

Song. On her loving two equally

Set by Captain Pack

I.

How strongly does my passion flow,
Divided equally 'twixt two?
Damon had ne'er subdued my heart,
Had not Alexis took his part;
Nor could Alexis powerful prove,
Without my Damon's aid, to gain my love.

II.

When my Alexis present is,
Then I for Damon sigh and mourn;
But when Alexis I do miss,
Damon gains nothing but my scorn.
But if I chance they both are by,
For both alike I languish, sigh, and die.

III.

Cure then, thou mighty winged god,
This restless fever in my blood;
One golden-pointed dart take back:
But which, O Cupid, wilt thou take?
If Damon's, all my hopes are crossed;
Or that of my Alexis, I am lost.

**To the fair Clorinda, who made love to me,
imagined more than woman**

Fair lovely maid, or if that title be
Too weak, too feminine for nobler thee,
Permit a name that more approaches truth,
And let me call thee, lovely charming youth.
This last will justify my soft complaint,
While that may serve to lessen my constraint;
And without blushes I the youth pursue,
When so much beauteous woman is in view.
Against thy charms we struggle but in vain
With deluding form thou giv'st us pain,
While the bright nymph betrays us to the swain.
In pity to our sex sure thou wert sent,
That we might love, and yet be innocent:
For sure no crime with thee we can commit;
Or if we should – thy form excuses it.
For who, that gathers fairest flowers believes
A snake lies hid beneath the fragrant leaves.

Thou beauteous wonder of a different kind,
Soft Cloris with the dear Alexis joined;
When e'er the manly part of thee, would plead
Thou tempts us with the image of the maid,
While we the noblest passions do extend
The love to Hermes, Aphrodite the friend.

The Disappointment

I.

One day amorous Lysander,
By an impatient passion swayed,
Surprised fair Cloris, that loved maid,
Who could defend herself no longer.
All things did with his love conspire;
The gilded planet of the day,
In his gay chariot drawn by fire,
Was now descending to the sea,
And left no light to guide the world,
But what from Cloris' brighter eyes was hurled.

II.

In a lone thicket made for love,
Silent as yielding maid's consent,
She with a charming languishment,
Permits his force, yet gently strove;
Her hands his bosom softly meet,
But not to put him back designed,
Rather to draw him on inclined;
Whilst he lay trembling at her feet,
Resistance 'tis in vain to show;
She wants the power to say – 'Ah! What d'ye do?'

III.

Her bright eyes sweet, and yet severe,
Where love and shame confusedly strive,
Fresh vigour to Lysander give;
And breathing faintly in his ear,
She cried – 'Cease, cease – your vain desire,
Or I'll call out – what would you do?
My dearer honour even to you
I cannot, must not give – retire,
Or take this life, whose chiefest part
I gave you with the conquest of my heart.'

IV.

But he as much unused for fear,
As he was capable of love,
The blessed minutes to improve,
Kisses her mouth, her neck, her hair;
Each touch her new desire alarms,
His burning trembling hand he pressed
Upon her swelling snowy breast,
While she lay panting in his arms.
All her unguarded beauties lie
The spoils and trophies of the enemy.

V.

And now without respect and fear,
He seeks the object of his vows,
(His love no modesty allows)
By swift degrees advancing – where
His daring hand that altar seized,
Where gods of love do sacrifice:
That awful throne, that paradise
Where rage is calmed, and anger pleased,
That fountain where delight still flows,
And gives the universal world repose.

VI.

Her balmy lips encountering his,
Their bodies, as their souls, are joined;
Where both in transports unconfined
Extend themselves upon the moss.
Cloris half dead and breathless lay;
Her soft eyes cast a humid light,
Such as divides the day and night;
Or falling stars, whose fires decay:
And now no signs of life she shows,
But what in short-breathed sighs returns and goes.

VII.

He saw how at her length she lay;
He saw her rising bosom bare;
Her loose thin robes, through which appear
A shape designed for love and play;
Abandoned by her pride and shame
She does her softest joys dispense,
Offering her virgin innocence
A victim to love's sacred flame;
While the o'er-ravished shepherd lies
Unable to perform the sacrifice.

VIII.

Ready to taste a thousand joys,
The too transported hapless swain
Found the vast pleasure turned to pain;
Pleasure which too much love destroys.
The willinng garments by he laid,
And Heaven all opened to his view,
Mad to possess, himself he threw
On the defenceless lovely maid.
But oh what envious gods conspire
To snatch his power, yet leave him the desire!

IX.

Nature's support (without whose aid
She can no human beeing give)
Itself now wants the art to live;
Faintness its slackened nerves invade;
In vain th'engaged youth essayed
To call its fleeting vigour back,
No motion 'twill from motion take;
Excess of love his love betrayed.
In vain he toils, in vain commands;
The insensible fell weeping in his hand.



X.

In this so amorous cruel strife,
Where love and fate were too severe,
The poor Lysander in despair
Renounced his reason with his life.
Now all the brisk and active fire
That should the nobler part inflame,
Served to increase his rage and shame,
And left no spark for new desire:
Not all her naked charms could move
Or calm that rage that had debauched his love.

XI.

Cloris returning from the trance
Which love and soft desire had bred,
Her timorous hand she gently laid
(Or guided by designs or chance)
Upon that fabulous Priapas,
That potent god, as poets feign;
But never did young shepherdess,
Gathering of fern upon the plain,
More nimbly draw her fingers back,
Finding beneath the verdant leaves, a snake,

XII.

Then Cloris her fair hand withdrew,
Finding that god of her desires
Disarmed of all his awful fires,
And cold as flowers bathed in the morning dew.
Who can the nymph's confusion guess?
The blood forsook the hinderplace,
And strewed with blushes all her face,
Which both disdain and shame expressed:
And from Lysander's arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy bed.



XIII.

Like lightning through the grove she hies,
Or Daphne from the Delphic god,
No print upon the grassy road
She leaves, t'instruct pursuing eyes.
The wind that wantoned in her hair,
And with her ruffled garments played,
Dicovered in the flying maid
All that the gods e'er made, of fair.
So Venus, when her love was slain,
With fear and haste flew o'er the fatal plain.

XIV.

The nymph's resentment none but I
Can well imagine or condole:
But none can guess Lysander's soul,
But those who swayed his destiny.
His silent griefs swell up to storms,
And not one god his fury spares;
He cursed his birth, his fate, his stars
But more the shepherdess's charms,
Whose soft bewitching influence
Had damned him to the hell of impotence.

Song. Love Armed

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he showed,
From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
Which round about, in sport he hurled;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou and I, the god have armed,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

On Desire

A Pindaric

What art thou, oh! thou new-found pain?
From what infection dost thou spring?
Tell me – oh! tell me, thou enchanting thing,
Thy nature, and thy name;
Inform me by what subtle art,
What powerful influence,
You got such vast dominion in a part
Of my unheeded, and unguarded, heart,
That fame and honour cannot drive ye thence.

