

world by soft Desires,
 in ev'ry Breast inspires,
 must appear,
 and all are *Lovers* here,
 murmurs of that *Dove*,
 she confirms her Love!
She displays her Throat,
 is all her Ev'ning Note,
 their tender Hours,
 beneath *Love's* Pow'rs,
 that imperious Beast,
 lter in thy Breast.
 Creatures only name
 Owners of this Flame?
 stops his Course at these:
 and gently bends the *Trees*,
 mix their am'rous Boughs,
 clasps her supporting Spouse!
 in the stately Pine;
 ay Love those *Beeches* join. But

But view that *Oak*; behold his rugged Side:
 Yet that rough Bark the melting Flame do's hide.
 All, by their trembling Leaves, in Sighs declare
 And tell their Passions to the gath'ring Air.
 Which, had but Love o'er Thee the least Com.
 [mand,
 Thou, by their Motions, too might'ft understand.

AMINTOR, being ask'd by THIRSIS
Who is the Object of his Love? speaks as follows.

Amint. **T**HIRSIS! to Thee I mean that
 [Name to show,
 Which, only yet our Groves, and Fountains know:
 That, when my Death shall through the Plains
 [be told,
 Thou with the wretched Cause may'ft that unfold
 To every-one, who shall my Story find
 Carv'd by thy Hand, in some fair Beeches rind;
 Beneath whose Shade the bleeding Body lay:
 That, when by chance she shall be led that way,
 O'er

O'er my sad Grave the haughty Nymph may go,
 And the proud Triumph of her Beauty shew
 To all the Swains, to Strangers as they pass;
 And yet at length she may (but Oh! alas!
 I fear, too high my flatt'ring Hopes do soar)
 Yet she at length may my sad Fate deplore;
 May weep me Dead, may o'er my Tomb recline,
 And sighing, wish were he alive and Mine!
 But mark me to the End——

Thir. Go on; for well I do thy Speech attend,
 Perhaps to better Ends, than yet thou know'st.

Arint. Being now a Child, or but a Youth at
 [most,
 When scarce to reach the blushing Fruit I knew,
 Which on the lowest bending Branches grew;
 Still with the dearest, sweetest, kindest Maid
 Young as myself, at childish Sports I play'd.
 The Fairest, sure, of all that Lovely Kind,
 Who spread their golden Tresses to the Wind;

Cydippe's

Cydippe's Daugh
 Whose Flocks
 The beauteous
 Warmth of all
 With Her I liv
 Our Houfes me
 Together Nets
 Together throu
 Purfu'd with e
 And of the Spo
 But whilst I fro
 Alas! I know I
 By unperceiv'd
 Which fill'd, at
 As from a Root
 A Plant may r
 From *Sylvia's* P
 And from her H
 Which sweetly
 Yet in the end f

the haughty Nymph may
 Nymph of her Beauty shew
 Strangers as they pass;
 may (but Oh! alas!
 t't'ring Hopes do soar)
 my sad Fate deplore;
 may o'er my Tomb recline
 ere he alive and Mine!
 and——
 Tell I do thy Speech attend,
 s, than yet thou know'st
 a Child, or but a Youth at
 [most
 the blushing Fruit I knew
 pending Branches grew;
 sweetest, kindest Maid
 mildish Sports I play'd.
 all that Lovely Kind,
 ten Tresses to the Wind;
 Cydippe's

Cydippe's Daughter, and *Montano's* Heir,
 whose Flocks and Herds so num'rous do appear;
 The beauteous *Sylvia*; She, 'tis She I love,
 Warmth of all Hearts, and Pride of ev'ry Grove.
 With Her I liv'd, no Turtles e'er so fond.
 Our Houfes met, but more our Souls were join'd.
 Together Nets for Fish, and Fowl we laid;
 Together through the spacious Forest stray'd;
 Pursu'd with equal Speed the flying Deer,
 And of the Spoils there no Divisions were.
 But whilst I from the Beasts their Freedom won,
 Alas! I know not how, my Own was gone.
 By unperceiv'd Degrees the Fire encreas'd,
 Which fill'd, at last, each corner of my Breast;
 As from a Root, tho' scarce discern'd so small,
 A Plant may rise, that grows amazing tall.
 From *Sylvia's* Presence now I could not move,
 And from her Eyes took in full Draughts of Love,
 Which sweetly thro' my ravish'd Mind distill'd;
 Yet in the end such Bitterness wou'd yield, That

That oft I sigh'd, ere yet I knew the cause,
 And was a Lover, ere I dream'd I was.
 But Oh! at last, too well my State I knew;
 And now, will shew thee how this Passion grew.
 Then listen, while the pleasing Tale I tell.

THIRISIS *persuades* **AMINTOR** ^{not}
to despair upon the Predictions of Mopsus
discov'ring him to be an Impostor.

Thiris. **W**HY dost thou still give way to such
 [Despair!

Amintor. Too just, alas! the weighty Causes are.

Mopsus, wife *Mopsus*, who in Art excels,

And of all Plants the secret Vertue tells,

Knows, with what healing Gifts our Springs
 [abound,

And of each Bird explains the mystick Sound;

'Twas He, ev'n He! my wretched Fate foretold.

[hold,

Thir. Dost thou this Speech then of that *Mopsus*

Who,

Who, whilst hi

Drops flatt'ring

Whose outward

Tho' Fraud and

And the unwar

With Looks aff

If He it is, th

I hope the happ

So far from Tr

Amint. If ou

Conceal it not;

And fear'd his V

Thir. —

And in these Sh

Like Thee I pri

On all his study?

Nor fear'd to err

When on a Day,

My Steps did to