

With her his Moments gently glide away,  
Who dress'd in Smiles the Ev'ning and the Day.

Hear this, ye great Ones, whose unwieldy Store  
Is still embitter'd with a Wish for more;  
Who strive to climb on Fortune's slipp'ry Hill,  
And swallow Ruin in a golden Pill.  
But learn from hence that Happiness can dwell,  
With a plain Peasant in his humble Cell:  
She loves the Village and the harmless Hind,  
With a clear Conscience and a chearful Mind;  
And the gay Wantons vainly search around,  
For Bliss which only is with Virtue found.



FLORIMELIA, the Second PASTORAL.

By Mr. NEWTON,

AS *Florimelia* watch'd her snowy Fold,  
Soft *Florimelia* with her Locks of Gold,  
Low in a Vale beneath a spreading Shade,  
Two ruddy Youths that lov'd the beauteous Maid,  
To



To please the Fair thus form'd the rival Song,  
While the Herds listen'd to each tuneful Tongue.

## P H I L A S T E R.

This Morn I wander'd through a poplar Grove,  
Where a lone Turtle mourn'd her absent Love;  
With penfive Coo she well express'd her Woe,  
Lull'd by her Voice the Brooks more gently flow;  
When lo the Partner of her Nest drew nigh  
With hov'ring Wings : And bid her Sorrows fly.  
All sprightly now with brisker Note she sings,  
Prunes her soft Breast, and spreads her joyful Wings.  
No more the Grove is Witness to her Woe,  
Such are the Joys that faithful Lovers know.

## C H R O M I S.

As yester'-even, while my Sheep did feed  
On a soft Bank, I tun'd my Oaten Reed ;  
'Twas there a single Violet I spy'd,  
That breath'd its Odours, droop'd its Head, and dy'd ;  
When from the Root a gay Companion grew,  
Fair as the first and fresh as Morning Dew :  
Whose fragrant Leaves perfum'd the bord'ring Plain,  
Then did the first its former Beauties gain,

Pleas'd



Pleas'd with each other side by side they grow,  
Such are the Joys that faithful Lovers know.

P H I L A S T E R.

As sweet as was the Violet is my Love.

C H R O M I S.

And I as constant as the Turtle-Dove.

P H I L A S T E R.

Soft are the Murmurs of a southern Wind,  
And the Complainings of a love-sick Mind;  
Soft are the Breathings of an Infant's Sleep,  
But she is softer than her harmless Sheep.

C H R O M I S.

Sweet are the Gales that meet the rosy Morn,  
Sweet are the Flow'rs that yonder Meads adorn;  
Sweet are the Banks on which my Lambkins play,  
But my lov'd Nymph is sweet as early Day.

P H I L A S T E R.

Where walks my Love—there op'ning Roses bloom,  
And yellow Cowslips shed a choice Perfume;  
When she is gone the op'ning Roses fade,  
The Sun himself laments the absent Maid.

C H R O-



## CHROMIS.

When smiles my Love, then smile the Groves  
below ;

And the clear Skies with brighter Lustre glow :  
But when she frowns, those Groves are glad no more,  
And the Sky lowers that was bright before.

## PHILASTER.

While we prefer the Spring to Winter Storms,  
Or goodly Cedars to unseemly Thorns ;  
While Maples keep below the lofty Pine,  
Shall my lov'd Nymph before her Sisters shine ?

## CHROMIS.

As we prefer the Peacock to the Crow,  
As Maidens fairer than their Mothers show ;  
And as my Voice above *Philaster* swells,  
So my lov'd Nymph each other Nymph excels.

## PHILASTER.

You sung last Night with more melodious Air,  
As you lay plaiting *Cloe's* yellow Hair ;  
While the shrill Pipe her slender Fingers ply'd,  
The Pipe you gave her, and your Heart beside.



CHROMIS.

'Twas you I saw beneath a maple Shade ;  
With blubber'd Cheeks you curs'd the cruel Maid,  
Who broke your Cypress Bowl on yonder Plain,  
And sent the Willow to her flighted Swain.

PHILASTER.

'Tell me at midnight where do Mandrakes groan,  
And Blood fall dropping from the darkned Moon :  
Tell this, and I shall for thy Learning yield,  
A coal-black Lamb that sports in yonder Field.

CHROMIS.

Tell me, where Oaks have tender Medlars bore,  
And Shrubs yield Apples that were Crabs before ;  
And for thy Knowledge I shall not refuse  
To give the best of all my speckled Ewes.

Thus sung the Shepherds while the list'ning Maid,  
Prais'd both their Songs, and thus their Songs repaid ;  
Behold this lovely Pine-apple, she cry'd ;  
And this Twin-chestnut once my chiefest Pride,  
These long were mine, and these I give to you ;  
To both a Prize, a Prize to both is due.

Now



Now nightly Vapours taint the colder Air,  
They part the Flocks, and to the Folds repair ;  
And the black Clouds forbid their longer Stay,  
Their Feet unwilling tread their destin'd Way  
At once : Farewel too lovely Nymphs, they cry,  
And on the Virgin cast a parting Eye.



## CATHARINA'S CAVE.

By Mr. NEWTON.

BENEATH a Mountain's solitary Shade  
Liv'd Catharina, then an ancient Maid,  
An useful Dame that ev'ry Simple knew,  
And from choice Herbs exhal'd a cordial Dew.  
Rude was her Dome, and hid from prying Eyes,  
By lofty Hills that seem'd to reach the Skies ;  
Deep in a Rock the winding Cavern run,  
A bending Cypress skreen'd it from the Sun :  
From its rude Side a Fountain us'd to flow,  
That pour'd incessant on the Stones below :

This