

## Young STREPHON and PHILLIS.

Young *Stre-phon* and *Phil-lis*, They sat on a Hill; But the Shep-herd was wan-ton, And  
 would not sit still: His Head on her Bo-som, And Arms round her Wast; He  
 hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, And clasp'd her so fast: 'Till pla-ying and jum-bling, At  
 last they fell tum-bling; And down they got 'em, But oh! And down they  
 got 'em, But oh! they fell soft on the Grass at the Bot-tom.

As the Shepherdess tumbled,  
 The rude Wind got in,  
 And blew up her Cloaths,  
 And her Smock to her Chin:  
 The Shepherd he saw  
 The bright *Venus*, he swore,  
 For he knew her own Dove,  
 By the Feathers she wore:  
 'Till furious Love sallying,  
 At last he fell dallying,  
 And down, down he got him,  
 But oh! oh how sweet, and how soft at the Bottom

The Shepherdess blushing,  
 To think what she'd done;  
 Away from the Shepherd,  
 She fain would have run:  
 Which *Strophon* perceiving,  
 The wand'rer did seize;  
 And cry'd do be angry,  
 Fair Nymph if you please:  
 'Tis too late to be cruel,  
 Thy Frowns my dear Jewel,  
 Now no more Stings have got 'em,  
 For oh! Thou'rt all kind, and all soft at the Bottom.