

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies. 100
 Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
 Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends, 105
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely biest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, 115
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal blossoms, that blossom but to die ;
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ; 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear, 125
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And even in penance planning sins anew. 130