Oh! mischievous usurper of my peace;
Oh! soft intruder on my solitude,
Charming disturber of my ease,
That hast my nobler fate pursued,
And all the glories of my life subdued.

Thou haunt'st my inconvenient hours;
The business of the day, nor silence of the night,
That should to cares and sleep invite,
Can bid defiance to thy conquering powers.

Where hast thou been this live-long age
That from my birth till now,
Thou never couldst one thought engage,
Or charm my soul with the uneasy rage
That made it all its humble feebles know?

Where wert thou, oh, malicious sprite,
When shining honour did invite?
When interest called, then thou wert shy,
Nor to my aid one kind propension brought,
Nor wouldst inspire one tender thought,
When Princes at my feet did lie.

When thou couldst mix ambition with my joy,
Then peevish phantom thou wert nice and coy,
Not beauty could invite thee then
Nor all the arts of lavish men!
Not all the powerful rhetoric of the tongue
Not sacred wit could charm thee on;
Not the soft play that lovers make,
Nor sigh could fan thee to a fire,
Not pleading tears, nor vows could thee awake,
Or warm the unformed something – to desire.

Oft I've conjured thee to appear
By youth, by love, by all their powers,
Have searched and sought thee everywhere,
In silent groves, in lonely bowers:
On flowery beds where lovers wishing lie,
In sheltering woods where sighing maids
To their assigning shepherds hie,
And hide their blushes in the gloom of shades.
Yet there, even there, though youth assailed,
Where beauty prostrate lay and fortune wooed,
M heart insensible to neither bowed:
Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.

In courts I sought thee then, thy proper sphere
But thou in crowds wert stifled there,
Interest did all the loving business do,
Invites the youths and wins the virgins too.
Or if by chance some heart thy empire own
(Ah power ingrate!) the slave must be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble fire, that dost dilate
Thy mighty force through every part,
What god, or human power did thee create
In my, till now, unfacile heart?
Art thou some welcome plague sent from above
Inn this dear form, this kind disguise?
Or the false offspring of mistaken love,
Begot by some soft thought that faintly strove,
With the bright piercing beauties of Lysander's eyes?

Yes, yes, tormenter, I have found thee now;
And found to whom thou dost thy being owe,
'Tis thou the blushes dost impart,
For thee this languishment I wear,
'Tis thou that tremblest in my heart
When the dear shepherd does appear,
I faint, I die with pleasing pain,
My words intruding sighing break
When e'er I touch the charming swain
When e'er I gaze, when e'er I speak.
Thy conscious fire is mingled with my love,
As in the sanctified abodes
Misguided worshippers approve
The mixing idol with their gods.
In vain, alas! in vain I strive
With errors, which my soul do please and vex,
For superstition will survive,
Purer religion to perplex.

Oh! tell me you, philosophers, in love,
That can its burning feverish fits control,
By what strange arts you cure the soul,
And the fierce calenture remove?

Tell me, ye fair ones, that exchange desire,
How 'tis you hid the kindling fire.
Oh! would you but confess the truth,
It is not real virtue makes you nice:
But when you do resist teh pressing youth,
'Tis want of dear desire, to thaw the virgin ice.
And while your young adorers lie
All languishing and hopeless at your feet,
Raising new trophies to your chastity,
Oh tell me, how you do remain discreet?
How you suppress the rising sighs,
And the soft yielding soul that wishes in your eyes?

While to th' admiring crowd you nice are found;
Some dear, some secret, youth that gives the wound
Informs you, all your virtue's but a cheat
And honour but a false disguise,
Your modesty a necessary bait
To gain the dull repute of being wise.

Deceive the foolish world – deceive it on,
And veil your passions in your pride;
But now I've found your feebles by my own,
From me the needful fraud you cannot hide.
Though 'tis a mighty power must move
The soul to this degree of love,
And though with virtue I the world perplex,
Lysander finds the weakness of my sex,
So Helen while Theseus' arms she fled,
To charming Paris yields her heart and bed.

The Dream. A Song

I.

The grove was gloomy all around
Murm'ring the streams did pass,
Where fond Astrea laid her down
Upon a bed of grass.

I slept and saw a piteous sight,
Cupid a-weeping lay,
Till both his little stars of light
Had wept themselves away.

II.

Methought I asked him when he cried,
My pity led me on:
All sighting the sad boy replied,
'Alas, I am undone!

As I beneath yon myrtles lay,
Down by Diana's springs,
Amyntas stole my bow away,
And pinioned both my wings.'

III.

'Alas!' cried I, "twas then thy darts
Wherewith he wounded me:
Thou mighty deity of hearts,
He stole his power from thee.

Revenge thee, if a god thou be
Upon the amorous swain;
I'll set thy wings at liberty,
And thou shalt fly again.



IV.

And for this service on my part,
All I implore of thee,
Is, that thou't wound Amyntas' heart,
And make him die for me.'

His silken fetters I untied,
And the gay wings displayed;
Which gently fanned, he mounts and cried,
'Farewell fond easy maid'.

V.

At this I blushed, and angry grew
I should a god believe;
And waking found my dream too true,
Alas, I was a slave.

Song

I led my Silvia to a Grove,
Where all the Boughs did shade us
The Sun it self, though it had strove
It could not have betray'd us.
The place secur'd from humane eyes
No other fear allows,
But when the Winds do gently rise;
And kiss the yeilding Boughs.

Down there we sate upon the Moss,
And did begin to play,
A thousand wanton tricks to pass,
The heat of all the day.
A many kisses I did give,
And she return'd the same,
Which made her willing to receive;
That which I dare not name.

My greedy eyes no ayds requir'd,
To tell their amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd:
'Twas easie to prevail.
I did but kiss and claspe her round,
[Whilst] they my thoughts exprest,
And laid her gently on the ground:
Oh! who can guess the rest.

Song. The Invitation

Damon, I cannot blame your will,
'Twas chance and not design did kill;
For whilst you did prepare your charms,
On purpose Sylvia to subdue:
I met the arrows as they flew,
And saved her from their harms.

Alas she cannot make returns,
Who for a swain already burns,
A shepherd whom she does caress:
With all the softest marks of love,
And 'tis in vain thou seek'st to move,
The cruel shepherdess.

Content thee with this victory,
Think me as fair and young as she:
I'll make thee garlands all the day,
And in the groves we'll sit and sing;
I'll crown thee with the pride o'th' spring,
When thou art lord of May.

The Counsel. A Song

Set by Captain Pack

I.

A pox upon this needless scorn:
Sylvia for shame the cheat give o'er:
The end to which the fair are born,
Is not to keep their charms in store:
But lavishly dispose in haste
Of joys which none but youth improve;
Joys which decay when beauty's past;
And who, when beauty's past, will love?

