

*Fashionable Shepherdess,  
Set by Mr. Ramondon.*

At the break of mor - ning light, When the  
mar - bled Sky look gay; Na - - ture  
self all per - fect bright, Smil'd to see the God of Day:  
Char - ming pros - pect, ver - dant Trees, A - zure  
Hill, e - na - mell'd Sky; Birds with war - bling Throats  
to please, Stri - ving each which shall out - vey.

*Lisbea* then with wond'rous hast,  
O'er a green sword Plain she flew;  
Thus my Angel as she past,  
The Eyes of ev'ry Shepherd drew:  
When they had the Nymph espyed,  
All amazed cry'd there she goes;  
Thus by blooming Beauty tryed,  
Thought a second Sun arose.

Ev'ry Swain the Sun mistook.  
Dazled by refulgent Charms;  
And with Joy their Flocks forsook,  
For to follow Love's Alarms:  
All 'till now were perfect Friends,  
Bound by Innocence and Truth;  
'Till sly Love to gain his ends,  
Made a difference 'twixt each Youth.

Each expected which should be,  
Made the happy Man by Love;  
While for want of Liberty,  
None could truly happy prove:  
But at length they all arriv'd,  
To a charming easie Grove;  
Where the Nymph had well contriv'd,  
To be happy with her Love.

There in amorous folding twin'd,  
*Strephon* with his *Lisbea* lay;  
Both to mutual Joys enclin'd,  
Let their Inclinations stray:  
As the curling Vines embracing,  
Fondly of the Oak around;  
So the blooming Nymphs caressing,  
Of her Swain with pleasure crown'd.

How surpriz'd were ev'ry Swain,  
When they found the Nymph engaged;  
Disappointment heighten'd Pain,  
'Till it made them more enraged:  
Arm your self with Resolution,  
Cry'd the most revengeful he;  
We'll contrive her Swains Confusion,  
Let him fall as much as we.

Several Punishments they Invented,  
For to Torture helpless he;  
All revengeful, ne'er contented,  
Cruel to a vast Degree:  
One more envious in the rear,  
Thus his Sentiments let slip;  
Make him like the Cavalier,  
And for the *Opera* him Equip.