

Then here, where wreathing trees have form'd a bow'r,
 Let us, reclin'd, in singing waste an hour;
 Sing black *Monimia's*, fair *Parthenia's* praise;
 While each may answer in alternate lays.

M E N A L C A S.

Not *Windfor's* forests, nor my native *Thames*,
 At once the Monarch's seats, and Muse's themes,
 Afford such prospects to the wond'ring swain,
 A stream so mighty, and so rich a plain,
 As this new world; by nature's forming hand
 From chaos rais'd, for *Britons* to command.
 But here I dread the speckled serpent's bite,
 And falling dews, that trees collect by night.

D A P H N I S.

Then to the naked steep let us repair,
 Where nodding promontories hang in air;
 Thence we shall see our grazing flocks below,
 At distance hear the thund'ring cat'racts flow,

And

Then