

With that her peaceful parallels she draws,  
 Or if she fights, perhaps some Trojan's cause;  
 Or else some hero's of renowned *Rome*,  
 E'er sunk to slav'ry, *Cæsar* seal'd her doom.  
 Be silent bastions, ye batt'ries then keep peace!  
 From the spread curtain, let the small arms cease:  
 For should she leap the wide-surrounding ditch,  
 She seeks not in thy walls to make a breach.  
 Tho' thy extended works she curious scan,  
 She comes no spy to draw the secret plan.

See where reposes, in its rocky bed,  
 The sleepy pool, with a green mantle spread;  
 Beneath whose shade, prescient, the croaking race  
 The future drought or rains unerring trace.  
 When spumy spawn round the pool's borders lie,  
 For dropping clouds then trust the bounteous sky:  
 But if mid-way the green scum settled swim,  
 Fearful t' approach the water's less'ning brim,  
 Then dread the blaze of *Sirius*' scorching ray—  
 Then, husbandmen, for rain devoutly pray.

Led by the muse, whilst here my course I shape,  
 Let me steep *Di'mond*, mount thy rocky cape;  
 There list'ning hear the troubled waves wild roar,  
 That wrathful lash *Cape-Rouge*, thy sanguine shore.  
 There, stretching to the right, with oblique eye,  
 The villa of fair *Dorchester* I spy;  
 Where, from parade and crowds, she chearful flies,  
 The false, by royalty, taught to despise:  
 There, tranquil, tastes the tender sweets of life  
 That in the mother center and the wife:  
 There simple treads the breeze-inviting plains,  
 And all the glare of equipage disdains.

Thence