

Blest with each joy these scenes impart,
 Which soothe, yet not corrupt the heart ;
 Unversed in manners of the crowd,
 The falsly gay, the meanly proud,
 Who scoff at peasant joys aloud ;
 Unversed in fashion's mystic lore ;
 Untaught to crave another's store ;
 They peaceful live, and calmly die,
 Embosom'd in tranquillity.

X

The waving forest's wide domain,
 Beyond the lawn, my vision greets.
 There, every verdure softly meets ;—
 The towering pine's deep em'rald stain ;
 The willow's light and cheerful green ;