

L 30 ]  
But hark—ev'n now I hear some distant Song.

*Hip.* 'Tis *Myra's* Voice; I know her warbling  
(Tongue,  
Move, *Sturio*, softly on; then sudden rise,  
And in her wanton Song the easy Nymph surprize.

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### ECLOGUE VIII.

*Proteus.*

**P***roteus* had sent his scaly Herd to feed,  
And slumber'd on a Bed of slimy Weed;  
*Ino* and *Cete* thither chanc'd to stray,  
They saw, and seiz'd him as he sleeping lay;  
Anxious for Flight, now flashing Flame he seems,  
Now softly glides away in melting Streams.  
But they fast held him, till he smiling, said;  
With Songs, nay more than Songs you shall be paid.  
He then began——

To



To sing of Truths unknown, unheard before,  
 While all the Sea was still, and Winds were heard no  
 He sung the World's first Birth, and wondrous Frame,  
 (more.  
 How Bodies all from one great Fluid came.  
 Of different Parts compos'd, a liquid Mass  
 Incessant mov'd in the unbounded Space:

(The Effence of a Fluid is confest

To move, and to be solid is to rest)

And as they flow, all Fluids ever bend

To fly around, and to a Circle tend;

Thus a true Chaos did at first arise

From moving Globules of a different Size;

But finer Atoms were more free to move,

And with the sluggish Parts too active strove

Till they had prest them down from those above:

'Twas then th' unfullied Light did first appear,

And the bright Æther shone unmixt with grosser Air.

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At length by tedious time, and slow Degrees  
 Was form'd the Center of unfathom'd Seas,  
 Made of large Globules, which th' aerial Sphere  
 By Motion thrust from it, and settled here;  
 Then first the Ocean knew his constant place,  
 And th' azure Deep unvail'd his smiling Face.  
 'Tis Motion makes (when different Bodies meet)  
 What Gravity we call, and pressing Weight,  
 While restless Fluids ever drive below  
 Bodies more solid, or—that move too slow.  
 Long rowl'd the Sea, before the Earth appear'd,  
 No Pastures yet were seen, no bleating Flocks were  
 'Till th' Ocean's constant Motion closer prest  
 An earthy Scum, which gathering still encreast;  
 But here th' intrinsic Fluids still remain,  
 And hardest Mettle will its Flux regain.  
 Whene'er dissolv'd the Parts their Freedom know,  
 And with new Joy again they love to flow.

He



He fung, how Heav'n displeas'd with earthy Man,  
 Disturb'd the Seas; how all the Mafs began  
 To move enrag'd; The Motion thus encreast,  
 The sinking Earth down to the Center prest;  
 Such was the antient Deluge, when the Flood  
 Pour'd o'er the Plains, and on the Mountains flood;  
 While Earth-born Mortals too absurdly teach  
 That solid Bodies to the Center reach.

E'er Land was seen, the Ocean had its Birth,  
 And now th' Abyfs supports the shallow Cruft of

(Earth.

Thus *Proteus* fung, and fung--yet more divine,

How Souls unbody'd act, and how incline;

That Knowledge now is at the best no more,

But a Research of what we knew before.

The Soul as yet to no dull Body joyn'd,

Sees all Idea's in th' eternal Mind;

The native Beams are sullied and obscur'd,

And quench'd at once, in grosser Clay immur'd,

Till



Till rouz'd at length by Thought, and studious Care,  
 Like latent Sparks with sudden Light they glare,  
 Gladly the conscious Mind the Hint pursues,  
 And rising Images with Wonder views;  
 Now finds she long before Existence had,  
 And that those Truths were rather found than made.  
 Thus Science grafted do's on Ignorance grow;  
 Men lose to find, and turn unwise to know.  
 Folly their fancy'd Knowledge do's create;  
 The greatest Hardship this of human Fate,  
 With Pain they learn, what they with Ease forgot.  
 The God thus ended his mysterious Lay,  
 When ruddy to the Waves, sunk the declining Day.

Ec.

Pal. They seem  
 Tears follow  
 In mournf  
 Hip. To  
 Grief swell  
 And burst  
 When My  
 The Cloud  
 Pal. See  
 And gilds t  
 Suck up th  
 What lively