

Sometimes indeed our humble Child of Song,
 Stole from his joyous friends the Warrior throng,
 And pace the mount on whose extended base,
 The relics of departed grandeur may we trace,
 Thy towers Carrisbrook whose former reign,
 Proudly extended o'er this fair domain :
 And from whose ruins, venerable side,
 We view a Landscape dress'd in gayest pride.
 Yet from the landscape the reflecting mind,
 Will turn to walls which once a King confin'd ;
 Ill fated Charles ! thy errors he forgot,
 Amidst the misery of thy wayward lot,
 Then would the Rhymer thro' each grove
 Or valley green with pleasure rove ;
 Where gay Medina playful stray'd
 Meandering thro' each fertile glade,
 His heart then touch'd with nature's charms,
 The glowing Landscape o'er him warms ;
 Honors then no longer please,
 A cottage now,—poetic ease,
 Along with some bewitching Fair
 Are now the dreams that own his care ;
 And whilst where Ocean sweeps the bay,
 He often takes his devious way :
 His harp responsive to his thoughts,
 Re-echoes thus in simple notes.

* Whilst Zephyrs only o'er the Ocean;
 Gently they its billows move,
 Serene around it then delights me ;
 O'er the pebb'l'd beach to rove

Silent then is ev'ry sorrow,
 Softly sooth'd is ev'ry care
 And reflected on my bosom,
 Are these placid scenes so fair

Oft I Poesy's charming pages
 Fav'rite Bards with joy peruse,
 I like then perhaps attempting,
 (Vainly tho',) to court the muse.

Should the Ocean quickly changing
 E'er assume a loftier sound,
 Should the tempest swell its billows,
 Soon with foam to whiten round.

* An imitation from the Greek—the 4th Idylm. of Moschus.