

---

## COLIN AND ALEXIS.

---

**N**OW from before Aurora's rays,  
Stern darkness with its horror flies;  
The mountain tops begin to blaze,  
And Phœbus gilds the eastern skies.

See glist'ning dew drops on the bush,  
Reviving odours cheer the morn;  
The warbling blackbird and the thrush,  
Make vocal ev'ry blooming thorn.

Alexis join the rural lay,  
Give welcome to the op'ning spring.  
Why sigh'st thou thus thy hours away?  
Come take thy pipe, and softly sing.



## A L E X I S.

Beneath these ivy mantled trees,  
Allow me, Colin, to complain.  
No murm'ring brook, nor whisp'ring breeze  
Can in the least divert my pain.

The maid, whose charms I oft have sung,  
Has left the plain, 'twas what I fear'd,  
And o'er her shoulders, careless hung,  
A Caledonian plaid appear'd.

Of ancient note on Scotia's plain,  
And by her grandam often wore,  
Its crimson hue was free from stain,  
Which made Calista shine the more.

Yea still she shines; her radiant eyes  
Add lustre to the brightest day;  
Each feature strikes with new surprise,  
And various beauties still display.



But why should I recount them still?

'Tis only to increase my pain.

She bids these verdant fields farewell,

And goes to seek a richer swain.

Calista, with thy rapid flight,

Is vanish'd each delightful gleam.

Can Drife's fair banks give more delight,

Than Eckles' gently winding stream?

Do sweeter scents perfume the grove,

Or fairer flow'rs adorn the vale?

Do comelier swains now talk of love,

And cheer thee with their am'rous tale?

More sprightly youths may feel the smart,

And court thee with assiduous care;

But none of all who seek thy heart

Avows a passion more sincere.

Then haste Calista, save the swain,

Who in thy absence ever sighs;

Add fresher beauties to the plain,

And bid more pleasing prospects rise.



Give to the flowers a livelier hue ;  
Thy presence makes all nature gay.  
O lovely maid ! when blest with you,  
Each season seems the month of May.

The warblers now, with plaintive note,  
Seem to accord with ev'ry sigh ;  
The shepherds have their songs forgot,  
And laid their pipes in silence by.

Since thy retreat, O charming fair !  
Day after day my hopes destroy.  
O save Alexis from despair,  
And crown succeeding scenes with joy.