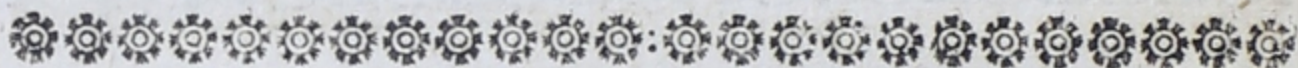


Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
 O stranger, undismay'd. nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
 Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.



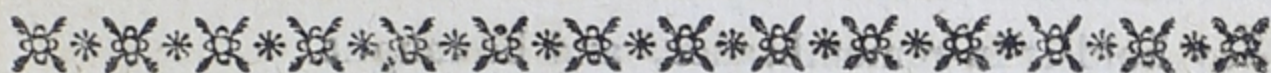
II.

For a Statue of CHAUCER at WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. these ancient walls
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
 He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life: through each estate and age,
 The fashions and the follies of the world

With

With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
 To him, this other heroe; who, in times
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.



III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies
 Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old
 Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord
 Of all the harvest round. and onward thence
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
 Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st
 Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook and strew
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs. for there doth Edmund rest,
 The learned shepherd; for each rural art
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave