

WRITTEN AT ROSSANA.

DEAR chesnut bower, I hail thy secret shade,
Image of tranquil life! escaped yon throng,
Who weave the dance, and swell the choral song;
And all the summer's day have wanton played:
I bless thy kindly gloom in silence laid:
What though no prospects gay to thee belong;
Yet here I heed nor showers, nor sunbeams strong,
Which they, whose perfumed tresses roses braid,
Dispersing fear. Their sunny bank more bright,
And on their circled green more sweets abound,
Yet the rude blasts, which rend their vestments light,
O'er these dark boughs with harmless music sound,
And though no lively pleasures here are found,
Yet shall no sudden storms my calm retreat affright.