



N E R E I D E S,

O R

Sea-Eclogues.

E C L O G U E I.

Cymothoe. Glaucus.

Cym. **T**Hink, * *Glaucus*, you were once a
fishing Swain,

Till urg'd by potent Herbs you left
the Plain;

That you were bred on Earth, you fully prove,

And thence you know to feign deceitful Love.

* *Glaucus was a Fisherman, who by eating a certain Herb is feign'd
to have been chang'd into a Sea-God.*

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But think, Ingrate, when first you hither came,
 How strange you look'd, how awkwardly you swam,
 When artless first you try'd the unknown Sea,
 I taught you how to plow the liquid way;
 I show'd you all the Secrets of the Deep,
 And vaulted Rocks where weary *Tritons* sleep.
 I show'd you Islands yet unknown to Men,
 Where wanton *Nereids* meet, and sport unseen.
 Oft have I wound in Plaits the yielding Reed,
 And plac'd the well-wrought Garland on your Head.
 Oft have I choicest Fish with Labour caught,
 And the sweet Prey to you a Present brought.
 To me in vain love-sick *Palamon* cry'd,
 While I regardless pass with fullen Pride;
 Oft the kind Youth would near *Cymotboe* swim,
 And fondly ask, if I would bath with him.
 Yet you, an Earth-born Wretch, ungrateful prove,
 No more *Cymotboe*, but *Cyano* love;

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Blue-ey'd *Cyano* love, that matchless Fair,
 Tho' flat her Nose, and thin her falling Hair;
 The Nymph, whom most despise, and none admire,
Glaucus alone pursues with fond Desire.

Since then I am (too credulous) betray'd,
 I'll live no more a wretched worthless Maid;
 Since you are false, I'll leave the hated Sea,
 And yield my self to Fishermen a Prey.

I shall on Shore be as a Monster shown,
 And trumpeted for Pence thro' ev'ry Town,
 While you well-pleas'd with lov'd *Cyano* toy,
 And in some conscious Cliff the beauteous Nymph
 Thus sadly plaining fond *Cymotboe* said,
 And *Glaucus* thus appeas'd the angry Maid.

Glauc. *Cymotboe* wrongs her *Glaucus*, and her self,
 To think I languish for that scaly Elf.

The wanton Nymph indeed has often strove
 To bribe my Service, and engage my Love,
 With

With Gifts of Shining Pearls, and thought to please
 With coral T wigs, and fragrant Ambergriefe;
 But still I fought the trifling Maid to shun;
 (Your Love preserves what first your Beauty won
 Nor shall I e'er that happy Time forget,
 When first I left my Boat, and Fishing-Net;
 And how you taught me artfully to swim,
 To dive for Pearls, and steepy Rocks to climb;
 You taught to hunt the Shark, and boldly stride
 The flouncing Horse, and quell his foamy Pride.
 Believe not, Fair, that I can prove untrue,
 Or any Water-Bauty love, but you.
 No, first the Waves shall lose their biting Salts,
 The Winds shall cease to found in hollow Vaults,
 And wanton Fish shall leave their native Seas,
 And bask on Earth, or browse on leavy Trees.

Cyme. If *Glaucus* will be kind, and constant prove
 Let us review those Scenes of former Love,

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And sink embracing to th' Abyſs below,
 Where ſpiry Herbs, and lovely Coral grow;
 The Ocean has its Groves, and gloomy Shades,
 And chryſtal Springs below, and cooling Glades.
 Fond you on cethought that nothing here cou'd pleaſe,
 But we have fairer Meads, and taller Trees
 Than you on Sun-burnt, ſapleſs Earth cou'd boaſt,
 Whoſe fading Beauties are too quickly loſt.
 The Glories of their Spring are ſoon defac'd
 By miry Storms, and toſt by ev'ry Blaſt.

But ſee, the Birds in noiſy Troops are join'd,
 I hear the diſtant Murmurs of the Wind.
 The Vapours into dark Confuſion blend,
 And will e'er long in ſudden Spouts deſcend,
 The angry Waves begin their uncouth Noiſe,
 And teeming Clouds bring down the falling Skies,
 Haſt then, my *Glaucus*, to thoſe peaceful Meads
 And reedy Plains, where hoary *Phorcys* feeds His

His numerous Herds; where neither Storms nor Rain
 Molest the Trees, nor incommode the Swain;
 Where unmixt Waters are as Chrystal clear,
 And warm as Summer glooms, and fine as Air.
 A faintish Light shines thro' the watry Green,
 And lets us see enough, but—not be seen,
 The spangl'd Glories of the Plain reveals
 With Pebbles checquer'd, and with Azure Shells,
 Dive, *Glaucus*, swift, and let us sinking move
 Down to the Center of the World, and—Love,

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