

Pentland Hills.

Vivace

When the bright God of day drove westward his ray, And the evening was,

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Slow

charming and clear, The Swallows a-main nimbly skim o'er the Plain, And our,

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shadows like Giants appear, In a Jefsamine bow'r when the bean was in flow'r, And

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Zephyrs breath'd odours breath'd odours around, Lov'd Celia was fat, with her

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fong and her lute, And the charm'd all the Grove all the Grove with the found.

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P E N T L A N D H I L L S.

W H E N the bright god of day drove westward
 his ray,
 And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
 The swallows amain nimbly skim o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear.
 In a jessamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r,
 And zephyrs breath'd odours around :
 Lov'd Celia was set, with her song and her lut,
 And she charm'd all the grove with the sound.
 Rosy bowers, she sung, while the harmony rung,
 And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive ;
 Th' industrious bees, from the flowers and trees,
 Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.
 The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove,
 By zephyrs conducted along :
 As she touch'd on the strings he beat time with his
 wings,
 And Echo repeated the song.