

Those who were clung to Rocks, the shelly Heap  
 Drop from their Hold, and fall into the Deep.  
 Nature her self is still, her Labours cease,  
 And all lies wrapt in Silence, and unactive Ease.

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ECLOGUE VI.

*Lycan, Antbis, Cete.*

*Lyc.* **A** *Ntbis* and *Cete* comb'd their flowing Hair,  
 And tun'd to pleasing Sounds the trembling Air,  
 While hoary *Phorcys* sat on floating Weed,  
 And slowly drove th' unwilling Herd to feed.  
 Attend, ye Fish, and all around me throng,  
 While I repeat the Nymph's alternate Song.

*Ant.* Think, how to day a gentle western Breeze  
 With pleasing Gales danc'd on the circling Seas,

It swept the calmer Surface of the Main,  
 And smooth'd the Waters to a smiling Plain;  
 But now diffusive Sweets from spicy Hills  
 Are born on Eastern Winds, and waft their blended  
 The Dolphins lash the Waves with bending Tails,  
 (Smells,  
 And ev'ry Ship with speedy Current fails.

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,  
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind?*

The restless Fish who left the open Sea,  
 And swam to every Creek, and winding Bay,  
 To th' Ocean now in Shoals return again,  
 While empty Nets deceive the fishing Swain.  
 Now shortning Days are griev'd by Northern Ills,  
 While from encreefing Cold, and snowy Wilds  
 The starving Birds in numerous Flocks repair  
 To happier Climates, and to warmer Air.

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,  
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind?*

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Tho' late the Tides have threatned all the Coast,  
 Now, since the waning Moon her Strength has lost,  
 They own their Weakness, and are heard no more,  
 But creeping hardly cover half the Shore :

When she directs, the swelling Floods encrease,  
 And founding Waters raise the troubled Seas ;  
 But when she horned frowns, the Tumults cease,  
 The Waves are still, and hush'd in fullen Peace,

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,  
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind ?*

The conscious Fish the heav'nly Motions feel,  
 And thus confin'd within his native Shell,  
 All dry and lean the mournful Oifter lies,  
 (And Fishers then the tasteless Prey despise)  
 But when the Moon looks down all over bright,  
 They juicy grow, nourish'd with heav'nly Light.

*Since nothing here we fix'd or constant find,  
 Why should the Nereid boast a settled Mind?*

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*Calpurne* lov'd a Triton-Youth, and swore  
 Her Heart (thus fix'd by him) should rove no more,  
 But when repeated Loves began to cloy,  
 The wiser Nymph embrac'd a kinder Boy.

*Lyc.* Thus *Anthis* sung, and *Cete* thus reply'd,  
 While angry Winds oppos'd the rising Tide.

*Cete.* Resistless Charms are in a lovely Face,  
 But spotless Vertue has a nobler Grace.

*Alcon* did never yet inconstant rove,  
 Or break repeated Vows, or change his Love,  
 Careful he shuns the Streights, and narrow Seas,  
 Where altering Scenes the fickle Mer-man please,  
 For all is restless, and unfettled there;

The Waves, and Winds alike inconstant are,  
 But the unfathom'd Deep is still the same,  
 And alway smiling with an easy Calm.  
 The Waters here a constant Peace maintain,  
 And in soft Murmurs lovingly complain.

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*Lyc.* Thus  
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The Winds themselves are not uncertain here,  
 But their fixt Seasons know, each circling Year.  
 From th' East the Summer Trade-winds never fail  
 To sweep the Ocean with a fresher Gale.  
 Such is his Love; no Change it undergoes,  
 By Reason fix'd, and no Repentance knows.

*Lyc.* Thus said the Nymph; and now the Day  
 While sparkling Waves appear like kindled Fires,  
 The distant Rocks shine with deceitful Light,  
 And thus encrease the Terrors of the Night.