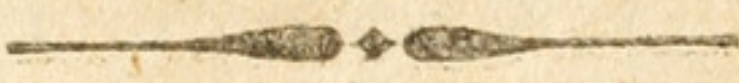


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TO NELLY

WHEN AT

MOFFAT WELL.



ON the delightful banks of Mein,  
The muse laments in pensive strain;  
The nymphs assembl'd on the green,  
Of Nelly's absence all complain.

Our rural swains no joys can find,  
But still in pensive silence mourn;  
With heads upon the turf reclin'd  
They sigh, and wish your swift return.

Oft have they curs'd fair Moffat town,  
With all the virtues of the Well;  
The sprightly Beau, and rustic clown,  
Of Nelly's charms delight to tell.

Dear maid, it is for you alone,  
They spend whole days and nights in sighs;  
And will you disregard their moan,  
And all their plaintive notes despise?

'Tis Autumn now, the fertile field,  
Rich Ceres decks with yellow grain;  
With joy we would our sickles wield,  
If Nelly deign'd to grace the plain.

Come now and of our labours share;  
None better can that weapon ply;  
O mitigate Philander's care,  
Whose toil seems less when you are nigh.

Once more, dear Nell, I'd wish to see  
You cheerful join the rural throng;  
Your presence would enhance our glee,  
And sweetly animate my song.