

# SWEET WILLIAM.

## BALLAD I.

### I.

**B**Y a prattling stream, on a Midsummer's eve,  
Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs  
interweave,

Fair Flora, I cry'd, to my arbour repair,  
For I must have a chaplet for sweet William's hair.

### II.

She brought me the vi'let that grows on the hill,  
The vale-dwelling lilly, and gilded jonquill :  
But such languid odours how cou'd I approve,  
Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love.

### III.

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,  
The undying myrtle, and ever-green bay :  
But why these to me, who've his constancy known ?  
And Billy has laurels enough of his own.

### IV.

The next was a gift that I could not contemn,  
For she brought me two roses that grew on a stem :  
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood emblems confest,  
So I kiss'd 'em, and press'd 'em quite close to my breast.

V. She

V.

She brought me a sun-flow'r---This, fair one's, your due ;  
 For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you :  
 Oh ! give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,  
 As true to his flame, as this flow'r to the sun.

The Lass with the golden Locks.

BALLAD II.

I.

**N**O more of my Harriot, of Polly no more,  
 Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before ;  
 My heart for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,  
 And barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold :  
 I'll throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,  
 And will sing to my lass with the golden locks.

II.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,  
 Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow ;  
 Such painters of old drew the Queen of the Fair,  
 'Tis the taste of the antients, 'tis classical hair :  
 And tho' wtlings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks,  
 Yet I'll sing to my lass with the golden locks.

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III. To