







POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By Mr. JOHN GAY.

VOLUME the SECOND.



LONDON,

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EPISTLES.

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EPISTLES

ON

Several Occafions.

Vol. II.

B



EPISTLE I.

TOA

Occasioned by the Arrival of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Bz



L

A D A M, to all your cenfures I fubmit, And frankly own I fhould long fince have writ :

You told me, filence would be thought a crime,

And kindly ftrove to teaze me into rhyme :

No

No more let trifling themes your Muse employ, Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy : No more on plains with rural damsels sport, But sing the glories of the *British* court.

By your commands and inclination fway'd, I call'd th' unwilling Mufes to my aid ; Refolv'd to write, the noble theme I chofe, And to the Princefs thus the Poem rofe.

Aid me, bright Phœbus; aid, ye facred Nine; Exalt my Genius, and my werfe refine. My ftrains with Carolina's name I grace, The lowely parent of our royal race. Breathe foft, ye winds, ye wawes in filence fleep; Let profp'rous breezes wanton o'er the deep, Swell the white fails, and with the fireamers play, To woft her gently o'er the watry way.

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r, To rein the winds, and guard the royal Fair; Bid the blue Tritons found their twifted fhells, And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus

DFG

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Mufe along, Yet knew no method to conduct her fong : I then refolv'd fome model to purfue, Perus'd *French* Criticks, and began anew. Long open panegyrick drags at beft, And praife is only praife when well addrefs'd.

Strait Horace for fome lucky ode I fought : And all along I trac'd him thought by thought : This new performance to a friend I fhow'd ; For fhame, fays he, what, imitate an Ode ! I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-fireet lays, Than pillage Cafar for my patron's praife : One common fate all imitators fhare, To fave mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware. Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit Rhymes, fimilies, Lords names, and ends of wit ; In blotted flanzas fcraps of Odes expire, And fuftian mounts in Pyramids of fire.

Ladies, to you I next inferib'd my lay, And writ a letter in familiar way : For flill impatient till the Princefs came, You from defeription wifh'd to know the dame.

us

B 3

Each

5

Each day my pleafing labour larger grew, For fill new graces open'd to my view. Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme, And then I thus purfu'd the growing fcheme.

6

Beauty and wit work fure by nature join'd, And charms are emanations of the mind; The foul transferring through the shining frame, Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame: Benewolence her conversation guides, Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye refides. Such harmony upon her tongue is found, As softens English to Italian sound: Yet in those founds such sentences appear, As charm the Judgment, while they south the ear.

Religion's chearful flame her bosom warms, Calms all her bours, and brightens all her charms. Henceforth, ye Fair, at chappel mind your pray'rs, Nor catch your lower's eyes with artful airs; Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less, Nor most dewoutly criticize on dress.

From her form all your characters of life, The tender mother, and the faithful wife.

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Oft have I feen her little infant train, The lowely promife of a future reign; Ohferw'd with pleafure every dawning grace, And all the mother opening in their face; The fon shall add new honours to the line, And early with paternal wirtues shine; When he the tale of Audenard repeats, His little heart with emulation heats; With conquess yet to come his hofom glows, He dreams of triumphs and of wanquish'd foes. Each year with arts shall flore his rip'ning brain, And from his Grandsire he shall learn to reign,

Thus far I'd gone : Propitious rifing gales Now bid the failor hoift the fwelling fails. Fair Carolina lands ; the cannons roar, White Albion's cliffs refound from fhore to fhore, Behold the bright original appear, All praife is faint when Carolina's near. Thus to the nation's joy, but Poet's coft, The Princefs came, and my new plan was loft.

Since all my fchemes were baulk'd, my last refort, I left the Muses to frequent the Court;

B 4

Penfive

8

Penfive each night, from room to room I walk'd, To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd; Enquir'd what news, or fuch a Lady's name, And did the next day, and the rext, the fame. Places, I found, were daily given away, And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay. I afk'd a friend what method to purfue ; He cry'd, I want a place as well as you. Another afk'd me, why I had not writ; A Poet owes his fortune to his wit. Strait I reply'd,: With what a courtly grace, Flows eafy verfe from him that has a place ! Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his ftrains, He still had fung of flocks and homely sivains ; And had not Horace fweet preferment found, The Roman lyre had never learnt to found.

Once Ladies fair in homely guife I fung, And with their names wild woods and mountains rung. Oh teach me now to flrike a fofter flrain ! The Court refines the language of the plain.

You muft, cries one, the Ministry rehearfe, And with each Patriot's name prolong your verfe.

But

DFG

But fure this truth to Poets fhould be known, That praifing all alike, is praifing none.

Another told me, if I wish'd fuccefs, To fome diffinguish'd Lord I must address; One whose high virtues speak his noble blood, One always zealous for his country's good; Where valour and strong eloquence unite, In council cautious, resolute in fight; Whose gen'rous temper prompts him to defend, And patronize the man that wants a friend. You have, 'tis true, the noble Patron shown, But I, alas ! am to Argyle unknown.

Still every one I met in this agreed, That writing was my method to fucceed ; But now preferments fo poffefs'd my brain, That fcarce I could produce a fingle ftrain : Indeed I fometimes hammer'd out a line, Without connection as without defign. One morn upon the Princefs this I writ, An Epigram that boafts more truth than wit.

BS

The

DFG

The pomp of titles eafy faith might shake, She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake : For this, on earth the British crown is giv'n, And an immortal crown decreed in heav'n.

Again, while GEORGE's virtues rais'd my thought, The following lines prophetick fancy wrought.

Methinks I fee fone Bard, whofe heaven'y rage Shall rife in fong, and warm a future age; Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace The glorious feries of the Brunswick race.

From the first George the godlike kings descend, A line which only with the world shall end. The next a gen'rous Prince renown'd in arms, And blefs'd, long blefs'd in Carolina's charms; From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace, We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase : Now Commerce, wealthy Goddels, rears her head, And bids Britannia's steets their canvas spread; Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean bide, And wealth returns with each revolving tide.

Here

II

Here paus'd the fullen Mufe, in hafte I drefs'd, And through the croud of needy courtiers prefs'd; Though unfuccefsful, happy whilft I fee, Thofe eyes that glad a nation, fhine on me.

MOTONI

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G6 EPISTLE

EPISTLE II.

EPISTLES.

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of BURLINGTON.

A Journey to EXETER.

HILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend, Or in your Chifavick bow'rs enjoy your friend ;

Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,

The purple vine, blue plumb, and blufhing peach; 3 I jour-

I journey far-You knew fat Bards might tire, And, mounted, fent me forth your trufty Squire.

'Twas on the day when city dames repair To take their weekly dofe of Hide-Park air; When forth we trot : no carts the road infeft, For still on Sundays country horses rest. Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen; Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green : That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed, But feeds no more: for * Solomon is dead. Three dufty miles reach Brentford's tedious town, For dirty flreets, and white-legg'd chickens known : Thence o'er wide fhrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes, We come, where Thames divides the meads of Stanes. We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood. Prepar'd for war, now Bag foot-Heath we crofs, Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss. At Hartley-Row the foaming bit we preft, While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry gueft.

* A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

Supper

13



14

Supper was ended, healths the glaffes crown'd, Our hoft extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round, Relates the Juffices' late meeting there, How many bottles drank, and what their cheer; What Lords had been his guefts in days of yore, And prais'd their wifdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep : The morning rofe, but we lay fast asleep. Twelve tedious miles we bore the fultry fun, And Popham-Lane was fcarce in fight by one : The firaggling village harbour'd thieves of old, 'Twas here the ftage-coach'd lafs refign'd her gold ; That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns, And fent her home a Belle to country towns. But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood : Here unown'd infants find their daily food ; For fhould the maiden mother nurse her fon, 'Twould fpoil her match when her good name is gone. Our jolly hoftels nineteen children bore, Nor fail'd her breaft to fuckle nineteen more. Be juft, ye Prudes, wipe off the long arrear : Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton

DFG

Sutton we pafs, and leave her spacious down, And with the fetting fun reach Stockbridge town. O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides, And the red dainty trout our knife divides. Sad melancholy ev'ry vifage wears; What, no election come in feven long years! Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow alone Be by Sir Richard's dedication known? Our fareets no more with tides of ale shall float, Nor coblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain, Where the cloak'd fhepherd guides his fleecy train. No leafy bow'rs a noon-day fhelter lend, Nor from the chilly dews at night defend : With wondrous art, he counts the ftraggling flock, And by the fun informs you what's a clock. How are our fhepherds fall'n from antient days ! No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays; From her no lift'ning ecchoes learn to fing, Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend, See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;

Our

Our horfes faintly trot beneath the heat, And our keen flomachs know the hour to eat. Who can forfake thy walls, and not admire The proud cathedral, and the lofty fpire ? What fempftrefs has not prov'd thy fciffars good ? From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood. Amid † three boarding-fchools well flock'd with miffes, Shall three knight-errants flarve for want of kiffes ?

O'er the green turf the miles flide fwift away, And Blandford ends the labours of the day. The morning rofe; the supper reck'ning paid, And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid, The ready offler near the flirrup stands, And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the fleep hill fair Dorchefter o'erlooks, Border'd hy meads, and wafh'd by filver brooks. Here fleep my two companions eyes fuppreft, And propt in elbow chairs they fnoring reft: I weary fit, and with my pencil trace Their painful poftures, and their eyelefs face;

+ There are three boarding Schools in this town.

Then

Then dedicate each glafs to fome fair name, And on the fafh the diamond fcrawls my flame. Now o'er true Roman way our horfes found, Grævius would kneel, and kifs the facred ground. On either fide low fertile vallies lie, The diftant profpects tire the travelling eye. Through Bridport's ftony lanes our rout we take, And the proud fleep defcend to Morcombe's lake. As herfes pafs'd, our landlord robb'd the pall, And with the mournful fcutcheon hung his hall. On unadulterate wine we here regale, And ftrip the lobfter of his fcarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when flarry night arofe, And Axminfler affords a kind repofe. The maid fubdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks, And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas fmocks. Mean time our fhirts her bufy fingers rub, While the foap lathers o'er the foaming tub. If women's geer fuch pleafing dreams incite, Lend us your fmocks, ye damfels, ev'ry night ! We rife, our beards demand the barber's art; A female enters, and performs the part.

The

17

18

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck, And three gold rings her fkilfol hand bedeck : Smooth o'er our chin her eafy fingers move, Soft as when *Venus* ftroak'd the beard of *Jove*.

Now from the steep, midst fcatter'd farms and groves, Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves. Behind us foon the bufy town we leave, Where fineft lace industrious lastes weave. Now fwelling clouds roll'd on ; the rainy load Stream'd down our hats, and fmoak'd along the road ; When (O bleft fight!) a friendly fign we fpy'd, Our fpurs are flacken'd from the horfes fide; For fure a civil hoft the house commands, Upon whole fign this courteous motto ftands, This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen; Here is for borfes bay, ond meat for men. How rhyme would flourish, did each fon of fame Know his own genius, and direct his flame ! Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearfe, Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse. But were his Muse for Elegy unfit, Perhaps a Diffich might not firain his wit;

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If

If Epigram offend, his harmlefs lines Might in gold letters fwing on ale-house figns. Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays, And Tuttle-fields record his fimple lays; Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes, While gaping infants fquawl for farthing pies. Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet, For pies and cheefecakes are for damfels meet. Then Maurus in his proper fphere might fhine, And these proud numbers grace great William's fign. * This is the man, this the Naffovian, whom I nam'd the brave deliverer to come. But now the driving gales fuspend the rain, We mount our fleeds, and Devon's city gain. Hail happy native land !----but I forbear, What other Counties must with envy hear.

V89,

3

f

* Prince Arthur, Book 5.

EPISTLE

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EPISTLE III.

LOTHER CONTROL

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Efq;



BULT'NEY, methinks you blame my breach of word;

What, cannot Paris one poor page afford ? Yes, I can fagely, when the times are paft,

Laugh at those follies which I ftrove to tafte, And each amusement, which we shar'd, review, Pleas'd with meer talking, fince I talk to you. But how shall I describe in humble prose, Their Balls, Assemblies, Operas, and Beaus? In prose, you cry! Oh no, the Muse must aid, And leave Parnaffus for the Tuillerie's shade;

Shall





Shall he (who late *Britannia*'s city trod, And led the draggled Mufe, with pattens fhod, Through dirty lanes, and alleys doubtful ways) Refufe to write, when *Paris* afks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Defcend, ye beauteous Nine, In all the colours of the rainbow fhine, Let fparkling flars your neck and ear adorn, Lay on the blufhes of the crimfon morn, So may ye Balls and gay Affemblies grace, And at the Opera claim the foremost place.

Trav'lers fhould ever fit expreffion chufe, Nor with low phrafe the lofty theme abufe. When they defcribe the flate of eaflern Lords, Pomp and magnificence fhould fwell their words; And when they paint the ferpent's fcaly pride, Their lines fhould hifs, their numbers fmoothly flide; But they, unmindful of Poetick rules, Defcribe alike Mockaws, and great Mogu's. Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning fatyr, Drefs forth in fimple ftyle the Petit-maitre.

In Paris, there's a race of animals, (I we feen them at their Operas and Balls)

They

21

22

They fland erect, they dance when-e'er they walk, Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk; They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo, And, like camelions, daily change their hue; From patches jufly plac'd they borrow graces, And with wermilion lacker o'er their faces, This cuftom, as we wiftbly difern, They, by frequenting Ladies toilettes, learn. Thus might the trav'ler eafy truth impart. Into the fubject let me nobly flart !

How happy lives the man, how fure to charm, Whofe knot embroider'd flutters down his arm ! On him the Ladies caft the yielding glance, Sigh in his fongs, and languifh in his dance; While wretched is the Wit, contemn'd, forlorn, Whofe gummy hat no fcarlet plumes adorn; No broider'd flowers his worfted ankle grace, Nor cane embofs'd with gold directs his pace; No Lady's favour on his fword is hung. What, though *Apollo* dictate from his tongue, His wit is fpiritlefs and void of grace, Who wants th' affurance of brocade and lace.

While

DFG



23

While the gay fop genteely talks of weather, The fair in raptures doat upon his feather; Like a Court-Lady though he write and fpell, His minuet flep was fafhion'd by + *Marcell*; He dreffes, fences. What avails to know? For women chufe their men, like filks, for fhow. Is this the thing, you cry, that *Paris* boafts? Is this the thing renown'd among our toafts? For fuch a flutt'ring fight we need not roam; Our own affemblies fhine with thefe at home.

Let us into the field of beauty flart; Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart. Think not, ye Fair, that I the fex accufe: How fhall I fpare you, prompted by the Mufe? (The Mufes all are *Prudes*) fhe rails, fhe frets, Amidft this fprightly nation of *Coquettes*; Yet let not us their loofe coquett'ry blame; Women of ev'ry nation are the fame.

You afk me, if *Parifian* dames like ours, With rattling dice prophane the *Sunday*'s hours; If they the gamefter's pale ey'd vigils keep, And flake their honour while their hufbands fleep?

+ A famous dancing-master.

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Yes,

DFG

24

Yes, Sir ; like Englife Toafts, the dames of France Will rifque their income on a fingle chance. Nannette laft night at tricking Pharaon play'd, The cards the 'Taillier's fliding hand obey'd, To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears, Nor the ray darting pendant loads her ears. Why does old Chloris an Affembly hold ; Chloris each night divides the fharper's gold. Corinna's cheek with frequent loffes burns, And no bold Frente le wa her fortune turns. Ah too rafh virgin ! where's thy virtue flown ? She pawns her perfon for the fharper's loan. Yet who with juffice can the fair upbraid, Whofe debts of honour are fo ducly paid ?

