

And bid to folly's train adieu,
For verdant isle, in ocean blue.

IX

Or stretched, in undulating maze,
To tire with charms the wandering gaze,
The landscape bright before me lays:—
The valley, hill abrupt, and steep,
Sequester'd dell, remote and deep;
The rustling fields of golden corn,
Emblazon'd by the beams of morn;
The hamlet's cluster'd form, where rest,
With health, and peace, the simply blest;
Where reigns, (by heaven auspicious lent,)
Joy's purest spirit, calm content;
Enlivening every rustic eye,
That beams with self-taught sympathy.