A PASTORAL.

As Thirſis and Daphne, upon the new hay
Were ſeated, ſurveying the plain;
No guilt in their boſoms their joys to allay,
Or give them a moment of pain.

Not Venus, but Virtue had made them her care,
She taught them her innocent ſkill;
The ſwain knew no art, but to pleaſure the fair
That Nature had form'd to his will.

Inſpired by love, on his pipe he did play;
O Virtue! how happy the ſwain!
While ſweet Robin-red-breaſt that perch'd on the ſpray,
And Daphne was pleas'd with the ſtrain.

How pleaſing the proſpect, how cooling the breeze;
The ſun ſhone delightfully 'round;
And apples half ripe, grew ſo thick on the trees,
The boughs almoſt bent to the ground.

Thus happily ſeated, by ſympathy bound,
How pleaſing the mutual chain;
When either is abſent, the proſpects around
Diſplay all their beauties in vain.

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They ſat till the miſt that aroſe from the brook,
Inform'd them the ev'ning was nigh;
The ſwain ſhook his head with a languiſhing look,
And 'roſe from his ſeat with a ſigh.

His flute he disjointed, and ſilent a while
He gaz'd on his maid with delight;
Then gave her his hand, ſhe aroſe with a ſmile,
He kiſs'd her, and bid her good night.

OBSERVATION.

LET the vain avaricious with oaths ſafely bind,
Leſt either forgetfully rove;
The band of affection ſecureth the mind,
When the wiſhes are centered in love.
If virtue alone is the guide of the will,
Diſtruſt has no right to be there;
The ſwain has no reaſon to doubt of his ſkill,
And the fair one has nothing to fear.

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