But let me not forget the *Toilette*'s cares, Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs : This red's too pale, nor gives a diftant grace ; *Madame* to day puts on her Opera face ; From this we fcarce extract the milk-maid's bloom, Bring the deep dye that warms acrofs the room : Now flames her cheek, fo ftrong her charms prevail, That on her gown the filken rofe looks pale !

Nor

Not but that France fome native beauty boafts, Clermont and Charolois might grace our Toafts.

When the fweet-breathing fpring unfolds the buds. Love flys the dufty town for fhady woods. Then Totenham fields with roving beauty fwarm, And Hampstead Balls the city virgin warm, Then Chelfea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows, And the preft grafs defrauds the grazing cows. 'Tis here the fame ; but in a higher fphere, For ev'n Court Ladies fin in open air. What Cit with a gallant would truft his fpoufe Beneath the tempting shade of Green-wich boughs ? What Peer of France would let his Dutchefs rove, Where Boulogne's clofest woods invite to love ? But here no wife can blaft her hufband's fame, and an Cuckold is grown an honourable name. Stretch'd on the grafs the fhepherd fighs his pain, And on the grafs what fhepherd fighs in vain Man On Chloe's lap here Damon lay'd along, door and all Melts with the languish of her am'rous fong; There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade, Nor trips by chance-'till in the thickeft fhade;

- Vol. II.

Or

C

Here

25

26

Here Celimene defends her lips and breaft, For kiffes are by flruggling clofer preft; Alexis there with eager flame grows bold, Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold; Be wife, Alexis; what, fo near the road! Hark, a coach rolls, and hufbands are abroad! Such were our pleafures in the days of yore, When am'rous Charles Britannia's fcepter bore; The nightly fcene of joy the Park was made, And Love in couples peopled every fhade. But fince at Court the rural tafte is loft, What mighty fums have velvet couches coft!

Sometimes the Tuillerie's gawdy walk I love, Where I through crouds of rufiling manteau's rove; As here from fide to fide my eyes I caft, And gaz'd on all the glitt'ring train that paft, Sudden a fop fleps forth before the reft; I knew the bold embroidery of his veft. He thus accofts me with familiar air, Parbleu ! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre ! Quelle manche ! ce galon est graffiérement rangé; Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé !

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This faid : On his red heel he turns, and then Hums a foft minuet, and proceeds agen. Well; now you've Paris Seen, you'll frankly own Your boafted London feems a country town; Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation? Are churches built ? Are Masquerades in fashion? Do daily Soups your dinners introduce ? Are mulick, Inuff, and coaches yet in use? Pardon me, Sir ; we know the Paris mode, And gather Politeffe from Courts abroad. Like you, our Courtiers keep a num'rous train To load their coach ; and tradefmen dun in vain. Nor has religion left us in the lurch, And, as in France, our vulgar croud the Church ; Our Ladies too support the Masquerade, The fex by nature love th' intriguing trade. Strait the vain fop in ign'rant rapture crys, Paris the barbarous world will civilize ! Pray, Sir, point out among the paffing band The present Beauties who the town command. See yonder dame ; Arist virtue chills her breast, Mark in her eye demure the Prude profest ; That frozen bosom native fire must want, Which boafts of constancy to one Gallant !

C 2

This -

27

28

This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears, Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears; The necklace Florio's gen'rous flame beftow'd. Clitander's Sparkling gems her finger load; But now her charms grow cheap by constant use, She fins for Scarfs, clock'd Acckings, knots, and thees, This next, with fober gait and ferious leer, Wearies her knees with morn and evining prayer; She forms th' ignoble love of feeble pages, But with three Abbots in one night engages. This with the Cardinal her nights employs, Where holy finews confectate her joys. Why have I promis'd things beyond my power ! Five affignations wait me at this hour, The sprightly Countess first my wisht claims, To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames. Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave, Gay Florimella flily twitch'd my fleeve.

Adieu, Monfieur—The Opera hour draws near. Not fee the Opera ! all the world is there ; Where on the flage th' embroider'd youth of *France* In bright array attract the female glance :

DFG


This languishes, this firuts, to show his mien, And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.

But hark ! the full Orcheftra ftrike the ftrings ; The Hero ftruts, and the whole audience fings.

My jarring ear harfh grating murmurs wound, Hoarfe and confus'd, like Babel's mingled found. Hard chance had plac'd me near a noify throat, That in rough quavers bellow'd ev'ry note. Pray Sir, fays I, fufpend a-while your fong, The Opera's drown'd; your lungs are wond'rous ftrong ; I wifh to hear your Roland's ranting ftrain, While he with rooted forefts ftrows the plain. Sudden he fhrugs furprize, and anfwers quick, Monfieur apparemment n'aime pas la mufique. Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noife ; And the loud Chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O footh me with fome foft *Italian* air, Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear ! When *Anaflatia*'s voice commands the ftrain, The melting warble thrills through ev'ry vein;

C 3

Thought.

Thought stands fuspense, and filence pleas'd attends, While in her notes the heav'nly Choir descends.

But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown, Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own, So ftrongly with this prejudice poffeft, He thinks French mufick and French painting beft. Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes, Some fcraping fidler of their Ball he quotes; Talk of the fpirit Raphael's pencil gives, Yet warm with life whofe fpeaking picture lives; Yes Sir, fays he, in colour and defign, Rigaut and Raphael are extreamly fine !

"Tis true his country's love transports his break With warmer zeal, than your old Greeks profek. Ulyfes lov'd his Ithaea of yore, Yet that fage trav'ler left his native fhore; What ftronger vertue in the Frenchman fhines ! He to dear Paris all his life confines. I'm not fo fond. There are, I must confes, Things which might make me love my country lefs. I should not think my Britain had fuch charms, If lost to learning, if enflav'd by arms;

France

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France has her Richlieu's and her Colberts known, And then, I grant it, France in fcience fhone : We too, I own, without fuch aids may chance In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine, Beileau's ftrong fenfe, and Moliere's hum'rous Scene. Let Cambray's name be fung above the reft, Whofe maxims, Pult'ney, warm thy patriot breaft; In Mentor's precepts wifdom ftrong and clear Dictates fublime, and diftant nations hear. Hear all ye Princes, who the world controul, What cares, what terrors haunt the tyrant's foul; His conftant train are anger, fear, diftruft. To be a King, is to be good and juft; His people he protects, their rights he faves, And fcorns to rule a wretched race of flaves.

Happy, thrice happy fhall the monarch reign, Where guardian laws defpotic power reftrain ! There fhall the plough-fhare break the flubborn land, And bending harveft tire the peafant's hand : There liberty her fettled manfion boafts, There commerce plenty brings from foreign coafts.

C 4

Of

32 EPISTLES,

O Britain, guard thy laws, thy rights defend, So fhall these bleffings to thy fons descend !

We soot I swar, without luch side may chance

What cares, what terrors have the wond's

EPISTLE

DFG

You'll think 'tis time fome other theme to chufe, And not with Beaus and Fops fatigue the Mufe : Should I let Satyr loofe on English ground, There fools of various character abound ; But here my verse is to one race confin'd, All Frenchmen are of Petit-maitre kind.

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EPISTLE IV.

To the Right Honourable

PAUL METHUEN, Efq;



HAT 'tis encouragement makes Science fpread, Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often faid ;

When learning droops and fickens in the

land,

What Patron's found to lend a faving hand ? True gen'rous Spirits profp'rous vice deteft, And love to cherifh virtue when diffreft :

C 5

But



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But e'er our mighty Lords this fcheme purfue, Our mighty Lords must think and act like you.

Why muft we climb the *Alpine* mountain's fides To find the feat where Harmony refides ? Why touch we not fo foft the filver lute, The cheerful haut-boy, and the mellow flute ? 'Tis not th' *Italian* clime improves the found, But there the Patrons of her fons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great *Augustus*' reign ? He and *Mecanas* lov'd the Muse's strain. But now that wight in poverty must mourn Who was (O cruel stars !) a Poet born. Yet there are ways for authors to be great ; Write ranc'rous libels to reform the State : Or if you chuse more sure and ready ways, Spatter a Minister with fulsome praise : Launch out with freedom, statter him enough ; Fear not, all men are dedication-proof. Be bolder yet, you must go farther still, Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill. He who his pen in party quarrels draws, Liss an hir'd bravo to support the cause ;

He

35

The

He must indulge his Patron's hate and fpleen, And ftab the fame of those he ne'er has feen. Why then should authors mourn their desp'rate cafe ? Be brave, do this, and then demand a place. Why art thou poor ? exert the gifts to rife, And banish tim'rous virtue from thy eyes.

All this feems modern preface, where we're told That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold : Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar, And fancy learning flarves becaufe they're poor. Yet why fhould learning hope fuccefs at Court ? Why fhould our Patriots virtue's caufe fupport ? Why to true merit fhould they have regard ? They know that virtue is its own reward. Yet let not me of grievances complain, Who (though the meaneft of the Mufe's train) Can boaft fubfcriptions to my humble lays, And mingle profit with my little praife.

Afk Painting, why the loves Hefperian air. Go view, fhe cries, my glorious labours there ; There in rich palaces I reign in flate, And on the temple's lofty domes create-C 6

The Nobles view my works with knowing eyes, They love the fcience, and the painter prize.

Why didft thou, Kent, forgo thy native land, To emulate in picture Raphael's hand ? Think'ft thou for this to raife thy name at home ? Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome; There on the wall let thy just labours shine, And Raphael live again in thy defign. Yet ftay a while ; call all thy genius forth, For Burlington unbyafs'd knows thy worth ; His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace. Titian's firong fire and Guido's fofter grace ; But, oh confider, ere thy works appear, Canft thou unhurt the tongue of envy hear ? Cenfure will blame, her breath was ever fpent To blaft the laurels of the Eminent. While Burlington's proportion'd columns rife, Does not he fland the gaze of envious eyes ?-Doors, windows, are condemn'd by paffing fools, Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules. If Chandois with a lib'ral hand beftow, Cenfure imputes it all to pomp and flow ;

When,

When, if the motive right were underflood, His daily pleafure is in doing good,

Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his page, Dennis had never kindled into rage. ⁷Tis the fublime that hurts the Critic's eafe; Write nonfenfe and he reads and fleeps in peace. Were Prior, Congreve, Sawift and Pope unknown, Poor flander-felling Curll would be undone. He who would free from malice pafs his days, Muft live obfcure, and never merit praife. But let this tale to valiant virtue tell The daily perils of deferving well.

A crow was firutting o'er the flubbled plain, Juft as a lark defeending clos'd his firain. The crow befpoke him thus with folemn grace, Thou moft accomplifh'd of the feather'd race, What force of lungs! how clear! how fweet you fing! And no bird foars upon a fironger wing. The lark, who fcorn'd foft flatt'ry, thus replies, True, I fing fweet, and on firong pinion rife; Yet let me pafs my life from envy free, For what advantage are thefe gifts to me?

My

My fong confines me to the wiry cage, My flight provokes the faulcon's fatal rage. But as you pafs, I hear the fowlers fay, To fhoot at crows is powder flung away.

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TALES.

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An Anfwer to the Sompner's Prologue of Chaucer.

In imitation of Chaucer's Style.



HE Sompner leudly hath his Prologue told, And faine on the Freers his tale japing and bold; How that in Hell they fearchen near and wide,

And ne one Freer in all thilke place efpyde, But lo! the devil turn'd his erfe about, And twenty thoufand Freers wend in and out.

By

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By which in Jeoffrys rhyming it appears, The devil's belly is the hive of Freers.

Now liftneth lordings ! forthwith ye fhall hear, What happend at a houfe in *Lancafbire*. A mifere that had londs and tenement, Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent, Owned a houfe which emptye long y-ftood, Full deeply fited in a derkning wood, Murmring a fhallow brook runneth along, Mong the round ftones it maken doleful fong.

Now there fpreaden a rumour that everich night The rooms ihaunted been by many a fprite, The miller avoucheth, and all there about, That they full oft' hearen the hellifh rout; Some faine they hear the jingling of chains, And fome hath yheard the pfautries ftraines, At midnight fome the headlefs horfe imeet, And fome efpien a corfe in a white fheet, And oother things, faye, elfin and elfe, And fhapes that fear createn to it felfe.

Now it fo hapt, there was not ferre away, Of grey Freers a fair and rich Abbaye,

Where

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Where liven a Freer ycleped Pere Thomas, Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds pafs,

This Freer would lye in thilke houfe all night, In hope he might efpyen a dreadful fprite. He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere, And legends eke of Saintes, and bookes of prayere. He entereth the room, and looketh round about, And hafpen the door to hafpen the goblin out, The candle hath he put clofe by the bed, And in low tone his *ave marye* faid. With water now befprinkled hath the floore, And maken crofs on key-hole of the doore. Ne was there not a moufe-hole in thilke place, But he y-croffed hath by God his grace : He croffed hath this, and eke he croffed that, With *benedicite* and God knows what.

Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown, When the clock had juft firicken the twelfth foun. Bethinketh him now what the caufe had ibeen, Why many fprites by mortals have been feen. Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath y-fed That Car/ar^2s fprite came to Brute his bed;

Of

Of chains that frighten erft Artemidore, The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more. Hem thinketh that fome murdere here been done, And he mought fee fome bloodye ghoft anone, Or that fome orphlines writings here be ftor'd, Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board : Or thinketh hem, if he mought fee no fprite, The Abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.

As hem thus thinketh, anone afleep he lies, Up flarten Sathanas with faucer eyes. He turned the Freer upon his face downright, Difplaying his nether cheeks full broad and white. Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him fore, Thou didft forget to guard thy poftern-door. There is an hole which hath not croffed been : Farewel, from whence I came, I creepen in.

Now plain it is ytellen in my verfe, If Devils in hell bear Freers in their erfe, On earth the Devil in Freers doth y-dwell; Were there no Freers, the Devil mought keep in hell,

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T A L E S. 45

Gamman Banning & Canadill Commission Commission

WORK for a COOPER.

A T A L E.

A Man may lead a happy life, Without that needful thing a wife : This long have lufty Abbots known, Who ne'er knew fpoufes----of their own.

What, though your houfe be clean and neat, With couches, chairs, and beds compleat; Though you each day invite a friend, Though he fhould ev'ry difh commend, On Ba flot heath your mutton fed, Your fowls at Brentford born and bred; Though pureft wine your cellars boaft, Wine worthy of the faireft toaft; Yet there are other things requir'd : Ring, and let's fee the maid you hir'd--Blefs me! thofe hands might hold a broom, Twirle round a mop, and wafh a room :

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A batchelor his maid fhould keep, Not for that fervile use to fweep, Let her his humour understand, And turn to ev'ry thing her hand. Get you a lafs that's young and tight, Whofe arms are, like her apron, white; What though her shift be feldom feen ? Let that, though coarfe, be always clean ; She might each morn your tea attend, And on your wrift your ruffle mend; Then if you break a roguish jeft, Or fqueeze her hand, or pat her breaft, She cries, oh dear Sir, don't be naught! And blushes speak her last night's fault. To you her houshold cares confide, Let your keys gingle at her fide, A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye, Ev'n while you chide you finile on Betty. Discharge him then, if he's too spruce, For Betty's for his mafter's ufe.

