

## ECLOGUE XII.

*Murex, Glaucus.*

*Mur.* SEest thou yon Fleet, that slowly moves in  
 The Sea has scarce a Depth to bear the pressing  
(State?)  
*Gl.* Theseev'ry Shore has seen; all Climates know,  
(Weight.)  
 As far as Lands extend, or Waters flow.

\* *Lacon* the Chief, who guides the floating Host,

As late I heard, when near the British Coast,

Unseen I stood, while thus a fishing Swain

Half-frozen said, and to his Mate began,

1 *Fish.* Pity, ye Gods, and thaw the rigid Frost,

My Hands are stiff, and all my Feeling lost.

The Moon with sharpen'd Horns looks coldly bright,

And thus augments the Chillness of the Night.

Bright icy Spangles gild the shining Oar,

And snowy Flakes have whit'ned all the Shore.

\* *Leake.*

How

How curst the Fate! How hard the Fisher's Lot,  
 To toil for ever thus, and toil for nought?  
 Midst all the Gloom, and Horrors of the Night,  
 When rambling Elves, and shrieking Ghosts affright,  
 On restless Waters we are labouring toft,  
 To catch the falling Ice, and hoary Frost;  
 While the soft Dames of the luxurious Town  
 On yielding Beds are laid, and ev'ry Clown  
 When Night draws near, unyokes the willing Beast,  
 Then eats his fill; and thus by Heav'n blest,  
 On smelling heaps of Straw he takes unenvy'd Rest.  
 Or else deceives a while the Winter Nights  
 With pleasing Tales, and Stories feign'd of Sprites,  
 With waking Care, when we at length have caught  
 The mighty Prize, we so impatient sought;  
 The squeamish Town rejects it all with Scorn,  
 And empty we with fruitless Pain return.

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O! might I live content a Shepherd Swain,  
 And sit on grassy Vales, and view the circling Plain:  
 How blest were I, would me the Gods allow  
 To goad the Ox, and hold the bending Plow,  
 Or on the rising Ridge with equal Hand

To strow the scatter'd Seeds, and stock the fur-  
(row'd Land.  
 G/. Thus he; But th' aged Sire, whose hoary Head

Had seen more Years, with calm Experience said,

*2 Fish.* All their Fortune is of all the worst;

Each Man (himself a Judge) is truly curst.

Thro' Ign'rance we commend a Life unknown,

And praise another's State, and grieve our own,

While he as much complains; is pin'd with Care,

And gladly would exchange his envy'd Share.

The Gods on us a daily Feast bestow,

For which no Price we pay, no Thanks we owe.

The Cod (delicious Food!) Mulletts and Soles,

And shining Mack'rell swim for us in Shoals. Such

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Such Fare the wealthy Citizen will prize,  
 Ev'n when they stink, (long kept) and we despise;  
 While on fow'r Herbs the Shepherds poorly feed,  
 Or sapless Cheefe, and Crufts of mouldy Bread;  
 Or if it chance a fragling Lamb be drown'd,  
 With Sighs he eats what he with Sorrow found;  
 He grieves his Loss, and ever is in pain  
 By snowy Winters, or by Summer's Rain.  
 All do not love in clotting Fields to sweat,  
 Where clayie Fallows clog the labouring Feet.  
 But who's not pleas'd to walk on eafy Sand,  
 While waving Heaps are by the Zephyrs fann'd,  
 And wanton Gales, that whistle in the Weeds,  
 From flowing Grafs disperse the riper Seeds.  
 Who will not gather the deserted Shells,  
 Or climb steep Rocks, and search the hollow Cells  
 For hidden Eggs, while all the Birds in vain  
 Fly forrowing round, and with loud Threats complain?  
 No

No earthy Fumes, or noisy Insect here  
Disturb, or taint the unmolested Air.

*Venus* protects the Sea, from whence she came,

And Love in Water can preserve his Flame.

The Nymph to leavy Woods, and shady Groves

The Sea prefers; the Sea the Triton loves;

*Lacon* the Sea prefers to flow'ry Meads,

And o'er unfathom'd Depths the Navy leads.

While he defends our Isle from hostile Fleets,

The Fisher undisturb'd at leisure sits;

His Nets secure fear nought but Waves and Wind,

Or boist'rous Fish, who will not be confin'd.

*Lacon* will not despise the Fisher's Cott,

But pleasing looks, and often hails our Boat.

If e'er he comes again, he has from me

The choicest Spoils of all the rifled Sea,

Buckhorn, and salted Cod, Sprats smoak'd and dry,

And Oysters, that unshell'd in Pickle lie.

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<sup>2</sup> Fish. Fo

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Gl. He said, and from him shook the falling Ice,  
When to him thus th' enliven'd Youth replies.

1 *Fish. Lacon!*—The Name has thaw'd my flag-  
It springs thro' ev'ry Vein; I feel the circling Flood,  
(nate Blood:  
No Midnight Chills can harm, nor falling Sleet;  
Joy fills the Soul, and spreads diffusive Heat,  
Tho' the bright Moon, and ev'ry shining Star  
Encrease the Cold, and whet the piercing Air:  
Who *Lacon* loves, him may the Nymphs attend,  
And from the Shelves, and Rocks unseen defend.

Who *Lacon* hate (if there be such) may they  
Dash'd in rough Storms sink down to Fish a grate-  
Would he permit, I'd leave my fishing Oars,  
(ful Prey.  
And venture on the Main to distant Shores.

I am no Stranger to the Seas, and know  
What 'tis to dance on Waves, when Windstoo rude-  
(ly blow.  
2 *Fish. Fond Youth* (returns the Sire) wilt thou  
(compare  
These rotten Boats to mighty Ships of War? I Whose

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.

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 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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