She draws apace, and we approach no shore.
A Ring my Mates: Let's joyn a Ring, and so
Beneath the Deep Embracing Go.
Now to new Worlds we steer, and quickly shall Arrive:
Our Spirits shall *Mount* as fast as our dull Corpses Dive.

The Gratefull Shepheard.

WHilst by his grazing Flock a gentle Swain,
His Vacant Hours to entertain,
Perus'd a Volumn whose each Tragick Page
Discours'd of some Intrigue of State,
Of Rebell-Insolence and Rage,
And some unhappy Monarch's Fate:
The Youth into these passionate sounds brake forth
What Virtue of my Ancestours
So much Oblig'd you ye indulgent Pow'rs,
That in these Silent shades you gave me Birth?
You might have made me Fortune's Sport,
Doom'd me to some Corrupted Court,

Where

Where I this rurall Bliſs had never known;
My *Cottage* might have been a *Throne*,
My *Crook* a *Scepter*, and my *Wreath* a *Crown*:
Some *Tyrant-Prince* I might have been,
(By your Indulgence now a peacefull Swain)
My *Chloris* ſome proud Cruel *Queen*,
The tendreſt *Nymph* of the *Arcadian* Plain.
When for theſe Bleſſings I forget t' invoke
Your Powers, neglect to make your Altars ſmoak;
Then Raviſht let me be
From this Secure Retreat,
And plac't aloft on Grandieur's Seat,
An open Mark to the ſure Darts of envious Deſtinie.

FINIS.

W.N.H. Bib. Bodl. HARDING