Will you your am'rous fancy baulk, For fear fome prudifh neighbour talk ?

But

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But you'll object, that your afraid Of the pert freedoms of a maid; Befides your wifer heads will fay, That fhe who turns her hand this way, From one vice to another drawn, Will lodge your filver fpoons in pawn. Has not the homely wrinkled jade More need to learn the pilf'ring trade ? For love all *Betty*'s wants fupplies, Laces her fhoes, her manteau dyes, All her fluff fuits fhe flings away, And wears thread fattin every day.

Who then a dirty drab would hire, Brown as the hearth of kitchen fire ? When all must own, were *Betty* put To the black duties of the flut, As well she fcow'rs or fcrubs a floor, And fill is good for fomething more.

Thus, to avoid the greater vice, I knew a Prieft, of confeience nice, To quell his luft for neighbour's fpouse, Keep fornication in his house.

6

But you're impatient all this time, Fret at my counfel, curfe my rhyme. Be fatisfy'd. I'll talk no more, For thus my tale begins-Of yore There dwelt at Blois a Prieft full fair, With rolling eye and crifped hair, His chin hung low, his brow was fleek, Plenty lay balking on his check ; Whole days at cloyfler grates he fat, Ogled, and talk'd of this and that So feelingly; the Nuns lamented That double bars were e'er invented. If he the wanton wife confest With downcaft eye, and heaving breaft ; He ftroak'd her cheek to ftill her fear, And talk'd of fins en Cavalier. Each time enjoin'd her pennance mild, And fondled on her like his child. At ev'ry jovial goffip's feaft Pere Bernard was a welcome gueft, Mirth fuffer'd not the least restraint, He could at will shake off the faint : Nor frown'd he when they freely fpoke, But shook his fides, and took the joke ;

2

TALES.

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Nor

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Nor fail'd he to promote the jeft, And fhar'd the fins which they confeft.

Yet that he might not always roam, He kept conveniencies at home. His maid was in the bloom of beauty, Well-limb'd for ev'ry focial duty ; He meddled with no houfhold cares, To her confign'd his whole affairs ; She of his fludy kept the keys, For he was fludious—of his eafe : She had the power of all his locks, Could rummage ev'ry cheft and box, Her honefty fuch credit gain'd, Not ev'n the cellar was reftrain'd.

In troth it was a goodly fhow, Lin'd with full hogfheads all a-row; One veffel, from the rank remov'd, Far dearer than the reft he lov'd. *Pour la bonne bouche* 'twas fet afide, To all but choiceft friends deny'd. He now and then would fend a quart, 'To warm fome wife's retentive heart, Vol. II. D

Against

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Againft confeffion's fullen hour: Wine has all fecrets in its power. At common feafts it had been wafte, Nor was it fit for layman's tafte. If monk or friar were his gueft, They drank it, for they know the beft. Nay, he at length fo fond was grown, He always drank it when—alone.

Who fhall recount his civil labours, In pious vifits to his neighbours? Whene'er weak hufbands went aftray, He guefs'd their wives were in the way, 'T was then his charity was fhown, He chofe to fee them when alone.

Now was he bent on cuckoldom : He knew friend *Dennis* was from home; His wife (a poor neglected beauty, Defrauded of a hufband's duty) Had often told him at confeffion, How hard fhe ftruggled 'gainft tranfgreffion. He now refolves, in heat of blood, To try how firm her virtue flood.

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He knew that wine (to love beft aid) Has oft made bold the fhame-fac'd maid, Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms, Than nymphs train'd up at *Smith*'s or *Needham*'s.

A mighty bottle ftrait he chofe, Such as might give two Friars their dofe : Nanette he call'd : the cellar door She strait unlocks, descends before, He follow'd close. But when he fpys His fav'rite cafk ; with lifted eyes And lifted hands aloud he cries, Heigh day ! my darling wine aftoop ! It must, alas ! have fprung a hoop ; That there's a leak is past all doubt. (Reply'd the maid)-I'll find it out. She fets the candle down in hafte, Tucks her white apron round her wafte, The hogshead's mouldy fides ascends, She firaddles wide, and downward bends; So low the floops to feek the flaw, Her coats role up, her mafter faw-----I fee-he cries-(then clafpt her faft) The leak through which my wine has paft.

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Then all in haste the maid descended, And in a trice the leak was mended. He found in *Nannette* all he wanted, So *Dennis*' brows remain'd unplanted.

52

Ere fince this time all lufty Friars (Warm'd with predominant defires, Whene'er the flefh with fpirit quarrels) Look on the fex as leaky barrels. Beware of thefe, ye jealous fpoufes, From fuch like coopers guard your houfes; For if they find not work at home, For jobs through all the town they roam.



THE

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EQUIVOCATION. A TALE.

THE

TALES

N Abbot rich (whofe tafte was good Alike in fcience and in food) His Bishop had refolv'd to treat ; The Bishop came, the Bishop eat; 'Twas filence, 'till their ftomachs fail'd ; And now at Hereticks they rail'd ; What Herefy (the Prelate faid) Is in that Church where Priefts may wed! Do not we take the Church for life ? But those divorce her for a wife, Like laymen keep her in their houfes, And own the children of their fpoufes. Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd, For pious use we're fet afide! Shall we take wives ? marriage at best Is but carnality profest.

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Now

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TALES,

Now as the Bifhop took his glafs, He fpy'd our Abbot's buxom lafs Who crofs'd the room, he mark'd her eye That glow'd with love; his pulfe beat high. Fye, father, fye, (the Prelate cries) A maid fo young ! for fhame, be wife. Thefe indifcretions lend a handle To lewd lay tongues, to give us fcandal; For your vows fake, this rule I give t'ye, Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

.54

The Prieft reply'd, I have not fwerv'd, But your chaft precept well obferv'd, That lafs full twenty-five has told, I've yet another who's as old; Into one fum their ages caft; So both my maids have fifty paft.

The Prelate fmil'd, but durft not blame; For why ? his Lordfhip did the fame.

Let those who reprimand their brothers, First mend the faults they find in others.

A

DFG

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(CTS C

A true STORY of an APPARITION.

C Cepticks (whofe firength of argument makes out That wifdom's deep enquiries end in doubt) Hold this affertion positive and clear, That forites are pure delufions rais'd by fear. Not that fam'd ghoft, which in prefaging found Call'd Bratus to Philippi's fatal ground ; Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary fhade These ever-doubting disputants persuade. Strait they with fmiles reply; those tales of old By visionary Priests were made and told : Oh might fome ghoft at dead of night appear, And make you own conviction by your fear ! I know your fneers my eafy faith accufe, Which with fuch idle legends fcares the Mufe : But think not that I tell those vulgar fprights, Which frighted boys relate on winter nights ; How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train, How headless horses drag the clinking chain, Night-roaming ghofts, by faucer eye-balls known, The common spectres of each country town.

D 4

No,

56

No, I fuch fables can like you defpife, And laugh to hear thefe nurfe-invented lies. Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright Compell'd him to reftore an orphan's right? And can we doubt that horrid ghofts afcend, Which on the confcious murd'rer's fleps attend? Hear then, and let attefted truth prevail, From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's foreft fpreads its limits wide, Whofe branching paths the doubtful road divide, A trav'ler took his folitary way; When low beneath the hills was funk the day. And now the facies with gath'ring darknefs lour, The branches ruftle with the threaten'd fhower; With fudden blafts the foreft murmurs loud, Indented lightnings cleave the fable cloud, Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempeft roars, And heav'n difcharges all its watry flores. The wand'ring traveller fhelter feeks in vain, And fhrinks and fhivers with the beating rain; On his fleed's neck the flacken'd bridle lay, Who chofe with cautious flep th' uncertain way;

And

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Shall

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And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear If any noife foretold a village near. At length from far a fiream of light he fees Extend its level ray between the trees ; Thither he fpeeds, and as he nearer came Joyful he knew the lamp's domeflick flame That trembled through the window ; crofs the way Darts forth the barking cur, and flands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely houfe, that flood Upon the borders of the fpacious wood; Here towers and antique battlements arife, And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies; Some Lord this manfion held in days of yore, 'To chace the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar: How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been ! 'Tis now degraded to a publick inn.

Strait he difmounts, repeats his loud commands; Swift at the gate the ready landlord ftands; With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excufe, His houfe was full, and every bed in ufe. What not a garret, and no ftraw to fpare? Why then the kitchin fire and elbow-chair

DS

58

Shall ferve for once to nod away the night. The kitchen ever is the fervant's right, Replies the hoft ; there, all the fire around, The Count's tir'd footmen fnore upon the ground.

The maid, who liften'd to this whole debate, With pity learnt the weary ftranger's fate. Be brave, fhe cries, you ftill may be our gueft, Our haunted room was ever held the beft; If then your valour can the fright fuftain Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain, If your couragious tongue have power to talk, When round your bed the horrid ghoft fhall walk; If you dare afk it, why it leaves its tomb, I'll fee your fheets well air'd, and fhow the room. Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told, The ftranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damfel led him through a fpacious hall, Where Ivy hung the half-demolifh'd wall; She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue, While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue. And now they gain'd the winding flairs afcent, And to the lonefome room of terrors went.

When

DFG

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When all was ready, fwift retir'd the maid, The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid The hardy ftranger, and attends the fprite 'Till his accuftom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar Shake the loofe lock, and fiving the creaking door ; Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful found Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground : When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride, Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide ! In human form the ghaftful Phantom flood, Expos'd his mangled bofom dy'd with blood, Then filent pointing to his wounded breaft; Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted gueft The bed-cords trembled, and with fhudd'ring fear, Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rofe his briftled hair ; Then mutt'ring hafty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart, And cry'd aloud ; Say, whence and who thou art. The falking ghoft with hollow voice replies, Three years are counted, fince with mortal eyes I faw the fun, and vital air refpir'd. Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,

D 6

Within

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Within these walls I flept. O thirst of gain ! Sce, ftill the planks the bloody mark retain ; Stretch'd on this very bed, from fleep I flart, And fee the fteel impending o'er my heart ; The barb'rous hoftefs held the lifted knife, The floor ran purple with my gushing life. My treasure now they feize, the golden spoil. They bury deep beneath the grafs grown foil, Far in the common field. Be bold, arife, My fteps shall lead thee to the fecret prize ; There dig and find ; let that thy care reward : Call loud on justice, bid her not retard To punish murder ; lay my ghost at rest, So fhall with peace fecure thy nights be bleft ; And when beneath these boards my bones are found, Decent interr them in fome facred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghoft. The faranger fprings from bed, And boldly follows where the Phantom led; The half-worn flony flairs they now defcend, Where paffages obfcure their arches bend. Silent they walk; and now through groves they pafs, Now through wet meads their fleps imprint the grafs;

At

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The

At length amidft a fpacious field they came : There ftops the fpectre, and afcends in flame. Amaz'd he ftood, no bufh, no briar was found, To teach his morning fearch to find the ground ; What could he do ? the night was hideous dark, Fear fhook his joints, and nature dropt the mark : With that he flarting wak'd, and rais'd his head, But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the flatefman's vaft ambitious fcheme, But a fhort vifion, and a golden dream ? Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope; He wakes. But for a garter finds a rope.



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THE M A D-D O G.



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PRUDE, at morn and ev'ning prayer,
Had worn her velvet cufhion bare;
Upward fhe taught her eyes to roll,
As if fhe watch'd her foaring foul;

TALE.

And when devotion warm'd the croud, None fung, or fmote their breaft fo loud : Pale Penitence had mark'd her face With all the meagre figns of grace. Her mafs-book was compleatly lin'd With painted Saints of various kind : But when in ev'ry page fhe view'd Fine Ladies who the flefh fubdu'd ; As quick her beads fhe counted o'er, She cry'd—fuch wonders are no more !

She

DFG

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She chofe not to delay confession, To bear at once a year's transgression, But ev'ry week fet all things even, And ballanc'd her accounts with heav'n.

Behold her now in humble guife, Upon her knees with downcaft eyes Before the Prieft : fhe thus begins, And fobbing, blubbers forth her fins ;

Who could that tempting man refift ? My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd; I ftrove, — till I could strive no longer, How can the weak subdue the stronger ?

The Father afk'd her where and when ? How many ? and what fort of men ? By what degrees her blood was heated ? How oft' the frailty was repeated ? Thus have I feen a pregnant wench All flufh'd with guilt before the bench, The Judges (wak'd by wanton thought) Dive to the bottom of her fault,

They

They leer, they fimper at her fhame, And make her call all things by name.

64

And now to fentence he proceeds, Prefcribes how oft' to tell her beads ; Shows her what Saints could do her good, Doubles her fafts to cool her blood. Eas'd of her fins, and light as air, Away fhe trips perhaps to prayer. 'Twas no fuch thing. Why then this hafte ? The clock has ftruck, the hour is paft, And on the fpur of inclination, She fcorn'd to bilk her affignation:

Whate'er fhe did, next week fhe came, And pioufly confeft the fame; The Prieft, who female frailties pity'd, Firft chid her, then her fins remitted.

But did fhe now her crime bemoan In penitential fheets alone ? And was no bold, no beaftly fellow The nightly partner of her pillow ?

DFG

No,
No, none: for next time in the grove A bank was conficious of her love.

Confeffion day was come about, And now again it all muft out, She feems to wipe her twinkling eyes, What now, my child, the father cries. Again, fays fhe !---- with threatning looks, He thus the proftrate dame rebukes.

Madam, I grant there's fomething in it, That virtue has th' unguarded minute ; But pray now tell me what are whores, But women of unguarded hours ? Then you muft fure have loft all fhame. What ev'ry day, and ftill the fame, And no fault elfe ! 'tis firange to find. A woman to one fin confin'd ! Pride is this day her darling paffion, The next day flander is in fafhion ; Gaming fucceeds ; if fortune croffes, Then virtue's mortgag'd for her loffes ; By ufe her fav'rite vice fhe loaths, And loves new follies like new cloaths :

Eut

But you, beyond all thought unchafte, Have all fin center'd near your wafte ! Whence is this appetite fo ftrong ? Say, Madam, did your mother long ? Or is it lux'ry and high diet That won't let virtue fleep in quiet ? She tells him now with meekeft voice, That fhe had never err'd by choice, Nor was there known a virgin chafter, Till ruin'd by a fad difafter.

66

That fhe a fav'rite lap-dog had, Which, (as fhe ftroak'd and kifs'd) grew mad'; And on her lip a wound indenting, Firft fet her youthful blood fermenting.

The Prieft reply'd with zealous fury, You fhould have fought the means to cure ye: Doctors by various ways, we find, Treat thefe diffempers of the mind.

And

DFG

Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd To her, who raves with fcornful pride;

And if religion crack her notions, Lock up her volumes of devotions; But if for man her rage prevail, Barr her the fight of creatures male. Or elfe to cure fuch venom'd bites, And fet the fhatter'd thoughts arights; They fend you to the ocean's fhore, And plunge the Patient o'er and o'er.

The dame reply'd, Alas! in vain My kindred forc'd me to the main; Naked, and in the face of day: Look not, ye fifhermen, this way! What virgin had not done as I did? My modeft hand, by nature guided, Debarr'd at once from human eyes The feat where female honour lyes, And though thrice dipt from top to toe. I fill fecur'd the poft below, And guarded it with grafp fo faft Not one drop through my fingers paft; Thus owe I to my bafhful care, That all the rage is fettled there.

