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*WILLIAM AND MARY.*

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**Y**OUNG William once the blithest of  
the swains,  
That grac'd the flow'ry bank, or trode the  
plains ;  
Not rustic, but from affectation free,  
Still courteous, kind, and affable was he.  
Of gentlest manners, ever form'd to please ;  
His mind unruff'd, ever blest with ease ;  
His mien engaging, sweet beyond compare ;  
His breath delicious as the fragrant air ;  
His nature prone, attractive sweets t' impart,  
Good without shew, and lovely without art.

Each nymph him priz'd, and oft they  
fought, in vain,  
The noble conquest of his heart to gain.

Their gentlest arts unable were to move,  
 His soul serene, yet undisturb'd by love.  
 Ah! transient happiness! how short thy sway!  
 How swift thy flight! how sudden thy decay!  
 Thy absence now the youth, dejected, mourns,  
 While in his heart love's kindling passion  
     burns.

A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
 Fairer than fam'd, of old, Arcadia's race:  
 An easy shape, and graceful in her air,  
 The virgins' envy, and the swains' despair.  
 Her name was Mary, from the banks of Clyde,  
 She came to taste the summer in its pride.  
 One fatal eve, this charming youth pass'd by,  
 And on this blooming damsel cast his eye:  
 Her charms, resistless, smote his gen'rous  
     heart,

Surpris'd, confounded, then he felt the smart.  
 Sometime with wonder on the maid he gaz'd,  
 Then silence broke, and thus, like one amaz'd:  
 "What do I feel! from whence this magic  
     spell!

Is this that love of which the poets tell?

It must be so; else why this pleasing pain,  
 These sweet enchanting hopes the nymph to  
 gain?

This fear, this dread, which does my soul  
 molest?

Such things till now were strangers to my  
 breast."

He own'd 'twas love, and wish'd to find  
 relief;

But warbling songsters can't assuage his grief.  
 The sweets of Spring no pleasure now can  
 yield,

Nor all the verdure which adorns the field.  
 To this soft passion all his powers gave way,  
 And in his heart young Mary bore the sway.  
 Go then, fond youth, and tell the maid thy  
 care,

Who knows, perhaps she may be kind as fair.  
 Yes, Mary sure will hear thy plaintive strain;  
 'Twas her who caus'd, she too must cure thy  
 pain.

*Thy* passion urg'd, *her* tender love confess,  
 What maid so happy, or what swain so blest?