

*The Amusement.**Strepson.***W**HY Weeps my *Sylvia*, prethee why?*Sylvia.*To think my *Strepson* once must Die,!To think withal poor *Sylvia* may

When He's remov'd, be doom'd to stay.

Strepson.

Nymph you'r too Lavish of your Tears,

To spend them on Fantastick Fears.

Sylvia.

No, for when I this Life resign,

(If Fate prolong the Date of Thine)

The Tears you'l give my Funeral,

Will pay me Int'rest, Stock and all.

Not so,
Ne're Rise
Without
Her Dying

Not weep

I Swear

I wou'd no

Break swee

Death! ar

Yes! Swea

Let then gi

And punish

POEMS.

35

Stroph.

Not so, for shou'd this setting Light
Ne're Rise again in Sylvia's fight,
Without a Tear in mine I'd view
Her Dying Eyes.

Sylv.

'Tis False!

Stroph.

'Tis true,

Sylv.

Not weep false Shepheard: Swear,

Stroph.

I Swear

I wou'd not give thy Hearse a Tear.

Sylv.

Break swelling Heart! Perfidious Man!

Death! are you Serious? Swear agen,

Yes! Swear by Ceres and by Pan,

Stroph.

Let then great Pan and Ceres hear,

And punish if I falsely Swear.

D

Sylv.

POEMS.

Sylv.

Gods! can ye hear this and Forgive?
 You may, for I have Heard and Live!
 Half this Unkindness timely shown,
 Had kept me Blest, kept me my Own;
 Ere to your false embrace I came,
 I cou'd have quencht my kindling Flame;
 I cou'd have done't without Remorse,
Parting had then been no *Divorce*.

Strepb.

Rage not rash *Nymph*, for I've Decreed
 When *Sylvia* Dies——

Sylv.

Speak, what?

Strepb.

To Bleed.

I'll drein my *Life-blood* from my Heart,
 But no cheap *Tear* shall dare to start.

Sylv.

Kind Shepheard, cou'd you Life Despise,
 And Bleed at *Sylvia's* Obsèques?

Strepb.

To *Ceres*
 Knows th
 And know

Since then
 Swear, S

S^{Ee} A

On his

But takes

Whose L

For by th

Or (more

Stroph.

To *Ceres* I appeal, for She
Knows this has long been my Decree,
And knows that I resolve it still.

Sylv.

Since then you cou'd your Vow fulfill,
Swear, Swear once more you *never will*.

The Amorfist.

See where enamour'd *Thirsis* lies,

And cannot cease to gaze

On his *Lariss*'s sparkling Eyes,

But takes Delight to see those *Comets Blaze*;

Whose *Lustre* still is *Fatal* to the Swain,

Ore whom they *Reign*,

For by their *Influence* the poor Shepheard *Dies*,

Or (more to be Lamented) Lives in *Pain*.