

An ODE to a GENTLEMAN,  
On his pitching a Tent in his GARDEN.

By the Same.

AH! friend, forbear, nor fright the fields  
With hostile scenes of imag'd war;  
Content still roves the blooming wilds,  
And sheds her mildest influence there:  
Ah! drive not the sweet wand'rer from her seat,  
Nor with rude arts profane her latest best retreat.

Are there not bowers, and sylvan scenes,  
By nature's kind luxuriance wove?  
Has Rome lost the living greens  
Which erst adorn'd her artless grove?  
Where thro' each hallow'd haunt the poet stray'd,  
And met the willing Muse, and peopled every shade.

But now no bards thy woods among,  
Shall wait th' inspiring Muse's call;  
For tho' to mirth and festal song  
Thy choice devotes the woven wall,  
Yet what avails that all be peace within,  
If horrors guard the gate, and scare us from the scene?

'Tis true of old the patriarch spread  
His happier tents which knew not war,  
And chang'd at will the trampled mead  
For fresher greens and purer air;



But long has man forgot such simple ways,  
Truth unsuspecting harm!—the dream of ancient days.

Ev'n he, cut off from human kind,  
(Thy neighb'ring wretch) the child of Care,  
Who to his native mines confin'd,  
Nor sees the sun, nor breathes the air,  
But 'midst the damps and darkness of earth's womb  
Drags out laborious life, and scarcely dreads the tomb;

Ev'n he, should some indulgent chance  
Transport him to thy sylvan reign,  
Would eye the floating veil askance,  
And hide him in his caves again,  
While dire presage in every breeze that blows  
Hears shrieks and clashing arms, and all Germania's woes.

And doubt not thy polluted taste  
A sudden vengeance shall pursue;  
Each fairy form we whilom trac'd  
Along the morn or evening dew,  
Nymph, Satyr, Faun, shall vindicate their grove,  
Robb'd of its genuine charms, and hospitable Jove.

I see, all-arm'd with dews unblest,  
Keen frosts, and noisome vapours drear,  
Already, from the bleak north-east,  
The Genius of the wood appear!



—Far other office once his prime delight,  
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night,

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,  
To bid the insect tribes retire,  
To guard thy walks and not invade——

O wherefore then provoke his ire?  
Alas! with prayers, with tears his rage repel,  
While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform  
The fairest produce of the year;  
Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm  
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,  
“ Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain  
“ Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign.”

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On a MESSAGE-CARD in Verse.

Sent by a L A D Y.

By the Same.

**H**ERMES, the gamester of the sky,  
To share for once mankind's delights,  
Slip'd down to earth, exceeding fly,  
And bade his coachman drive to White's.  
In form a beau; so light he trips,  
You'd swear his wings were at his heels;  
From glass to glass alert he skips,  
And bows and prattles while he deals.