

**THE GARDENS, A POEM
TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF THE ABBE
DE LILLE, PP. 5-146**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649761197

The Gardens, a Poem Translated from the French of the Abbe De Lille, pp. 5-146 by Jacques Delille

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JACQUES DELILLE

**THE GARDENS, A POEM
TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF THE ABBE
DE LILLE, PP. 5-146**

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

THE

GARDENS.

THE
GARDENS,
A POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM
THE FRENCH OF THE ABBÉ DE LILLE.

BY
MRS. MONTOLIEU.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT;
AND SOLD BY ROBSON, NEW BOND STREET; WHITE,
FLEET STREET; EVANS, FARR MALL; AND
KERBY, STAFFORD STREET.

1805.

THE GARDENS.

CANTO THE FIRST.



THE
GARDENS.

In gardens Wisdom dwelt in days of yore,
 And with serener smiles dispensed her lore.
 And when the good implored th' immortal powers,
 They asked not pomp, but amaranthine bowers;
 Free in cool shades and flowery meads to rove;
 Eternal peace, and rural joys to prove.

But now, my Muse, expand thy eager wing,
 My theme invites, and Philip bids me sing.

Insult not nature with absurd expense,
 Nor spoil her simple charms by vain pretence;
 Weigh well the subject, be with caution bold,
 Profuse of genius, not profuse of gold.
 Less grand than lovely, decked with modest care,
 A garden one vast picture should appear.
 See with a painter's eye. The fields array,
 The numerous tints their varying hues display,
 The gleams of light, the masses of the shade,
 The changes by the hours and seasons made,
 The bright enamel of the grass-clad ground,
 The laughing hills with golden harvests crowned,
 The rocks, the streams, each various shrub and tree,
 These should your colours, canvas, pencils be;
 Nature is yours, and your prolific hand
 Must, to create, her elements command.