

“ Flow, gentle stream ! nor let the vain
 “ Thy small unfully'd stores disdain :
 “ Nor let the penfive sage repine,
 “ Whose latent course resembles thine.”

III. On a small Building in the Gothick Taste.

D Thou that bathe in courtly blyffe!
 O; tople in fortune's giddy spheare!
 Doo not too rashlye deeme anysse
 Of him, that bydes contentid here.

No; yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
 Whych e o'er each carelesse lymb he flings:
 No; yet deryde the beechen bowle,
 In whych he quaffs the lympid spryngs.

Forgyve hym, if, at eve or dawne,
 Devoyde of worldlye carke he stray:
 O; all besyde some flowerye lawne,
 He waste his inoffensive day.

So may He pardonne fraud and strife,
 If such in courtlye haunt he see:
 No; fault; there beene in busye lyfe,
 From whych these peacefull glennes are free.