

## E.C L O G U E X.

*Meroe, Olys.*

*Meroe.* O *Tys*, begin—

Since he is gone, I'll fetch him to my Arms  
 By sacred Spells, and Force of Magick Charms,  
 Search in the Slime, you'll find the Cramp-fish there,  
 That, chilling stops whatever swims too near:  
 You'll find the Fish, that stays the labouring Ship,  
 Tho' ruffling Winds drive o'er the noisy Deep:  
 So *Phorbas*, while from me he perjur'd flies,  
 Is struck benumb'd, and fix'd with strange Surprise.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know*

*What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

Take here, and drain the Sepia's inky Juice,

Sprinkle the Sea, and say, I thus infuse

sad

Sad gloomy Thoughts into the perjurd Swain,  
Till he relenting sigh, and turn to love again.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know*

*What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

Wreath three times thrice three Reeds, and sev'n  
The Chaplets wave (strange Vertues have been  
In Numbers hid; and Energy divine,

In figur'd Spells, and the mysterious Trine.)

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know*

*What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

Take here the ravenous Dog, and wound him thro',  
Then cry aloud, Phorbas, I strike for you;  
So may his Soul be pierc'd with fretting Pain,  
Till he relenting sigh, and turn to love again.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know*

*What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

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Go fetch dry Weeds; They lie on yonder Ile;  
 Then raise in corner'd Squares the artful Pile,  
 And force the kindled Heap with flaming Oyl:  
 So may his tortur'd Soul in Anguish mourn,  
 And as the Pile, so may the Triton burn.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know  
 What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

I hear the hollowing Elves, and Midnight Shriek  
 Of wandring Ghosts, who now unbodied seek  
 Their lost Abodes, and restless ever roam;  
 Affright, ye Elves, and bring my Phorbas home.

*Look down auspicious Moon; too well you know  
 What Love will force, and potent Charms can do.*

While now the Flames consume the sacred Heap,  
 Sing Otys; Try to lull my Soul asleep;  
 Delightful Sounds, when form'd by studious Art  
 Will kind Reliefa while, and slumbring Ease impart;

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They quell sad Thoughts, and raise from black De-  
The troubled Mind, and still the Voice of Care. <sup>(spair</sup>

*Otys.* Love once assay'd to swim; in wanton Play  
He labouring strove to cut the liquid way:

He prest the Waters with extended Arms,  
And as he mov'd, display'd a thousand Charms.

When tir'd with Sport, he would at length have  
His Wings were clog'd with Wet, and useles grown, <sup>(flown,</sup>  
Flutt'ring he strove, but Moisture prest him down. <sup>grown,</sup>

The God of Love is now to Seas confin'd,  
No Triton must be proud, or Nymph unkind.

*Mer.* Cease, *Otys*; see, the Flame already dies,  
Choak'd with dark smoaky Fumes, that circling rise.  
Moisture imbib'd preserves the reeking Heap:

Sad Sign! —

Nor will he burn, nor shall I cease to weep.

In vain we strive: No artful Spell can move,

No Charm will force unwilling Souls to love. Ec-

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