Weigh

DFG

Weigh well the projects of mankind; Then tell me, Reader, canft thou find The man from madnefs wholly free? They all are mad—fave you and me. Do not the statefman, fop and wit By daily follies prove they're bit? And when the briny cure they try'd, Some part fill kept above the tide?

68

Some men (when drench'd bencath the wave) High o'er their heads their fingers fave : Thofe hands by mean extortion thrive, Or in the pocket lightly dive : Or more expert in pilf'ring vice, They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier ; firait his fears Direct his hands to flop his ears. And now truth feems a grating noife, He loves the fland'rer's whifp'ring voice ; He hangs on flatt'ry with delight, And thinks all fulfome praife is right.

All women dread a watry death : They fhut their lips to hold their breath, And though you duck them ne'er fo long, Not one falt drop e'er wets their tongue; Tis hence they fcandal have at will, And that this member ne'er lies fill.

ECLOGUES.







THE

BIRTH of the SQUIRE.

A N

ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the POLLIO of VIRGIL.



 I fylvan Mufes, loftier ftrains recite,
 Not all in fhades, and humble cotts delight.
 Hark ! the bells ring ; along the diffant

grounds

The driving gales convey the fwelling founds; Th' attentive fwain, forgetful of his work, With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork. What fudden news alarms the waking morn? To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born. Vot. II, E

Mourn,

74

Mourn, mourn, ye flags; and all ye beafts of chafe, This hour destruction brings on all your race : See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear, Turkeys and geefe and grocer's fweeteft ware ; With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows, And old October reddens ev'ry nofe. Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand, Kifs his moift lip and gently lick his hand ; He joys to hear the fhrill horn's ecchoing founds, And learns to lifp the names of all the hounds. With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow, Barley shall in paternal acres grow ; The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs, To give metheglin for his morning hours ; For him the cluftring hop fhall climb the poles, And his own orchard fparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears, The monftrous tales indulge his greedy ears; How when youth ftrung his nerves and warm'd his veins, He rode the mighty *Nimrod* of the plains : He leads the ftaring infant through the hall, Points out the horny fpoils that grace the wall;

Tells,

DFG

Tells, how this flag thro' three whole counties fled, What rivers fwam, where bay'd, and where he bled. Now he the wonders of the fox repeats, Defcribes the defp'rate chafe, and all his cheats; How in one day beneath his furious fpeed, He tir'd feven courfers of the fleetefl breed; How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch, When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch ! Thefe flories which defcend from fon to fon, The forward boy fhall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh, That calls the darling from thy tender eye; How fhall his fpirit brook the rigid rules, And the long tyranny of grammar fchools? Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod, Lafh'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod; No, let him never feel that finart difgrace : Why fhould he wifer prove than all his race?

When rip'ning youth with down o'erfhades his chin, And ev'ry female eye incites to fin ;

* The most common accident to Sportsmen ; to bunt a witch in the shape of a bare.

E 2

The

76

The milk-maid (thoughtle's of her future fhame) With fmacking lip fhall raife his guilty flame; The dairy, barn, the hay-loft and the grove Shall off' be confcious of their ftolen love. But think, *Prifcilla*, on that dreadful time, When pangs and watry qualms fhall own thy crime; How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's preft, To fee the white drops bathe thy fwelling breaft ! Nine Moons fhall publickly divulge thy fhame, And the young Squire foreftall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's fweeping hand With levell'd harvefts has beftrown the land, On fam'd St. Hubert's feaft, his winding horn Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn : This memorable day his eager fpeed Shall urge with bloody heel the rifing fteed. O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate, Think on the murders of a five-bar gate ! Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries, Low in the duft his groveling honour lies, Headlong he falls, and on the rugged ftone Diftorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone ;

0

DFG

O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay, May's thou furvive the perils of this day ! He shall furvive ; and in late years be sent To shore away Debates in *Parliament*.

The time fhall come, when his more folid fenfe With nod important fhall the laws difpenfe; A Juffice with grave Juffices fhall fit, He praife their wifdom, they admire his wit. No greyhound fhall attend the tenant's pace, No rufty gun the farmer's chimney grace; Salmons fhall leave their covers void of fear, Nor dread the thievifh net or triple fpear; Poachers fhall tremble at his awful name, Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Affift me, *Bacchus*, and ye drunken Pow'rs, To fing his friendfhips and his midnight hours !

Why doft thou glory in thy firength of beer, Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year; Brew'd or when $Ph \approx bus$ warms the fleecy fign, Or when his languid rays in *Scorpio* fhine.

E 3

Think

78

Think on the mifchiefs which from hence have fprung! It arms with curfes dire the wrathful tongue; Foul fcandal to the lying lip affords, And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words. O where is wifdom, when by this o'erpower'd ? The flate is cenfur'd, and the maid deflower'd ! And wilt thou ftill, O Squire, brew ale fo ftrong ? Hear then the dictates of prophetic fong.

Methinks I fee him in his hall appear, Where the long table floats in clammy beer, 'Midft mugs and glaffes fhatter'd o'er the floor, Dead drunk his fervile crew fupinely fnore; Triumphant, o'er the proftrate brutes he flands, The mighty bumper trembles in his hands; Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires, In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE

DFG

TOILETTE.

A

THE

TOWN E C L O G U E.

LYDIA.



OW twenty fprings had cloath'd the Park with green, Since Lydia knew the bloffom of fifteen ;

No lovers now her morning hours moleft,

And catch her at her Toilette half undreft; The thund'ring knocker wakes the ftreet no more, No chairs, no coaches croud her filent door; Her midnights once at cards and *Hazard* fled, Which now, alas! fhe dreams away in bed.

E 4

Around

Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws, To fill the place of Fops, and perjur'd Beaus; In these fine views the mimickry of man, And finiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan; When Poll repeats, the founds deceive her ear, For founds, like his, once told her Damon's care. With these alone her tedious mornings pass; Or at the dumb devotion of her glass, She smooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs, And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs; With crimfon wool she fixes ev'ry grace, That not a bluss can discompose her face. Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate, And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O Youth ! O fpring of life ! for ever loft ! No more my name fhall reign the fav'rite Toaft, On glafs no more the di'mond grave my name, And rhymes mifpell'd record a lover's flame : Nor fhall fide-boxes watch my reftlefs eyes, And as they catch the glance in rows arife With humble bows; nor white glov'd Beaus encroach In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.

DFG

Ah haplefs nymph! fuch conquefts are no more, For *Chloe*'s now what *Lydia* was before !

'Tis true, this Chloe boafts the peache's bloom. But does her nearer whilper breathe perfume ? I own her taper fhape is form'd to pleafe. Yet if you faw her unconfin'd by ftays ! She doubly to fifteen may make pretence, Alike we read it in her face and fenfe. Her reputation ! but that never yet Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet. Why will ye then, vain Fops, her eyes believe ? Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive:

What fhall I do ? how fpend the hateful day ? At chapel fhall I wear the morn away ? Who there frequents at thefe unmodifh hours, But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs, And gray religious maids ? my prefence there Amid that fober train would own defpair ; Nor am I yet fo old ; nor is my glance As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

E 5

Strait

Strait then I'll drefs, and take my wonted range Through ev'ry Indian fhop, through all the Change; Where the tall jarr crects his coftly pride, With antick fhapes in China's azure dy'd ; There carelefs lies the rich brocade unroll'd, Here fhines a cabinet with burnish'd gold ; But then remembrance will my grief renew, "Twas there the raffling dice falfe Damon threw ; The raffling dice to him decide the prize. 'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes ; Hence fprung th' ill-fated caufe of all my fmart, To me the toy he gave, to her his heart. But foon thy perj'ry in the gift was found, The fhiver'd China dropt upon the ground ; Sure omen that thy vows would faithlefs prove ; Frail was thy prefent, frailer is thy love.

O happy *Poll*, in wiry prifon pent; 'Thou ne'er haft known what love or rivals meant, And *Pug* with pleafure can his fetters bear, Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers fwear ! How am I curft ! (unhappy and forlorn) With perjury, with love, and rival's fcorn !

DFG

Falfe are the loofe Coquet's inveigling airs, Falfe is the pompous grief of youthful heirs, Falfe is the cringing courtier's plighted word, Falfe are the dice when gamefters flamp the board, Falfe is the fprightly widow's publick tear ; Yet thefe to *Damon*'s oaths are all fincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the fex difdain; Let fervile *Chloe* wear the nuptial chain. *Damon* is practis'd in the modifh life, Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife. He games; he fwears; he drinks; he fights; he roves; Yet *Cloe* can believe he fondly loves. Miftrefs and wife can well fupply his need, A mifs for pleafure, and a wife for breed. But *Chloe*'s air is unconfin'd and gay, And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay; Perhaps her patient temper can behold The rival of her love adorn'd with gold. Powder'd with di'monds; free from thought and care, A hufband's fullen humours fhe can bear.

Why are thefe fobs ? and why thefe freaming eyes ? Is love the caufe? no, I the fex defpife;

E 6

I hate,

I hate, I loath his bafe perfidious name. Yet if he fhould but feign a rival flame? But Chloe boafts and triumphs in my pains, To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

84

Thus love-fick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears; A band-box in her fleady hand fhe bears. How well this ribband's glofs becomes your face, She crys, in raptures! then, fo fweet a lace! How charmingly you look ! fo bright! fo fair ! 'Tis to your eyes the head-drefs owes its air. Strait Lydia fmil'd; the comb adjufts her locks, And at the Play-houfe Harry keeps her box.

THE

DFG



THE

TEA-TABLE.

A Town ECLOGUE.

DORIS and MELANTHE.



AINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd, And coaches to the Patron's Levée roll'd, When Doris rofe. And now through all

the room

From flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume. Cup after cup they fipt, and talk'd by fits, For Doris here, and there Melanthe fits. Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame, Nice of her own alike and others fame;

Melanthe's

Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance, And fooner gave than funk a circumftance : Lock'd in her mem'ry fecrets never dy'd; Doris begun, Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantaftic Fop admires, The Rake's loofe gallantry her bofom fires; Sylvia like that is vain, like this fhe roves, In liking them fhe but herfelf approves.

M E L A N T H E. Laura rails on at men, the fex reviles, Their vice condemns, or at their folly finiles. Why fhould her tongue in just refertment fail, Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

Laft *Mafquerade* was Sylvia nymphike feen, Her hand a crook fuffain'd, her drefs was green; An am'rous fhepherd led her through the croud, The nymph was innocent, the fhepherd vow'd; But nymphs their innocence with fhepherds truft; So both withdrew, as nymph and fhepherd muft.

M E L A N T H E. Name but the licence of the modern flage, Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;

The

DFG

The whining Tragic love fhe fcarce can bear, But naufeous Comedy ne'er fhock'd her ear; Yet in the gall'ry mobb'd, fhe fits fecure, And laughs at jefts that turn the Box demure.

DORIS.

Truft not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's pow'r, For beauty withers like a fhrivell'd flow'r; Yet thofe fair flow'rs that *Sylwia*'s temples bind, Fade not with fudden blights or winter's wind; Like thofe her face defies the rolling years, For art her rofes and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura defpifes ev'ry outward grace, The wanton fparkling eye, the blooming face; The beauties of the foul are all her pride, For other beauties Nature has deny'd; If affectation fhow a beauteous mind, Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

Sylvia be fure defies the town's reproach, Whofe *Defhabille* is foil'd in hackney coach; What though the fafh was clos'd, muft we conclude, That fhe was yielding, when her fop was rude ?

6

MELAN

88

M E L A N T H E. Laura lent caution at too dear a coft. What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour loft ? Secret fhe loves; and who the nymph can blame, Who durft not own a footman's vulgar flame ?

DORIS.

Though Laura's homely tafte defcends fo low ; Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

M E L A N T H E. Yet why fhould *Laura* think it a difgrace, When proud *Miranda*'s groom wears *Flander*'s lace?

DORIS.

What, though for mufick *Cynthio* boafts an ear ? *Robin* perhaps can hum an *Opera* air. *Cynthio* can bow, takes fnuff, and dances well, *Robin* talks common fenfe, can write and fpell; *Sylvia*'s vain fancy drefs and fhow admires, But 'tis the man alone whom *Laura* fires.

M E L A N T H E. *Plato's* wife morals *Laura's* foul improve : And this no doubt muft be *Platonic* love ! Her foul to gen'rous acts was fill inclin'd; What fhows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

DFG

DORIS.

What, though young Sylvia love the Park's cool fhade, And wander in the dufk the fecret glade? Mafqu'd and alone (by chance) fhe met her Spark, That innocence is weak which fhuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

Eut Laura for her flame has no pretence; Her footman is a footman too in fenfe. All Prudes I hate, and those are rightly curft With fcandal's double load, who cenfure first.

DORIS.

And what if *Cynthio Sylvia*'s garter ty'd! Who fuch a foot and fuch a leg would hide; When crook-knee'd *Phillis* can expose to view Her gold-clock'd flocking, and her tawdry floe?

MELANTHE.

If pure Devotion center in the face, If cens'ring others fhew intrinfick grace, If guilt to publick freedoms be confin'd, *Prudes* (all muft own) are of the holy kind !

DORIS.

Sylvia difdains referve, and flies conftraint : She neither is, nor would be thought a Saint.

MELAN.

89

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial paffion, *Laura* cries, May I be bleft with friend/hip's ftricter ties; To fuch a breaft all fecrets we commend; Sure the whole *Drawing-room* is *Laura*'s friend.

90

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would truft? Yet huftands' jealoufies are fometimes juft. Her favours Sylvia fhares among mankind, Such gen'rous love fhould never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue, With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung. Laura with Sylvia came; the nymphs arife: This unexpected vifit, Doris cries, Is doubly kind ! Melanthe Laura led, Since I was laft fo bleft, my dear, fhe faid, Sure 'tis an age ! they fate; the hour was fet; And all again that night at Ombre met,

THE



ТНЕ

FUNERAL. A Town ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.



WICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sakina's face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.

And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead ? Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives. But fee the tribute of her tears fhe gives ; Their abfent Lord her rooms in fable mourn, And all the day the glimmering tapers burn ; Stretch'd on the couch of flate fhe penfive lies, While oft the fnowy cambric wipes her eyes.

Now

92

Now enter'd Lucy, trufty Lucy knew To roll a fleeve, or bear a Billet-doux; Her ready tongue, in fecret fervice try'd, With equal fluency fpoke truth or ly'd, She well could flufh or humble a gallant, And ferve at once as maid and confidant! A letter from her faithful flays fhe took : Salina fnatch'd it with an angry look, And thus in hafty words her grief confeft, While Lucy frove to footh her troubled breaft.

SABINA.

What, ftill Myrtillo's hand! his flame I fcorn, Give back his paffion with the feal untorn. To break our foft repofe has man a right, And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write ? Not all the fex my firm refolves fhall move, My life's a life of forrow, not of love. May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace, And Celia's palenels ficken o'er my face, May Fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boaft, And Coquets triumph in my honour loft; May cards employ my nights, and never more May thefe curft eyes behold a Matadore !

Break

DFG

Break China, perifh Shock, die Perroquet ! When I Fidelio's dearer love forget. Fidelio's judgment fcorn'd the foppifh train, His air was eafy, and his drefs was plain, His words fincere, refpect his prefence drew, And on his lips fweet converfation grew. Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled ? Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead !

