

INSCRIPTION UPON A HERMITAGE,

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH this rural cell
Sweet-smiling Peace and calm Content
Far from the busy crowd sequester'd dwell.
Mortal, approaching near,
The hallow'd seat revere,
Nor bring the loud tumultuous Passions here ;
For not for these is meant
The sacred silence of the stream,
Nor cave prophetic prompting Fancy's dream ;
If, with presumption rude,
Thy daring steps intrude,
Know, that with jealous eye
Peace and Content will fly ;
The thoughtful Genius of the lone abode,
And Guardian Spirit of this solemn wood,
Will sure revenge the sacrilegious wrong ;
Reflection's tear will then in secret flow,
And all the haunted solitude belong
To Melancholy's train,
Who point the sting of pain
With keen remorse, and oft redoubled woe.

CANZO