

ON A

GROTTO near the THAMES,
at TWICKENHAM,

Composed of Marbles, Spars, and Minerals.

By Mr. POPE.

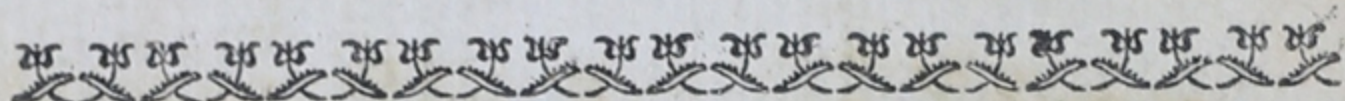
THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirrour through the shadowy cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.

VOL. III.

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Approach:

Approach : But awful ! Lo th' Egerian grott,
 Where, nobly-pensive, ST. JOHN fate and thought ;
 Where British sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
 And the bright flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT's soul.
 Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country, and be poor.



H Y M N on SOLITUDE.

By the late JAMES THOMSON, Esq; Author of the Seasons.

H A I L, ever-pleasing Solitude !
 Companion of the wise and good !
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk !
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk ;
 Which innocence, and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
 And still in every shape you please ;
 Now rapt in some mysterious dream,
 A lone philosopher you seem ;
 Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
 And now you sweep the vaulted sky,
 And nature triumphs in your eye :
 Then strait again you court the shade,
 And pining hang the pensive head.

A shepherd