

Society to hold with heavenly Powers—
 —With Gods to dwell? sufficeeth it their mind
 Favored to learn, their matchless glory see,
 Then back to wonted haunts of humankind,
 Striving 'mid strife all hero-like to be.

Now fades the glorious vision, and alone
 I'm left upon the misty hills, elate
 But yet disconsolate, the dying tone
 Of spirit voices 'twas my happy fate
 To hear distinct, resounding in mine ear,
 As veiled in clouds the venerable train
 To airy halls returning, disappear.
 To seek their awful presence more were vain.

To scenes of rural bliss I bend my way
 The City's throng avoiding, fitting less
 Than dulness self my labour to repay
 With store of thought and social happiness.
 There, each beloved pursuit be what it will,
 No bustling crowd impedes. If social joys
 Delight, these all your own, and you may still
 Solitary muse, apart from noise
 And the shrill stirring war of mingling words
 That oft distract the meditative mind,
 Now mirth exciting, now like clashing swords,
 Plying the Sophist's art, as if combined
 Were blessed Truth with falsehood's hydra forms
 Mankind to vex, each fury to evoke
 That mars men's peace, and the whole world deforms
 As doomed to sink beneath some vengeful stroke.

What store of bliss the rural home affords!
 None there need dread the over-crowded hall