

P A S T O R A L.

AS a shepherd's stray'd with her sheep,

I listen'd, and this was her song:

Not from Phillis her swain would I keep,

I would rather thus wander alone.

To my friend let me try to return

The swain—which her fondness invites.

Her crook with each flower I'll adorn,

And learn her the song which he likes.

Yet I'm pleas'd with the tale I despise;

As he whispers my looks are so fair.

When the water reflects back my eyes

I find I'm not equal to her.

By the brook! where the primroses grow,

O could but those days now return!

The sweetest she plac'd on my brow;

Can I bear that my Phillis should mourn?

How

+ teach

How harmless my flock as they feed!

'Tis time I were wearing them home;

I long with my Phillis to meet,

Since Corydon left her alone.

Though the plains and the nights are yet cold,

We shall rise with the sun in the morn;

When Corydon's flocks are unfold,

No more shall his nymph be forlorn.

How they bleat! 'tis her lambkins I hear;

As one of them stray'd from the rest,

Unheeded she drops the soft tear,

Unknowing her sorrow express'd.

Are the hills and the valleys less green?

The shrub, or the sweet-briar not sweet?

Because they are none of them mine,

Ah! why should a shepherdess weep?