



N A N C Y of the V A L E.

A B A L L A D.

*Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis, hederâ formosior albâ!*

By the Same.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bower
Soft-warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the *scene*, he blest the *hour*,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

“ Let fops with fickle falshood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:

But

But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's dale!
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naid of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide;
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom:
 Her eye, all mild to view;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

That Nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a Nymph so sweet !
 Or Fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline :
 " Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego ;
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.