II.

When age those glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold disdain;
And Sylvia shall neglected pass,
By every once-admiring swain;
And we no more shall homage pay:
When you in vain too late shall burn,
If love increase, and youth decay,
Ah Sylvia! Who will make return?

III.

Then haste, my Sylvia, to the grove,
Where all the sweets of May conspire
To teach us every art of love,
And raise our joys of pleasure higher:
Where while embracing we shall lie
Loosely in shades on beds of flowers,
The duller world while we defy,
Years will be minutes, ages hours.

Song. The Surprise.

Set by Mr Farmer

I.

Phyllis, whose heart was unconfined,
And free as flowers on meads and plains,
None boasted of her being kind,
'Mongst all the languishing and amorous swains.
No sighs or tears the nymph could move,
To pity or return their love.

II.

Till on a time the hapless maid
Retired to shun the heat o'th' day
Into a grove, beneath whose shade
Strephon the careless shepherd sleeping lay:
But oh such charms the youth adorn,
Love is revenged for all her scorn.

III.

Her cheeks with blushes covered were,
And tender sighs her bosom warm,
A softness in her eyes appear;
Unusual pain she feels from every charm:
To woods and echoes now she cries,
For modesty to speak denies.

On A Juniper Tree, Cut Down to Make Busks

Whilst happy I triumphant stood,
The pride and glory of the wood;
My aromatic boughs and fruit,
Did with all other trees dispute.
Had right by nature to excel,
In pleasing both the taste and smell:
But to the touch I must confess,
Bore an ungrateful sullenness.
My wealth, like bashful virgins, I
Yielded with some reluctance;
For which my value should ne more,
Not giving easily my store.
My verdant branches all the year
Did an eternal beauty wear;
Did ever young and gay appear.
Nor needed any tribute pay,
For bounties from the god of day:
Nor do I hold supremacy,
(In all the wood) o'er every tree.
But even those too of my own race,
That grow not in this happy place.
But that in which I glory most,
And do myself with reason boast,
Beneath my shade the other day,
Young Philocles and Cloris lay
Upon my root she leaned her head,
And where I grew, he made their bed:
Whilst I the canopy more largely spread.
Their trembling limbs did gently press,
The kind supporting yielding grass:
Ne'er half so blessed as now, to bear
A swain so young, a nymph so fair:
My grateful shade I kindly lent,
And every aiding bough I bent.

So low, as sometimes had the bliss,
To rob the shepherd of a kiss,
Whilst he in pleasures far above
The sense of that degree of love:
Permitted every stealth I made,
Unjealous of his rival shade.
I saw 'em kindle to desire,
Whilst with soft sighs they blew the fire:
Saw the approaches of their joy,
He growing more fierce, and she less coy,
Saw how they mingled melting rays,
Exchanging love a thousand ways.
Kind was the force on every side,
Her new desire she could not hide:
Nor would the shepherd be denied.
Impatient he waits no consent
But what she gave by languishment,
The blessed minute he pursued;
While love and shame her soul subdued.
And now transported in his arms,
Yields to the conqueror all her charms,
His panting breast, to hers now joined,
They feast on raptures unconfined;
Vast and luxuriant such as prove
The immortality of love.
For who but a divinity,
Could mingle souls to that degree?
Now like the phoenix, both expire,
While from the ashes of their fire,
Sprung up a new, and soft desire.
Like charmers, thrice they did invoke
The god and thrice new vigour took.
Nor had the mystery ended there,
But Cloris reassumed her fear,
And chid the swain, for having pressed,
What she alas could not resist:

Whilst he in whom love's sacred flame,
Before and after was the same,
Fondly implored she would forget
fault which he would yet repeat.
From active joys with some they hast
To a reflection on the past;
A thousand times my covert bless,
That did secure their happiness:
Their gratitude to every tree
They pay, but most to happy me;
The shepherdess my bark caressed,
Whilst he my root, love's pillow, kissed;
And did with sighs their fate deplore,
Since I must shelter them no more;
And if before my joys were such,
In having heard, and seen too much,
My grief must be as great and high,
When all abandoned I shall be,
Doomed to a silent destiny.
No more the charming strife to hear,
The shepherd's vows, the virgin's fear:
No more a joyful looker on,
Whilst love's soft battle's lost and won.
With grief I bowed my murmuring head,
And all my crystal dew I shed.
Which did in Cloris pity move,
(Cloris whose soul is made of love;)
She cut me down, and did translate,
My being to a happier state.
No martyr for religion died
With half that unconsidering pride;
My top was on that altar laid,
Where love his softest offerings paid:
And was as fragrant incense burned,
My body into busks was turned,
Where I still guard the sacred store,
And love's temple keep the door.

**A Pindaric Poem to the Reverend Doctor Burnet,
On The Honour He Did Me of
Enquiring After Me and My Muse**

I.

When old Rome's candidates aspired fame,
And did the people's suffrages obtain
For some great consul, or a Caesar's name;
The victor was not half so pleased and vain,
As I, when given the honour of your choice.
And preference had in that one single voice;
That voice, from whence immortal wit still flows
Wit that at once is solemn all and sweet,
Where noblest eloquence and judgement shows
The inspiring mind illustrious, rich and great;
A mind that can inform your wond'rous pen
In all that's perfect and sublime:
And with an art beyond the wit of men,
On what e'er theme on what e'er great design,
It carries a commanding force, like that of writ divine.

II.

With powerful reasoning dressed in finest sense,
A thousand ways my soul you can invade,
And spite of my opinion's weak defence,
Against my will, you conquer and persuade.
Your language soft as love, betrays the heart,
And at each period fixes a resistless dart,
While the fond listener, like a maid undone,
Inspired with tenderness she fears to own,
In vain essays her freedom to regain:
The fine ideas in her soul remain,
And please, and charm, even while they grieve and pain.



III.

But yet how well this praise can recompense
For all the welcome wounds (before) you'd given!
Scarce anything but you and Heaven
Such grateful bounties can dispense
As that eternity of life can give;
So famed by you my verse eternally shall live:
Till now, my careless Muse no higher strove
T'enlarge her glory, and extend her wings;
Than underneath Parnassus grove,
To sing of shepherds, and their humble love;
But never durst, like Cowley, tune her strings,
To sing of heroes and of Kings.
But since by an authority divine,
She is allowed a more exalted thought;
She will be valued now a current coin,
Whose stamp alone gives it the estimate,
Though out of an inferior metal wrought.

IV.

