À

Pastoral on the QUEEN.

(Phillis.)

Hy (Philomela) sleep those chearful With which so much you gratify'd When every murmuring stream and pretty spring Of some soft Tale would stop to hear thee Sing In Notes, that all the Nymphs and Shepherds (mov'd: And Theron too, had he been by, had Lov'd. But ah! unwellcome Alteration, now No pleasant Smile, or Wreath, adorns thy Brow. About the Plains thy Flocks neglected, stray; And thou, as careless and forlorn as they: In hollow Rocks, and Cypress Shades, alone, Dost Teach the Mournful Dove a sadder Mone. For, all I heard from thee, when listning by, Were broken Notes, of some sad Elegy: But

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But such a great and unaffected Air

Thy Solitary Lamentations were,

I find, no selfish Grief, or Interest

Cou'd draw those Generous Murmurs from thy

'Tis sure, the Publick Loss thou dost condole;

'Tis that which yet lies preffing on thy Soul.

(Phitomela.)

Tis that indeed, our common loss and care,
Which, in my Breast, claims this unvulgar share;
Too sadly claims it: Oh! the Queen, the Queen
Has lest the World: but Heaven! How black
Her Exit makes it?—Oh Illustrious Saint!

(By Death, from our most warm Caresses
Could I but speak thy Worth: But that's a

(Theme
Too mighty for my boldest Thoughts to Stem:
Ev'n my own Grief, I have no words to Paint,
Nor find my Love an Elegant Complaint.

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My Lyre it self no more can give me ease,

(Nor the strong Tumults of my Soul appeale;

No more can give my swelling Breastrelief,)

Then Fate reverse the Subject of my Grief:

'Tis all in vain-----

Alass! the Royal Shepherdes is gone;
And, with her, the Whole Sex's Glory flown.
Oh! Could not all those Heavenly Virtues
(Save

Divine Maria from th' Insatiate Grave?

Nor her's, and our Dear Hero's Moving Tears?

Nor all the poor Lamenting Nations Fears?

No, no; they could not-----She resigns Her

(Breath;

The Charming QUEEN a Trophy falls to Death.