

WRITTEN ON A CHINESE TEMPLE

IN MR. SCOTT'S GARDEN AT AMWELL.

BY THE SAME.

TO scenes where Taste and Genius dwell,
Unwillingly we bid farewell:
For these; of more than mortal birth,
Strangers and sojourners on earth,
Have, far from every vulgar road,
At Amwell fix'd their fair abode.

WRITTEN ON ANOTHER OPEN TEMPLE

UNDER THE WORDS " MIHI ET AMICIS."

BY THE SAME.

THY friends have access to a nobler part,
They claim the open Temple of thy heart,
O may no sighs from that calm region borne,
Thy shade's soft whispers turn to sounds forlorn,

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Far,

Far, far be thence each monument of pain,
No paintings there of sorrows past remain!
To please by Art, by Nature's charms to please,
The first great object is a mind at ease.



L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY LORD LYTLETON'S VERSES TO THE
COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET Muse of Hagley, whose melodious lyre
To strains divine the British Petrarch strung,
Wilt thou thy long revolted bard inspire,
And wake lost memory to the lays he sung?

Ah no! no more with sighs of pensive love,
No more with sorrow fill his melting strain!
Else other woes my passive heart would prove,
My eyes would weep with Lytleton again.

But should he now, by nobler motives fir'd,
Unfold the riper treasures of his mind,
And tune those lays which love and grief inspir'd,
To Truth and Freedom may'st thou still be kind.

A SON-