



To Mrs. J A C O B,

On her Seat called, The Rocks, in Gloucestershire.

AT easy Distance from the Town,

An hospitable Seat

From Crowd and Noise there stands retir'd,

A sweet and cool Retreat;

Securely seated on a Rock,

Whence silver Streams descend,

From Cliffs the Ruins of old Time,

And murmur as they bend.

The antient Honours of the Wood

Adorn and guard the Pile;

At humble Distance down it sees

The fruitful Vallies smile.

Here

Here Woods and Shades, and Grots and Glades,
Feel sultry Summer mild ;
Diversify'd a thousand Ways,
And beautifully wild.

When we, amidst the Shades below,
From the steep Hill descend,
Where crystal Streams in Mazes flow,
That tow'ring Elms defend ;

Like PLUTO's Regions wrapt in Gloom
We think the darksome Way,
That ends in the *Elysian* Plains,
Fair, flow'ry, calm, and gay.

Romantic Views these Prospects yield,
That feed poetic Fire ;
Each broken Rock, and Cave, and Field,
And Hill, and Vale, inspire,

These

These various, gay, delightful Scenes,
Like Paradise appear ;
Serene as ev'ning Sky my Soul,
And hush'd is ev'ry Care.

A thousand Birds soft warbling join
The Music of the Trees ;
Whose waving Boughs and whisp'ring Leaves,
Play wanton in the Breeze.

The happy Genius of the Place,
Inspire with softest Joys ;
And Contemplation pure as Light,
My rap'tur'd Soul employs.

Within the Gates new Scenes arise,
Which equal Joys disclose ;
There Beauty, Goodness, Friendship smiles,
And gen'rous Plenty flows.