LUCY.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace ; That eafy air was then an awkward pace : Have not your fighs in whifpers often faid, His drefs was flovenly, his fpeech ill-bred ? Have not I heard you, with a fecret tear, Call that fweet converfe fullen and fevere ? Think not I come to take *Myrtillo*'s part, Let *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris*, fhare his heart. Let *Chloe*'s love in every ear express His graceful perfon and genteel addrefs. All well may judge what fhaft has *Daphne* hit, Who fuffers filence to admire his wit. His equipage and liv'ries *Doris* move, But *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris* fondly love.

Sooner

94

Sooner fhall Cits in fashions guide the Court, And Beaus upon the bufy *Change* refort ; Sooner the nation shall from source for the freed, And sops' apartments smoak with *India*'s weed, Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunn'ry grates, Than recommend the states the states of the s

SABINA.

Becaufe fome widows are in hafte fubdu'd; Shall every fop upon our tears intrude? Can I forget my lov'd *Fidelie*'s tongue, Soft as the warbling of *Italian* fong? Did not his rofy lips breathe forth perfume, Fragrant as fleams from Tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curfe Than fqualls of children for an abfent nurfe. Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kifs Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Mifs?

SABINA.

And

DFG

Love, I thy pow'r defie; no fecond flame, Shall ever raze my dear *Fidelio*'s name. *Fannia* without a tear might lofe her Lord, Who ne'er enjoy'd his prefence but at board.

And why fhould forrow fit on *Leflia*'s face? Are there fuch comforts in a fot's embrace? No friend, no lover is to *Leflia* dead, For *Leflia* long had known a fep'rate bed. Gufh forth, ye tears; wafte, wafte, ye fighs, my breaft; My days, my nights were by *Fidelio* bleft!

LUCY.

You cannot fure forget how off you faid His teazing fondness jealoufy betray'd! When at the play the neigh'bouring box he took, You thought you read fuspicion in his look; When cards and counters flew around the board, Have you not wish'd the absence of your Lord? His company was then a poor pretence, To check the freedoms of a wife's expence!

SABINA.

But why fhould I Myrtills's paffion blame, Since Love's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the fallies of his heart withfand, Why fhould he not to *Chloe* give his hand? For *Chloe*'s handfome, yet he flights her flame; Laft night fhe fainted at *Sabina*'s name.

Why,

Why, Daphne, doft thou blaft Sabina's charms è Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms. At Crimp Myrtillo play'd, in kind regards Doris dealt love; he only dealt the cards; Doris was touch'd with fpleen; her fan he rent, Flew from the table and to tears gave vent. Why, Doris, doft thou curfe Sabina's eyes? 'To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet fay, I lov'd; how loud would cenfure rail! So foon to quit the duties of the veil! No, fooner Plays and Op'ras I'd forfwear, And change thefe *China* jars for *Tunbridge* ware; Or truft my mother as a confidant, Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt? Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away. Yet let me fee him, if he comes to-day!

THE

DFG



THE ESPO USAL.

SOBER E C L O G U E.

A

Between two of the People called QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.



ENEATH the fhadow of a beaver hat, Meek Caleb at a filent meeting fat ; His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance, While Tabitha demure, return'd the glance: The meeting ended, Caleb filence broke, And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB. Beloved, fee how all things follow love, Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove difports with dove; VOL. II. F

Yet

.98

Yet fondled lambs their innocence fecure, And none can call the turtle's bill impure; O faireft of our fifters, let me be The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind Elect a mate among the fober kind, Not the mockaws, all deck'd in fearlet pride, Entice their mild and modeft hearts afide; But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popifh fhows, Doateft on ribbands, flounces, furbelows. If thy falfe heart be fond of tawdry dyes, Go, wed the painted arch in fummer ficies; Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay, Strong at the firft, but paffeth foon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days, When vice mif-led me through the harlot's ways; When I with wanton look thy fex beheld, And nature with each wanton look rebell'd; Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love. All fuch-like love is fading as the flower, Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:

Rut

But now I feel the fpoulal love within, And fpoulal love no fifter holds a fin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longeft for the flaunting maid, Thy falfehood own, and fay I am betray'd; The tongue of man is blifter'd o'er with lies, But truth is ever read in woman's eyes; O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine ! 'Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine :

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words ! forbear to teaze, I too might blame—but love delights to pleafe. Why fhould I tell thee, that when laft the fun Painted the downy peach of *Newington*, *Jofiab* led thee through the garden's walk, And mingled melting kiffes with his talk ? Ah Jealoufy ! turn, turn thine eyes afide, How can I fee that watch adorn thy fide ? For verily no gift the fifters take For luft of gain, but for the giver's fake.

T A B I T H A. I own, Josia gave the golden toy, Which did the righteous hand of *Ruare* employ;

F 2

When *Caleb* hath affign'd fome happy day, I look on this and chide the hours delay : And when *Jofiab* would his love purfue, On this I look and fkun his wanton view. Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move, The only prefent love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah Tabitha, to hear thefe words of thine, My pulfe beats high, as if inflam'd with wine ! When to the brethren firft with fervent zeal The fpirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal, How did I joy thy trembling lip to fee Red as the cherry from the Kentifb tree ; When Ecftafie had warm'd thy look fo meek, Gardens of rofes blufhed on thy cheek. With what fweet transport didft thou roll thine eyes, How did thy words provoke the brethren's fighs ! Words that with holy fighs might others move, But, Tabitha, my fighs were fighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wifhes bleft ? Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breatt ? Then hear me, Caleb, witnefs what I fpeak, This folemn promife death alone can break;

Sooner
ECLOGUES. 101

Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace, And with immodeft fav'rites fhade my face, Sooner like *Babylen*'s lewd whore be dreft In flaring di'monds and a fearlet veft, Or make a curthe in Cathedral pew, Than prove inconftant, while my *Caleb*'s true.

C A L E B. When I prove falfe, and *Tabitha* forfake, Teachers fhall dance a jig at country wake; Brethren unbeaver'd then fhall bow their head, And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

T A B I T H A. If that Jofiah were with paffion fir'd, Warm as the zeal of youth when firft infpir'd ; In fleady love though he might perfevere, Unchanging as the decent garb we wear, And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows, Light as the feather on the head of Beaus ; Yet I for thee would all thy fex refign, Sifters, take all the reft—be *Caleb* mine: C A L E B.

Though I had all that finful love affords, And all the concubines of all the Lords,

F 3

Whole

102 ECLOGUES,

Whofe couches creak with whoredom's finful fhame, Whofe velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame; Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not fip The dew of lewdnefs from her lying lip; I'd fhun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell, More fweet than powder which the merchants fell; O folace me with kiffes pure like thine ! Enjoy, ye Lords, the wanton concubine. The fpring now calls us forth; come, fifter, come, To fee the primrofe and the daifie bloom, Let ceremony bind the worldly pair, Sifters efteem the brethren's words fincere.

T A B I T H A. Efpoufals are but forms. O lead me hence, For fecret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraws. True love is nature unrefirain'd by law. This tenet all the holy fect allows ; So Tabitha took earneft of a fpoufe.

MISCEL.

DFG

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F 4







To my ingenious and worthy Friend

WILLIAM LOWNDS, Efq;

Author of that celebrated Treatife in Folio, called the LAND-TAX BILL.



HEN Poets print their works, the fcribling crew Stick the Bard o'er with Bays, like Chriftmas pew :

Can meagre Poetry fuch fame deferve ? Can Poetry ; that only writes to flarve ? And fhall no laurel deck that famous head, In which the Senate's annual law is bred ? That hoary head, which greater glory fires, By nobler ways and means true fame acquires.

F 5

0

O had I Virgil's force to fing the man, Whofe learned lines can millions raife per ann. Great Lownds his praife fhould fwell the trump of fame, And Rapes and Wapentakes refound his name.

If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown By finging ev'ry Grecian chief and town; Sure Lowndi his profe much greater fame requires, Which fweetly counts five thoufand Knights and Squires,

Their feats, their cities, parifhes and thires,

Thy copious Preamble fo fmoothly runs, Taxes no more appear like legal duns, Lords, Knights, and Squires th' Affeffor's power obey, We read with pleafure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did C—— thy works defame ! That author's long harangue betrays his name ; After his fpeeches can his pen fucceed ? Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what fcience fhall thy works be read ? All know thou wert not Poet born and bred ;

Or

Or doft thou boaft, th' Hiftorian's lalling pen, Whofe annals are the Ass of worthy men? No. Satyr is thy talent; and each lafh Makes the rich Mifer tremble o'er his cafh; What on the Drunkard can be more fevere, Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's Wits are nought compar'd to thee, Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his Tea, While Thou through Britain's diftant ifle shall spread, In ev'ry Hundred and Division read. Criticks in Clafficks oft' interpolate, . But ev'ry word of thine is fix'd as Fate. Some works come forth at morn, but die at night. In blazing fringes round a tallow light, Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,. Like S---- (when unaffilted by a friend) . But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate : And where's your author boafts a longer date? Poets of old had fuch a wondrous power, That with their verfes they could raife a tower ; But in thy Profe a greater force is found ; What Poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound ?:

F 6

Qadmas ...

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Cadmus, by fowing dragon's teeth, we read, Rais'd a vaft army from the poys'nous feed. Thy labours, Lorunds, can greater wonders do, Thou raifeft armies, and canft pay them too. Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy Annals ceafe; Why need we armies when the land's in peace? Soldiers are perfect devils in their way, When once they're rais'd, they're curfed hard to lay.



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PANTHEA

An ELEGY.

L'ONG had Panthea felt Love's fecret fmart, And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart; Confenting glances had her flame confeft. (In woman's eyes her very foul's expreft) Perjur'd Alexis faw the bluthing maid, He faw, he fwore, he conquer'd and betray'd. Another love now calls him from her arms, His fickle heart another beauty warms; Thofe oaths oft whifper'd in Panthea's ears, He now again to Galatea fivears. Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid, In grateful folitude enjoys the fhade; There with faint voice fhe breath'd thefe moving ftrains, While fighing Zephyrs fhar'd her am'rous pains.

Pale

Pale fettled forrow hangs upon my brow, Dead are my charms ; Alexis breaks his vow ! Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you knew, When I was happy, when my fwain was true; Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move, And think yet more-that all my fault was love. Ah, could you view me in this wretched flate! You might not love me, but you could not hate. Could you behold me in this confcious fhade, Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid, Worn out with watching, fullen with defpair, And fee each eye fwell with a gufhing tear ? Could you behold me on this mosfy bed, From my pale cheek the lively crimfon fled, Which in my fofter hours you oft have fworn, With rofy beauty far out-blush'd the morn ;. Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear, And would not lost Panthea claim a tear ? You could not, fure-tears from your eyes would fteal, And unawares thy tender foul reveal. Ah, no !- thy foul with cruelty is fraught, No tendernefs diffurbs thy favage thought ; Sooner shall tygers spare the trembling lambs, And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams ;

Sooner

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Sooner fhall vultures from their quarry fly, Than falfe Alexis for Panthea figh. Thy bofom ne'er a tender thought confeft, Sure flubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breaft ; But hardeft flints are worn by frequent rains, And the foft drops diffolve their folid veins ; While thy releatefs heart more hard appears, And is not foften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love ! Panthea's joys are gone,. Her liberty, her peace, her reafon flown ! And when I view me in the watry glafs, I find Panthea now, not what fhe was. As northern winds the new-blown rofes blaft, And on the ground their fading ruins caft; As fudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain, And of its verdure fpoil the mournful plain; So haplefs love on blooming features preys, So haplefs love deftroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle fleep, relieve thefe weary'd eyes, All forrow in thy foft embraces dies : There, fpite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find Faiwhlefs *Alexis* languifhingly kind ;

6

Some-

Sometimes he leads me by the mazy fiream, And pleafingly deludes me in my dream; Sometimes he guides me to the fecret grove, Where all our looks, and all our talk is love. Oh could I thus confume each tedious day, And in fweet flumbers dream my life away; But fleep, which now no more relieves thefe eyes, To my fad foul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the fun dart forth its chearful rays ? Why do the woods refound with warbling lays ? Why does the rofe her grateful fragrance yield, And yellow cowflips paint the fmiling field ? Why do the fireams with murm'ring mufick flow, And why do groves their friendly fhade beftow ? Let fable clouds the chearful fun deface, Let mournful filence feize the feather'd race ; No more, ye rofes, grateful fragrance yield, Droop, droop, ye cowflips in the blafted field ; No more, ye fireams, with murm'ring mufick flow, And let not groves a friendly fhade beftow : With fympathizing grief let nature mourn, And never know the youthful fpring's return :

And

And fhall I never more *Alexis* fee ? Then what is fpring, or grove, or fream to me?

Why fport the skipping lambs on yonder plain? Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain? Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove? Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh! lead me to fome melancholy cave, To lull my forrows in a living grave; From the dark rock where dafhing waters fall, And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall, Where I may wafte in tears my hours away, And never know the feafons or the day. Die, die, *Panthea*—fly this hateful grove, For what is life without the fwain I love ?



ARA

ARAMINTA.

114 MISCELLANIES.

An ELEGY.

OW Phæbus rofe, and with his early beams Wak'd flumb'ring Delia from her pleafing dreams; Her wifnes by her fancy were fupply'd, And in her fleep the nuptial knot was ty'd. With fecret joy fhe faw the morning ray Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play :: The happy morn that shall her blifs compleat, And all her rivals envious hopes defeat. In hafte fhe rofe, forgetful of her prayers, Flew to the glafs, and practis'd o'er her airs : Her new-fet jewels round her robe are plac'd,. Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waift, Some round her neck a circling light difplay, Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray; The filver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace, And adds becoming beauties to her face :.

Brocaded

Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua fhine, And the rich flays her taper fhape confine; Thus all her drefs exerts a graceful pride, And fporting Loves furround th' expecting bride, For Daphnis now attends the blufhing maid, Before the Prieft the folemn vows are paid; This day which ends at once all Delia's cares, Shall fwell a thoufand eyes with fecret tears. Ceafe, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve, Canft thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve & Difdain his perj'ries, and no longer mourn: Recall my love, and find a fure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows, And with refertment cheristies her woes; Alone she pines, and in these mournful strains, Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I fparkled at the *Play*, And loiter'd in the *Ring* whole hours away ? When if thy chariot in the circle fhone, Our mutual paffion by our looks was known : Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,, Where'er I pafs thy grateful eyes purfue,

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AB

Ab faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain; For eyes the language of the soul explain.

Think, Daphnis, think that fcarce five days are fled, Since (O falfe tongue!) thofe treach'rous things you faid ; How did you praife my fhape and graceful air ! And woman thinks all compliments fincere. Did thou not then in rapture fpeak thy flame, And in foft fighs breath Araminta's name ? Didft thou not then with oaths thy paffion prove, And with an awful trembling, fay----I love ?

Ab faithlefs youth ! too well you faw my pain ; For eyes the language of the foul explain.

How could'ft thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive ? How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe ? Sure thou canft well recall that fatal night, When fubtle love first enter'd at my fight : When in the dance I was thy partner chose, Gods ! what a rapture in my bosom rose ! My trembling hand my fudden joy confess'd, My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd ;

My

My looks fpoke love; while you with anfw'ring eyes, In killing glances made as kind replies. Think, *Daphnis*, think, what tender things you faid, Think what confusion all my foul betray'd; You call'd my graceful prefence *Cynthia*'s air, And when I fung, the *Syrens* charm'd your ear; My flame blown up by flatt'ry flronger grew, A gale of love in ev'ry whifper flew.

