

## The DISTRESSED DAMSEL.

## BALLAD VII.

## I.

**O**F all my experience how vast the amount,  
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!  
 Was ever a damsel so sadly betray'd,  
 To live to these years and yet still be a maid ?

## II.

Ye heroes triumphant, by land and by sea,  
 Sworn vott'ries to love, but undmindful of me ;  
 You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,  
 Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid.

## III.

Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue,  
 Can do what you please, or with right, or with wrong,  
 Can it be, or by law or by equity said,  
 That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid ?

## IV.

Ye learned phyicians, whose excellent skill  
 Can save, or demolish, can cure, or can kill,  
 To a poor, forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
 Who is sick --- very sick -- of remaining a maid.

## V.

Ye fops, I invoke, not to list to my song,  
 Who answer no end --- and to no sex belong;  
 Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade ----  
 For if I had you ---- I might still be a maid.

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 The FAIR RECLUSE.

## B A L L A D VIII.

## I.

**Y**E ancient patriarchs of the wood,  
 That veil around these awful glooms,  
 Who many a century have stood  
 In verdant age, that ever blooms.

## II.

Ye Gothic tow'rs, by vapours dense,  
 Obscur'd into severer state,  
 In pastoral magnificence  
 At once so simple and so great.

## III.

Why all your jealous shades on me,  
 Ye hoary elders do ye spread?  
 Fair Innocence shou'd still be free,  
 Nought shou'd be chain'd, but what we dread.