



# A PASTORAL ELEGY.

## I.

**Y**E nymphs, ah! give ear to my lay,

Your pastime I prithe' give o'er,

For Damon the youthful and gay,

Is gone, — and our joys are no more.

That Shepherd so blithsome and fair,

Whose truth was the pride of the plains,

Has left us alas! in despair,

For no such a Shepherd remains.

## II. His

His life was a

Pure innoce

No envy his b

For with vin

He scorn'd to

Fair truth ev

He always wa

And to pleas

In the shade wh

To hear his r

My flocks I hav

To wander a

II.

His life was a compound of joy,  
 Pure innocence guided each thought,  
 No envy his blis cou'd annoy,  
 For with virtue his bosom was fraught.  
 He scorn'd to deceive or betray,  
 Fair truth ever dwelt in his fight,  
 He always was blithsome and gay,  
 And to please was his only delight.

III.

In the shade when reclin'd on his crook,  
 To hear his melodious strains,  
 My flocks I have often forlook,  
 To wander alone on the plains.

C

Each



G Y.

II. His

Each bird did attend on the spray,

The zepthers did play on the trees,

Sweet harmony join'd the soft lay,

And whisper'd his praise in each breeze.

IV.

My lambkins are straying far wide,

The lilly reclines her fair head,

My crook is with scorn thrown aside,

For alas! my sweet Shepherd is dead.

I will riddle the jessamin bow'rs,

To deck the green turf on his brest,

With myrtle and sweet scented flow'rs,

My Damon's cold grave shall be dress'd.

V. While

While Eglan

Or peace

While the co

Or the rose

While the lan

Or the nig

As long as o

His memor

But alas! the

Each stream

Each Shepher

And his fate

## V.

While Eglantine sheds a perfume,

Or peace is Pastora's desire,

While the cowslip continues to bloom,

Or the rose is adorn'd with a brier.

While the lambkins shall graze on the plain,

Or the nightingale warble its lay,

As long as old time shall remain,

His memory ne'er shall decay.

## VI.

But alas ! the lov'd youth is no more,

Each stream shall repeat the sad sound,

Each Shepherd the loss shall deplore,

And his fate thro' the grove shall resound.

C 2

Since

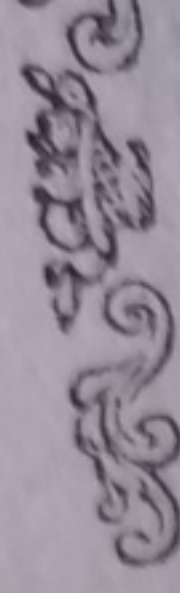
V. White

Since truth like my Damon's must yield,

To death, that invincible foe,

Ye swains, ah! make virtue your shield,

Nor tremble to meet the dire blow.



AN O

HAIL w  
That

Superior joy

' Regales the

Thou source o

Absolve my fr

Beneath thy

Folly's delu



AN