

# HELICON BAG.

*For the Whitehall Evening-Post.*

S O N G.

**M**Y Cottage I've thatch'd with new straw,  
The floor with green rushes I've  
spread ;

In the walls I have patch'd ev'ry flaw,  
And furnish'd with fresh flocks my bed.

My gardens, so trim and so gay,  
Breathe all the perfumes of the Spring ;  
O'er the green all my frisking lambs play,  
From my copse hear the Nightingale sing

Since Eliza regards not my pain,  
How harsh seems the Nightingale's note !  
My lambs bound before me in vain,  
Unpleasing my garden and cot.

The floods my green meadows o'erflow,  
Deadly murrain destroy my young store ;  
Blighting winds o'er my rising crops blow :  
Fall my cot— for your matter's no more.

Ah ! Corydon, cease to complain,  
Nor thus sink a prey to despair ;  
Tho' Eliza be fill'd with disdain,  
Thou'lt find one less cruel as fair.

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