

Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play 2
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain. 240
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. 250
 Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze ;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ; 255
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here :
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught in avarice of praise.