

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

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To live and to love, to converse and be free,  
Is loving, my charmer, and living with thee:  
Away go the hours in kisses and rhyme,  
Spite of all the grave lectures of old father Time;  
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks,  
He's best spent with the lass of the golden locks.

## IV.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my sight,  
Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white,  
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above,  
Which are fit for the language or labour of love;  
At the park in the mall, at the play in the box,  
My lass bears the bell with her golden locks.

## V.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,  
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;  
She shall ease my fond heart, and shall sooth my soft pain,  
While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain;  
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,  
While I have the lass with the golden locks.

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