

Yet oft she lov'd to seek the secret haunts  
 Where the mild anchorite his vesper chaunts;  
 Or list, as in the faintly-floating wind  
 Romantic Melody with sorrow pin'd.  
 In love-lorn grief did Philomela plain;                   145  
 Recording all the sadly pleasing strain,  
 At evening to the Leasowes she repair'd,  
 And sooth'd her Shenstone, as his woes she shar'd.  
 Hark! how as thrills the sweet Storace's note  
 Responsive warblings in the æther float!                   150  
 Soft Zephyrs waft them to the distant waste,  
 And wondering Wildness owns the power of TASTE.

But now, (as Fate ordains that heavenly Love  
 Shall every heaven-descended spirit move,)  
 Her tender breast dilates with new desire,                   155  
 And the pure flame is sanction'd by her sire;  
 For lo! commission'd from th'empyrean sky  
 Young SCIENCE beams all-glorious to her eye,  
 As achromatic Truth his form displays  
 In the bright focus of celestial rays.                   160