TO A NIGHTINGALE IN CLIFDEN WOOD.

As at eve he treads the plain,

TO MRS. D. MONCK, OF COOKHAM:

There to meet the village maid; SAY, fad tenant of the grove, I studget this of Whence the pains that now you prove? Why, within your throbbing breaft, Why is Sorrow still a guest? Sleeps in death your murder'd mate? Weep'ft thou his melancholy fate? If 'tis that diffurbs thy peace Spring shall bid thy forrows cease; Then thy breaft, that heaves in woe, With Love's bright flame again shall glow. Yet, fweet mourner, still complain, Nor, though bless'd, forbear thy strain; For, fweetly fad thy warblings flow, And charming is thy fong of woe;

As at eve he treads the plain,

Oft it foothes the shepherd swain;

When he seeks the conscious shade,

There to meet the village maid;

He with rapture hears thy lay

Iffue from the hawthorn spray;

And with mine unites his praise

Of Philomela's tender lays,

Sleeps in death your murder'd mate?

Weep'st thou his melancholy sate?

If 'tis that disturbs' thy peace

Spring shall bid thy forrows cease;

Then thy breast, that heaves in woe,

With Love's bright shane again shall glow.

Yet, sweet mourner, still complain,

Yet, sweet mourner, still complain,

And charaning is thy warblings flow.