But oh! if from your praise I feel
A joy that has no parallel!
What must I suffer when I cannot pay
Your goodness, your generous way?
And make my stubborn Muse your just commands obey.
My Muse that would endeavour fain to glide
With the fair prosperous gale, and the full driving tide.
But loyalty commands with pious force,
That stops me in the thriving course.
The breeze that wafts the crowding nations o'er,
Leaves me unpitied far behind
On the forsaken barren shore,
To sigh with Echo, and the murmuring wind;
While all the inviting prospect I survey,
With melancholy eyes I view the plains,
Where all I see is ravishing and gay,
And all I hear is mirth in loudest strains;

Thus while the chosen seed possess the Promised Land,
I like the excluded prophet stand,
The fruitful happy soil can only see,
But am forbid by Fate's decree
To share the triumph of the joyful victory.

V.

'Tis to your pen, great Sir, the nation owes
For all the good this mighty change has wrought;
'Twas that the wondrous method did dispose,
E'er the vast work was to perfection brought.
Oh strange effect of a seraphic quill!
That can by unperceptible degrees
Change every notion, every principle
To any form, its great dictator please.
The sword a feeble power, compared to that,
And to the nobler pen subordinate;
And of less use in bravest turns of State:
While that to blood and slaughter has recourse,
This conquers hearts with soft prevailing force:
So when the wiser Greeks o'ercame their foes,
It was not by the barbarous force of blows.
When a long ten years' fatal war had failed,
With luckier wisdom they at last assailed,
Wisdom and counsel which alone prevailed.
Not all their numbers the famed town could win,
'Twas nobler stratagem that let the conqueror in.

VI.

Tho' I the wondrous change deplore,
That makes me useless and forlorn,
Yet I the great design adore,
Though ruined in the universal turn.
Nor can my indigence and lost repose,
Those meagre Furies that surround me close,
Convert my sense and reason more
To this unprecedented enterprise,

Than that a man so great, so learned, so wise,
The brave achievement owns and nobly justifies.
'Tis you, great Sir, alone, by Heaven preserved,
Whose conduct has so well the nation served,
'Tis you that to posterity shall give
This age's wonders, and its history.
And great Nassau shall in your annals live
To all futurity.
Your pen shall more immortalize his name,
Than even his own renowned and celebrated fame.

Song

When Jemmy first began to love,
He was the gayest swain
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danced upon the plain.
'Twas then that I, weighs me poor heart,
My freedom threw away,
And finding sweets in every smart,
I could not say him nay.

And ever when he talked of love,
He would his eyes decline;
And every sigh, a heart would move,
Gued faith and why not mine?
He'd press my hand, and kiss it oft,
In silence spoke his flame.
And whilst he treated me thus soft,
I wished him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flocks with him,
My Jemmy would invite me:
Where he the gayest songs would sing,
On purpose to delight me.
And Jemmy every grace displayed,
Which were enough I trow,
To conquer any princely maid,
So did he me I vow.

But now for Jemmy must I mourn,
Who to the wars must go;
His sheephook to a sword must turn:
Alack what shall I do?
His bagpipe into warlike sounds,
Must now exchanged be:
Instead of bracelets, fearful wounds;
Then what becomes of me?

**A Ballad on Mr J. H. to Amoret,
Asking Why I Was So Sad**

My Amoret, since you must know,
The grief you say my eyes do show:
Survey my heart, where you shall find,
More love than for yourself confined.
And though you chide, you'll pity too,
A passion which even rivals you.

Amyntas on a holy-day
As fine as any lord of May,
Amongst the nymphs and jolly swains,
That feed their flocks upon the plains:
Met in a grove beneath whose shade,
A match of dancing they had made.

Hos cassock was of green, as trim
As grass upon a river brim;
Untouched or sullied with a spot,
Unpressed by either lamb or goat:
And with the air it loosely played,
With every motion that he made.

His sleeves a-many ribbons ties,
Where one might read love-mysteries:
As if that way he would impart,
To all, the sentiments of his heart,
Whose passions by those colours known,
He with a charming pride would own.

His bonnet with the same was tied,
A silver scrip hung by his side:
His buskins garnished a-la-mode,
Were graced by every step he trod;
Like Pan a majesty he took,
And like Apollo when he spoke.

His hook a wreath of flowers did braid,
The present of some love-sick maid.
Who all the morning had bestowed,
And to her fancy now composed:
Which fresher seemed when near that place,
To whom the giver captive was.

His eyes their best attracts put on,
Designing some should be undone;
For he could at his pleasure move,
The nymphs he liked to fall in love:
Yet so he ordered every glance,
That still they seemed but wounds of chance.

He well could feign an innocence,
And taught his silence eloquence;
Each smile he used, had got the force,
To conquer more than soft discourse:
Which when it served his ends he'd use,
And subtly through a heart infuse.

His wit was such it could control
The resolutions of a soul;
That a religious vow had made,
By love it ne'er would be betrayed:
For when he spoke he well could prove
Their errors who dispute with love.

With all these charms he did address
Himself to every shepherdess:
Until the bagpipes which did play,
Began the business of the day;
And in the taking forth to dance,
The lovely swain became my chance.

To whom my passions he did vow,
And much his eyes and sighs did show;
And both employed with so much art,
I strove in vain to guard my heart;
And ere the night our revels crossed,
I was entirely won and lost.

Let me advise thee, Amoret,
Fly from the baits that he has set
In every grace; which will betray
All beauties that but look that way:
But thou hast charms that will secure
A captive in this conqueror.

**To Mr Creech (Under The Name of Daphnis)
On His Excellent Translation of Lucretius**

Thou great young man! Permit amongst the crowd
Of those that sing thy mighty praises loud,
My humble Muse to bring its tribute too.
Inspired by thy vast flight of verse,
Methinks I should some wondrous thing rehearse,
Worthy divine Lucretius, and diviner thou.
But I of feebler seeds designed,
Whilst the slow moving atoms strove
With careless heed to form my mind:
Composed it all of softer love.
In gentle numbers all my songs are dressed,
And when I would thy glory sing,
What in strong manly verse I would express,
Turns all to womanish tenderness within.
Whilst that which admiration does inspire,
In other souls, kindles in mine a fire.
Let them admire thee on – whilst I this newer way
Pay thee yet more than they:
For more I owe, since thou hast taught me more,
Than all the mighty bards that went before.
Others long since have palled the vast delight;
In duller Greek and Latin satisfied the appetite;
But I unlearned in schools, disdain that mine
Should treated be at any feast but thine.
Till now, I cursed my birth, my education,
And more the scanted customs of the nation:
Permitting not the female sex to tread,
The mighty paths of learned heroes dead.
The god-like Virgil, and great Homer's verse,
Like divine mysteries are concealed from us.
We are forbid all grateful themes,
No ravishing thoughts approach our ear,
The fulsome jingle of the times,
Is all we are allowed to understand or hear.



