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THE  
RIVAL SWAINS.

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WHILE o'er the plains stern winter  
bore the sway,  
And Sol from Capricorn diffus'd his ray,  
Nigh Bolton Gate, beneath a hawthorn shade,  
Two rural swains sad lamentations made:  
Each for an absent damsel seem'd to mourn,  
While throbbing breasts did sigh for sigh  
return.

Young D——y's notes and T——'s fond  
praises prov'd,  
That D——h T——r was the maid lov'd.  
Says D—k, "O had I these sweet hours again,  
I've spent with her; but ah! I wish in vain.



The nymph is fled; to Manchester she's gone,  
Nor heeds my sighs, nor yet regards my  
moan:

Her cruel aunts did contribute their aid,  
To banish from my sight the lovely maid.  
O little Cupid, choose two fatal darts,  
And with a vengeance, send them to their  
hearts;

May they endure the agonizing pain  
Of love, yet ever unbelov'd remain;  
And, when far hence, by death they're  
doom'd to go,  
Then let their task be leading apes below.

Young D——h was the fairest on the  
plain,  
Admir'd and lov'd by ev'ry wond'ring swain.  
Her charms exterior might a hero bind;  
But ah! the beauty that adorns her mind,  
To paint does far exceed my Muse's skill.  
To you, dear T— I'll now resign the quill.”  
Says T—, “On her the Graces seem to wait;  
Her form, how fair! enchanting is her gait.



Her youthful charms, no tongue could e'er  
exprefs ;

Nor does her abſence render them the leſs.

The ſoft impreſſion with me ſtill remains ;

I'm captive, yet I glory in my chains.

With fond delight I retroſpect the day,

When we to E——n took our way,

With hearts elate, to view the Scottiſh fair,

Lov'd D——h ſweeten'd all the pleaſures  
there.

Bleſt with her company upon the road,

How charming ſeem'd each rugged path we  
trode ?

Nor could the Scottiſh fair ſuch charms diſ-  
play ;

My darling reign'd the empreſs of the day.

But ah ! reflection animates my pain,

Such happy days I'll ne'er behold again.

Alas ! I languish now in deep deſpair ;

O that I could forget my abſent fair !”

While theſe two youths rehearſ'd their  
plaintive tale,

A third came ſtalking o'er a diſtant dale:



R——n his name, whose anxious looks did  
show,

His beating bosom much oppress'd with wo.  
Of J——y's charms, he in soft concert sung;  
J——y the gay, the beauteous, and the young:  
She who of late, with parson F——r stay'd,  
In the low station of a dairy-maid.

Yet there it was she gain'd young R——n's  
heart,

And in her absence nought can ease his smart.

O hapless lads! can nought allay your pain,  
Till these two charming maids return again?  
Is there none else can ease your tortur'd mind?  
None else so fair, so virt'ous and so kind?  
So may you think, and thus in sighs lament,  
Till Hymen's fetters make you all repent.  
Better bewail an absent love for life,  
Than be tormented by a fractious wife.