Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly’s painted show:
She sees thro’ ev’ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue’s solid joys
Are vanity and woe.

To a Gentleman,
On his intending to cut down a Grove to enlarge
his Prospect.

By the Same.

In plaintive sounds, that tun’d to woe
The sadly sighing breeze,
A weeping Hamadryad mourn’d
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah! stop thy sacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the shade,
Where Nature form’d a silent haunt
For Contemplation’s aid.

Can’t thou, the son of Science, bred
Where learned Isis flows,
Forget that, nurs’d in sheltering groves,
The Grecian genius rose?

O 3 Within
Within the plantane's spreading shade,
Immortal Plato taught;
And fair Lyceum form'd the depth
Of Aristotle's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy views,
And bless the Tuscan bloom;
Where Eloquence deplor'd the fate
Of Liberty and Rome.

Retir'd beneath the beechen shade,
From each inspiring bough
The Muses wove th' unfading wreaths
That circled Virgil's brow.

Reflect before the fatal ax
My threaten'd doom has wrought;
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that blush
On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,
Unknown to solar fire;
And what excludes Apollo's rays,
Shall harmonize his lyre.