

For you Sicilian pastures feed
A hundred flocks—the chariot steed—
 With herds of lowing kine :
And looms with finest wool died,
In Afric's purple double dyed,
 Array those limbs of thine.

True in assigning each his lot,
Fate gave to me a rural cot,
 A modest snug domain :
Some gentle breath of Grec' song,
And on the spiteful vulgar throng,
 To look with proud disdain.