

## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

## A P A S T O R A L.

**T**WO nymphs to whom the pow'rs of verse belong,  
 Alike ambitious to excel in song,  
 With equal sweetness sang alternate strains,  
 And courteous echo told the list'ning plains;  
 That of her lover sung, this of her friend;  
 Ye rural nymphs and village swains attend.

## C E L I A.

O Love, soft sov'reign, ruler of the heart!  
 Deep are thy wounds, and pleasing is the smart;  
 When Strephon smiles the wint'ry fields look gay,  
 Cold hearts are warm'd, and hard ones melt away.

## S Y L V I A.

Through ev'ry scene of temp'ral blifs is there  
 A greater blessing than a friend sincere?  
 'Tis Corydon that bears that tender name,  
 And Sylvia's breast returns the gen'rous flame.

## C E L I A.

When happy I survey my Strephon's charms,  
 His beauty holds me faster than his arms,

My

My heart is in a  
 I faint, I die, and

And what are all  
 But certain omens  
 In friendship we m  
 It cheers the heart

Surely no lark  
 To see the morn,  
 At his approach all  
 And ev'ry other jo

O happy I! with  
 Our joys united do  
 Our inmost thought  
 And grief's no long

All that is lovely  
 But am to all his im  
 What have I said?  
 No imperfections can

FRIENDSHIP.

T O R A L.

in the pow'rs of verse belong,  
cel in song,  
ang alternate strains,  
ould the list'ning plains;  
s, this of her friend;  
village swains attend.

E L I A.

ign, ruler of the heart!  
and pleasing is the smart;  
the wint'ry fields look gay,  
l, and hard ones melt away.

L V I A.

of temp'ral blifs is there  
a friend sincere?  
rs that tender name,  
eturns the gen'rous flame.

E L I A.

rey my Strephon's charms,  
faster than his arms, My

My heart is in a flood of pleasures tofs'd,  
I faint, I die, and am in raptures lost.

S Y L V I A.

And what are all these tumults of the heart,  
But certain omens of a future smart?  
In friendship we more solid comforts find,  
It cheers the heart, nor leaves a sting behind.

C E L I A.

Surely no lark in spring was e'er so glad  
To see the morn, as I to see my lad;  
At his approach all anxious griefs remove,  
And ev'ry other joy gives place to love.

S Y L V I A.

O happy I! with such a friend to live!  
Our joys united double pleasure give;  
Our inmost thoughts with freedom we unfold,  
And grief's no longer grief, when once 'tis told.

C E L I A.

All that is lovely in my swain I find,  
But am to all his imperfections blind;  
What have I said? I surely do him wrong,  
No imperfections can to him belong.

F 2

S Y L V I A.

## SYLVIA.

The faithful friend sees with impartial eyes,  
 Nor scorns reproof, but speaks without disguise,  
 Blind to all faults, the eager lover sues,  
 Friends see aright, and ev'ry fault excuse.

Then Daphne from beneath a hawthorn sprung,  
 Where she attentive sat to hear the song;  
 Her breast was conscious of the tender glow,  
 That faithful friends, in mutual friendship know;  
 Her tender heart, by love's impulses mov'd,  
 With ardour beat to sing the swain she lov'd;  
 With emulation fir'd, the conscious maid  
 Thus to the fair contending virgins said.

## DAPHNE.

Blest Celia, happy in a lover dear;  
 Blest Sylvia, happy in a friend sincere;  
 But surely I am doubly blest to find,  
 At once a friend sincere, and lover kind;  
 My Thirsis is my friend, my friend I say  
 And who in love can bear a greater sway  
 Strephon must his superior power own,  
 Nor is he less sincere than Corydon.

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YOUNG

As ever

Upon the

Was won

One ev'ning

Was peep

And ev'ry

Sat silent

With dog

And whist

To gather up

Was all the

And while he

Where the

A maid more

Came tripp

The sheep no

The nymph

And thus the

Address'd th