

Whose steddý Bulks can stem the Ocean-Floods,
 And with their Mafts o'er-look the flitting Clouds;
 Wer't thou to climb that Height, a strange Surprise
 Would loose thy Hold, and turn thy swimming Eyes.
 Ambition suits not him, whose Birth is mean;
 The Gods despise the proud, and love the humble
 (Swain.
Glauç. He said, and ended thus th' alternate Song:
 I drove the Fish, and the unthinking Throng
 Prefs to their Boat, and fill the swelling Net;
 They joyous seize the Prey, and all their Pain forget.

 ECLOGUE XIII.

Muræna, Chromis.

Mur. **W**HO knows what Heav'ns Decree for
 Or what's the certain Doom of human kind?
 Who knows his former, or his future State,
 And Secrets teeming in the Womb of Fate? Th'

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Th' Angelick Orders fure look down, and smile,
 While we still judge amifs, and ftill for nothing toil.
 He finds his own Defects, who thinks the moft;
 That Reafon makes us wretched, which we boaft,
 And Men are alway prudent to their Coft.

The Earth-born Mortal, when he round him fees
 The flow'ry Paffures, and the budding Trees,
 Is fondly proud, admires his fancy'd home,
 And thinks that all were made for him alone;

That Heav'n to him (as Lord) this World entruffs,
 And gives a fov'reign Sway; that all things muft
 Obey his Will, and gratify his Luft,
 While he forgets the Ocean's watry Mafs,
 Whose boundless Depths the scanty Earth furpafs;
 Where thousand different kinds of living Forms
 Lie hid in the Abyfs, and brave the diftant Storms.

Choro. And thousands more as beautiful as thefe
 (Unknown to us) may sport in diftant Seas.
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Who then would vainly strive with curious Pride
 To find what Heav'n has to our Search deny'd,
 When ign'rant of our home we cannot guess
 At half the Store, and Riches we possess?
 Better would humbly we our selves contain
 Within our reach, and not indulge our Pain.
 When once the Soul shall quit this earthly Cafe,
 And fly unbodied in the endless Space,
 The Essences of things shall all appear,
 And naked Forms (as in themselves they were)
 Nature will then unlock her secret Store:
 The Vail of Sense shall hide her Face no more,
 Mean while enough we are allow'd to enjoy,
 T' improve our Reason, and our Thoughts employ.
 Loose not too much the Reins to wild Desire:
 Shrimps may not grow to Crabs, nor Orks to
 We see enough to please our labouring Minds,
 How Nature sports her self in antick kinds.

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A thousand different Forms we hourly view,
 And thro' moist Paths the flying Shoals peruse.
 Who can with all his painful Search declare
 What curious Art indents the branched Star,
 Or how in hardned Shell by shining Streams
 It imitates the Sun's diffusive Beams.

The Shark with pointed Teeth is arm'd for Prey;
 He breaks thro' all, and clears the liquid Way;
 While the fond Sucking-fish (a harmless Breed)
 With fastned Lips supply their daily need,
 And with a Mouth unarm'd they clinging feed.

No Lovesick Nymph's, or wanton Triton's Kiss
 Is half so lasting, or so close as his.
 The Urchins are by Nature fenc'd around;
 None dares approach; for with a Touch they wound.
 Wrapt up within themselves they guarded lie,
 And to their own Embrace for Safety fly.

In vain the Fishers for the *Glanis* wait;
 He leaves the Hook, and takes the easy Bait,
 So *Iris*, when by Love I would have won
 Seizes my Heart, but still secures her own.

Fish vainly curious will each Year retire
 To fresher Streams, and novel Floods admire,
 Fools to exchange their Waves, and native Deep
 For noisy Brooks that o'er the Pebbles creep.
 They wisely are content, who don't esteem
 A tasteless River, or a shallow Stream.

When Fishers fing the Puffens to their Boats
 Unweening prefs to hear the ruder Notes;
 Tho' proudly they escape th' inviting Bait,
 In softer Words they find a surer Fate,
 Who then will dare approach the Syrens Tongue,
 Or who untouch'd can hear *Leucosia's* Song?
 Tho' *Chromis* scape the Fury of her Eyes,
 Her Voice o'ertakes him, and in vain he flies.

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The *Sargus* Emblem of unbounded Lust
 Is alway false; and to his Bride unjust,
 And not content o'er all the Sea to range,
 And thus pollute himself with daily Change,
 Pursues forbidden Love, and fondly dotes
 On Earth-born kinds, and courts the feeding Goats.
 But the kind Mulletts are a constant Pair;
 They (each) still fix to one, and seek no other Fair.
 The bearded Prawn's a lively Instance made
 Of mutual Kindness, and of friendly Aid.
 He the gay Pearl attends with studious Care,
 And in the common Prey commands a share.
 The Pearl is dull, tho' gawdy in his Shell,
 (For Wit but seldom will with Beauty dwell)
 But the fly Prawn can secret Signs convey,
 And with a Touch forewarns to seize the Prey,
 While the deceitful Rays, and spangled Sight
 To certain Death th' admiring Throng invite. (Plea-

(Pleasures indulg'd repented are too late
And they like us to Beauty owe their Fate).

Mus. I see a Nymph, who in the liquid Maze
Now sporting dives, and with a Dolphin plays,

On whom I could unweari'd ever gaze :

When she appears, I need no other Theme

To make my daily Care, or nightly Dream.

That fair one has enough t' engross the whole,

To take up ev'ry Thought, and fill the Soul.

Ah ! might these Armsentwine that world of Love,

In vain Researches I'd no longer rove ;

Thus pleas'd, I'd be content to know no more,

Or to forget ev'n what I knew before.

Happily ignorant I would despise

The curious Learning of the vainly Wife.

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