Ab faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain ; For eyes the language of the soul explain.

Whene'er I drefs'd, my maid, who knew my flame, Cherifh'd my paffion with thy lovely name; 'Thy picture in her talk fo lively grew, That thy dear image rofe before my view; She dwelt whole hours upon thy fhape and mien, And wounded *Delia*'s fame to footh my fpleen: When fhe beheld me at the name grow pale, Strait to thy charms fhe chang'd her artful tale; And when thy matchlefs charms were quite run o'er, I bid her tell the pleafing tale once more. Oh, *Daphnis* ! from thy *Araminia* fled ! Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead !

Like

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TIS MISCELLANIES.

Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove, And ever part me from the man I love.

Ab faithlefs youth ! too well you faw my pain ; For eyes the language of the foul explain.

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown. In fome retreat far from this hateful town ! Vain drefs and glaring equipage, adieu! Let happier nymphs those empty shows purfue, Me, let fome melancholy fhade furround, Where not the print of human flep is found. In the gay dance my feet no more shall move, But bear me faintly through the lonely grove ; No more thefe hands fhall o'er the fpinnet bound, And from the fleeping ftrings call forth the found; Mufick adieu, farewel Italian airs! The croaking raven now thall footh my cares. On fome old ruin loft in thought I reft, And think how Araminta once was bleft; There o'er and o'er thy letters I perufe, And all my grief in one kind fentence lofe, Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles, And on my cheek a fhort-liv'd pleafure fmiles.

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Why is this dawn of joy ? flow tears again ; Vain are thefe oaths, and all thefe vows are vain; Daphnis, alas ! the Gordian knot has ty'd, Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.

Ab faithlefs youth ! fince eyes the foul explain, Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?

ELEGY on a LAP-DOG.

AN

S HOCK's fate I mourn; poor Sbock is now no more, Ye Mufes mourn, ye chamber-maids deplore. Unhappy Sbock ! yet more unhappy Fair, Doom'd to furvive thy joy and only care ! Thy wretched fingers now no more fhall deck, And tye the fav'rite ribband round his neck; No more thy hand fhall finooth his gloffy hair, And comb the wavings of his pendent ear. Yet ceafe thy flowing grief, forfaken maid; All mortal pleafures in a moment fade:

y

Our

Our furest hope is in an hour destroy'd, And love, best gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I fee her frantick with defpair, Her ftreaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair; Her Mechlen pinners rent the floor beftrow, And her torn fan gives real figns of woe. Hence Superfition, that tormenting gueft, That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaft; No dread events upon this fate attend, Stream eyes no more, no more thy treffes rend. Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a flate, And dying lions fhow the monarch's fate; Why flould fuch fears bid Celia's forrow rife ? For when a Lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Ceafe, Celia, ceafe; reftrain thy flowing tears, Some warmer paffion will difpell thy cares. In man you'll find a more fubftantial blifs, More grateful toying, and a fweeter kifs.

He's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground ! And may his tomb be by this verfe renown'd. Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid; Who facun'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.

TO

TOA

Young Lady, with fome LAMPREYS.

ITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion By prefents to convey their paffion ; No matter what the gift they fent, The Lady faw that love was meant. Fair Atalanta, as a favour, Took the boar's head her Hero gave her; Nor could the briftly thing affront her. 'Twas a fit prefent from a hunter. When Squires fend woodcocks to the dame. It ferves to fhow their absent flame : Some by a fnip of woven hair, In pofied lockets bribe the fair ; How many mercenary matches Have fprung from Di'mond-rings and watches ! But hold-a ring, a watch, a locket. Would drain at once a Poet's pocket ; He fhould fend fongs that coft him nought, Nor even be prodigal of thought.

G

Vol. II.

Why

Why then fend Lampreys? fye, for fhame ! "Twill fet a virgin's blood on flame. This to fifteen a proper gift ! It might lend fixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden Aunt will foold, And think my prefent fomewhat bold. I fee her lift her hands and eyes.

- "What eat it, Niece; eat Spanish flies!
- * Lamprey's a most immodest diet :
- · You'll neither wake nor fleep in quiet.
- Should I to-night eat Sago cream,
- "Twould make me blufh to tell my dream;
- ' If I eat Lobster, 'tis fo warming,
- That ev'ry man I fee looks charming;
- * Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
- · Laid Rochefter upon your pillow ?
- · I vow and fwear, I think the prefent
- " Had been as modeft and as decent.
- Who has her virtue in her power ?
 * Each day has its unguarded hour;

< Always

* Always in danger of undoing,

· A prawn, a fhrimp may prove our ruin !

The shepherdefs, who lives on fallad,
To cool her youth, controuls her palate;
Should Dian's Maids turn liqu'rifh livers,
And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
Then all befide each glade and Visto,
You'd fee Nymphs lying like Califio.

The man who meant to heat your blood,
Need not himfelf fuch vicious food——

In this, I own, your Aunt is clear, I fent you what I well might fpare : For when I fee you, (without joking) Your eyes, lips, breafts are fo provoking, They fet my heart more cock-a-hoop, Than could whole feas of craw-fifh foupe.

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PRO-

Defign'd for the Pastoral Tragedy of DIONE.

HERE was a time (O were those days renew'd !) Ere tyrant laws had woman's will fubdu'd ; Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art, Spoke the confenting language of the heart. Love uncontroul'd ! infipid, poor delight! 'Tis the reftraint that whets our appetite. Behold the beafts who range the forefts free, Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree ; In their amours fee nature's power appear ! And do they love? Yes-One month in the year. Were these the pleasures of the golden reign ? And did free nature thus instruct the fwain ? I envy not, ye nymphs, your am'rous bowers : Such harmlefs fwains !- I'm even content with ours. But yet there's fomething in these fylvan scenes That tells our fancy what the lover means ; Name but the mosfy bank, and moon-light grove, Is there a heart that does not beat with love ?

8

To

To-night we treat you with fuch country fare, Then for your lover's fake our author fpare. He draws no *Hemfkirk* boors, or home-bred clowns, But the foft fhepherds of *Arcadia*'s downs.

When Paris on the three his judgment pafs'd; I hope, you'll own the fhepherd fhow'd his tafte: And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty, Who made the nymph Califto break her duty; Then was the country nymph no ankward thing. See what ftrange revolutions time can bring !

Yet fill methinks our author's fate I dread, Were it not fafer beaten paths to tread Of Tragedy; than o'er wide heaths to flray, And feeking flrange adventures lofe his way ? No trumpet's clangor makes his Heroine flart, And tears the foldier from her bleeding heart; He, foolifh bard ! nor pomp nor fhow regards. Without the witnefs of a hundred guards His Lovers figh their vows.—if fleep fhould take ye, He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye. What, no fuch fhifts ? there's danger in't, 'tis true; Yet fpare him, as he gives you fomething new.

G 3

Sweet

Sweet WILLIAM's Farewell to. Black-ey'd SUSAN.

A B A L L A D.

Who make the nymph Call.

(If,

DFG

A LL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The fireamers waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Sufan came aboard. Oh ! where fhall I my true love find ! Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true, If my fweet William fails among the crew.

II.

William, who high upon the yard, Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard, He figh'd and caft his eyes below :
'The cord flides fwiftly through his glowing hands, And (quick as lightning,) on the deck he flands.

III.

So the fweet lark, high-pois'd in air, Shuts close his pinions to his breaft,

(If, chance, his mate's fhrill call he hear) And drops at once into her neft.

The nobleft Captain in the British fleet, Might envy William's lip those kiffes fweet.

IV.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear, My vows fhall ever true remain ; Let me kifs off that falling tear, We only part to meet again. Change, as ye lift, ye winds; my heart fhall be. The faithful compafs that fill points to thee.

v.

Believe not what the landmen fay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conftant mind :
They'll tell thee, failors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miftrefs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee fo,
For thou art prefent wherefoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair *India*'s coaft we fail, Thy eyes are feen in di'monds bright, Thy breath is *Africk*'s fpicy gale, Thy fkin is ivory, fo white.

G 4

Thus

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view, Wakes in my foul fome charm of lovely Sue. VII.

Though battle call me from thy arms, Let not my pretty Sufan mourn; Though cannons roar, yet fafe from harms, William fhall to his Dear return. Love turns afide the balls that round me fly, Left precious tears fhould drop from Sufan's eye.

VIII.

The boatfwain gave the dreadful word, The fails their fwelling bofom fpread, No longer muft fhe ftay aboard :

They kils'd, fhe figh'd, he hung his head ; Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land : Adien, fhe cries! and wav'd her lilly hand.

THE

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THE

LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A B A L L A D.

T.

PHYLLID A, that lov'd to dream In the grove, or by the ffream; Sigh'd on velvet pillow. What, alas ! fhould fill her head But a fountain or a mead, Water and a willow ?

II.

Love in cities never dwells, He delights in rural cells

Which fweet woodbine covers. What are your *Affemblies* then ? There, 'tis true, we fee more men ; But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh, how chang'd the profpect grows ! Flocks and herds to Fops and Beaus, Coxcombs without number !

G 5

Moon

Moon and ftars that fhone fo bright, To the torch and waxen light, And whole nights at Ombre.

IV.

Pleafant as it is, to hear Scandal tickling in our ear, Ev'n of our own mothers; In the chit-chat of the day, To us is pay'd, when we're away, What we lent to others.

V.

Though the fav'rite *Toaft* I reign; Wine, they fay, that prompts the vain, Heightens defamation. Muft I live 'twixt fpite and fear, Ev'ry day grow handfomer, And lofe my reputation?

VI.

Thus the fair to fighs gave way, Her empty purfe befide her lay. Nymph, ah ceafe thy forrow. Though curft fortune frown to night; This odious town can give delight If you win to-morrow.

DAMON

DFG

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DAMON and CUPID. SONG. A

CALINE STORE STORE

I.

HE fun was now withdrawn, The fhepherds home were fped ; The moon wide o'er the lawn Her filver mantle fpread; When Damon flay'd behind, And faunter'd in the grove. Will ne'er a nymph be kind, And give me love for love? II.

Oh! those were golden hours, When Love, devoid of cares, In all Arcadia's bow'rs Lodg'd fwains and nymphs by pairs : But now from wood and plain Flies ev'ry fprightly lafs, No joys for me remain, In shades, or on the grafs. G 6

III.

III.

The winged boy draws near, And thus the fwain reproves. While beauty revell'd here, My game lay in the groves ; At Court I never fail To fcatter round my arrows, Men fall as thick as hail ; And maidens love like fparrows.

IV.

Then, fwain, if me you need, Strait lay your fheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed. And hafte away to town.
So well I'm known at Court, None afks where Cupid dwells;
But readily refort

To B-n's or L-ll's.

DAPHNIS



DAPHNIS and CHLOE.

A SONG.

I.

D^{APHNIS} flood penfive in the fhade, With arms a-crofs, and head reclin'd;

And fighs reliev'd his love-fick mind : His tuneful pipe all broken lay, Looks, fighs, and actions feem'd to fay, My Chloe is unkind.

11.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ? Ye larks, ye linnets, ceafe your firains;
I faintly hear in your fweet notes, My Chlae's voice that wakes my pains : Yet why fhould you your fong forbear ? Your mates delight your fong to hear, But Chlae mine difdains.

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As

II.

As thus he melancholy flood,

Dejected as the lonely dove ? Sweet founds broke gently through the wood. I feel the found ; my heart-ftrings move. 'Twas not the nightingale that fung ; No. 'Tis my *Chloe*'s fweeter tongue. Hark, hark, what fays my love !

IV.

How foolifh is the nymph (fhe cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain !
Nature fill fpeaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

Tis

DFG

As t'other day my hand he feiz'd, My blood with thrilling motion flew; Sudden I put on looks difpleas'd, And hafty from his hold withdrew. 'Twas fear alone, thou fimple fwain, Then hadit thou preft my hand again, My heart had yielded too !

eA.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd, That fwell'd thy lip and rofy cheek; Think not thy fkill in fong defam'd, That lip fhould other pleafures feek:

Much, much thy mufick I approve; Yet break thy pipe, for more I love, Much more to hear thee fpeak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd, Daphnis I fear is ever gone; Laft night with Delia's dog he play'd, Love by fuch trifles first comes on. Now, now, dear shepherd, come away, My tongue would now my heart obey. Ah Chlee, thou art won!

VIII. howee the first in 10

The youth flep'd forth with hafty pace, And found where wifning *Chloe* lay; Shame fudden lighten'd in her face,

Confus'd, the knew not what to fay. At laft in broken words, the cry'd; To-morrow you in vain had try'd; But I am loft to-day!

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A



CONTEMPLATION

A

ON

NIGHT.

W Hether amid the gloom of night I ftray, Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day, Still Nature's various face informs my fense, Of an all-wife, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay fun first breaks the shades of night, And strikes the distant eastern hills with light, Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear, And a bright verdure cloaths the smiling year; The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow, And grazing flocks their milky steeces show,

The
MISCELLANIES. 137

The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arife, And a pure azure arches o'er the fkies. But when the gloomy reign of night returns, Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns : The trees no more their wonted verdure boaft, But weep in dewy tears their beauty loft; No distant landskips draw our curious eyes, Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies. Yet still, even now, while darkness cloaths the land, We view the traces of th' almighty hand ; Millions of ftars in heavens wide vault appear, And with new glories hang the boundlefs fphere: The filver moon her western couch forfakes, And o'er the fkies her nightly circle makes, Her folid globe beats back the funny rays, And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether thofe flars that twinkling luftre fend, Are funs, and rolling worlds thofe funs attend, Man may conjecture, and new fchemes declare, Yet all his fyftems but conjectures are; But this we know, that heaven's eternal King, Who bid this univerfe from nothing fpring,

Can

138 MISCELLANIES.

Can at his Word bid num'rous worlds appear, And rifing worlds th' all-pow'rful Word fhall hear.

When to the weftern main the fun defcends, To other lands a rifing day he lends, The fpreading dawn another fhepherd fpies, The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arife; Refrefh'd, the peafant feeks his early toil, And bids the plough correct the fallow foil. While we in fleep's embraces wafte the night, The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light: And when thofe lands the bufy fun forfakes, With us again the rofy morning wakes; In lazy fleep the night rolls fwift away, And neither clime laments his abfent ray.

When the pure foul is from the body flown, No more fhall night's alternate reign be known : The fun no more fhall rolling light beflow, But from th' Almighty flreams of glory flow. Oh, may fome nobler thought my foul employ, Than empty, transient, fublunary joy ! The flars fhall drop, the fun fhall lofe his flame, But thou, O God, for ever fhine the fame.

A

MISCELLANIES. 139.



A. Longer dicement

THOUGHT

The her with finder that N = O thy isteened herts

ETERNITY.

