

Would indulgent heav'n had granted  
 Me some rural damsel's part!  
 All the empire I had wanted  
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,  
 Free from fetters, might I rove:  
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains;  
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rusticks had been more forgiving;  
 Partial to my virgin bloom:  
 None had envy'd me when living;  
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.



O D E to a Young Lady,

Somewhat too sollicitous about her Manner of  
 Expression.

By the Same.

**S**URVEY, my fair! that lucid stream  
 Adown the smiling valley stray;  
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,  
 To regulate its winding way?

So



So pleas'd I view thy shining hair  
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow ;  
 Not all thy art, nor all thy care  
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,  
 With native plants enamel'd o'er ;  
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill  
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,  
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose ;  
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,  
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat  
 Can every study'd grace excel ;  
 Let art constrain the rambling note,  
 And will she, Laura, please so well ?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,  
 By no pedantic laws confin'd !  
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,  
 So Laura's words be not unkind.