

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'empyreal sky
 Young SCIENCE beams all-glorious to her eye,
 As achromatic Truth his form displays
 In the bright focus of cœlestial rays. 160