

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, 1647-1680: Song [Fair Cloris in a Piggsty lay]

1 Fair *Cloris* in a Piggsty lay
2 Her tender herd lay by her
3 She slept; in murmring Gruntlings they
4 Complayneing of the scorching Day
5 Her slumbers thus inspire.

6 She dream't while she with carefull pains
7 Her snowy Arms employ'd
8 In Ivory pailles to fill out graines
9 One of her Love Convicted Swaines
10 Thus hasting to her cry'd.

11 Fly *Nymph* oh! fly e're 'tis too late
12 A Dear lov'd Life to save
13 Rescue your bosom Pigg from fate
14 Who now expires hung in the Gate
15 That leads to Floras Cave.

16 My selfe had try'd to sett him free
17 Rather then brought the newes
18 But I am so abhorr'd by Thee
19 That even thy darlings Life from Mee
20 I know thou wouldst refuse.

21 Struck with the newes as quick she flies
22 As blushes to her face
23 Not the bright Lightning from the Skies
24 Nor Love shott from her brighter eies
25 Move halfe so swift a pace.

26 This Plott it seems the Lustfull Slave
27 Had layd against her Honor
28 Which not one God took care to save
29 For he pursues her to the Cave
30 And throwes him selfe upon her.

31 Now peirced is her virgin Zoan
32 She feels the Foe within it
33 She heares a broken Amorous groan
34 The panting Lovers fainting moan
35 Just in the happy minute.

36 Frighted she wakes and wakeing Friggs
37 Nature thus kindly eas'd
38 In dreams rais'd by her murmring Piggs
39 And her own Thumb between her leggs
40 She's Innocent and pleas'd.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, 1647-1680:
Song [As Chloris full of harmless thought]

1 As *Chloris* full of harmless thought
2 Beneath the Willows lay,
3 Kind Love a comely Shepherd brought
4 To pass the time away:
5 She blusht to be encounter'd so
6 And chid the amorous Swain;
7 But as she strove to rise and go
8 He pull'd her down again.

9 A sudden passion seiz'd her heart
10 In spite of her disdain,
11 She found a pulse in e'ry part
12 And love in e'ry Vein:
13 Ah Youth quoth she, what charms are these
14 That conquer and surprise;
15 Ah let me! for unless you please
16 I have no power to rise.

17 She faintly spoke and trembling lay
18 For fear he should comply,
19 But Virgins Eyes their hearts betray,
20 And give their Tongues the lie:
21 Thus she who Princes had deny'd
22 With all their pompous Train,
23 Was in the lucky minute try'd
24 And yielded to a Swain.