Song

Shady groves or purling streams
Form the fair and matching beams,
Inviting cool descents.
Happy hours the mortal share.
Who the joys of union share;
Whom love or friendship bids.
No care of state, no grown of state.
They prey, secure of self.
While no ambition tempts to That,
And Virtue screened from this.

2
Give me glades or prattling brooks,
Trust which no disturbance seeks.
Still first to love, v. Me:
I'll meet her Plane; the State above
Can only seal so pure a Love,
Nor Death shall set us free:
As gods we reign, whom gods reign;
Our Joys our Peace enthroned.
And Anna's charms (believe the strain)
Give Cupids of our own.