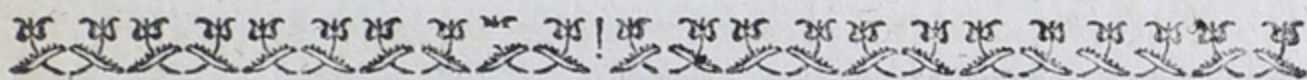


While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
 O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
 May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
 Make public virtue, public freedom vile;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious guile.



INSCRIPTIONS.

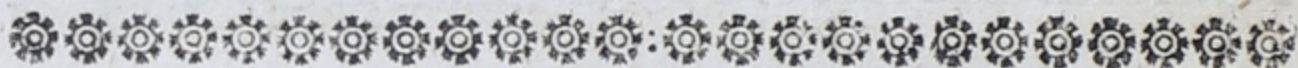
By the Same.

I.

For a GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
 Were

Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
 Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
 O stranger, undismay'd. nor bat nor toad
 Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
 My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
 Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.



II.

For a Statue of CHAUCER at WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. these ancient walls
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
 He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life: through each estate and age,
 The fashions and the follies of the world

With