The MONTH *of* *AUGUST.*

Sylvanus, *a Courtier.* Phillis, *a Country Maid.*

SYLVANUS.

HAIL, *Phillis*, brighter than a Morning Sky,
Joy of my Heart, and Darling of my Eye;
See the kind Year her grateful Tribute yields,
And round-fac'd Plenty triumphs o'er the Fields.
But to yon Gardens let me lead thy Charms,
Where the curl'd Vine extends her willing Arms:
Whoſe purple Cluſters lure the longing Eye,
And the ripe Cherries ſhow their ſcarlet Dye.

PHILLIS.

Not all the Sights your boaſted Gardens yield,
Are half ſo lovely as my Father's Field,
Where large Increaſe has bleſs'd the fruitful Plain,
And we with Joy behold the ſwelling Grain,
Whoſe heavy Ears towards the Earth reclin'd,
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whisking Wind.

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SYLVANUS.

But ſee, to emulate thoſe Cheeks of thine,
On yon fair Tree the bluſhing Nect'rins ſhine:
Beneath their Leaves the ruddy Peaches glow,
And the plump Figs compoſe a gallant Show.
With gaudy Plumbs ſee yonder Boughs recline,
And ruddy Pears in yon *Eſpalier* twine.
There humble Dwarfs in pleaſing Order ſtand,
Whoſe golden Product ſeems to court thy Hand.

PHILLIS.

In vain you tempt me while our Orchard bears
Long-keeping Ruſſets, lovely Cath'rine Pears,
Pearmains and Codlings, wheaten Plumbs enough,
And the black Damſons load the bending Bough.
No Pruning-knives our fertile Branches teaze,
While yours muſt grow but as their Maſters pleaſe.
The grateful Trees our Mercy well repay,
And rain us Buſhels at the riſing Day.

SYLVANUS.

Fair are my Gardens, yet you ſlight them all;
Then let us haſte to yon majeſtick Hall,

Where the glad Roofs ſhall to thy Voice reſound,
Thy Voice more ſweet than Muſick's melting Sound:
Now *Orion*'s Beam infeſts the ſultry Sky,
And ſcorching Fevers through the Welkin fly;
But Art ſhall teach us to evade his Ray,
And the forc'd Fountains near the Windows play;
There choice Perfumes ſhall give a pleaſing Gale,
And Orange-flow'rs their od'rous Breath exhale,
While on the Walls the well-wrought Paintings glow,
And dazzling Carpets deck the Floors below:
O tell me, Thou whoſe careleſs Beauties charm,
Are theſe not fairer than a Threſher's Barn?

PHILLIS.

Believe me, I can find no Charms at all
In your fine Carpets and your painted Hall.
'Tis true our Parlour has an earthen Floor,
The Sides of Plaſter and of Elm the Door:
Yet the rub'd Cheſt and Table ſweetly ſhines,
And the ſpread Mint along the Window climbs:
An aged Laurel keeps away the Sun,
And two cool Streams acroſs the Garden run.

SYLVANUS.

Can Feaſts or Muſick win my lovely Maid?
In both thoſe Pleaſures be her Taſte obey'd.
The ranſack'd Earth ſhall all its Dainties ſend,
Till with its Load her plenteous Table bend.
Then to the Roofs the ſwelling Notes ſhall riſe,
Pierce the glad Air and gain upon the Skies,
While Eaſe and Rapture ſpreads itſelf around,
And diſtant Hills roll back the charming Sound.

PHILLIS.

Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know
This Night to feaſt with *Corydon* I go:
To Night his Reapers bring the gather'd Grain,
Home to his Barns, and leave the naked Plain:
Then Beef and Coleworts, Beans and Bacon too,
And the Plumb-pudding of delicious Hue,
Sweet-ſpiced Cake, and Apple-pies good Store,
Deck the brown Board; who can deſire more?
His Flute and Tabor too *Amyntor* brings,
And while he plays ſoft *Amaryllis* ſings.
Then ſtrive no more to win a ſimple Maid,
From her lov'd Cottage and her ſilent Shade.

Let *Phillis* ne'er, ah never let her rove
From her firſt Virtue and her humble Grove.
Go ſeek ſome Nymph that equals your Degree,
And leave Content and *Corydon* for me.

An EPISTLE *to a* LADY.

IN vain, dear Madam, yes in vain you ſtrive;
Alas! to make your luckleſs *Mira* thrive.
For *Tycho* and *Copernicus* agree,
No golden Planet bent its Rays on me.

'Tis twenty Winters, if it is no more;
To ſpeak the Truth it may be Twenty four.
As many Springs their 'pointed Space have run,
Since *Mira*'s Eyes firſt open'd on the Sun.
'Twas when the Flocks on ſlabby Hillocks lye,
And the cold Fiſhes rule the watry Sky:
But tho' theſe Eyes the learned Page explore,
And turn the pond'rous Volumes o'er and o'er,