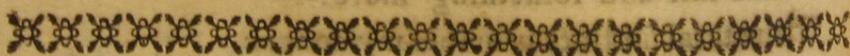


I speak, yet speaking, all my aim
 Is but to ease my mind ;
 I speak, yet care not if my words
 With thee can credit find ;
 I speak, nor ask if my discourse
 Is e'er approv'd by thee,
 Or whether thou with equal ease
 Dost talk again of me.

I leave a light inconstant maid,
 Thou'st lost a heart sincere ;—
 I know not which wants comfort most,
 Or which has most to fear :
 I'm sure, a swain so fond and true,
 Nicè can never find ;
 A nymph like her is quickly found,
 False, faithless, and unkind.



BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD ;

Founded on a real Fact, that happened a few Years
 ago in the Island of ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And so leapt over-board.

Pereene,

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall,
 And whofo his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought would ever stray,
 Though ladies fought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blythfome roll'd his een,
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he fung,
 He scant had twenty feen.

But who the countlefs charms can draw,
 That grac'd his miftrefs true;
 Such charms the old world never faw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine;
 Her cheeks red dewy rofe buds deck,
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known fhip fhe fpied,
 She caft her weeds away,
 And to the palmy fhire fhe hied,
 All in her beft array.

In sea-green filk so neatly clad,
 She there impatient stood ;
 The crew with wonder saw the lad
 Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
 Which he at parting gave ;
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
 Rejoicing crowd the strand ;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain ;
 When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist :
 His heart's blood dy'd the main !

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore,
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And, ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring :
 She falls, she falls, she dyes away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
 Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew,
 So may your lovers scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate scape you.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

AN OLD BALLAD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and vallies, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Imbroidered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;