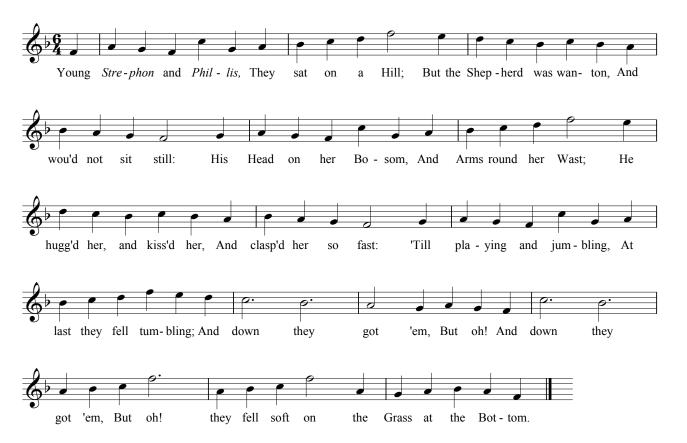
Young Strephon and Phillis.



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 wou'd have run:
Which *Strephon* 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.