

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.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display,
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG V.

*Ab! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
 Optarim, quam te sic quoque velle putem.*

ON every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigor flies.