

ou'd of either judge,
And despise the Drudge,
Colours have debas'd
and her Charms defac'd
The subject to their Laws)

Beauty's Cause.
us both in Awe,
you presum'd to draw;
ing with Surprise
which we ne'er cou'd rife,
fely might have gain'd
which neither has obtain'd
s, or my ruder Verse,
or to rehearse

O NE's Face has writ,

And a cheerful Wit,

It enliv'ning Air

Sing Joy we share,

[the Fair]

Smil'd on

nile, when

A Pastoral DIALOGUE between Two Shepherdesses.

Silvia.] DRetty Nymph! within this Shade,
Whilst the Flocks to rest are laid,
Whilst the World dissolves in Heat,
Take this cool, and flow'ry Seat:
And with pleasing Talk awhile
Let us two the Time beguile;

Tho' thou here no Shepherd see,
To encline his humble Knee,
Or with melancholy Lays
Sing thy dangerous Beauty's Praise.

Dorinda.] Nymph! with thee I here wou'd stay;

But have heard, that on this Day,

Near those Beeches, scarce in view,

All the Swains some Mirth pursue;

To whose meeting now I haste.

Solitude do's Life but waste.

N 2

Silvia.]

Silvia.] Prithee, but a Moment stay.

Dorinda.] No! my Chaplet wou'd decay;
Ev'ry drooping Flow'r wou'd mourn,
And wrong the Face, they shou'd adorn.

Silvia.] I can tell thee, tho' so Fair,
And dress'd with all that rural Care,
Most of the admiring Swains
Will be absent from the Plains.

Gay Sylvander in the Dance
Meeting with a Shrew'd Mischance,
To his Cabin's now confin'd
By *Mopetus*, who the Strain did bind:

Damon through the Woods do's stray,
Where his Kids have lost their way:
Young *Narissus* iv'ry Brow
Rac'd by a malicious Bough,

Keeps the girlish Boy from sight,
Till Time shall do his Beauty right.

Fairies.

Dorinda.] V

Silvia.] —
Lies extended
Tears his Gar-
Mirth and H-

Since he was
That *Delia* m-

Dorinda.]]
Silvia.] On

Dorinda.] N
Silvia.] N

Ev'ry Shephe-
Not thy Love
To encrease t-
Never to be

Dorinda.

Silvia.

POEMS.

— a Moment stay.
Chaplet woud decay,

wou'd mourn,
They shou'd adorn.

ee, tho' so Fair,
nat rural Care,

Swains
ne Plains.

Dance
H Mischance,

onfin'd
ods do's stray,
rain did bind:

oft their way:
Brow

Bough,
from sight,

Beauty right
Dorinda]

Miscellany POEMS.

181

Dorinda.] Where's *Alexis*?

Silvia.] —————— He, alas!

Lies extended on the Grasf; [No] [Dorinda]
Tears his Garland, raves, despairs,
Mirth and Harmony forswears; [it
Since he was this Morning shownn,
That *Delia* must not be his Own,

Dorinda.] Foolish Swain ! such Love to place.

Silvia.] On any but *Dorinda's* Face.

Dorinda.] Hasty Nymph ! I said not so.
Silvia.] No—— but I thy Meaning know.

Ev'ry Shepherd thou woudst have
Not thy Lover, but thy Slave;
To encrease thy captive Train,
Never to be lov'd again.

N 3.

Dorinda]

But, since all are now away,
Prithee, but a Moment stay.

Dorinda.] No; the Strangers, from the Vale,
Sure will not this Meeting fail;
Graceful one, the other Fair.
He too, with the pensive Air,
Told me, ere he came this way
He was wont to look more Gay.

Silvia.] See! how Pride thy Heart inclines
To think, for Thee that Shepherd pines;
When those Words, that reach'd thy Ear,
Chloe was design'd to hear;
Chloe, who did near thee stand,
And his more speaking Looks command,

Dorinda.] Now thy Envy makes me smile,
That indeed were worth his while:
Chloe next thyself decay'd,
And no more a courted Maid.

Silvia.]
Still the S—
Tho' not V—
When Colo—
When —

Dorinda
Till all th—
Till no St—
Nor Footf—
What tho—
What I a—
Only this
From the t—
That Wom
From past,

Silvia]

ment stay.

Silvia.] Next myself! Young Nymph, forbear,
Still the Swains allow me Fair,

The Strangers, from the Valkyrie
Meeting fail; another Fair.

me this way

Ok more Gay.

Now Pride thy Heart inclines
that Shepherd pines;
that reach'd thy Ear,
to hear;

For thee stand,
 Look'st command,
 ing Looks command.

Why Envy makes me
worth his while,
decay'd,
urted Maid.

*Silvia.] Next myself! Young Nymph, forbear,
Still the Swains allow me Fair,
Tho' not what I was that Day,
When Colon bore the Prize away;
When —*

Dorinda.] ——Oh, hold ! that Tale will last,

Till all the Evening Spots are pent,
Till no Streak of Light is seen,
Nor Footstep prints the flow'ry Green.
What thou wert, I need not know,
What I am, must haste to show.
Only this I now discern
From the things, thou'dst have me learn,
That Woman-kind's peculiar Joys
From past, or present Beauties rise,

ALGIBER
N 4

Sjöviken