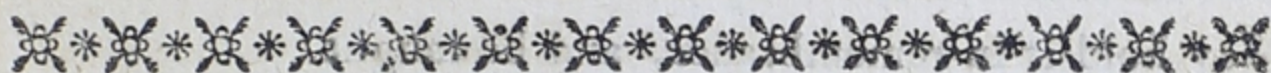


With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance  
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come  
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain  
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold  
 To him, this other heroe; who, in times  
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse  
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.

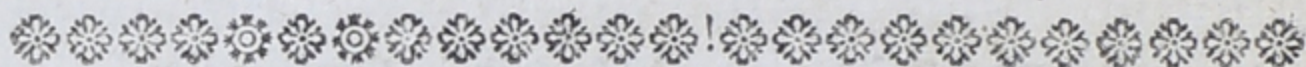


## III.

WHOE'ER thou art whose path in summer lies  
 Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove  
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old  
 Imbosoms. there dwells Albert, generous lord  
 Of all the harvest round. and onward thence  
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light  
 Fast by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,  
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;  
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st  
 Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand  
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook and strew  
 Sweet-smelling flow'rs. for there doth Edmund rest,  
 The learned shepherd; for each rural art  
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes  
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride  
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave



In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous heaven  
 With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,  
 Avenge her falsehood. nor could all the gold  
 And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith  
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,  
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside  
 The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate  
 The mournful story. haply some fair maid  
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught  
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love.



## IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins : O declining eld :  
 O pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell  
 Unknown with humble quiet ; ye who wait  
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :  
 O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch  
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds  
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand  
 Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam  
 In exile ; ye who through the embattled field  
 Seek bright renown ; or who for nobler palms  
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;  
 Approach : behold this marble. Know ye not  
 The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue

Told