WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE

AT ALDERSBROOK, MDCCLXI.

BY MR. C———.

WHoe'er thou art whom chance or choice may bring
To theſe fair groves of venerable ſhade,
The group of tall elms and the ſilver ſpring,
Blame not the man who theſe his choice has made.

Haſt thou not heard, that in a venal age
Wiſe Scipio from the walls of Rome retir'd;
Content to muſe on Nature's ſimple page [1],
And ſcenes the oft'ner view'd, the more admir'd.

Silent, like him, oft let me range the wood,
At morn's inſpiring hour, or twilight grey,
And frequent ſit where Reddon's ancient flood
Winds thro' delightful meads its chryſtal way:
Ye Great! unenvy'd 'midſt your grandeur ſhine,
Whilſt days of tranquil Solitude are mine!

[1] In the words of Linternum, "Never leſs alone than when alone," was his favourite ſaying.

ADVICE