

THIRISIS AND DAPHNE.

A P O E M.

MY muse of Thirsis sings, and of the shade,
 Where he, poor shepherd, with his Daphne stray'd:
 On DUNSMORE waste, there stands a shady grove,
 The sweet recess of solitude and love;
 Hazles on this, on that side elms are seen,
 To shade the verdant path that leads between.
 A rose, less lovely than young Thirsis gay,
 Adorns the sprig that bends across the way;
 The way that does with various flow'rs abound,
 The gentle shepherd cast his eyes around;
 He sought a flower with Daphne to compare,
 And thought the drooping lily seem'd less fair:
 A flame as pure as that fair sacred light,
 That shines between the hazle boughs at night,
 Inspires the am'rous Thirsis' tender breast,
 Which, by that light, has often been confess'd:
 Soft was his speech, and languishing his eye,
 When he approach'd his Daphne with a sigh;
 No dark deceit did to his heart belong,
 And flatt'ry was as foreign to his tongue;

" I love,

" I love, says he
 " And my poor v
 " For you I'm do
 " Be kind, my d
 Thus said the sw
 The fair one's an
 To see her smile,
 And thus pursu'd
 " How long mus
 " And tell my
 " No more in f
 " Nor force thos
 " But say you lo
 " Or frown, and
 To hear him
 Poor swain! she
 Her love, perhap
 By the dear swain

AND DAPHNE. O E M.

Thirsis sings, and of the shade,
 Emerd, with his Daphne stray'd:
 There stands a shady grove,
 Solitude and love;
 That side elms are seen,
 A path that leads between.
 A man young Thirsis gay,
 That bends across the way;
 With various flow'rs abound,
 Cast his eyes around;
 With Daphne to compare,
 Hoping lily seem'd less fair:
 That fair sacred light,
 The hazle boughs at night,
 Thirsis' tender breast,
 That, has often been confess'd:
 And languishing his eye,
 And Daphne with a sigh;
 And his Daphne belong,
 To his heart belong;
 Foreign to his tongue: "I love,

"I love, says he, (and took her by the hand)
 "And my poor wounded heart's at your command;
 "For you I'm doom'd in love's fierce flame to burn;
 "Be kind, my dear, and love me in return."
 Thus said the swain, and paus'd a little while;
 The fair one's answer was a silent smile:
 To see her smile, he smil'd amidst his pain,
 And thus pursu'd his gentle suit again.
 "How long must I be toils'd 'twixt hope and fear,
 "And tell my pain to your regardless ear?
 "No more in silence hear me thus complain,
 "Nor force those flatt'ring smiles, to hide disdain;
 "But say you love, and end my anxious care,
 "Or frown, and let me die in sad despair."
 To hear him thus his ardent flame express,
 Poor swain! she pity'd him; what could she less?
 Her love, perhaps, at length may be attain'd,
 By the dear swain that has her pity gain'd.