A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

YE ſhepherds ſo careleſs and gay,
Who ſport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed leſt you frolic away,
The peace you can never regain.
Let not Folly your boſoms annoy;
And of Love, the dear miſchief, beware.
You may think 'tis all ſunſhine and joy,
——I know 'tis o'erſhadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithſome it ſhines,
With an aſpect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in ſorrow declines,
And it ſets in the night of deſpair.
Hope paints the gay ſcene to the ſight,
While Fancy her viſions beſtows,
And gilds every dream with delight,
But to wake us to ſenſible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet muſt adore,
Tho' ſhe love not her ſhepherd again,
Her Damon muſt love her the more.
For it was not the pride of her ſex,
That treated his vows with diſdain,
For it was not the pleaſure to vex,
That made her delude her fond ſwain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he raſhly believ'd.
'Twas Hers to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd.
For ſuch is of lovers the doom,
While paſſions their reaſon beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to preſume,
If they catch but a look or a ſmile.

Yet ſurely my Phillis would ſeem
To prize me moſt ſhepherds above;
But that might be only eſteem,
While I fooliſhly conſtrued it love.
Yet others, like Damon, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her ſwain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, tho' they cannot complain.

Of Phyllis was always my ſong,
For ſhe was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Would call us the conjugal pair.

They mark'd how I walk'd at her ſide,
How her hand to my boſom I preſt,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever ſo bleſt.

But now the deluſion is o'er,
Theſe day-dreams of pleaſure are fled,
Now Her Damon is pleaſing no more,
And the hopes of her ſhepherd are dead.
May he that my fair ſhall obtain,
May He, as thy Damon, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that ſwain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

A BALLAD.

BY THE SAME.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy Colin has room
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions adieu,
I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his boſom ſo true.

All