

To thee, my Fair, the chearful Linnet sings,
 And *Philomela* warbles o'er the Springs;
 For thee those Lilies paint the fertile Ground,
 And those fair Cowslips are with Nectar crown'd;
 Here let us rest to shun the scorching Ray,
 While curling Zephyrs in the Branches play.
 In these calm Shades no ghastly Woe appears,
 No Cries of Wretches stun our frightened Ears;
 Here no gloss'd Hate, no fainted Wolves are seen,
 Nor busy Faces throng the peaceful Green;
 But Fear and Sorrow leave the careful Breast,
 And the glad Soul sinks happily to Rest.



DAMON and STREPHON.

A Pastoral Complaint.

Damon.

SAY, why these Sighs that in thy Bosom rise?
 Why from thy Cheek the wonted Crimson flies?
 Why on the Ground are fix'd thy streaming Eyes?

Strephon.

Strephon.

Still let this Bosom swell with aking Woe,
And from my Eyes the streaming Sorrows flow.
But Oh! the Cause---(See Clouds are gath'ring round,
And Zephyrs wait to catch the mournful Sound;
The sick'ning Trees all shed their blooming Store)
Why wouldst thou hear it?----*Sylvius* is no more.

Damon.

Is *Sylvius* dead? ----- then *Phillis* rend thy Hair,
And blot those Features that were late so fair.
Thou Sun, forbear to gild this fatal Day;
Nor you my Lambkins dare to think of Play.

Strephon.

No more alas! --- no more the tuneful Swain
Shall with soft Numbers charm the list'ning Plain.
No more his Flute shall greet the dawning Spring;
Nor to his Hand rebound the trembling String.

Damon.

Ah cruel Death! wou'd none but *Sylvius* do?
No meaner Swain amongst the worthy few?
Why didst thou take (and leave the baser Tribe)
The Flow'r of Shepherds and the Muses Pride?

Strephon.

None knew like him the heav'nly Notes to swell,
 And moral Tales in pleasing Numbers tell.
 While *Sylvius* sung, none thought the Day too long;
 But all repin'd at the too hasty Song.

Damon.

Ye solemn Winds that whistle through the Glade,
 Or rudely bluster in the darker Shade,
 Go bear our Sorrows to the distant Shore,
 And tell them *Sylvius* cheers our Plains no more.

Strephon.

Vain are our Sighs, our Tears as vainly flow,
 And each sad Bosom swells with fruitless Woe!
 As northern Blasts destroy the Autumn Store,
 So *Sylvius* fell and shall return no more.

Damon.

Enough of Sorrow---- now your Garlands bring;
 Crop all the Beauties of the early Spring;
 Around his Tomb these willing Hands shall twine
 The choicest Briers of sweet Eglantine.

Strephon.

Strephon.

On his cold Grave a Laurel I bestow,
Which late did in my Father's Garden grow :
This Wreath *Amyntas* ask'd to shade her Brow,
But to my *Sylvius* I resign it now.

Damon.

The pensive Swains shall strike their Bosoms there,
And soft-ey'd Virgins drop a gentle Tear :
May some good Angel guard the sacred Ground,
And Flow'rs unfading shed their Sweets around.



A SUMMER'S WISH.

MY Guardian, bear me on thy downy Wing
To some cool Shade where infant Flow'rs spring;
Where on the Trees sweet Hony-suckles blow,
And ruddy Daies paint the Ground below :
Where the shrill Linnet charms the solemn Shade,
And Zephyrs pant along the cooler Glade,
Or shake the Bull-rush by a River Side,
While the gay Sun-beams sparkle on the Tide :