

## WILTON PARK

Here I could dwell, and pass my life away,  
In this delightful spot, beneath the shade,  
Of these majestic cedars, who's vast limbs  
Doth lowly hang, and form a cool arcade.

Here by thy banks, O Nadder, I could dwell,  
And watch thy ever murmuring rippling spray,  
The wildfowl gliding so smoothly o'er,  
The silv'ry fish rising in search of prey.

The cooing doves, the blackbird's merry note,  
So sweetly falls upon my quiet ear,  
And Philomel, she, sweet doth warble forth  
Her touching music to the timorous deer.

Here, on this gothic bridge which spans the stream,  
Alone beholding this exquisitess,  
What ecstasies I feel glowing within,  
Such admiration for this loveliness.

For here I'm overlooking hallowed ground,  
Where the immortal Avon Bard did stray,  
With Massinger, and gentle Sidney too,  
Who musing pondered, as I do here this day.

O beauteous park, how much I love to roam  
Upon thy sward, beneath thy tow'ring trees,  
And down thy mazy paths and sylvan glades,  
Inhaling thy perfuming fresh'ning breeze.

Yes, when the shades of eve'ning gather o'er,  
When the bright moon doth in her fulness shine,  
When her soft gleams break thro the summer trees,  
Such matchless beauty then dear park is thine.