

Sue bit her Lips, and *Barbaretta* frown'd ;
And *Phillis* look'd as tho' she wou'd have swoon'd.

Thus sung the Maids till *Colinet* came by,
And *Rodrigo* from weeding of the Rye ;
Each took his Lass, and sped 'em to the Town,
To drink cool Cider at the *Hare and Hound* :
The Damsels simper like the sparkling Beer,
And *Colin* shines till *Anthony* is near.



On the Death of a justly admir'd AUTHOR.

W H E N pale-ey'd Winter rules the mourning
Fields,

And shiv'ring Nature to his Sceptre yields,
Dejected Earth is strip'd of all her Pride,
And sculking Flowers in her Bosom hide ;
Through naked Groves afflicted Warblers fly,
And Storms of Hail come rattling through the Sky :
But when soft *April* lifts her downy Wing,
And calls the blushing Infants of the Spring,

The

The verdant Groves their wonted Charms regain,
 And laughing Nature paints the gaudy Plain;
 Sweet-scented Vi'lets take their usual Blue,
 And the fair Primrose drinks the Morning Dew;
 Again revive their Beauty and their Smell,
 But Man once blasted takes a long Farewel.
 Ah silly Muse! thy fond Complaints give o'er,
 Departed *Sylvius* shall return no more:
 No Charms of Verse can win the heav'nly Mind,
 Back to the flighted Case she left behind;
 Not tho' each Line shou'd make our Bosoms glow,
 Like his grand Numbers, and as sweetly flow.

His Name shall last to warm a distant Age,
 Nor want th' Assistance of a Title-page;
 For his bright Lines are by their Lustre known,
 Ev'n *Homer* shines with Beauties not his own:
 Unpolish'd Souls, like *Codrus* or like mine,
 Fill'd with Ideas that but dimly shine,
 Read o'er the Charms of his instructive Pen,
 And taste of Raptures never known till then.

Ill-nature listen'd, and approv'd the Song;
 And blushing Envy check'd her burning Tongue:
 Happy are those, tho' Grief their Hours attend,
 Whom once he honour'd with the Name of Friend;
 Whose pleasing Thoughts at least may ponder o'er
 The smiling Days, that shall return no more:
 Ev'n we condemn'd at distance to admire,
 Bewail the Hopes that with our Guide expire:
 Ah! who shall now our rustick Thoughts refine,
 And to grave Sense and solid Learning join
 Wit ever sparkling, and the Sweets of Rhyme?
 Farewel, ye Themes, which none but he can sing,
 And sylvan Scenes that wear eternal Spring;
 Fair Nymphs, that in his fairer Paintings glow,
 And ye smooth Lines that *Sylvius* taught to flow:
 But hush, sad Muse, thy dull Complaint give o'er:
 Hence sigh in secret, and his Loss deplore,
 Who ne'er, O ne'er, shall grace our Regions more.

