the brighter bow of day.

There too, illusions blest, of changing forms,
To milder climes unknown, amaze the sight.
Oft, while the early savage waits the sun,
Proclaim'd just rising by a lengthen'd stream
Of pure and yellow light, the distant isle,
On which he gazes through a floating mist,
Sudden, its size enlarg'd, seems to advance
In airy motion near him;—round its verge
Now groves and forests sprout, with deepening shade,
Or close-prun'd hedges row on row outspread.
Now a proud castle's battlements he spies,
Or darkening pile of waste and ruin'd tow'rs;
Or spire on spire, rang'd as in populous town;
Or varying scene of lawn, and wood, and plain.
With fascinating charm the shifting glory
Rivets his gaze:—but now, aloft in air,
The golden vision soars; and, as the forms
Of shadowy dreams, sudden it melts away!—

Oh, bounteous Nature, falsely oft accus'd
Of partial kindness!—'midst the dreary waste

An

An airy pâlace gay thou rear'st in lieu
Of sculptur'd domes;—for summer suns thou giv'st
A midnight radiance; and though bleak the clime
And desolate the shore, yet o'er its wilds
Roams a free tenant, unannoy'd by care,
And prizing more his rocks and fishy shores
Than slavish Indians prize the spicy grove,
The golden streamlet, flower-empurpled field,
And all the riches of their gem-fraught soil.

END OF BOOK I.

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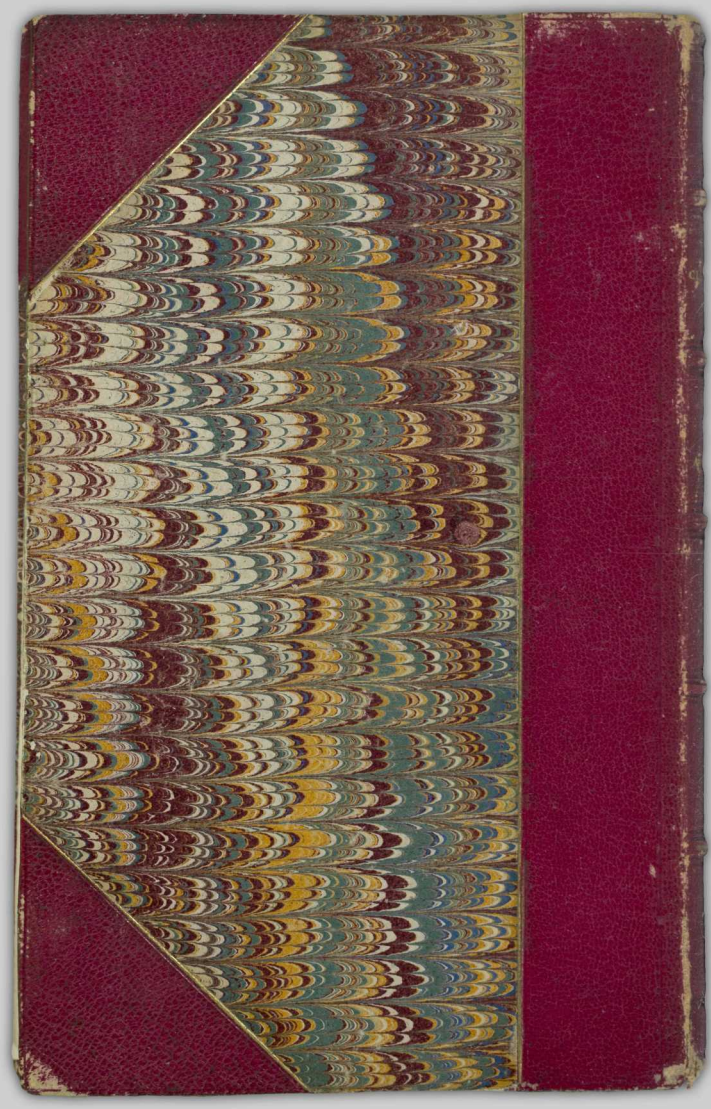
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