

And now the frothy Dish began to seem,  
A proper Viand for his sickly Queen :  
To crown the rest, he met by lucky Chance  
The Wit of *England*, and the Truth of *France*.



*The* CHARMS of ANTHONY.

YE Swains, attend ; let ev'ry Nymph be near ;  
Be still, ye Rivers, that the Swains may hear :  
Ye Winds, be calm, and brush with softer Wing ;  
We mean the Charms of *Anthony* to sing ;  
See all around the list'ning Shepherds throng ;  
O help, ye Sisters of immortal Song.

LUCY.

Sing, *Phebe*, sing what Shepherd rules the Plain,  
Young *Colin*'s Envy, and *Aminda*'s Pain :  
Whom none can rival when he mows the Field,  
And to whose Flute the Nightingale must yield.

PHEBE.

'Tis *Anthony* — 'tis he deserves the Lay,  
As mild as Ev'ning, and as Morning gay ;

Not



Not the fresh Blooms on yonder Codling-tree,  
 Nor the white Hawthorn half so fair as he ;  
 Nor the young Daisy dress'd in Morning Dew ;  
 Nor the Pea Blossom wears a brighter Hue.

L U C Y.

None knows like him to strew the wheaten Grain,  
 Or drive the Plough-share o'er the fertile Plain ;  
 To raise the Sheaves, or reap the waving Corn,  
 Or mow brown Stubble in the early Morn.

P H E B E.

How mild the Youth, when on a sultry Day  
 In yonder Vale we turn'd the fragrant Hay :  
 How on his Voice the list'ning Shepherds hung,  
 Not tuneful *Stella* half so sweetly sung.

L U C Y.

Whether he binds the Sheaf in twisted Band,  
 Or turns the Pitch-fork on his nimble Hand ;  
 He's sure to win a Glance from ev'ry Eye,  
 While clumsy *Colin* stands neglected by.

P H E B E.

His curling Locks by far more lovely shew,  
 Than the white Wig on Squire *Fopling's* Brow ;

An



And when the Shepherd on a rainy Day,  
Weaves for his Hat a Wisp of flow'ry Hay,  
The scarlet Feather not so gay appears,  
Which on his Crown Sir *Ambrose Fino* wears.

L U C Y.

For *Anthony Meriab* leaves her Cow,  
And stands to gape at him upon the Mow :  
While he (for who but must that Wench despise ? )  
Throws Straws and Cobwebs on her staring Eyes.

P H E B E.

To the Back-door I saw proud *Lydia* hie,  
To see the Team with *Anthony* go by ;  
He sily laugh'd, and turn'd him from the Door,  
I thought the Damsel would have spoke no more.

L U C Y.

Me once he met, 'twas when from yonder Vale,  
Each Morn I brought the heavy milking Pail :  
He took it from my Head, and with a Smile  
Reach'd out his Hand, and help'd me o'er the Stile.

P H E B E.

As I was dancing late amongst the Crew,  
A yellow Pippin o'er my Head he threw :

*Sue*



*Sue* bit her Lips, and *Barbaretta* frown'd ;  
And *Phillis* look'd as tho' she wou'd have swoon'd.

Thus sung the Maids till *Colinet* came by,  
And *Rodrigo* from weeding of the Rye ;  
Each took his Lass, and sped 'em to the Town,  
To drink cool Cider at the *Hare and Hound* :  
The Damsels simper like the sparkling Beer,  
And *Colin* shines till *Anthony* is near.



*On the Death of a justly admir'd* AUTHOR.

W H E N pale-ey'd Winter rules the mourning  
Fields,

And shiv'ring Nature to his Sceptre yields,  
Dejected Earth is strip'd of all her Pride,  
And sculking Flowers in her Bosom hide ;  
Through naked Groves afflicted Warblers fly,  
And Storms of Hail come rattling through the Sky :  
But when soft *April* lifts her downy Wing,  
And calls the blushing Infants of the Spring,

The