But as of old, when men unthinking lay,
Ere gods were worshipped, ore ere laws were framed
The wiser bard that taught 'em first t' obey,
Was next to what he taught, adored and famed;
Gentler they grew, their words and manners changed,
And savage now no more the woods they ranged.
So thou by this translation dost advance
Our knowledge from the state of ignorance,
And equals us to man: Ah how can we,
Enough adore, or sacrifice enough to thee!

The mystic terms of rough philosophy,
Thou dost so plain and easily express;
Yet deck'st them in so soft and gay a dress:
So intelligent to each capacity,
That they at once instruct and charm the sense,
With heights of fancy, heights of eloquence;
And reason over unfettered plays,
Wanton and undisturbed as summer's breeze;
That gliding murmurs o'er the trees:
And no hard notion meets or stops its way.
It pierces, conquers and compels,
Beyond poor feeble Faith's dull oracles.
Faith the despairing soul's content,
Faith the last shift of routed argument.

Hail sacred Wadham! whom the Muses grace
And from the rest of all the reverend pile
Of noble palaces, designed thy space:
Where they in soft retreat might dwell.
They blessed thy fabric, and said – Do thou,
Our darling sons contain;
We thee our sacred nursery ordain:
They said and blessed, and it was so.
And if of old the fanes of silvian gods,
Were worshipped as divine abodes;

If Courts are held as sacred things,
For being the awful seats of Kings.
What veneration should be paid,
To thee that hast such wondrous poets made!
To gods for fear, devotion was designed,
And safety made us bow to majesty;
Poets by nature awe and charm the mind,
Are born not made by dull religion or necessity.

The learned Thirsis did to thee belong,
Who Athens plague has so divinely sung.
Thirsis to wit, s sacred friendship true,
Paid mighty Cowley's memory its due.
Thirsis who whilst a greater plague did reign,
Than that which Athens did depopulate:
Scattering rebellious fury o'er the plain,
That threatened ruin to the Church and State,
Unmoved he stood, and feared no threats of Fate.

That loyal champion for the Church and Crown,
That noble ornament of the sacred gown,
Still did his sovereign's cause espouse,
And was above the thanks of the mad Senate house.
Strephon the great, whom last you sent abroad,
Who writ, and loved, and looked like any god;
For whom the Muses mourn, the love-sick maids
Are languishing in melancholy shades.
The Cupids flag their wings, their bows untie,
And useless quivers hang neglected by,
And scattered arrows all around them lie,
By murmuring brooks the careless deities are laid,
Weeping their rifled power now noble Strephon's dead.

Ah sacred Wadham! should'st thou never own
But this delight of all mankind and thine;
For ages past of dullness, this alone,
This charming hero would atone.
And make thee glorious to succeeding time;
But thou like Nature's self disdain'st to be,
Stinted to singularity.

Even as fast as she thou dost produce,
And over all the sacred mystery infuse.
No sooner was famed Strephon's glory set,
Strephon the soft, the lovely and the great;
But Daphnis rises like the morning star,
That guides the wandering traveller from afar.
Daphnis whom every grace, and Muse inspires,
Scarce Strephon's ravishing poetic fires
So kindly warm, or so divinely cheer.

Advance young Daphnis, as thou hast begun,
So let thy mighty race be run.
Thou in thy large poetic chase,
Begin'st where others end the race.
If now thy grateful numbers are so strong,
If they so early can such graces show,
Like beauty so surprising, when so young,
What Daphnis will thy riper judgement do,
When thy unbounded verse in their own streams shall flow!
What wonder will they not produce,
When thy immortal fancy's lose;

Unfettered, unconfin'd by any other Muse!
Advance young Daphnis then, and mayst thou prove
Still sacred in thy poetry and love.
May all the groves with Daphnis' songs be blessed,
Whilst every bark is with thy distichs dressed.
May timorous maids learn how to love from thence
Andd the glad shepherd arts of eloquence.
And when to solitude thou would'st retreat,
May their tuned pipes thy welcome celebrate.
And all the nymphs strow garlands at thy feet.
May all the purling streams that murmuring pass,
The shady groves and banks of flowers,
The kind reposing beds of grass,
Contribute to their softer hours.
May'st thou thy Muse and mistress there caress,
And may one heighten t'other's happiness.
And whilst thou so divinely dost converse,
We are content to know and to admire thee in thy sacred verse.

**A Letter to Mr Creech at Oxford
Written in the Last Great Frost**

Daphnis, because I am your debtor
(And other causes which are better)
I send you here my debt of letter.
You should have had a scrap of nonsense,
You may remember left at Tonson's.
(Though by the way that's scurvy rhyme, Sir,
But yet 'twill serve to tag a line, Sir.)
A billet-doux I had designed then,
But you may think I was in wine then;
Because it being cold, you know,
We warmed it with a glass – or so,
I grant you that shie wine's the devil,
To make one's memory uncivil;
But when 'twixt every sparkling cup,
I so much brisker wit took up;
Wit, able to inspire a thinking;
And make one solemn even in drinking;
Wit that would charm and stock a poet,
Even instruct – who has no wit;
Wit that was hearty, true, and loyal,
Of wit, like Bays' Sir, that's my trial;
I say 'twas most impossible,
That after that one should be dull.
Therefore because you may not blame me,
Take the whole truth as — shall sa'me.



From White-Hall Sir, as I was coming,
His sacred Majesty from dunning;
Who oft in debt is, truth to tell,
For Tory farce, or doggerel,
When every street as dangerous was,
As ever the Alpian hills to pass,
When melted snow and ice confound one,
Wether to break one's neck or drown one,
And billet-doux in pocket lay,
To drop as coach should jolt that way,
Near to that place of fame called Temple,
(Which I shall note by sad example)
Where college dunce is cured of simple,
Against that sign of whore called Scarlet,
My coachman fairly laid pilgarlic.
Though scribbling fist was out of joint,
And every limb made great complaint;
Yet missing the dear assignation,
Gave me most cause of tribulation.
To honest H—le I should have shown ye,
A wit that would be proud t'have known ye;
A wit uncommon, and facetious,
A great admirer of Lucretius;
But transitory hopes do vary,
And high designments oft miscarry,
Ambition never climbed so lofty,
But may descend too fair and softly,
But would you'd seen how sneakingly
I looked with this catastrophe.

So saucy Whig, when Plot broke out,
Dejected hung his snivelling snout;
So Oxford Member looked, when Rowley
Kicked out the rebel crew so foully;
So Perkin once that God of Wapping,
Whom slippery turn of State took napping,
From hopes of James the second fell
In to the native scoundrel.
So lover looked of joy defeated,
When too much fire his vigour cheated,
Even so looked I, when bliss depriving,
Was caused by over-hasty driving,
Who saw me could not choose but think,
I looked like brawn in sousing drink.
Or Lazarello who was showed
For a strange fish, to'th' gaping crowd.
Thus you by fate (to me, sinister)
At shop of book my billet missed Sir.
And home I went as discontent,
As a new routed Parliament,
Not seeing Daphnis ere he went.
And sure his grief beyond expressing,
Of joy proposed to want the blessing;
Therefore to pardon pray incline,
Since disappointment all was mine;
Of Hell we have no other notion,
Than all the joys of Heaven's privation;
So Sir with recommendations fervent,
I rest your very humble servant.

