



*On Mr. B——'s GARDEN,*

*To Mrs. S——.*

MADAM,

**T**O your Commands I own Obedience due,  
 And fain wou'd paint this fair enchanting  
 A Palace, Centre of the Garden, stands, [View;  
 No common Structure rear'd by vulgar Hands;  
 But shews a Master's Skill, a Work complete,  
 And speaks the Founder's Name, and Fortune great.  
 The stately Front commands th'admiring View;  
 Grand its Design, and its Proportion true.  
 No costly Folly, no expensive Waste;  
 Strong, but not heavy; noble, but not vast;  
 Finish'd with Judgment, furnish'd with a Taste. }  
 Vain my Attempt to paint the charming Scenes,  
 The Park, the Grove, the Terras, and the Greens;  
 Fountains



Fountains, Canals, Cascades from tow'ring Slopes ;  
The grand Variety confound my Hopes :  
Here Art o'er Nature shews a noble Pride,  
With Beauty clothes the barren Mountain's Side.  
The Planter's Skill the nodding Forests show,  
Where scarce a *Shrub* was ever known to grow.  
From Summer's Heat the Hills provide a Shade,  
In Winter Shelter, when cold Winds invade.  
Yet what were these but empty, all in vain  
To ease an aking Heart, or Head in Pain ;  
Did Envy or Ambition rack the Breast,  
The Day wou'd yield no Joy, the Night no Rest ;  
One Vice indulg'd wou'd cast a Gloom around,  
Cloud all the Prospect, poison all the Ground.  
But here true Happiness is understood,  
The noble manly Joy of doing Good ;  
Here sterling Truth, calm Temperance, and Love  
Lead from these pleasing Scenes to those above,  
To nobler Structure built by Hands divine,  
Where Suns unclouded o'er the Prospect shine ;



Where Mildews blast not, nor chill Frosts annoy,  
No Rains can rot, nor eating Worms destroy.  
Within these Walls such Happiness resides;  
Thus *Fame* reports.--- What can they wish besides?  
The Poor shall bless them, all the Wise shall hail,  
And Heav'n approve; their Joys can never fail.  
Late may they peaceful to their Graves descend,  
And Heav'n to all their Offspring prove a Friend!



To