



C O N T E N T :
A P A S T O R A L .

BY THE SAME.

I.

O 'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

II.

We fate ourselves down to a cooling repast:
Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love sily stole into my breast!

I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

III. Her

