

III.

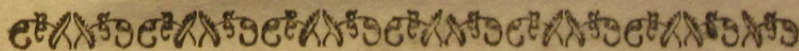
Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek !
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms !
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent ;
The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,
And shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.



CORYDON: A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

BY THE SAME.

I.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse.
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid,
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They

They call'd him the pride of the plain ;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind !
 He mark'd on his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell ;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never wou'd rife their cell.

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat—and your master bemoan ;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

III.

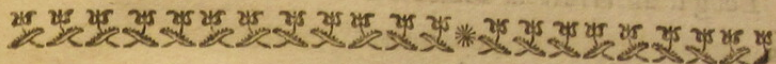
No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

IV.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng ;
 They listen'd,——they envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song ?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.



M E L O D Y.

BY THE SAME.

I.

LIGHTSOME, as convey'd by sparrows,
Love and beauty cross'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the wanton God grown slier,
And for each fond mischief ripe,
Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning sweet an oaten pipe,

Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his deluding strains;
While the boy conceals his quiver
From the slow returning swains.

III. As