

A S Q N G.

BY DR. O——.

NOW Evening had tinged the gay Landskip with gold,
 The swains were retired, and their flocks in the fold,
 When Delia complain'd in the woodland alone;
 Loud echoes retain'd, and replied to her moan,
 The warblers sat listning around on the spray,
 And the gale stole in murmurs as soft as her lay.

“ Ah, my Strephon ! (twas thus the fair mourner begun,)
 How cruel to leave me thus lost and undone !
 Your vows like he wind you forget or despise,
 You slight my complaints, and are deaf to my cries ;
 The frown once so dreadful, ah ! where is its power ?
 The voice heard with transport, gives transport no more.

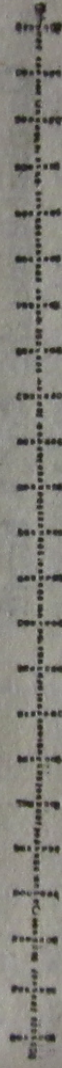
“ Though the Sylvans to please me exert all their powers,
 Though the swains crown my head with a garland of flowers,
 Though they swear that my eyes like the morning are gay,
 That my song is more sweet, than the nightingales lay, yet

Yet while Strephon is absent, dejected, dismay'd,
I droop like a flower that repines in the shade.

“ O return, gentle Shepherd, return to my prayer!
Ah think how I sigh in unpitied despair! —
But in vain all my hopes! all my wishes are vain!
While the streams and the breezes thus hear me complain,
While the birds to my anguish reply from the bough,
He flies from my arms, and regards not my woe.

“ Ah! too easy to trust all the oaths that he swore,
When he vow'd that no Nymph had e'er charm'd him
before.

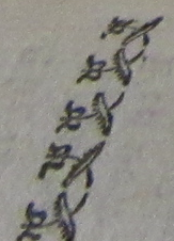
Be warn'd then, ye Fair, nor too rashly believe;
Think the men when they flatter, but want to deceive;
That the fond easy promise was ne'er meant to bind;
And believe when they swear, that their oaths are all wind.”



T H E T U L I P A N D L I L L Y .

B Y M R. B ——— Y .

H IGH o'er the bed, conspicuous seen,
A Tulip rose, the garden's queen,
Never on Holland's foggy strand
Was taller rear'd by Dutchman's hand:
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