



Father FRANCIS's Prayer.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND's Hermitage.

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pypes of perigord;
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes grant to father Francis;
 Let me ne more myself deceive;
 Ne more regret the toys I leave;
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and Ambition's train;
 But not the good, perdie nor fair,
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne pray'r;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always, with me dwell;
 Then cast, sweet Saint, a circle round,
 And bless from fools this holy ground;
 From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton old, and homely youth;

The

The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh banish these ; and by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

An Inscription on the Cell.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustick cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell ;
Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train ?

An Inscription in the Cell.

Sweet bird that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay ;
While I beneath this breezy shade,
In peace repose my careless head ;
And joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmless breast
In solitude itself is blest.