E'E R the foundations of the world were laid, Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd, Thou wert; and when the fubterraneous flame Shall burft its prifon, and devour this frame, From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies, When fervent heat diffolves the melting fkies, Thou fill fhalt be; fill as thou wert before, And know no change, when time fhall be no more. O endlefs thought! divine eternity! Th' immortal foul fhares but a part of thee;

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For

140 MISCELLANIES.

For thou wert present when our life began, When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah I what is life ? with ills encompafs'd round, Amidît our hopes, Fate firikes the fudden wound : To-day the flatefinan of new honour dreams, To-morrow death deftroys his airy fchemes; Is mouldy treafure in thy cheft confin'd ? Think all that treafure thou muft leave behind ; Thy heir with fmiles fhall view thy blazon'd herfe, And all thy hoards with lavifh hand difperfe. Should certain fate th' impending blow delay, Thy mirth will ficken and thy bloom decay; Then feeble age will all thy nerves difarm, No more thy blood its narrow channels warm. Who then would wifh to flretch this narrow fpan, To fuffer life beyond the date of man ?

The virtuous foul purfues a nobler aim, And life regards but as a fleeting dream : She longs to wake, and wifhes to get free, To launch from earth into eternity. For while the boundlefs theme extends our thought, Ten thoufand thoufand rolling years are nought.

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MISCELLANIES. 141

My Own EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jeft, and all things flow it, I thought fo once, but now I know it.



DIONE.









A

amatis Perionae

PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

Sævit et injustå lege relicta Venus. TIBULL. Eleg. v. Lib. r.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Equander under the name of Lycidas.

Cleanthes.

Shepherds.

WOMEN.

Dione under the name of Alexis.

Parthenia:

Laura.

Scene ARCADIA.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

A Plain, at the foot of a steep craggy mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA. I Lotol hus of I



HY doft thou fly me? flay, unhappy fair, Seek not these horrid caverns of despair; To trace thy steps the midnight air I bore.

Trod the brown defart, and unfhelter'd moor :

Three times the lark has fung his matin lay, And role on dewy wing to meet the day, Since first I found thee, firetch'd in penfive mood, Where laurels border *Ladon*'s filver flood.

H

VOL. II.

DIONE.

DIONE.

O let my foul with grateful thanks o'erflow ! 'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe. Like the weak lamb you rais'd me from the plain, Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain; Each day I thare thy bowl and clean repatt, Each night thy roof defends the chilly blaft. But vain is all thy friendfhip, vain thy care: Forget a wretch abandon'd to defpair.

LAURA.

Defpair will fly thee, when thou fhalt impart The fatal fecret that torments thy heart; Difclose thy forrows to my faithful ear, Inftruct these eyes to give thee tear for tear. Love, love's the cause; our forests speak thy flame, The rocks have learnt to figh *Evander*'s name. If faultering shame thy bashful tongue restrain, If thou hast look'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd in vain; Say, in what grove thy lovely shepherd strays, Tell me what mountains warble with his lays; Thisher I'll speed me, and with moving art Draw fost confessions from his melting heart.

DIONE.



DIONE.

Thy gen'rous care has touch'd my fecret woe. Love bids thele fcalding tears inceffant flow, Ill-fated love! O fay, ye filvan maids, Who range wide forefts, and fequefter'd fhades, Say where *E-vander* bled, point out the ground That yet is purple with the favage wound. Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey; High o'er thofe cliffs the raven wings his way; Hark how he croaks! he fcents the murder near. O may no greedy beak his vifage tear ! Shield him, ye *Cupids*; ftrip the *Paphian* grove, And ftrow unfading myrtle o'er my love ! Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

-The mournful tale disclose.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repofe. Yet if thy friendship still the cause request; I'll speak, tho' forrow rend my lab'ring breast.

- H 2

Know

DFG

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14.8

Know then, fair fhepherdefs, no honeft fivain Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain; Unus'd to fweet content, no flocks I keep, Nor browzing goats that overhang the fleep. Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets fhine, I trace my birth from long illuftrious line, Why was I train'd amidft Arcadia's court? Love ever revels in that gay refort. Whene'er Evander paft, my fmitten heart Heav'd frequent fighs, and felt unufual fmart. Ah! hadft thou feen with what fweet grace he mov'd ? Yet why that wifh ? for Laura then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Distrust me not; thy fecret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the fallies of a breaking heart. Evander's fighs his mutual flame confeft, The growing paffion labour'd in his breaft; To me he came; my heart with rapture fprung, To fee the blufhes, when his faultering tongue Firft faid, I love. My eyes confent reveal, And plighted vows our faithful paffion feal.

Where's

DFG

DIONE:

Where's now the lovely youth ? he's loft, he's flain. And the pale corfe lies breathlefs on the plain !

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of conftant lovers paid ? If thus—ye Powers, from love defend the maid ?

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple eaft, Since my dear hunter rous'd the tufky beaft; Swift flew the foaming monfter through the wood, Swift as the wind, his eager fleps purfu'd: ³T was then the favage turn'd; then fell the youth, And his dear blood diffain'd the barb'rous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready fuccour found? Nor healing herb to flaunch the fpouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathlefs woods the hunters croft, And fought with anxious eye their mafter loft; In vain their frequent hollows eccho'd fhrill, And his lov'd name was fent from hill to hill;

H 3

Ewander.

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Evander hears you not. He's loft, he's flain, And the pale corfe lies breathlefs on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wand'ring from the way, Beats ev'ry buff to raife the lamb aftray) Observ'd the fatal spot ?

DIONE.

----O, if ye pafs Where purple murder dies the wither'd grafs, With pious finger gently close his eyes, And let his grave with decent verdure rife.

Weepsi

LAURA.

Behold the turtle who has loft her mate ; Awhile with drooping wing fhe mourns his fate, Sullen, awhile fhe feeks the darkeft grove, And cooing meditates the murder'd dove ; But time the rueful image wears away, Again she's chear'd, again she feeks the day. Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet fure fome turtle's love has equall'd mine,

Who.

DIONE:

Who, when the hawk has fnatch'd her mate away, Hath never known the glad return of day.

When my fond father faw my faded eye, And on my livid cheek the rofes die; When catching fighs my wasted bosom mov'd, My looks, my fighs confirm'd him that I lov'd. He knew not that Evander was my flame, Ewander dead ! my paffion still the fame ! He came, he threaten'd; with paternal fway Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day : O cruel kindnefs ! too feverely preft ! I fcorn his honours, and his wealth deteft:

LAURA.

How vain is force ! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound by duty, yet my heart rebell'd. One night, when fleep had hufh'd all bufy fpies, And the pale moon had journey'd half the fkies, Softly I role and drefs'd ; with filent tread, Unbarr'd the gates, and to thefe mountains fled. Here let me footh the melancholy hours ! Clofe me, ye woods, within your twilight bow'rs !

H 4

Where

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Where my calm foul may fettled forrow know, And no *Cleanthes* interrupt my woe

[Melancholy mufick is heard at a diftance. With importuning love—On yonder plain Advances flow a melancholy train; Black Cyprefs boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne. Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride! He faw, he figh'd, he lov'd, was fcorn'd and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains? Where may I fee her?

Asia diana in

LAURA.

Afk the fighing fwains. They beft can fpeak the conquefts of her eyes, Whoever fees her, loves ; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath crofs'd, And fhe, like me, hath her Ewander loft.

How

How my foul pities her !

LAURA. ——If pity move Your generous bofom, pity thofe who love. There late arriv'd among our fylvan race A ftranger fhepherd, who with lonely pace Vifits thofe mountain pines at dawn of day, Where oft' Parthenia takes her early way To roufe the chace; mad with his am'rous pain, He ftops and raves; then fullen walks again. Parthenia's name is born by paffing gales, And talking hills repeat it to the dales. Come, let us from this vale of forrow go, Nor let the mournful fcene prolong thy woe.

[Excunt.

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HS

SCENE

CICKINS CONTRACTOR

Your generous holom, piry

* SCENE II.

Shepherds and Shepherdeffes, (crown'd with garlands of Cyprefs and Yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

I SHEPHERD.

Here gently reft the corfe—With faultring breath Thus fpake Menalcas on the verge of death.

- " Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
- * See, where yon hills with craggy brows afcend,
- * Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
- " There first I faw her, there began my woes.
- . When I am cold, may there this clay be laid;
- " There often flrays the dear, the cruel maid,
- * There as the walks, perhaps you'll hear her fay,
- " (While a kind gufhing tear fhall force its way)
- * How could my flubborn heart relentless prove?
- * Ah poor Menalcas-all thy fault was love !'

* This and the following Scene are form'd upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixotte.

H

2 SHEP-

D I O N E. 155

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcafe groan, And hungry tygers bleeding kids bemoan; When the lean wolf laments the mangled fheep; Then fhall *Parthenia* o'er *Menalcas* weep.

I SHEPHERD.

When famish'd panthers feek their morning food, And monsters roar along the defart wood; When hiffing vipers ruftle through the brake, Or in the path-way rears the speckled fnake; The wary swain th' approaching peril spies, And through some distant road securely flies. Fly then, ye swains, from beauty's surer wound. Such was the fate our poor *Menalcas* found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What fnepherd does not mourn Menalcas flain? Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud difdain! Whoe'er attempts to bend her fcornful mind, Cries to the defarts, and purfues the wind.

H 6

1 SHEP-

I SHEPHERD.

With ev'ry grace Menalcas was endow'd, His merits dazled all the fylvan croud. If you would know his pipe's melodious found, Afk all the ecchoes of thefe hills around, For they have learnt his ftrains; who fhall rehearfe The ftrength, the cadence of his tuneful verfe ? Go, read thofe lofty poplars; there you'll find Some tender fonnet grow on ev'ry rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his fkill ? Parthenia flies. Can merit hope fuccefs in woman's eyes ?

I SHEPHERD.

Why was Parthenia form²d of fofteft mould ? Why does her heart fuch favage nature hold ? O ye kind gods ! or all her charms efface, Or tame her heart—fo fpare the fhepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I caft; So may Parthenia's transfert beauty wafte!

I SHEP-

DFG

Ift SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years, Or fees the wrinkle which her forehead wears? Thinking her feature never fhall decay, This fwain fhe fcorns, from that fhe turns away. But know, as when the rofe her bud unfolds, Awhile each breaft the fhort-liv'd fragrance holds; When the dry ftalk lets drop her fhrivell'd pride, The lovely ruin's ever thrown afide. So fhall *Parthenia* be.

2d SHEPHERD. -----See, fhe appears, To boaft her fpoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia appears from the mountain.

PARTHENIA. SHEPHERDS.

If SHEPHERD. Why this way doft thou turn thy baneful eyes, Pernicious Bafilifk ? Lo! there he lies,

There

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There lies the youth thy curfed beauty flew; See, at thy prefence, how he bleeds anew ! Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

Spare my fame ; I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name. If I'm a Bafilik, the danger fly, Shun the fwift glances of my venom'd eye : If I'm a murd'rer, why approach ye near, And to the dagger lay your bofom bare ?

I SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof against that face divine ? Love is not in our power.

PARTHENIA.

If e'er I trifled with a fhepherd's pain, Or with falfe hope his paffion flrove to gain ; Then might you juffly curfe my favage mind, Then might you rank me with the ferpent kind :

But

Sind T

But I ne'er triffed with a fhepherd's pain, and and that Nor with falfe hope his paffion ftrove to gain : 'Tis to his rafh purfuit he owes his fate, I was not cruel ; he was obffinate.

I SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye fighing fhepherds, and defpair. Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near! Since the fame barb'rous hand hath figh'd thy doom, . We'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace deftroy ? Let me content and folitude enjoy ; Free was I born my freedom to maintain, Early I fought the unambitious plain. Moft women's weak refolves like reeds, will ply, Shake with each breath, and bend with ev'ry figh ; Mine, like an oak, whofe firm roots deep defcend, Nor breath of love can fhake, no figh can bend. If ye unhappy Lycidas would fave ; Go feek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave ; Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain, Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain ;

Bid

DFG

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Bid him his heart-confuming groans give o'er : Tell him, I heard fuch piercing groans before, And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wife, Prevent thy fate.—Lo! there Menalcas lies,

I SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid, And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid ; Let's feek our charge ; the flocks difperfing wide, Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's fide. Truft not, ye fwains, the lightning of her eye, Left ye like him, fhould love, defpair, and die.

[Excunt Shepherds, & c. Parthenia remains in a melansholy posture looking on the grave of Menalcas.

Enter Lycidas.



SCENE

DFG

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SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When fhall my fteps have reft ? through all the wood, And by the winding banks of Ladon's flood I fought my love. O fay, ye fkipping fawns, (Who range entangled fhades and daify'd lawns) If ye have feen her ! fay, ye warbling race, (Who meafure on fwift wing th' aerial fpace, And view below hills, dales, and diftant fhores) Where fhall I find her whom my foul adores !

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[Dione and Laura at a distance.]

Tis

DFG

LYCIDAS.

What do I fee ? no. Fancy mocks my eyes, And bids the dear deluding vision rife.

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'Tis fhe. My fpringing heart her prefence feels. See, proftrate Lycidas before thee kneels.

[Kneeling to Parthenia. Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls Parthenia? hah !

[She flarts from her melancholy; and feeing Lycidas, flies into the wood.

LYCIDAS:

O wing my feet, kind Love. See, fee, fhe bounds, Fleet as the mountain roe, when preft by hounds. [He purfues her. Dione faints in the arms of Laura.

LAURA.

What means this trembling ? all her colour flies, And life is quite unftrung. Ah ! lift thy eyes, And anfwer me ; fpeak, fpeak, 'tis Laura calls. Speech has forfook her lips.——She faints, fhe falls, Fan her, ye Zephyrs, with your balmy breath, And bring her quickly from the fhades of death :

Blow.

Blow, ye cool gales. See, fee, the foreft fhakes With coming winds ! fhe breaths, fhe moves, fhe wakes,

DIONE.

Ah false E-vander !

LAURA.

Calm thy fobbing breaft. Say, what new forrow has thy heart oppreft?

DIONE.

Didft thou not hear his fighs and fuppliant tone ? Didft thou not hear the pitying mountain groan ? Didft thou not fee him bend his fuppliant knee ? Thus in my happy days he knelt to me, And pour'd forth all his foul ! fee how he ftrains, And leffens to the fight o'er yonder plains To keep the fair in view ! run, virgin, run, Hear not his vows ; I heard, and was undone !

LAURA. OF Sauch will for tal

Let not imaginary terrors fright; Some dark delufion fwims before thy fight. I faw *Parthenia* from the mountain's brow, And *Lycidas* with proftrate duty bow;

Swift,

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Swift, as on falcon's wing, I faw her fly, And heard the cavern to his groans reply. Why fiream thy tears for forrows not thy own ?

DIONE.

Oh! Where are honour, faith, and justice flown? Perjur'd Evander !

LAURA.

Touch not the mournful firing that wakes thy woe.

DIQNE.

That am'rous fwain, whom Lycidas you name, (Whofe faithlefs bofom feels another flame) Is my once kind Evander—yes—'twas he. He lives, —but lives, alas ! no more for me.

LAURA.

Let not thy frantick words confess defpair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air ?

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Yes, I that treach'rous voice with joy believ'd, That voice, that mien, that air my foul deceiv'd. If my dear fhepherd love the lawns and glades, With him I'll range the lawns and feek the fhades, With him through folitary defarts rove. But could he leave me for another love? O bafe ingratitude!

LAURA.

----Sufpend thy grief, And let my friendly counfel bring relief 'To thy defponding foul. Parthenia's ear Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer; Ewander courts difdain, he follows fcorn, And in the paffing winds his vows are born. Soon will he find that all in vain he ftrove 'To tame her bofom; then his former love Shall wake his foul; then will he fighing blame His heart inconftant and his perjur'd flame: 'Then fhail he at Dione's feet implore, Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold difdain,

To

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DIONÉ.

