



C O L I N E T T A.

T W A S when the Fields had shed their
golden Grain.

And burning Suns had fear'd the ruffet Plain ;
No more the Rose nor Hyacinth were seen,
Nor yellow Cowslip on the tufted Green :
But the rude Thistle rear'd its hoary Crown,
And the ripe Nettle shew'd an irksom Brown.
In mournful Plight the tarnish'd Groves appear,
And Nature weeps for the declining Year.
The Sun too quickly reach'd the western Sky,
And rising Vapours hid his ev'ning Eye :
Autumnal Threads around the Branches flew,
While the dry Stubble drank the falling Dew.

In this sick Season, at the close of Day,
On *Lydia's* Lap pale *Colinetta* lay ;
Whose fallow Cheeks had lost their rosy Dye,
The Sparkles languish'd in her closing Eye.

Parch'd

Parch'd were those Lips whence Musick us'd to flow,
Nor more the Flute her weary Fingers know,
Yet thrice to raise her feeble Voice she try'd,
Thrice on her Tongue the fainting Numbers dy'd ;
At last reviv'd, on *Lydia's* Neck she hung,
And like the Swan expiring thus she sung.

Farewel, ye Forests and delightful Hills,
Ye flow'ry Meadows and ye crystal Rills,
Ye friendly Groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a Shelter from the burning Sun.
Those blasted Shades all mournful now I see,
Who droop their Heads as tho' they wept for me.
The pensive Linnet has forgot to sing,
The Lark is silent till returning Spring.
The Spring shall all those wonted Charms restore,
Which *Colinetta* must behold no more.

Farewel, ye Fields ; my native Fields, adieu ;
Whose fertile Lays my early Labours knew ;
Where, when an Infant, I was wont to stray,
And gather King-cups at the closing Day.

How

How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful Tale,
 By the clear Lake that shines in yonder Vale ;
 When she had done I sung a chearful Lay,
 While the glad Goldfinch listen'd on the Spray :
 Lur'd by my Song each jolly Swain drew near,
 And rosy Virgins throng'd around to hear :
 Farewel, ye Swains ; ye rosy Nymphs, adieu :
 Tho' I (unwilling) leave the Streams and you,
 Still may soft Musick bless your happy Shore,
 But, *Colinetta*, you must hear no more.

O *Lydia*, thou, (if wayward Tongues shou'd blame
 My Life, and blot a harmless Maiden's Name)
 Tell them if e'er I found a straggling Ewe,
 Although the Owner's Name I hardly knew ;
 I fed it kindly with my Father's Hay,
 And gave it shelter at the closing Day :
 I never stole young Pigeons from their Dams,
 Nor from their Pasture drove my Neighbours Lambs :
 Nor set my Dog to hunt their Flocks away,
 That mine might graze upon the vacant Lay.

When

When *Phillida* by dancing won the Prize,
 Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana's* Eyes :
 When *Damon* wedded *Urs'la* of the Grange,
 My Cheek with Envy ne'er was seen to change :
 When-e'er I saw *Aminda* cross the Plain,
 Or walk the Forest with her darling Swain,
 I never whisper'd to a Stander-by,
 But hated Scandal and abhorr'd a Lye.
 On *Sundays* I (as Sister *Sue* can tell)
 Was always ready for the Sermon-bell :
 I honour'd both the Teacher and the Day ;
 Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray :
 Then sure for me there's something good in Store,
 When *Colinetta* shall be seen no more.

When I am gone, I leave to Sister *Sue*
 My Gown of *Jersey*, and my Aprons blue.
 My studded Sheep-hook *Phillida* may take,
 Likewise my Hay-fork and my Hazel Rake :
 My hoarded Apples and my winter Pears
 Be thine, O *Lydia*, to reward thy Cares.

These

These Nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder Tree,
And this Straw-basket, I bequeath to thee:
That Basket did these dying Fingers weave:
My boxen Flute to *Corydon* I leave,
So shall it charm the list'ning Nymphs around,
For none like him can make it sweetly found.

In our Churchyard there grows a spreading Yew,
Whose dark green Leaves distil a baneful Dew:
Be those sad Branches o'er my Grave reclin'd,
And let these Words be graven on the Rind:
“ Mark, gentle Reader, — Underneath this Tree,
“ There sleeps a Maid, old *Simon's* Daughter she;
“ Thou too, perhaps, ere many Weeks be o'er,
“ Like *Colinetta*, shalt be seen no more.

Here ends the Maid — for now the Seal of Death
Clos'd her pale Lips, and stop'd her rosy Breath.
Her sinking Eye-balls took their long Adieu,
And with a Sigh her harmless Spirit flew.

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