



HEALTH, *an* ECLOGUE.

NOW early Shepherds o'er the Meadow pass,
 And print long Foot-steps in the glittering
 Grass;

The Cows neglectful of their Pasture stand,
 By turns obsequious to the Milker's Hand.

When *Damon* softly trod the shaven Lawn,
Damon a Youth from City Cares withdrawn;
 Long was the pleasing Walk he wander'd thro',
 A cover'd Arbour clos'd the distant view;
 There rests the *Youth*, and while the feather'd
 Throng
 Raise their wild Musick, thus contrives a Song.

Here

Here wafted o'er by mild *Etesian* Air,
Thou Country *Goddeſs*, beauteous *Health*! repair;
Here let my Breast thro' quiv'ring Trees inhale
Thy rosy Blessings with the Morning Gale.
What are the Fields, or Flow'rs, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.

Joy to my Soul! I feel the *Goddeſs* nigh,
The Face of Nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat Green refreshing Breezes run,
The smiling Dazies blow beneath the Sun,
The Brooks run purling down with silver Waves,
The planted Lanes rejoice with dancing Leaves,
The chirping Birds from all the Compass rove
To tempt the tuneful Echoes of the Grove:
High sunny Summits, deeply shaded Dales,
Thick Mossy Banks, and flow'ry winding Vales,

With various Prospect gratify the Sight,
And scatter fix'd Attention in Delight.

Come, Country *Goddeſs*, come, nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy Mountain-Siſter, *Exerciſe*,
Call'd by thy lively Voice, ſhe turns her Pace,
Her winding Horn proclaims the finiſh'd Chace;
She mounts the Rocks, ſhe ſkims the level Plain,
Dogs, Hawks, and Horſes, crow'd her early Train;
Her hardy Face repels the tanning Wind,
And Lines and Meſhes looſely float behind.
All theſe as Means of Toil the Feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to Pleaſure join'd with thee.

Let *Sloth* lye ſoftning 'till high Noon in Down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſult'ry Town,
Unnerv'd with Reſt; and turn her own Diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious Eaſe:

I mount

I mount the Courser, call the deep mouth'd Hounds,
 The Fox unkennell'd flies to covert Grounds;
 I lead where Stags thro' tangled Thickets tread,
 And shake the Saplings with their branching Head;
 I make the Falcons wing their airy Way,
 And soar to seize, or stooping strike their Prey;
 To snare the Fish I fix the luring Bait;
 To wound the Fowl I load the Gun with Fate.

'Tis thus thro' change of Exercise I range,
 And Strength and Pleasure rise from ev'ry Change.

Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,
 When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou *Goddeſs* of my rural Song,
 And bring thy Daughter, calm *Content*, along,
 Dame of the ruddy Cheek and laughing Eye,
 From whose bright Presence Clouds of Sorrow fly:

For her I mow my Walks, I platt my Bow'rs,
Clip my low Hedges, and support my Flow'rs;
To welcome her, this Summer Seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to Rest;
When she from Exercise to learned Ease
Shall change again, and teach the Change to please.

Now Friends conversing my soft Hours refine,
And *Tully's Tusculum* revives in mine!
Now to grave Books I bid the Mind retreat,
And such as make me rather Good than Great.
Or o'er the Works of easy *Fancy* rove,
Where Flutes and Innocence amuse the Grove:
The native *Bard* that on *Sicilian* Plains
First sung the lowly Manners of the Swains;
Or *Maro's* Muse, that in the fairest Light
Paints rural Prospects and the Charms of Sight;

These

These soft *Amusements* bring *Content* along,
And *Fancy*, void of *Sorrow*, turns to *Song*.

Here beauteous *Health* for all the Year remain,

When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

