

## E C L O G U E II.

*Melvin, Laron: Two Tritons.*

*Mel.* **B**E still fond Youth, and cease the ruful  
 That wide-mouth'd Bafe ill-fuits a squeaking Voice;  
 The Shepherds ruder Pipe, or Sailors Crowd  
 As sweetly echoes, and almost as loud.

*Lar.* Rail on, poor *Melvin*, and with Envy swell,  
 While *Pholoe* commends the tuneful Shell.

She fwears beside, I fing like am'rous Swains,  
 When with alternate Loves they chear the fmiling  
 (Plains.

*Mel.* Begin, if thou art skill'd in tuneful Lay,  
 Now whispering Breezes gentle Sounds convey.

The noisy Winds in bolted Caves are prest,  
 And now the *Halcyon* builds her wavering Nest.

*Lar.* I have observing past thro' different Climes,  
 Can fix the Seasons, and adjust the Times,  
 And

And know what Stars, when they oppose or meet  
Will cause or stormy Winds, or falling Sleet.

*Mel.* I've seen the Deep o'er-spread with stringy  
And depthless Waters look like verdant Meads.  
(Weeds)

I know far distant Isles in Northern Seas,  
Where Birds from Insects grow, and hang on Trees.

*Lar.* The Moon commands the Waves. Her  
Disturbs the whole, and stirs the watry Mass;  
(changing Face)  
But there are Seas, which no such Influence know  
And Rebel-Tides, that without Order flow.

*Mel.* Tho' now 'tis calm, I know those Magick  
Can raise the sleeping Winds from rocky Cells:  
(Spells)  
The lowring Heav'n looks then with fadder Hue,  
And dismal Storms, and frightful Wrecks ensue.

*Lar.* When fatal Rocks have split the broken Ship  
And shrieking Mortals sink into the Deep,  
If *Laron* hears the Cry, he often saves,  
And buoys the floating Wretch amidst the angry  
Waves.  
*Lar.*

*Lar.*

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Spouting

*Mel.*

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*Lar.*

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*Lar.* On yonder Rock I tun'd the passive Air  
 And *Pholoe* thought her Sister Syren there,  
 The wanton Dolphins joyous danc'd around,  
 Spouting the Waves, and frisk'd at every Sound.

*Mel.* In that same Cliff *Cyano* sleeping lay,  
 With lab'ring haste I cut the yielding Way:  
 I came, and she glad of the kind Surprise  
 Still feign'd a Sleep, and clos'd her waking Eyes.

*Lar.* *Iro* repents, and would at length be kind;  
 But she's as fickle as the Morning Wind:  
 To me her Tears and Glances are no more  
 Than crackling Bottles on the frothy Shore.

*Mel.* In steepy Rocks the Sea-fowl make their Nest:  
 Take heed, ye Birds, for an unwelcome Guest  
 Will steal the speckled Eggs, and give the Prey  
 To a kind Nymph, that sports in yonder Bay.

*Lar.* *Peleus*, earth-born, his *Thetis* has enjoy'd,  
 But the Wood-Nymph, who late at ebbing Tide  
 Measur'd

Measur'd the sandy Plain, will come no more:

Ah! would she love, I could e'en live—on Shore.

*Mel.* The Manato his Change of Pleasure boasts,  
Now sports in Seas, now grazes on the Coast;  
Nature indulges thus th' amphibious Kind,  
While to our watry Home we ever are confin'd.

*Lar.* Unhappy Offspring of the briny Main,  
Who want a Voice to sing, or—to complain,  
Tho' mute your selves, yet you in Shoals will throng,  
And joy to hear *Laron's* delightful Song.

*Mel.* Fish, *Laron*, are not mute; for even now  
I hear the distant Lowings of the Cow,  
While softer Breezes breath in Whispers round,  
And ev'ry Wave breaks with a pleasing Sound.

*Lar.* See yonder gawdy Fish, that flutt'ring springs  
And cuts the liquid Air with moistned Wings;  
Strange is his Life, but stranger *Laron's* Fate,

Who burns amidst the Waves, and pines for Heat.

*Mel.*

*Mel.*

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*Lar.*

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*Mel.*

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*Laron* wi

*Mel.*

Ye Gods!

*Mel.* Those gilded Flyers still in Danger move,  
 Persu'd by Fish below, by Birds above:  
 So *Melvin* flying from *Dorinda's* Eyes  
 To *Galatea* falls an easy Prize.

*Lar.* Old hoary *Proteus* late I sleeping found  
 In a dark mossy Cave, and clasp'd him round;  
 In vain to fright with different Forms he strove,  
 I held him fast, and he foretold my Love.

*Mel.* I for *Leucippe* stole a Fisher's Net;  
 She kiss'd, and vow'd, She never would forget:  
 But they shall nothing lose by what I stole,  
 For to their Boats I drive a numerous Shoal.

*Lar.* A Trident now is mine, which *Ceyx* own'd,  
 Made of a Sword-fish, and emboss'd around:  
 When I bestow it on the am'rous Maid,  
*Laron* with more than Kisses will be paid.

*Mel.* *Laron* is courted by a lovely Fair;  
 Ye Gods! I envy not the happy Pair,

Poor duskie-fac'd *Melantbe*! one wou'd think,

Like Cuttle-fish, she hid her self in Ink.

*Lar.* *Melantbe* still is kind, tho' coarsly made:

The Nymph that's kind with Kindness must be paid,

I hate the skittish Fair, that flies when woo'd,

Like fearful Tunny's, when by Sharks persu'd.

*Mel.* Lobsters by Instinct the Pour-control fly;

(For if they see him, they by seeing die)

But we those Dangers seek, we ought to shun,

And court our Fate, and strive to be undone.

*Lar.* The Polypus, tho' chang'd, must not escape

By a false Dress, and counterfeited Shape;

So wanton Nymphs a-while with awkward Pride

Deny that Passion, which they cannot hide.

Love will revenge on those, who love inspire,

And they must heat themselves, who others set on

*Mel.* When ebbing Tides have empty'd half the  
<sup>(fir.</sup> Deep,

And pointed Rocks affright the distant Ship, The

*The Nereid*

Or move in

But, Triton

The Hair w

*Lar.* *Me*

Cease then

For should

The fright

The *Nereids* sit, and comb their flowing Hair,

Or move in tuneful Sounds the circling Air.

But, Triton, were no Lover to be caught,

The Hair would be uncomb'd, the Song forgot.

*Lar. Melvin*, a Sail comes brisk before the Wind,

Cease then the Song, and may the Nymph be kind:

For should we thus appear in Human Form,

The frighted Sailor will forebode a Storm,

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