

COLLIN's *Complaint*.

Des - pair - ing be - sides a clear stream, A Shep - herd for - sa - ken was  
laid; And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme, A Wil - low sup - por - ted his  
Head: The Winds that blew o - ver the Plain, To his Sighs with a  
Sigh did re - ply; And the Brook in re - turn of his Pain, Ran  
mourn - ful - ly mur - mu - ring by.

Alas silly Swain that I was,  
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;  
When first I beheld that fair Face,  
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:  
She talk'd, and I blest the dear Tongue,  
When she smil'd 'twas a Pleasure too great;  
I listned, and cry'd when she Sung,  
Was Nightingale ever so sweet.

How foolish was I to believe,  
She cou'd doat on so lowly a Clown;  
Or that a fond Heart wou'd not grieve,  
To forsake the fine Folk of the Town:  
To think that a Beauty so gay,  
So kind and so constant wou'd prove;  
Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,  
Or live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,  
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;  
What tho' when they hear my soft Strains,  
The Virgins sit weeping around:  
Ah *Collin* thy Hopes are in vain,  
Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign;  
Thy false one inclines to a Swain,  
Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,  
Who sorrow to see me betray'd;  
Whatever I suffer forbear,  
Forbear to accuse my false Maid,  
Tho' thro' the wide World we shou'd range,  
'Tis in vain from our Fortunes to fly;  
'Twas hers to be false and to change,  
'Tis mine to be Constant and die.

If whilst my hard Fate I sustain,  
In her Breast any Pity is found;  
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,  
And see me laid low in the Ground;  
The last humble Boon that I crave,  
Is to shade me with *Cypress* and *Yew*;  
And when she looks down on my Grave,  
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,  
And deck her in Golden Array;  
Be finest at every fine Show,  
And Frolick it all the long Day:  
Whilst *Collin* forgotten and gone,  
No more shall be talk'd of or seen;  
Unless that beneath the Pale Moon,  
His Ghost shall glide over the Green.