

## VII.

Mix thus your Toiles of Life with Joyes,  
And for the publick good, prolong your days :  
Instruēt the VVorld, the great Example prove,  
Of Honour, Friendship, Loyalty, and Love.

And when your busier hours are done,  
And you with *Damon* sit alone ;  
*Damon* the honest, brave and young ;  
VVhom we must Celebrate where you are  
For you (by Sacred Friendship ty'd,) (sung,  
Nor Love nor Fate can nere divide ; (run,  
VVhen your agreeing thoughts shall backward  
Surveying all the Conquests you have won,  
The Swaines you've left, the fighting Maids un-  
Try if you can a fatal prospect take, (done ;  
Think if you can a soft *Idca* make :  
Of what we are, now you are gone,  
Of what we feel for *Celladon*.

## VIII.

'Tis *Celladon* the witty and the gay, (Day :  
That blest the Night, and cheer'd the world all  
'Tis,

'Tis *Celladon*, to whom our Vows belong,  
And *Celladon* the Subject of our Song.  
For whom the Nymphs would dress, the  
(Swains rejoice,

The praise of these, of those the choice ;  
And if our Joyes were rais'd to this Excess,  
Our Pleasures by thy presence made so great :  
Some pittying God help thee to guess,  
(What Fancy cannot well Express.)  
Our Languishments by thy Retreat,  
Pitty our Swaines, pittty our Virgins more,  
And let that pittty haste thee to our shore ;  
And whilst on happy distant Coasts you are,  
Afford us all your sighs, and *Cesar* all your care.

On a Juniper-Tree, cut down to  
make Busks.

W<sup>H</sup>ilst happy I Triumphant stood,  
The Pride and Glory of the Wood ;  
My Aromatick Boughs and Fruit,  
Did with all other Trees dispute.

C2

Had

Had right by Nature to excel,  
 In pleasing both the tast and smell :  
 But to the touch I must confess,  
 Bore an Ungrateful Sullenness.  
 My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I  
 Yielded with some Reluctancy ;  
 For which my vallue should be more,  
 Not giving easily my store.  
 My verdant Branches all the year  
 Did an Eternal Beauty wear ;  
 Did ever young and gay appear.  
 Nor needed any tribute pay,  
 For bounties from the God of Day:  
 Nor do I hold Supremacy ,  
 ( In all the Wood ) o'er every Tree.  
 But even those too of my own Race,  
 That grow not in this happy place.  
 But that in which I glory most,  
 And do my self with Reason boast ,  
 Beneath my shade the other day,  
 Young *Philocles* and *Cloris* lay,

Upon

Upon my Root she lean'd her head,  
 And where I grew, he made their Bed :  
 Whilst I the Canopy more largely spread.  
 Their trembling Limbs did gently press,  
 The kind supporting yielding Grasse:  
 Ne'er half so blest as now, to bear  
 A Swain so Young, a Nymph so fair :  
 My Grateful Shade I kindly lent,  
 And every aiding Bough I bent.  
 So low, as sometimes had the blisse,  
 To rob the Shepherd of a kifs,  
 Whilst he in Pleasures far above  
 The Sence of that degree of Love :  
 Permitted every stealth I made,  
 Unjealous of his Rival Shade.  
 I saw 'em kindle to desire,  
 Whilst with soft sighs they blew the fire :  
 Saw the approaches of their joy,  
 He growing more fierce, and she less Coy,  
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
 Exchanging Love a thousand ways.  
 Kind was the force on every side,  
 Her new desire she could not hide :  
 Nor wou'd the Shepherd be deny'd.

C 3

Impatient

Impatient he waits no consent  
 But what she gave by Languishment,  
 The blessed Minute he pursu'd;  
 While Love and Shame her Soul Subdu'd.  
 And now transported in his Arms,  
 Yields to the Conqueror all her Charmes,  
 His panting Breast, to hers now join'd,  
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd ;  
 Vast and Luxuriant, such as prove  
 The Immortality of Love.  
 For who but a Divinitie,  
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree?  
 Now like the *Phenix*, both Expire,  
 While from the Ashes of their fire,  
 Sprung up a new, and soft desire.  
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke,  
 The God! and thrice new vigor took.  
 Nor had the Myserie ended there,  
 But *Cloris* reassum'd her fear,  
 And chid the Swain, for having prest,  
 What she alas cou'd not resist :  
 Whilst he in whom Loves sacred flame,  
 Before and after was the same,

Fondly

Fondly implor'd she wou'd forget  
 A fault, which he wou'd yet repeat.  
 From Active Joyes with some they haſt,  
 To a Reflexion on the paſt ;  
 A thousand times my Covert bleſs,  
 That did ſecure their Happineſs :  
 Their Gratitude to every Tree  
 They pay, but moſt to happy me ;  
 The Shepherdeſs my Bark careſt,  
 Whilst he my Root, Love's Pillow, kiſt ;  
 And did with ſighs, their Fate deplore,  
 Since I muſt ſhelter them no more ;  
 And if before my Joyes were ſuch,  
 In having heard, and ſeen too much,  
 My Grief muſt be as great and high,  
 When all abandon'd I ſhall be,  
 Doom'd to a ſilent Deſtinie.  
 No more the Charming ſtrife to hear,  
 The Shepherds Vows, the Virgins fear :  
 No more a joyful looker on,  
 Whilst Loves ſoft Battel's loſt and won.  
 With grief I bow'd my murmuring Head,  
 And all my Chriſtal Dew I ſhed.

C 4

Which

Which did in *Cloris* Pity move,  
 (*Cloris* whose Soul is made of Love ; )  
 She cut me down, and did translate,  
 My being to a happier state.  
 No Martyr for Religion di'd  
 With halt that Unconsidering Pride ;  
 My top was on that Altar laid,  
 Where Love his softest Offerings paid :  
 And was as fragrant Incense burn'd,  
 My body into Busks was turn'd :  
 Where I still guard the Sacred Store,  
 And of Loves Temple keep the Door.

---

On the Death of *Mr. Grinhil*,  
 the Famous Painter.

I.

What doleful crys are these that  
 (fright my sense,  
 Sad as the Groans of dying Innocence?

The

The killing Accents now more near Approach,  
 And the Infectious Sound,  
 Spreads and Inlarges all around ; (touch.  
 And does all Hearts with Grief and Wonder  
 The famous *Grinbil* dead ! even he,  
 That cou'd to us give Immortalitie ;  
 Is to the Eternal silent Groves withdrawn,  
 Those fullen Groves of Everlasting Dawn ;  
 Youthful as Flowers, scarce blown, whose  
 ( opening Leaves,  
 A wond'rous and a fragrant Prospect gives,  
 Of what it's Elder Beauties wou'd display,  
 When they should flourish up to ripning *May*.  
 Witty as *Poets*, warm'd with Love and Wine,  
 Yet still spar'd Heaven and his Friend,  
 For both to him were Sacred and Divine :  
 Nor could he this no more then that offend.  
 Fixt as a *Martyr* where he friendship paid,  
 And Generous as a God,  
 Distributing his Bounties all abroad ;  
 And soft and gentle as a Love-sick Maid.

II.