But when the ſun was ſliding low,
And evening came with dews ſo cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And ſought her bending leaves to fold.

Thoſe leaves, alas! no more will cloſe;
Relax'd, exhauſted, ſickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the riſing gale.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, whom Love and Fancy lead
To wander near this woodland hill,
If ever muſic ſooth'd thy quill,
Or pity wak'd thy gentle reed,
Repoſe beneath my humble tree,
If thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

Stranger, if thy lot has laid
In toilſome ſcenes of buſy life,
Full ſorely may'ſt thou ſee the ſtrife
Of weary paſſions ill repaid,
In a garden live like me,
If thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

Flowers have ſprung for many a year
O'er the village-maiden's grave,
That, one memorial-ſprig to ſave,
Bore it from a ſiſter's bier;
And homeward walking, wept o'er me
The true tears of Simplicity.

And ſoon, her cottage-window near,
With care my ſlender ſtem ſhe plac'd,
And fondly thus her Grief embrac'd,
And cheriſh'd ſad Remembrance dear;
For Love ſincere and Friendſhip free
Are children of Simplicity.

When paſt was many a painful day,
Slow-pacing o'er the village-green
In white were all its maidens ſeen,
And bore my guardian friend away.
Ah, Death! what ſacrifice to thee
The ruins of Simplicity!

One generous ſwain her heart approv'd,
A youth, whoſe fond and faithful breaſt,
With many an artleſs ſigh confeſt,
In Nature's language that he lov'd:
But, Stranger, 'tis no tale for thee,
Unleſs thou lov'ſt Simplicity.

He died—and ſoon her lip was cold,
And ſoon her roſy lip was pale,
The village wept to hear the tale
When for both the ſlow bell toll'd—
Beneath yon flowery turf they lie,
The lovers of Simplicity.

One boon have I to crave;
Stranger, if thy pity bleed,
Wilt thou do one tender deed,
Strew my pale flowers o'er their grave?
Softly lie the turf on thee,
Because thou lov'ſt Simplicity!