

Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison.

Sometimes, to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the famed river's empty shores admire;
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source:
Yet, sung so often in poetic Lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys!
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!

Such was the Boyne! a poor inglorious stream
That in Hibernian vales obscurely strayed,
And unobserved in wild meanders played,
Till by *your* lines and NASSAU's sword renowned,
Its rising billows through the World resound,
Where'er the Hero's Godlike acts can pierce;
Or where the fame of an immortal Verse!

O, could the Muse, my ravished breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire;
Unnumbered beauties in my Verse should shine,
And VIRGIL's Italy should yield to mine!

See, how the golden groves around me smile!
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle:
Or, when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime; and starve in northern air!
Here, kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents!
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom;
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume!

Bear me, some God! to Baja's gentle seats;
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats!