Eclogue IX.

Palæmon, Hippias.

Pal. THE hollow Winds blow hoarſly; as they (fly
They ſeem to plain, and ev'ry Puff's a Sigh.
Tears follow Sighs, and now the rainy Floods
In mournful Streams deſcend from melting Clouds.

Hip. Too well I know, Tears are provok'd by (Sighs;
Grief ſwells the heaving Breaſt; then upward flies,
And burſting vents it ſelf thro' weeping Eyes.
When *Myra* frowns, I ſudden Show'rs divine,
The Clouds are hers, but all the Drops are mine.

Pal. See'ſt thou yon beauteous Arch, that now (adorns
And gilds the watry Clouds, whoſe bending Horns
Suck up th' admiring Sea? How bright a Show?
What lively Colours paint the ſhining Bow?

But ah! how ſoon its waning Glories fail,
While envious Miſts, and dusky Shades prevail?
Such Beauty is, ſo flux, ſo quickly gone;
Myra will ſoon be ſcorn'd, and hardly known;
When with wan Lips her Eyes look faint, and dead,
And all the *Cupids* of her Cheeks are fled.

Hip. No kind Amuſement can my Thoughts re-
(move:
My Soul is fix'd, and all the Theme is Love.
Her riſing Cheeks ſet round with flowing Hair
Like the bright Moon in dewy Nights appear,
When circling Halo's guard her from the Sight
Of meaner Stars, and ſhine with borrow'd Light.
Her Lips, that dear, ſoft, pouting juicy Pair
(Whoſe Breathings ſweet as Eaſtern Breezes are)
Invite to Love, and yet deny the Bliſs,
Kiſſes invite, but they refuſe to kiſs.

Pal.

Pal. Ungrateful Love born of a beauteous Face,
It's Parent rudely kills, ſpoils ev'ry Grace,
And ſullies youthful Bloom with a too kind Em-(brace.
When once the Nymph yields up her envy'd Charms
All to be rifled in the Triton's Arms,
She grows unweildy, and her Cheeks look pale;
So Flow'rs by handling fade, ſo all their Colours
(fail.
Hip. Since Beauty fades, why ſhould the Nymph
(be coy?
Snatch then with eager Haſt the fleeting Joy.
In ſpite of wrinkled Age, and eating Time
Still ſhall I know that Beauty once was mine.
When Action's paſt, I'll on Reflection live,
And the Remembrance ſhall the Bliſs revive;
Such luſcious Food will ever leave a Taſt.
Fate cannot reach the Pleaſure that is paſt.

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