SYLVIA.

nd ſees with impartial eyes,
f, but ſpeaks without diſguiſe;
the eager lover ſues,
and ev'ry fault excuſe.

om beneath a hawthorn ſprung
ve ſat to hear the ſong;
nſcious of the tender glow,
ds, in mutual friendſhip know;
by love's impulſes mov'd,
to ſing the ſwain ſhe lov'd;
r'd, the conſcious maid
ontending virgins ſaid.

DAPHNE.

ppy in a lover dear;
py in a friend ſincere;
doubly bleſt to find,
ſincere, and lover kind;
friend, my friend I ſay
can bear a greater ſway
his ſuperior power own,
ncere than Corydon.

A PAS-

A PASTORAL.

YOUNG Corydon, a blitheſome ſwain,
As ever tended ſheep,
Upon the verdant banks of LEAM,
Was wont his flock to keep.

One ev'ning when the riſing Moon
Was peeping in the flood,
And ev'ry bird that ſings by day,
Sat ſilent in the wood.

With dog and ſtaff he took his way,
And whiſtled as he went;
To gather up his ſtraying ewes,
Was all the ſhepherd meant.

And while he ſought the meadows round,
Where they were wont to ſtray,
A maid more lovely than his ewes,
Came tripping o'er the way.

The ſheep no longer fill'd his thoughts,
The nymph was all his care;
And thus the gentle ſhepherd-ſwain,
Addreſs'd the tender fair.

CORYDON.

Why comes my nymph ſo late abroad,
To wander in the vale;
To hear the murmuring of the flood,
And ſee the moon ſhine pale?
Or is it an appointed hour
To meet ſome happy ſwain?
For maids are ſeldom ſeen alone
So late upon the plain.

PASTORA.

I've been a viſit to a friend,
That lives by yonder grove,
Where ſhepherds tell their tender tales,
And liſt'ning virgins rove:
I with my friend converſing ſtood,
Abſtracted from all care,
The ſun went down, and night drew on
Before I was aware.

CORYDON.

The ſwains were ſurely all unkind,
That ſuch a maid as you
Should e'er be ſeen to walk alone,
And in the ev'ning too:

Now

RYDON.

mph ſo late abroad,
he vale;
nuring of the flood,
on ſhine pale?
nted hour
happy ſwain?
dom ſeen alone
the plain.

ASTORA.

o a friend,
onder grove,
tell their tender tales,
irgins rove:
converſing ſtood,
m all care,
wn, and night drew on
aware.

CORYDON.

ſurely all unkind,
maid as you
een to walk alone,
y'ning too:

Now

Now Corydon moſt gladly will
Attend you if he may;
You ſee the moon is haſting on,
Then why ſhould we delay?

He ſaid, and took her by the hand;
O happy ſhepherd he!
Paſtora too was pleas'd as well
As ſhepherdeſs could be.

The ſwain no longer ſought around,
His ſtraying ewes to find:
O happy nymphs that live in plains,
Where ſhepherds are ſo kind.