Postscript

On Twelfth Night Sir, by that good token,
When lamentable cake was broken,
You had a friend, a man of wit,
A man whom I shall ne'er forget;
For every word he did impart,
'Twas worth the keeping in a heart:
True Tory all! and when he spoke,
A god in wit, though man in look.
— To this your friend — Daphnis address
The humblest of my services;
Tell him how much — yet do not too,
My vast esteem no words can show;
Tell him — that he is worthy — you.

On the Death of the Late Earl of Rochester

Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, all your loss deplore
The young, the noble Strephon is no more.
Yes, yes, he fled quick as departing light,
And ne'er shall rise from death's eternal night,
So rich a prize teh Stygian gods ne'er bore,
Such wit, such beauty, never graced their shore.
He was but lent this duller world t'improve
In all the charms of poetry, and love;
Both were his gift, which freely he bestowed,
And like a god, dealt to the wondering crowd.
Scorning the little vanity of fame,
Spite of himself attained a glorious name.
But oh, in vain was all his peevish pride,
The sun as soon might his vast lustre hide,
As piercing, pointed, and more lasting bright,
As suffering no vicissitudes of night.
Mourn, mourn, ye muses, all you loss deplore,
The young, the noble Strephon is no more.

Now uninspired upon your banks we lie,
Unless when we would mourn his elegy;
His name's a genius that would wit dispense,
And give the theme a soul, the words a sense.
But all fine thought that ravished when it spoke,
With the soft youth eternal leave has took;
Uncommon wit that did the soul o'ercome,
Is buried all in Strephon's worshipped tomb;
Satire has lost its art, its sting is gone,
The fop and cully now may be undone;
That dear instructing rage is now allayed,
And no sharp pen dares tell 'em how they've strayed;
Bold as a god was every lash he took,
But kind and gentle the chastising stroke.
Mourn, mourn, ye youths whom fortune has betrayed,
The last reproacher of your vice is dead.

Mourn all ye beauties, put your cypress on,
The truest swain that e'er adored you's gone;
Think how he loved, and writ, and sighed, and spoke,
Recall his mien, his fashion, and his look.
By what dear arts the soul he did surprise,
Soft as his voice, and charming as his eyes.
Bring garlands all of never-dying flowers,
Bedewed with everlasting falling showers;
Fix your fair eyes upon your victim'd slave,
Sent gay and young to his untimely grave.
See where the nobles swain extended lies,
Too sad a triumph of your victories;
Adorned with all the graces Heaven e'er lent,
All that was great, soft, lovely, excellent
You've laid into his early monument.
Mourn, mourn, ye beauties, your sad loss deplore,
The young, the charming Strephon is no more.

Mourn, all ye little gods of love, whose darts
Have lost their wonted power of piercing hearts;
Lay by the gilded quiver and the bow,
The useless toys can do no mischief now,
Those eyes that all your arrows' points inspired,
Those lights that gave ye fire now retired,
Cold as his tomb, pale as your mother's doves;
Bewail him then, oh all ye little loves,
For you the humblest votary have lost
That ever your divinities could boast;
Upon your hands your weeping heads decline,
And let your wings encompass round his shrine;
Instead of flowers your broken arrows strow,
And at his feet lay the neglected bow.
Mourn, all ye little gods, your loss deplore,
The soft, the charming Strephon is no more.

Large was his fame, but short his glorious race,
Like young Lucretius lived and died apace.
So early roses fade, so over all
They cast their fragrant scents, then softly fall,
While all the scattered perfumed leaves declare,
How lovely 'twas when whole, how sweet, how fair.
Had he been to the Roman Empire known,
When great Augustus filled the peaceful throne,
Had he the noble wondrous poet seen,
And known his genius, and surveyed his mien,
(When wits, and heroes graced divide abodes)
He had increased the number of their gods;
The royal judge had temples reared to's name,
And made him as immortal as his fame;
In love and verse his Ovid he 'ad out-done
And all his laurels, and his Julia won.
Mourn, mourn, unhappy world his loss deplore,
The great, the charming Strephon is no more.

**To Mrs W. On Her Excellent Verses
(Writ in Praise of Some I Had Made On the Earl of Rochester)
Written in a Fit of Sickness**

Enough kind Heaven! To purpose I have lived,
And all my sighs and languishments survived.
My stars in vain their sullen influence have shed,
Round my till now unlucky head:
I pardon all the silent hours I've grieved,
My weary nights and melancholy days;
When no kind power my pain relieved,
I lose you all, you sad remembrances,
I lose you all in new-born joys,
Joys that will dissipate my falling tears.
The mighty soul of Rochester's revived,
Enough kind Heaven to purpose I have lived.
I saw the lovely phantom, no disguise
Veiled the blessed vision from my eyes,
'Twas all o'er Rochester that pleased and did surprise.
Sad as the grave I sat by glimmering light,
Such as attends departing souls by night.
Pensive as absent lovers left alone,
Or my poor dove, when his fond mate was gone.
Silent as groves when only whispering gales
Sigh through the rushing leaves,
As softly as a bashful shepherd breathes
To his loved nymph his amorous tales.
So dull I was, scarce thought a subject found,
Dull as the light that gloomed around;
When Io the mighty spirit appeared,
All gay, all charming to my sight;
My dropping soul it raised and cheered,
And cast about a dazzling light.
In every part there did appear,
The great, the god-like Rochester,
His softness all, his sweetness everywhere.

It did advance, and with a generous look,
To me addressed, to worthless me it spoke:
With the same wonted grace my Muse it praised,
With the same goodness did my faults correct:
And careful of the fame himself first raised,
Obliging it schooled my loose neglect.
The soft, the moving accents soon I knew
The gentle voice made up of harmony;
Through the known paths of my glad soul it flew;
I knew it straight, it could no other's be,
'Twas not allied but very very he.
So the all-ravished swain that hears
The wondrous music of the spheres,
For ever does the grateful sound retain,
Whilst all his oaten pipes and reeds
The rural music of the groves and meads
Strive to divert him from the heavenly song in vain.
He hates their harsh and untuned lays,
Which now no more his soul and fancy raise.
But if one note of the remembered air
He chance again to hear,
He starts, and in a transport cries, — 'tis there!
He knows it all by that one little taste,
And by that grateful hint remembers all the rest.
Great, good, and excellent, by what new way
Shall I my humble tribute pay,
For this great condescension shown!
So gods of old sometimes laid by
Their aweful trains of majesty,
And changed even Heaven awhile for groves and plains,
And to their fellow gods preferred the lowly swains.
And beds of flowers would oft compare,
To those of downy clouds or yielding air;
At purling streams would drink in homely shells,
Put off the god, to revel it in woods and shepherds' cells;
Would listen to their rustic songs, and show
Such divine goodness in commanding too,
Whilst the transported swain the honour pays
With humble adoration, humble praise.

