Windsor-Forest
Alexander Pope

To the Right Honourable GEORGE Lord Lansdown.

Non injussa cano: Te nostræ Vare myricæ
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phoebò gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

Thy forests, *Windsor!* and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid O Muses bring! [5]
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. [10]
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water, seem to strive again;
Not *Chaos* like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see, [15]
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checquer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. [20]
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, [25]
And 'midst the desart fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let *India* boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree, [30]
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here, [35]
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See *Pan* with flocks, with fruits *Pomona* crown'd,
Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here *Ceres*' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; [40]
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a *Stuart* reigns.

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Thy trees, fair *Windsor!* now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear *Britain*'s thunder, and her Cross display, [385]
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales! [390]
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And *Phoebus* warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind [395]
Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tyde,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old. [400]
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
'Till Conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.

Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.