

### Damon And Sylvia: Fragment

Yon wandering rill that marks the hill,  
And glances o'er the brae, Sir,  
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower  
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;  
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,  
To love they thought no crime, Sir,  
The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,  
While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.