

Soft you leave your cavern'd den,  
 And wander o'er the works of men ;  
 But when Phosphor brings the dawn,  
 By her dappled coursers drawn,  
 Again you to your wild retreat,  
 And the early huntsman meet,  
 Where, as you pensive pass along,  
 You catch the distant shepherd's song,  
 Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,  
 Or the rising primrose view,  
 Devotion lends her heav'n plum'd wings,  
 You mount, and nature with you sings.

5 But when the mid-day fervours glow,  
 To upland airy shades you go,  
 Where never sun-burnt woodman came,  
 Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game :  
 And there, beneath an oak reclin'd,  
 With drowsy waterfalls behind,  
 You sink to rest,  
 Till the tuneful bird of night,  
 From the neighb'ring poplar's height,  
 Wake you with her solemn strain,  
 And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

6 With you roses brighter bloom,  
 Sweeter ev'ry sweet perfume ;  
 Purer ev'ry fountain flows,  
 Stronger ev'ry wilding grows  
 Let those toil for gold who please,  
 Or for fame renounce their ease.  
 What is fame ? An empty bubble ?  
 Gold ? A shining, constant trouble.  
 Let them for their country bleed !  
 What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed ?  
 Man's not worth a moment's pain ;  
 Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.

7 Then let me, sequester'd fair,  
 To your sybil grot repair ;  
 On yon hanging cliff it stands,  
 Scoop'd by nature's plastic hands,  
 Bosom'd in the gloomy shade  
 Of cypress not with age decay'd ;  
 Where the owl still hooting sits,  
 Where the bat incessant flits ;  
 There in loftier strains I'll sing  
 Whence the changing seasons spring.