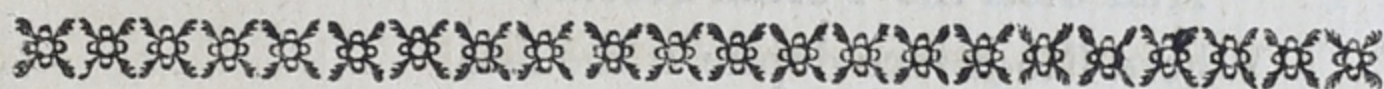


Beneath her clear discerning eye
 The visionary shadows fly
 Of Folly's painted show :
 She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
 That all but VIRTUE's solid joys
 Are vanity and woe.



To a GENTLEMAN,

On his intending to cut down a GROVE to enlarge
 his Prospect.

By the Same.

IN plaintive sounds, that tun'd to woe
 The sadly sighing breeze,
 A weeping HAMADRYAD mourn'd
 Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
 Nor violate the shade,
 Where Nature form'd a silent haunt
 For Contemplation's aid.

Can'st thou, the son of Science, bred
 Where learned Isis flows,
 Forget that, nurs'd in sheltering groves,
 The Grecian genius rose?

Within the plantane's spreading shade,
 Immortal PLATO taught;
 And fair LYCEUM form'd the depth
 Of ARISTOTLE's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
 And blefs the Tufcan bloom;
 Where Eloquence deplor'd the fate
 Of Liberty and Rome.

Retir'd beneath the beechen shade,
 From each inspiring bough
 The Muses wove th' unfading wreaths
 That circled VIRGIL's brow.

Reflect before the fatal ax
 My threaten'd doom has wrought;
 Nor facrifice to fenfual tafte
 The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that blufh
 On India's funny coaft,
 Can recompence thee for the worth
 Of one idea loft.

My fhade a produce may fupply,
 Unknown to folar fire;
 And what excludes APOLLO's rays,
 Shall harmonize his lyre.