A Letter to a Brother of the Pen in Tribulation

Poor Damon! Art thou caught? Is't ev'n so?
Art thou become a¹ tabernacler too?
Where sure thou dost not mean to preach or pray,
Unless it be the clean contrary way:
This holy² time I little thought thy sin
Deserved a tub to do its penance in.
Oh how you'll for th'Aegyptian flesh-pots wish,
When you're half-famished with your Lenten-dish,
Your almonds, currants, biscuits hard and dry,
Food that will soul and body mortify:
Damned penitential drink, that will infuse
Dull principles into thy grateful Muse.
– Pox on't that you must needs be fooling now,
Just when the wits had greatest³ need of you.
Was Summer then so long a-coming on,
That you must make an artificial one?
Much good may't do thee; but 'tis thought thy brain
Ere long will wish for cooler days again.
For honesty no more will I engage:
I durst have sworn thou'dst had thy pusillage.
Thy looks the whole cabal have cheated too;
But thou wilt say, most of the wits do so.
In this thy writing⁴ plays? Who thought thy wit
An interlude of whoring would admit.
To poetry no more thou'l be inclined,
Unless in verse to damn all womankind:
And 'tis but just thou shouldst in rancour grow
Against that sex that has confined thee so.
All things in nature now are brisk and gay
At the approaches of the blooming May:
The new-fledged birds do in our arbours sing
At thousand airs to welcome in the Spring;

1 So he called a sweating-tub.
2 Lent.
3 I wanted a prologue to a play.
4 He pretended to retire to write.

Whilst ev'ry swain is like a bridgegroom dressed,
And ev'ry nymph as going to a feast:
The meadows now their flowery garments wear,
And ev'ry grove does in its pride appear:
Whilst thou poor Damon in close rooms art pent
Where hardly thy own breath can find a vent.
Yet that too is a Heaven, compared to th'task
Of coddling every morning in a cask.
Now I could curse this female, but I know,
She needs it not, that thus could handle you.
Besides, that vengeance does to thee belong,
And 'twere injustice to disarm thy tongue.
Curse then, dear swain, that all the youth may hear,
And from thy dire mishap be taught to fear.
Curse till thou hast undone the race, and all
That did contribute to thy spring and fall.

The Cabal at Nickey Nackey's

I.

A pox of the statesman that's witty,
Who watches and plots all the sleepless night:
For seditious harangues, to the Whigs of the city;
And maliciously turns a traitor in spite.
Let him wear and torment his lean carrion:
To bring his sham-plots about,
Till at last king, bishop, and baron,
For the public good he have quite rooted out.

II.

But we that are no politicians,
But rogues that are impudent, bare faced and great,
Boldly head the rude rabble in times of sedition;
And bear all down before us, in church and in state.
Your impudence is the best state-trick;
And he that by law means to rule,
Let his history with ours be related;
And though we are the knaves, we know who's the fool.

Our Cabal.

Come, my fair Cloris, come away,
Hast thou forgot 'tis Holyday?
And lovely Silvia too make haste,
The Sun is up, the day does waste:
Do'st thou not hear the Musick loud,
Mix'd with the murmur of the Crowd?
How can thy active Feet be still,
And hear the Bagpipes chearful Trill?

Mr. V. U.

Urania's drest as fine and gay,
As if she meant t' out-shine the day;
Or certain that no Victories
Were to be gain'd but by her Eyes;
Her Garment's white, her Garniture
The springing Beauties of the Year,
Which are in such nice Order plac'd,
That Nature is by Art disgrac'd:
Her natural Curling Ebon Hair,
Does loosly wanton in the Air.

Mr. G. V.

With her the young Alexis came,
Whose Eyes dare only speak his Flame:
Charming he is as fair can be,
Carming without Effeminacy;
Only his Eyes are languishing,
Caus'd by the Pain he feels within;
Yet thou wilt say that Languishment
Is a peculiar Ornament.
Deck'd up he is with Pride and Care,
All Rich and Gay, to please his Fair:
The price of Flocks h' has made a Prey
To th' Usual Vanity of this day.



My dear Brother J.C.

After them Damon Piping came,
Who laughs at Cupid and his Flame;
Swears, if the Boy should him approach,
He'd burn his Wings with his own Torch:
But he's too young for Love t' invade,
Though for him languish many a Maid.
His lovely Ayr, his cheerful Face,
Adorn'd with many a Youthful Grace,
Beget more Sighs then if with Arts
He should design to conquer Hearts:
The Swains as well as Nymphs submit
To's Charms of Beauty and of Wit.
He'll sing, he'll dance, he'll pipe and play,
And wanton out a Summer's day;
And wheresoever Damon be,
He's still the Soul o'th' Companie.

My dear Amoret, Mrs. B.

Next Amoret, the true Delight
Of all that do approach her sight:
The Sun in all its Course ne'er met
Ought Fair or Sweet like Amoret.
Alone she came, her Eyes declin'd,
In which you'l read her troubled Mind;
Yes, Silvia, for she'l not deny
She loves, as well as thou and I.
'Tis Philocles, that Proud Ingrate,
That pays her Passion back with Hate;
Whilst she does all but him despise,
And clouds the lustre of her Eyes:
But once to her he did address,
And dying Passion too express;
But soon the Amorous Heat was laid,
He soon forgot the Vows he'd made;
Whilst she in every Silent Grove,
Bewails her easie Faith and Love.
Numbers of Swains do her adore,
But she has vow'd to love no more.

Mr. J. B.

Next Jolly Thiris came along,
With many Beauties in a Throng.

Mr Je. B.

With whom the young Amyntas came,
The Author of my Sighs and Flame:
For I'll confess that Truth to you,
Which every Look of mine can show.
Ah how unlike the rest he appears!
With Majesty above his years!
His Eyes so much of Sweetness dress,
Such Wit, such Vigour too express;
That 'twou'd a wonder be to say,
I've seen the Youth, and brought my Heart away.
Ah Cloris! Thou that never wert
In danger yet to lose a Heart,
Guard it severely now, for he
Will startle all thy Constancy:
For if by chance thou do'st escape
Unwounded by his Lovely Shape,
Tempt not thy Ruine, lest his Eyes
Joyn with his Tongue to win the Prize;
Such Softness in his Language dwells,
And Tales of Love so well he tells,
Should'st thou attend their Harmony,
Thou'dst be Undone, as well as I;
For sure no Nymph was ever free,
That could Amyntas hear and see.

Mr. N. R. V.

