

SONG.

SINCE Colin appear'd on our plains,
Our village is happy and gay ;
His presence enlivens the year,
And winter is pleasing as May.

Tho' he lives the delight of the fair,
No envy their bosoms alarms ;
His good-nature so flatters them all,
Each maid thinks him won by her charms.

But I, tho' so friendless and poor,
He says am the choice of his heart ;
And sure I shall trust in a swain,
Who never descended to art.

I speak of the belles of the town,
I tell him how handsome they be ;
But merit the shepherd admires,
And he fancies he finds it in me.

How much then to Colin I owe,
 Each action of life shall impart;
 While it speaks in the glance of my eye,
 It shall live in the wish of my heart.

I'll rise with the break of the dawn,
 And neat shall our cottage be seen,
 In Summer, how fragrant and gay,
 In Winter, so warm and so clean.

TO BELINDA.

THE wing'd inhabitant of air,
 Thro' nature freely roves,
 And his harmonious notes proclaim,
 'Tis liberty he loves.

Till doom'd by some relentless hand,
 To share a pris'ner's fate,
 He flutters round his narrow cell,
 And pecks his iron grate.