

### Phyllis The Fair

While larks, with little wing,  
Fann'd the pure air,  
Tasting the breathing Spring,  
Forth I did fare:  
Gay the sun's golden eye  
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;  
Such thy morn! did I cry,  
Phyllis the fair.

In each bird's careless song,  
Glad I did share;  
While yon wild-flowers among,  
Chance led me there!  
Sweet to the op'ning day,  
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;  
Such thy bloom! did I say,  
Phyllis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,  
Doves cooing were;  
I mark'd the cruel hawk  
Caught in a snare:  
So kind may fortune be,  
Such make his destiny,  
He who would injure thee,  
Phyllis the fair.