With him the lovely Philocless,
His Beauty heightened by his Dress,
If any thing can add a Grace
To such a Shape, and such a Face,
Whose Natural Ornaments impart
Enough without the help of Art.
His Shoulders cover'd with a Hair,
The Sun-Beams are not half so fair;
Of which the Virgins Bracelets make,
And wear for Phylocless's sake:
His Beauty such, that one would swear
His Face did never take the Air.
On's Cheeks the blushing Roses show,
The rest like whitest Daisies grow:
His Lips, no Berries of the Field,
Nor Cherries, such a Red do yield.
His Eyes all Love, Soft'ning Smile;
And when he speaks, he sighs the while:
His Bashful Grace, with Blushes too,
Gains more then Confidence can do.
With all these Charms he does invade
The Heart, which when he has betray'd,
He slights the Trophies he has won,
And weeps for those he has Undone;
As if he never did intend
His Charms for so severe an End.
And all poor Amoret can Gain,
Is pitty from the Lovely Swain:
And if Inconstancy can seem
Agreeable, 'tis so in him.
And when he meets Reproach for it,
He does excuse it with his Wit.



Mr. E. B. and Mrs. F. M.

Next hand in hand the smiling Pair,
Martillo, and the Lovely Fair:
A Bright-Ey'd Phillis, who they say,
Ne'er knew what Love was till to day:
Long has the Gen'rous Youth in vain
Implor'd some Pity for his Pain.
Early abroad he would be seen,
To wait her coming on the Green,
To be the first that t' her should pay
The Tribute of the New-born Day;
Presents her Bracelets with their Names,
And Hooks carv'd out with Hearts and Flames.
And when a stragling Lamb he saw,
And she not by to give it Law,
The pretty Fugitive he'd deck
With Wreaths of Flowers around its Neck;
And gave her ev'ry mark of Love,
Before he could her Pity move.
But now the Youth no more appears
Clouded with Jealousies and Fears:
Nor yet dares Phillis softer Brow
Wear Unconcerns, or Coldness now;
But makes him just and kind Returns;
And as He does, so now She burns.



Mr. J. H.

Next Lysidas, that haughty Swain,
With many Beauties in a Train,
All sighing for the Swain, whilst he
Barely returns Civility.
Yet once to each much Love he Vowd,
And strange Fantastique Passion show'd.
Poor Doris, and Lucinda too,
And many more whom thou dost know,
Who had not power his Charms to shun,
Too late do find themselves Undone.
His Eyes are Black, and do transcend
All Fancy e'er can comprehend;
And yet no Softness in 'em move,
They kill with Fierceness, not with Love:
Yet he can dress 'em when he list,
With Sweetness none can e'er resist.
His Tongue no Amorous Parley makes,
But with his Looks alone he speaks.
And though he languish yet he'l hide,
That grateful knowledge with his Pride;
And thinks his Liberty is lost,
Not in the Conquest, but the Boast.
Nor will but Love enough impart,
To gain and to secure a heart:
Of which no sooner he is sure,
And that its Wounds are past all Cure,
But for New Victories he prepares,
And leaves the Old to its Despairs:
Success his Boldness does renew,
And Boldness helps him Conquer too.
He having gain'd more hearts then all,
Th' rest of the Pastoral Cabal.



Mr. Ed. Bed.

With him Philander, who nere paid
A Sigh or Tear to any Maid:
So innocent and young he is,
He cannot guess what Passion is.
But all the Love he ever knew,
On Lycidas he does bestow:
Who pays his Tenderness again,
Too Amorous for a Swain to a Swain.
A softer Youth was never seen,
His Beauty Maid; but Man, his Mein:
And much more gay than all the rest;
And but Alexis finest Dress'd.
His Eyes towards Lycidas still turn,
As sympathising Flowers to the Sun:
Whilst Lycidas whose Eyes dispense
No less a grateful Influence,
Improves his Beauty, which still fresher grows:
Who would not under two such Suns as those?
Cloris you sigh, what Amorous grown?
Pan grant you keep your heart at home:
For I have often heard you Vow,
If any cou'd your heart subdue,
Though Lycidas you nere had seen,
It must be him, or one like him:
Alas I cannot yet forget,
How we have with Amyntas sat
Beneath the Boughs for Summer made,
Our heated Flocks and Us to shade:
Where thou wou'dst wond'rous Stories tell,
Of this Agreeable Infidel.
By what Devices, Charms and Arts,
He us'd to gain and keep his Hearts:
And whilst his Falsehood we wou'd Blame,
Thou woud'st commend and praise the same.
And did no greater pleasure take,
Then when of Lycidas we spake;
By this and many Sighs we know,
Thou'rt sensible of Loving too.
Come Cloris, come along with us,
And try thy power with Lycidas;

See if that Vertue which you prize,
Be proof against those Conquering Eyes.
That Heart that can no Love admit,
Will hardly stand his shock of Wit;

Come deck thee then in al that's fine,
Perhaps the Conquest may be thine;
They all attend, let's hast to do,
What Love and Musick calls us to.

Epilogue

Spoken by Mrs Gwin

I here, and there, o'erheard a coxcomb cry
Ah, rot it – 'tis a woman comedy, [Looking about.
One, who because she lately chanced to please us,
With her damned stuff will never cease to tease us,
What has poor woman done that she must be,
Debarred from sense and sacred poetry?
Why in this age has Heaven allowed you more,
And women less of wit than heretofore?
We once were famed in story, and could write
Equal to men; could govern, nay could fight.
We still have passive valour, and can show
Would custom give us leave the active too,
Since we no provocations want from you.
For who but we, could your dull fopperies bear,
Your saucy love, and your brisk nonsense hear;
Endure your worse than womanish affection,
Which renders you the nuisance of the nation;
Scorned even by all the Misses of the town,
A jest to vizard mask, the pit-buffoon;
A glass by which the admiring country fool
May learn to dress himself in ridicule:
Both striving who shall most ingenious grow
In lewdness, foppery, nonsense, noise and show.
And yet to these fine things we must submit
Our reason, arms, our laurels, and our wit.
Because we do not laugh at you when lewd,
A scorn and cudgel ye when you are rude;
That we have nobler souls than you, we prove,
By how much more we're sensible of love;
Quickest in finding all the subtlest ways
To make your joys: why not to make your plays?
We best can find your foibles, know our own,
And jilts and cuckolds now best please the town;



Your way of writing's out of fashion grown.
Method, and rule – you only understand,
Pursue that way of fooling, and be damned.
Your learned cant of action, time, and place,
Must all give way to the unlaboured farce.
To all the men of wit we will subscribe:
But for you half wits, you unthinking tribe,
We'll let you see, what e'er besides we do,
How artfully we copy some of you:
And if you're drawn to th' life, pray tell me then
Why women should not write as well as men.

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