

Vapours dark, or sprites impure,

Our fairy revels ne'er invade,

In the hawthorn brake secure

The glow-worm lights us thro' the shade.

We lightly beat the dewy ground

With our tiny feet around.



THE

RONDELEY.

FORGET, forget the playful time,

Let every trace be done away,

When I with many an idle rhyme

Was wont to waste the summer's day.

Then hope was new, and love was young,

And fancy on her poet smil'd,

And as my roundelay I sung

The cares of life my song beguil'd.

Now hope

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Now May Da

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DE LAY.

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 an idle rhyme
 te the summer's day.
 , and love was young,
 poet smil'd,
 ay I sung
 my song beguil'd.

Now hope is fled, the heart grows cold,
 And fancy wears a cypress crown;
 The roundelay grows dull and old,
 And all the gay delights are flown.
 Forget, forget the playful time, &c. &c.

MAY DAY.

THE village bells ring merrily,
 The milk maids sing so cheerily,
 With flow'ry wreaths and ribbons crown'd,
 Now May Day comes its annual round;
 The may-pole rears its lofty head,
 Round on the turf they dance and play;
 While I the distant pathway tread,
 And shun their dance, and festive lay.
 The wither'd leaves fell mournfully,
 The autumn blast blew cold for me,