

From yonder hill she par'd a shapeless hump ;
 That lawn embellish'd with its tufted clump ;
 Yon mouldering Priory that naked stood, 125
 Emboss'd with ivy, and o'erhung with wood ;
 There thro' a lazy streamlet's oozy bed
 The lively current in meanders led ;
 Swell'd the light convex of that bordering height,
 Yet gave the distant scenery to our sight. 130

But not by rural forms was TASTE engross'd ;
 Each imitative Art her aid could boast.
 She govern'd Angelo's impetuous soul,
 And raptur'd Raphael own'd her soft controul,
 Seductive Titian's glowing colours live 135
 With all the vivid charms her soul could give.

When mighty Handel's comprehensive mind
 Each congruous element of sound combin'd,
 Exalted TASTE rehears'd the choral lays,
 And peal'd with Angels the Messiah's praise. 140