

And tread with awe these favour'd bow'rs,  
 Nor wound the shrubs nor bruise the flow'rs ;  
 So may your paths with sweets abound !  
 So may your couch with rest be crown'd !  
 But harm betide the wayward swain,  
 Who dares our hallow'd haunt profane !

OBERON.

## II. In a shady Valley, near a running Water.

O ! Let me haunt this peaceful shade ;  
 Nor let ambition e'er invade  
 The tenants of this leafy bow'r,  
 That shun her paths, and flight her pow'r.

Hither the plaintive halcyon flies  
 From social meads and open skies ;  
 Pleas'd, by this rill, her course to steer,  
 And hide her saphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,  
 Forsakes the river's proud domains ;  
 Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,  
 To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I heard the Naiad say,  
 " Flow, flow, my stream ! this devious way ;  
 " Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,  
 " Thy waters, lovely cool and fair !

“ 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 lymbe 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; faultys there beene in busye lyfe,  
 From whych these peacefull glennes are free.