

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

IANTHE the lovely, the joy of her Swain,
By IPHIS was loved; and loved IPHIS again!
She lived in the Youth; and the Youth, in the Fair!
Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care!
No time, no enjoyment, the dotage withdrew;
But the longer they loved, still the fonder they grew!

A Passion so happy alarmed all the plain.
Some envied the Nymph; but more envied the Swain!
Some swore, 'Twould be pity, their loves to invade;
That the Lovers alone for each other were made!
But all, all, consented, That none ever knew
A Nymph yet so kind; or a Shepherd so true!

LOVE saw them with pleasure; and vowed to take
care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair!
What either did want, he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing but ever to love!
Said, 'Twas all that to bless them, his Godhead
could do,
If they still might be kind, and they still might be true!