



A S O N G

F R O M

SHAKESPEAR'S CYMBELINE.

Sung by GUIDERUS and ARVIRAGUS over
FIDELE, supposed to be dead.

By the Same.

I.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

II.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

III.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew :
 The female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew !

IV.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid :
 With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

V.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell :
 Or 'midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

VI.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed :
 Belov'd, till life could charm no more ;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

