

## TO A NIGHTINGALE IN CLIFDEN WOOD.

TO MRS. D. MONCK, OF COOKHAM:

SAY, sad tenant of the grove,  
Whence the pains that now you prove?  
Why, within your throbbing breast,  
Why is Sorrow still a guest?  
Sleeps in death your murder'd mate?  
Weep'st thou his melancholy fate?  
If 'tis that disturbs thy peace  
Spring shall bid thy sorrows cease;  
Then thy breast, that heaves in woe,  
With Love's bright flame again shall glow.  
Yet, sweet mourner, still complain,  
Nor, though blest'd, forbear thy strain;  
For, sweetly sad thy warblings flow,  
And charming is thy song of woe;



As at eve he treads the plain,  
Oft it soothes the shepherd swain;  
When he seeks the conscious shade,  
There to meet the village maid;  
He with rapture hears thy lay  
Issue from the hawthorn spray;  
And with mine unites his praise  
Of Philomela's tender lays.