AN INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN UPON ONE OF THE [u] TUBS IN HAM-WALKS, SEPTEMBER, 1760.

BY THE SAME.

DARK was the ſky with many a cloud,
The fearful lightnings flaſh'd around,
Low to the blaſt the foreſt bow'd,
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground;

Faſt fell the rains upon my head,
And weak and weary were my feet,
When lo! this hoſpitable ſhed
At length ſupply'd a kind retreat.

That in fair memory's faithful page
The bard's eſcape may flouriſh long,
Yet ſhuddering from the tempeſt's rage,
He dedicates the votive ſong.

[u] Two ſeats in Ham-walks, called Tubs, from their form, which reſembles an hogſhead ſplit in two.

For ever ſacred be the earth
From whence the tree its vigour drew!
The hour that gave the ſeedling birth!
The foreſt where the ſcyon grew!

Long honour'd may his aſhes reſt,
Who firſt the tender ſhoot did rear!
Bleſt be his name!—But doubly bleſt
The friendly hand that plac'd it here!

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,
This pleaſurable ſcene deform,
But time ſtill ſpare the ſeat, which gave
The poet ſhelter from the ſtorm!