

LOVE SONGS, written between
the Year 1737 and 1743. By the Same.

SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landskip round!

The river gliding down the dale!

The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes

I speed to meet my dear,

That hill and stream my zeal oppose,

And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,

Their wonted charms I see:

That verdant hill, and silver stream,

Divide my love and me.

S O N G III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames
That rule o'er every British mind;

Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,

Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom

In unremitting sighs away:

To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,

And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,

A British youth should vainly moan;

Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,

Submits to yours, and yours alone.