

Then bidding farewell
 To the thoughts of a cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant life;
 And if brought to distress,
 Why then — I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a *wife*.



A S O N G. By T. P***cy.

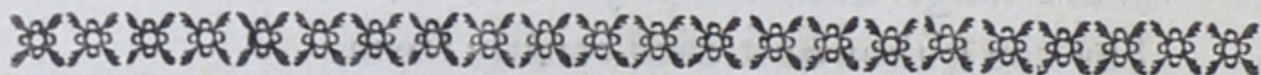
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town :
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 No longer dress'd in silken sheen,
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
 Say can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O can that soft and gentle mien
 Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy

O Nancy! can'st thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen with me to go,
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe?
 Say should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And clear with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?



CYNTHIA, an Elegiac POEM.

By the Same.

—*Libeat tibi Cynthia mecum*

Roscida muscosis antra tenere jugis.

PROPERT.

BENEATH an aged oak's embow'ring shade,
 Whose spreading arms with gray moss fringed were,
 Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd;
 A love-lorn youth oft pensive wou'd repair.

Fast