

The gliding Parts with secret Motion flow;
 Were they at rest, they would to Hardness grow,
 As Washings left in Rocks, by Winters Frost
 Are fixt to solid Ice, and all the Motion's lost.

Mus. Happy are those who know the secret Cause
 Of strange Effects, and Nature's hidden Laws.
 But leave the Rocks; for rising Fogs appear,
 And cold Land-breezes chill the troubled Air.

E C L O G U E V.

Mergus. *Lycón.*

Mer. **L**ycón begin—begin the mournful Tale
 You know what 'tis to love and not prevail:
 Describe *Pasithas* in his daily Moan,
 How much he lov'd, and how he was undone.

Lyc. Ungrateful *Ioessa*, vainly coy,
 And proud of youthful Charms despis'd the Boy.

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Has left the calmer Sea's pacifick Arms,
 Where constant Heat the smiling Ocean warms,
 To shun the Youth: (such is the Pow'r of Hate)
 Some windy Bay is now her lone Retreat.
 In vain *Pasithas* fought in ev'ry Cave,
 In ev'ry Creek, and mark'd each rising Wave,
 To ev'ry Isle he rov'd with wild Despair,
 And ask'd, if *Ioessa* had been there.
 In vain he has the fruitless Search pursu'd,
 For she is gone, and will no more be woo'd.
 Pierc'd with the killing Thought the Lover sighs,
 And stills the rising Storms with louder Cries:
 While thus he sadly plains; in mournful Rounds,
 The Air thro' hollow Rocks repeats the distant
 (Sounds,
 Each winding Cavern tells the fruitless Care,
 And ev'ry Rock upbraids the absent Fair;
 By the sad Echo's which it still returns,
 It seems to pity, when the Triton mourns:
 But

But the coy Nymph, deaf to the Mer-man's Cry,
Is still unmov'd, and makes no kind Reply.

While thus *Psintbas* plain'd, the Dolphins came,
And wept to hear his Moan; the *Nereids* swam
In beauteous Crowds around, and thus they said,

“ Weep not, fond *Triton*, for a peevish Maid,

“ Tho' she is gone let not the Youth despair,

“ For there are kinder Nymphs, and Nymphs as fair
But, *Mergus*, Love is deaf as well as blind.

The best Advice is thought the most unkind.

Reflless he goes from the fair pitying Throng
To a dark Cave, where Sea-cows lay their young

A silent Grot fad as his Thoughts he found,
Where frightful Gloom, and Horrors fate around.

There on its slimy Bottom careles laid,
He sigh'd and wept; he sigh'd, and then he said:

Have I then lov'd to be repaid with Scorn;

Ye Gods! 'tis hard, too cruel to be born.

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That *Ioess*

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What?—Have I poyson'd too the hated Sea,
 That *Ioessa* leaves her home for me?
 Had you but told; had you your Hatred shown,
 I would have lov'd unpity'd, and unknown;
 By my own Flight I had prevented yours,
 And, banish'd hence, retir'd to distant Shores,
 Where rigid lasting Cold, and Northern Blasts
 O'er whiten'd Lands a pearly Shining cast;
 Where Icy Flakes like floating Isles appear,
 And fiercely meet; the Noise you'll dread to hear,
 (bear.
 Nor can your tender Limbs the piercing Climate
 Muscles in Shoals on mighty Whales attend,
 Who feed the worthless Fish, and court the puny
 Fierce Sharks by gentle Usage are reclaim'd,
 But Female Pride is savage, and untam'd.
 Go then, Ingrate, whom Love could never please,
 To boist'rous Channels, and to foreign Seas,

Where Rocks like you unmov'd with careles Pride
 Repulse the Waves, and check the rising Tide.

Thus the unhappy Youth was heard to moan;
 The Winds to sigh, the Hollow seem'd to groan,
 And dropping Tears fell from the weeping Stone.

Merg. Thy Song's more grateful than a Sum-
 mer's Breeze,
 Whose cooling Breath, and gentle Fannings please,
 And move in wanton Rings the lightning Seas.

Not half so sweet, when first the Morning dawns
 Are juicy Oyfters, or the luscious Prawns.

But now the Sun is dipt in cooling Streams;
 The twilight is no more; no doubtful Gleams

Of weaker Light the fitting Shades divide,
 But they unmixt prevail, and every Object hide.

The Sea is heard with deeper Sound to roar,

And slumbring Waters may be said to snore.

Each Nymph is stretching on her oozy Bed,

And scarce a Fish pops up his sleepy Head; Those

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Lyc. **A**
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Those who were clung to Rocks, the shelly Heap
 Drop from their Hold, and fall into the Deep.
 Nature her self is still, her Labours cease,
 And all lies wrapt in Silence, and unactive Ease.

ECLOGUE VI.

Lycan, Antbis, Cete.

Lyc. **A** *Ntbis* and *Cete* comb'd their flowing Hair,
 And tun'd to pleasing Sounds the trembling Air,
 While hoary *Phorcys* sat on floating Weed,
 And slowly drove th' unwilling Herd to feed.
 Attend, ye Fish, and all around me throng,
 While I repeat the Nymph's alternate Song.

Ant. Think, how to day a gentle western Breeze
 With pleasing Gales danc'd on the circling Seas,