

Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison.

Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride.
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise;
And the whole year, in gay confusion lies!

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand Passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An Amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight!
That, on its Public Shows, unpeopled Rome;
And held uncrowded nations in its womb!
Here, pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
And here, the proud Triumphal Arches rise:
Where the old Romans' deathless acts displayed,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid!
Whole rivers here, forsake the fields below;
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels
flow!

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires:
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And softened into flesh the rugged stone!
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Consuls, stand.
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And Emperors, in Parian marble frown;