

And to every fine sight would he tempt  
me to roam,  
For he fear'd that my heart should grow  
weary at home.

To yield to my shepherd so fond and so  
kind,  
I left my dear cot and true pleasures be-  
hind;  
And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam,  
For false all the joy was that grew not at  
home.

To flirt and be proud, was to me no delight;  
I sigh'd for no swain, with my own in my  
sight:  
'Then how could I wish abroad thus to  
roam,  
When love and contentment were always  
at home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept  
there too long,  
'I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad  
song;  
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,  
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my  
home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds, so frolick  
and free,  
Who in roving now flatter the moment  
away,  
Believe it my aim shall be never to roam,  
But to live my life through and be happy  
at home.

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### THE RAPTURE:

On viewing the Tomb of SHAKESPEARE,  
at Stratford-upon-Avon.

**I**MMORTAL Shakespear! while I view  
thy shrine,  
Where many a bard has been with rap-  
tures fir'd,  
Accept these poor, tho' grateful lays of  
mine;  
These grateful lays thy relics have in-  
spir'd.

Great Nature's mirror! Fancy's fav'rite  
child!  
Whose wondrous Muse could all her  
charms explain;  
And soothe our ears, with thy sweet warb-  
lings wild,  
Without controul, o'er ev'ry passion  
reign.

This flow'ry wreath, I hang around thy  
urn,

Not deck'd with dew, but with the  
gen'rous tear!

And till the vital lamp shall cease to burn,  
Thy mem'ry sweet I ever shall revere.

Ye weeping Muses, vent the melting strain!  
Ye rural swains, an annual tribute  
bring:

Collect from ev'ry grove, and flow'ry plain,  
The richest produce of the breathing  
spring.

Soft zephyrs fair, your fragrant wings dis-  
play,

Waft ev'ry sweet, from all the flow'rs  
that bloom;

Ye fairy tribes, who sport in Cynthia's  
ray,

Your airy circles lead, around this tomb.

And you, ye nymphs of Avon, crystal  
stream,

With willows crown'd, your solemn  
dirges sing,

Till that last morn emits the splendid  
beam!

His Ariel wakes him with the tuneful  
string.

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### THE FAIR INDIGNANT.

I.

**O** Damon, still you strive in vain  
A fix'd resolve to move!  
My heart, alas! may feel the pain,  
But scorns the guilt of love.

II.

Is this, ye pow'rs, his boasted flame?  
Is this his only end?  
And can his love destroy the fame  
His honour should defend?

III.

Perfidious too like all the rest,  
Is faithless Damon grown?  
And can he seek to wound a breast  
That beats for him alone?

IV.

O for a thought so meanly base!  
Th' ungrateful youth shall find  
That heart that could admire his face,  
Can hate him for his mind.