



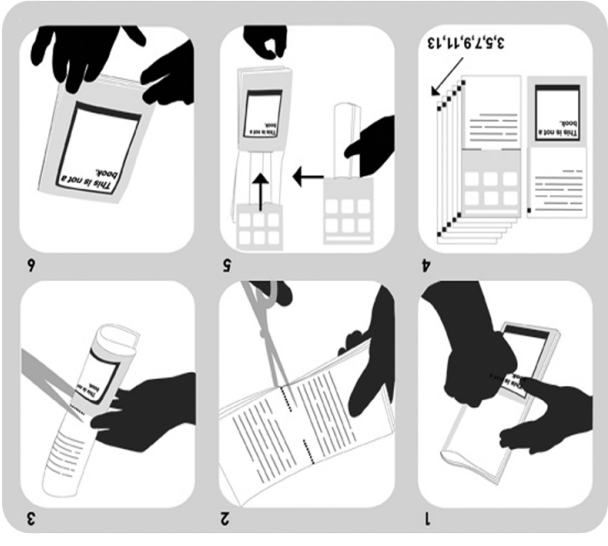
And fading, on thy gentle breast  
 One happy, happy moment lie,  
 Once to thy heart be fondly pressed,  
 And then, rejoicing, die.

# Despair

Dundas Museum and Archives

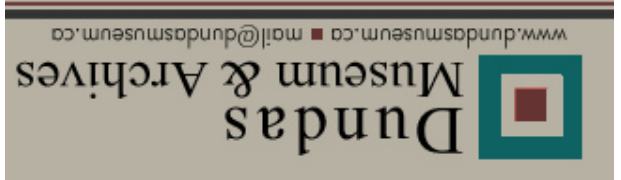
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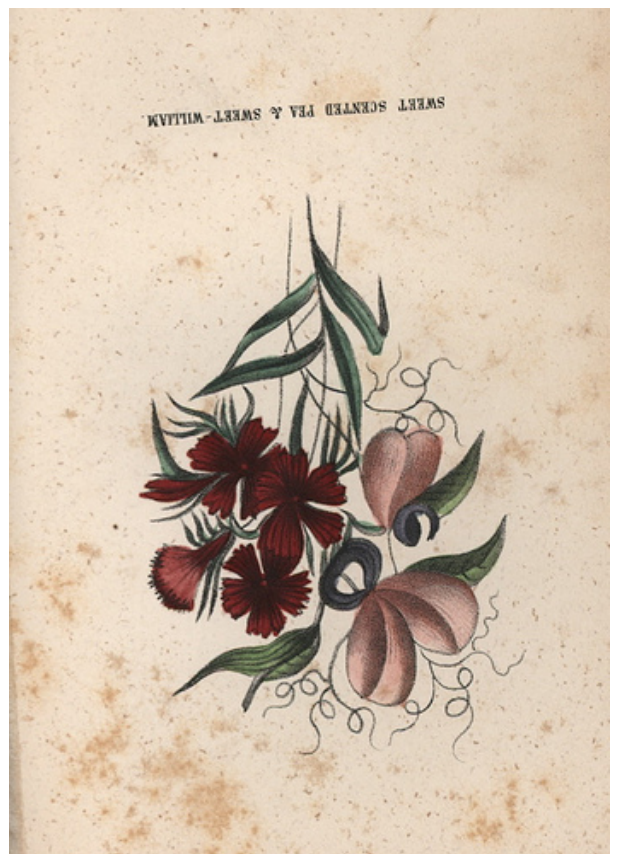
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**Despair**  
 Dundas Museum and Archives  
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**DESPAIR**

List, maidens, in this witching hour,  
 How a charmed Hare bell loved a swain,  
 Yelep d the shepherd of the bower,  
 Who cared not for her pain.







Damsels, profit by my story,  
 Thus in unfashioned phrase rehearsed,  
 Prize your peace, and maiden glory,  
 Not love who loves not first.

Yet he, forsooth, was kind and good,  
 And he wooed Geraldine the fair,  
 And gathered garlands in the wood  
 To deck her golden hair.







O, shepherd, so beloved by me  
 My early doom I joyous meet,  
 Too happy, since disdained by thee,  
 To perish at thy feet.

He culled the wild Rose wet with dew,  
 He culled the Lily of the vale,  
 And Eglantine, and Violet blue,  
 Sweet May, and Primrose pale.

MOSS - ROSE.







Alas! he flew with careless speed,  
 For he nigh gladsome was and young,  
 And crushed the Hare bell of the mead,  
 Who thus her death lay sung:

And eke this small bell, mid the grass,  
 His eye exploring oft would meet  
 And yet he stooped not, for alas!  
 She breathed no tempting sweet.







One luckless morn this lover flew  
 O'er dells and dingles to the grove.  
 To meet with flowers bathed in dew  
 The birth day of his love.

Oh ! then, in pleading strain, cried she,  
 Too lovely shepherd of the bower !  
 Would that I were, till plucked by thee,  
 The green wood's sweetest flower.

PANSY.

