



THE COMPLAINT.

I.

YE verdant greens, ye shady woods,

Ye gardens, and ye groves,

Ye tinkling freams, ye murm'ring floods,

Ye grotto's, and alcoves,

II.

Alas! ye yield me no delight,

In sighs I waste the day,

In tears consume the tedious night,

For Strephon is away

III. How

III.

How often his persuasive tongue,

Beguil'd the fleeting days,

When tender strains he sweetly sung,

In Leonora's praise.

IV.

How sweetly flew the time away,

How blith was every hour,

When I with Strephon past the day,

At yonder blooming bower.

V.

His auburn tresses careless grew,

In ringlets round his neck,

His lovely eyes of glossy blue,

And smiling rosy cheek.

VI. His

VI.

His graceful meid, and gentles look, w^od y^e b^est n^ot
 With skin as lillies fair, I sh^ol b^est n^ot
 Bedeck'd with garland, pipe and crook, lest y^e sh^old
 None cou'd with him compare. o^ur o^ur I

VII.

As thro' the dale, I or in the grove, w^old n^ot
 Together w^e did go, id^ent^ol ei^ght y^e m^ont
 He told me pretty tales of love, n^ot n^ot o^ur
 And I believ'd them true. I b^est n^ot n^ot

VIII.

But now he's gone, and I must grieve, n^ot
 For ever I must moun, l^ls y^e d^erow ei^ght
 Out of his sight, I cannot live, t^est ei^ght b^est I
 And fear he'll ne'er return, b^est b^est I

IX.

IX. In

In shady bow
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When absen
 My breath
 No comfort
 Each she

For Strephe
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 I heard

IX.

In shady bow'rs, and mossy cells,
 Forlorn and lost I stray,
 By chrysal streams, and purling rills,
 I waste the live-long day.

X.

When absent from the youth I love,
 My breast is fraught with pain,
 No comfort can my bosom prove,
 Each shepherd I disdain.

XLI.

For Strephon was the pride of swains,
 His worth by all approv'd,
 I heard his sweet melodious strains,
 I heard and fondly lov'd.

XII. Ye

XII.

Ye careless nymphs, so blith and gay,

Your choice with caution make,

Let no false swain your heart betray,

For Leonora's sake.

THOUGHTS ON RETIREMENT

By the Author of the

High and Holy

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THOUGHTS.