

To dwell, upon the mountain's brow,
O'er the soft scenes that spread below.
Ah! there are those, who senseless, scorn
Each joy of lovely nature born!
Nor listen to her angel voice.
Too sadly erring in their choice,
They fly the unfrequented shade,
The bower, for contemplation made;
And seek in concourse, noise, and strife,
Those calmer joys of human life
Which only in retirement dwell,
Remote from folly's wild'ring spell.
There is a music in the sound,
That swells the eddy stream around;
A boldness in the torrent's flood;
A calmness in the waving wood;