

Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison.

Poetic fields encompass me around;
And still I seem to tread on classic ground!
For here, the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung!
Renowned in Verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly Numbers flows!

How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course;
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore;
And hoary Albula's infected tide,
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!

Fired with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray!
The King of Floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains;
And, proudly swollen with a whole Winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows!

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in Song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry):
Yet run for ever, by the Muses' skill;
And in the smooth description murmur still!