

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.

 The FAIR RECLUSE.

B A L L A D VIII.

I.

YE 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.

IV.

Say, must these tears for ever flow?
Can I from patience learn content,
While solitude still nurses woe,
And leaves me leisure to lament.

V.

My guardian see!---who wards off peace,
Whose cruelty is his employ,
Who bids the tongue of transport cease,
And stops each avenue to joy?

VI.

Freedom of air alone is giv'n,
To aggravate, not sooth my grief,
To view th' immensely-distant heav'n,
My nearest prospect of relief.

To