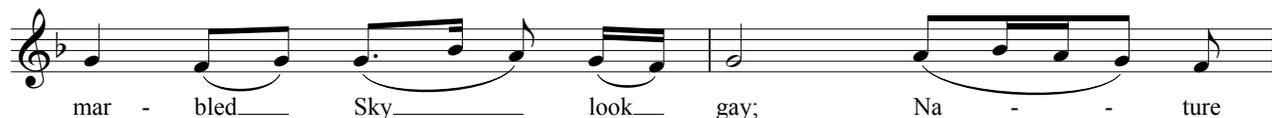


Fashionable Shepherdess,
Set by Mr. Ramondon.



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 revengful he;
We'll contrive her Swains Confusion,
Let him fall as much as we.

Several Punishments they Invented,
For to Torture helpless he;
All revengful, 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.