

LOVE SONGS, written between  
the Year 1737 and 1743. By the Same.

## SONG I.

**I** Told my nymph, I told her true,  
My fields were small, my flocks were few;  
While faltering accents spoke my fear,  
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,  
And vagrant sheep that left my fold;  
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;  
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,  
The friends I lov'd became unkind,  
She heard, and shed a generous tear;  
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,  
My Flavia must not hope for dress;  
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;  
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,  
Go reap the plenty of your plains;  
Despoil'd of all which you revere,  
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

## SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

**H**OW pleas'd within my native bowers  
Erewhile I pass'd the day!  
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?  
Were ever flowers so gay?

How