

On Receiving a Picture of the Marshes at Ipswich

High o'er the fen the shielding verdure shoots,
And hides the marshy rankness at the roots;
The passing glance a waving plain beholds,
Nor marks the wat'ry waste the green enfolds:
Thus pleasing prospects charm the distant eye,
But fade and tarnish as the gaze draws nigh;
Thus sceptred pomp, magnificently bright,
Turns gross and tawdry to the closer sight.
Judge not the world by wealth of outward show,
But test the firmness of the soil below!