To raife his paffion. Such are female arts, To hold in fafer fnares inconflant hearts !

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LAURA.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real fcorn.

DIONE.

And doft thou think Evander will return ?

LAURA.

Forgo thy fex, lay all thy robes afide, Strip off these ornaments of female pride; The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air, With the bold manly step a swain appear; Then with *Evander* may's thou rove unknown, Then let thy tender eloquence be shown; Then the new fury of his heart controul, And with *Dione*'s sufferings touch his foul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or fummer showers To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers; Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains, And foft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,



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Surch are thy words. The fex fhall be refign'd, No more fhall breaded gold thefe treffes bind; The fhepherd's garb the woman fhall difguife. If he has loft all love, may friendfhip's tyes Unite me to his heart!

LAURA.

Go, profp'rous maid, May fmiling love thy faithful wifhes aid. Be now *Alexis* call'd. With thee I'll rove, And watch thy wand'rer through the mazy grove; Let me be honour'd with a fifter's name; For thee, I feel a more than fifter's flame.

DIONE.

Perhaps my fhepherd has outfript her hafte. Think'ft thou, when out of fight, fhe flew fo faft ! One fudden glance might turn her favage mind; May fhe like *Daphne* fly, nor look behind, Maintain her fcorn, his eager flame defpife, Nor view *Ewander* with *Dione*'s eyes !

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Cf Eleft Bijfinges where in prystic grows T. O. A. out'd chafts benean their former lows.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Lycidas lying on the grave of Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

WHEN shall these scalding fountains cease to flow?

How long will life fuftain this load of woe ? Why glows the morn ? roll back, thou fource of light, And feed my forrows with cternal night. Come, fable Death ! give, give the welcome firoke ? The raven calls thee from yon' blafted oak. What pious care my ghaftful lid fhall clofe ? What decent hand my frozen limbs compose ? O happy fhepherd, free from anxious pains, Who now art wandring in the fighing plains Of bleft *Elyfum*; where in myrtle groves Enamour'd ghofts bemoan their former loves.

DFG



Open, thou filent grave; for lo! I come To meet *Menalcas* in the fragrant gloom; There fhall my bofom burn with friendfhip's flame, The fame our paffion, and our fate the fame; There, like two nightingales on neighb'ring boughs, Alternate ftrains fhall mourn our fruftrate vows. But if cold Death fhould clofe *Parthenia*'s eye, And fhould her beauteous form come gliding by; Friendfhip would foon in jealous fear be loft, And kindling hate purfue thy rival ghoft.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE in a Shepherd's habit.

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here ? turn hence, be timely wife ; Truft not thy fafety to *Parthenia*'s eyes. As from the bearing faulcon flies the dove, So, wing'd with fear, *Parthenia* flies from love.

VOL. II.

I

DIONE.

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DIONE.

If in these vales the fatal beauty flray, From the cold marble rife; let's hafte away. Why lye you panting, like the finiten deer? Trush not the dangers which you bid me fear.

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LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets furprife, On foaring pinion rove the fpacious fkies; Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove; Then bid my captive heart get loofe from love. The fnares of death are o'er me. Hence; beware; Left you fhould fee her, and like me defpair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and feek this vale's recefs,'
In all the beauteous negligence of drefs;
Though Cupid fend a fhaft in ev'ry glance,
Though all the Graces in her ftep advance,
My heart can fland it all. Be firm, my breaft;
Th' enfnaring oath, the broken vow deteft:
That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the facred name of love !

Tis
'Tis perj'ry, fraud, and meditated lies. Love's feated in the foul, and never dies. What then avail her charms ? my conftant heart Shall gaze fecure, and mock a fecond dart.

LYCIDAS.

But you perhaps a happier fate have found, And the fame hand that gave, now heals the wound Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn, A wretch, like me, the fport of pride and fcorn ?

DIONE.

O tell me fhepherd, hath thy faithlefs maid Falfe to her vow thy flatter'd hope betray'd ? Did her fmooth fpeech engage thee to believe ? Did fhe proteft and fwear, and then deceive ? Such are the pangs I feel !

LYCIDAS.

The haughty fair Contemns my fuff?rings, and difdains to hear. Let meaner Beauties learn'd in female fnares Entice the fwain with half-confenting airs;

I 2

Such

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Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conqu'ring eyes, And yet, where-e'er fhe turns, a lover fighs. Vain is the fleady conflancy you boaft; All other love at fight of her is loft.

DIONE.

True conflancy no time no power can move. He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love. Though the dear author of my haplefs flame Purfue another ; flill my heart's the fame. Am I for ever left ? (excufe thefe tears) May your kind friendfhip foften all my cares !

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, beftow ?

DIONE.

He best can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since diff'rent objects have our fouls poffeft, No rival fears our friendship shall molest.

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the fhade of these brown hills, And drive our flocks beside the steaming rills.

Should

Should the fair tyrant to these vales return, How would thy breast with double fury burn ! Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Fly, fly this place ; Beware of love ; the proudeft of her race This way approaches : from among the pines, Where from the fleep the winding path declines, I faw the nymph defcend.

LYCIDAS.

She comes, fhe comes; From her the paffing Zephyrs fteal perfumes, As from the vi'let's bank with odours fweet Breathes ev'ry gale; fpring blooms beneath her feet.

I₃

d

Yes,

Yes, 'tis my faireft ; here fhe's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what figns I might have known thy Love ?

LYCIDAS.

My Love is fairer than the fnowy breaft Of the tall fwan, whofe proudly fwelling cheft Divides the wave; her treffes loofe behind, Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind; The rifing blufhes, which her cheek o'crfpread, Are op'ning rofes in the lilly's bed. Know'ft thou Parthenia?

LAURA.

Wretched is the flave Who ferves fuch pride ! behold *Menalcas*' grave ! Yet if *Alexis* and this fighing fwain Wifh to behold the Tyrant of the plain, Let us behind thefe myrtle's twining arms Retire unfeen ; from thence furvey her charms. Wild as the chaunting thrush upon the fpray, At man's approach the fwiftly flies away.

Like



Like the young hare, I've feen the panting maid Stop, liften, run ; of ev'ry wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart? Shepherd, beware—now fortifie thy heart. [To Dione.

[Lycidas, Dione, and Laura retire behind the boughs.

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy fcene demands a groan. Hah! what infcription marks the weeping flone? O pow'r of beauty ! here Menalcas lies. Gaze not, ye fhepherds, on Parthenia's eyes. Why did heav'n form me with fuch polifh'd care? Why caft my features in a mold fo fair ? If blooming beauty was a bleffing meant, Why are my fighing hours deny'd content ?

I 4

The

The downy peach, that glows with funny dyes, Feeds the black fnail, and lures voracious flies; The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind, And pecking finches fcoop the golden rind ; But beauty fuffers more pernicious wrongs, Blaffed by envy, and cenforious tongues. How happy lives the nymph, whole comely face And pleafing glances boalt fufficient grace To wound the fwain fhe loves ! no jealous fears Shall vex her nuptial flate with nightly tears, Nor am'rous youths, to push their foul pretence, Infeft her days with dull impertinence. But why talk I of love ? my guarded heart Difowns his power, and turns afide the dart, Hark ! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries. Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes. Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruse, Left thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accufe. [She flands in a melancholy pofture, looking on the tomb.

LYCIDAS.

Call'd fhe not Lycidas ? I come, my fair; See gen'rous pity melts into a tear,

And



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And her heart foftens. Now's the tender hour, Affift me, Love, exert thy fov'reign power To tame the fcornful maid.

DIONE.

Rafh fwain, be wife : "Tis not from thee or him, from love fhe flies. Leave her, forget her. [They hold Lycidas.

LAURA.

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me; loofe me.

DIONE.

------Sifter, hold him fast.

To follow her, is, to prolong despair.

Shepherd, you must not go.

LYCIDAS.

IS

Bold youth, forbear.

PAR-

DFG

Hear me, Parthenia.

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PARTHENIA.

From behind the fhade Methought a voice fome lift'ning fpy betray'd. Yes, 1'm obferv'd.

[She runs out.

LYCIDAS.

Stay, nymph; thy flight fufpend. She hears me not—when will my forrows end ! As over-fpent with toil, my heaving breaft Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me reft. [He remains in a fixt melancholy.

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Recall thy fcatter'd fenfe, bid reafon wake, Subdue thy paffion.

LYCIDAS.

ÉÍ

-----Shall I never fpeak ?

She's

She's gone, fhe's gone—Kind fhepherd, let me reft My troubled head upon thy friendly breaft. The foreft feems to move.—O curfed flate ! I doom'd to love, and fhe condemn'd to hate ! Tell me, *Alexis*, art thou flill the fame ? Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame Of thy firft love ? did not thy flutt'ring heart, Whene'er fhe rais'd her look, confefs the dart ?

DIONE.

I own the nymph is faireft of her race, Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze, Mindful of former promife; all that's dear, My thoughts, my dreams; my ev'ry wifh is there. Since then our hopes are loft; let friendfhip's tye Calm our diftrefs, and flighted love fapply; Let us together drive our fleecy flore, And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can rafe her from my breaft.

LAURA.

Why fhines thy love fo far above the reft ?

I 6

Nature,

DFG

Nature, 'tis true, in ev'ry outward grace, Her niceft hand employ'd; her lovely face With beauteous feature ftampt; with rofy dyes Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes: But if thou fearch the fecrets of her mind, Where fhall thy cheated foul a virtue find ? Sure hell with cruelty her breaft fupply'd. How did fhe glory when *Menalcas* dy'd ! Pride in her bofom reigns; fhe's falfe, fhe's vain; She first entices, then infults the fwain; Shall female cunning lead thy heart aftray ? Shepherd, be free; and fcorn for fcorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman !

DIONE.

Hence depart ; Let a long absence cure thy love-fick heart. To fome far grove retire, her fight disclaim, Nor with her charms awake the dying flame. Let not an hour thy happy flight suspend; But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend.

Together

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Together let us feek the chearful plains, And lead the dance among the fportive fwains, Devoid of care.

LAURA.

——Or elfe the groves difdain, Nor with the fylvan walk indulge thy pain. Hafte to the town; there (I have oft been told) The courtly nymph her treffes binds with gold, To captivate the youths; the youths appear In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair Rich with ambrofial fcents, the fair to move, And all the bufinefs of the day is love. There from the gaudy train felect a dame, Her willing glance fhall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the Court.—The thought my foul confounds, And with *Dione's* wrongs my bofom wounds. Heav'n juftly vindicates the faithful maid; And now are all my broken vows repaid. Perhaps the now laments my fancy'd death With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gafping breath Sigh'd

182 D I O N E.

Sigh'd forth her name, O guilt, no more upbraid! Yes. I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [Afide.

[Dione and Laura apart.

DIONE.

Hark! how reflection wakes his confcious heart. From my pale lids the trickling forrow flart; How fhall my breaft the fwelling fighs confine !

LAURA.

O fmooth thy brow, conceal our just defign : Be yet awhile unknown. If grief arife, And force a passage through thy gusting eyes, Quickly retire, thy forrows to compose; Or with a look ferene difguise thy woes.

[Dione is going out. Laura walks at a diflance.

LYCIDAS.

Canft thou, Alexis, leave me thus diftreft? Where's now the boafted friendship of thy breast? Haft thou not oft survey'd the dappled deer In social herds o'erspread the pastures fair, When op'ning hounds the warmer scent pursue, And force the defin'd victim from the crew,

Oft

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Oft he returns, and fain would join the band, While all their horns the panting wretch withftand ? Such is thy friendship; thus might I confide.

DIONE.

Why wilt thou cenfure what thou ne'er haft try'd ? Sooner fhall fwallows leave their callow brood, Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food; Sooner fhall hens expofe their infant care, When the fpread kite fails wheeling in the air, Than I forfake thee when by danger preft; Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breaft.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair fpoken tongue thy bofom fhows, There let the fecrets of my foul repofe.

DIONE.

Far be fufpicion; in my truth confide. O let my heart thy load of cares divide !

LYCIDAS.

Know then, *Alexis*, that in vain I ftrove To break her chain, and free my foul from love;

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On

On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings, Still more entangled in the clammy ftrings. The flow-pac'd days have witnefs'd my defpair, Upon my weary couch fits wakeful care; Down my flufh'd cheek the flowing forrows run, As dews defcend to weep the abfent fun. O loft *Partbenia* !

DIONE.

----- Thefe wild thoughts fulpend ; And in thy kind commands inftruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faultring tongue would urge my caufe, Deaf is her ear, and fullen fhe withdraws. Go then, *Alexis*; feek the fcornful maid, In tender eloquence my fuff'rings plead; Of flighted paffion you the pangs have known; O judge my fecret anguifh by your own !

DIONE.

Had I the skill inconstant hearts to move, My longing foul had never lost my Love.

My

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My feeble tongue, in thefe foft arts untry'd, Can ill fupport the thunder of her pride; When fhe fhall bid me to thy bower repair, How fhall my trembling lips her threats declare ! How fhall I tell thee that fhe could behold, With brow ferene, thy corfe all pale and cold Beat on the dafhing billow ? fhouldft thou go Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below, Near thee the tyrant could unpitying fland, Nor call thee back, nor ftretch a faving hand. Wilt thou then fill perfift to tempt thy fate, To feed her pride and gratify her hate ?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind Oft fhifts her paffions, like th' inconftant wind; Sudden fhe rages, like the troubled main, Now finks the ftorm, and all is calm again. Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart, And the foft tale fhall glide into her heart.

DIONE.

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove, And never hear the tender voice of love.

Let

DFG

18%

Let her awhile, neglected by the fwain, Pass by, nor fighs moleft the chearful plain; Thus shall the fury of her pride be laid; Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my paffion to controul. Is this the balm to cure my fainting foul?

DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood fhades I'll rove, And feek with weary'd pace thy wander'd Love; Proftrate I'll fall, and with inceffant prayers Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears; If fighs of pity can her ear incline, (O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine!) [Afide. I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale, Thy voice more fweet than notes along the vale Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving firain Shall ftay her flight, and conquer her difdain. Yet if fhe hear; fhould love the meffage fpeed, Then dies all hope;—then muft Dione bleed. [Afide.



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D I O N E. . 187

LYCIDAS.

Hafte then, dear faithful fwain. Beneath thofe yews Whofe fable arms the browneft fhade diffufe, Where all around, to fhun the fervent fky, The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie; There with impatience fhall I wait my friend, O'er the wide profpect frequent glances fend To fpy thy wifh'd return. As thou fhalt find A tender welcome, may thy Love be kind !

[Ex. Lycidas.

SCENE VI. DIONE. LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I'm now furrounded by defpair, And all my with'ring hopes are loft in air, Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough Hears through long woods autumnal tempefts blow, With hollow blafts the clafking branches bend, And yellow flow'rs of ruftling leaves defcend ;

She .

She fees the friendly fhelter from her fly, Nor dare her little pinions truft the fky; But on the naked fpray in wintry air, All fhiv'ring, hopelefs, mourns the dying year. What have I promis'd ? rafh, unthinking maid ! By thy own tongue thy wiftes are betray'd !

[LAURA advances.

LAURA.

Why walk'ft thou thus diffurb'd with frantick air ? Why roll thy eyes with madnefs and defpair ?

DIONE.

[Mufing:

How wilt thou bear to fee her pride give way ? When thus the yielding nymph thall bid thee fay,

- · Let not the fhepherd feek the filent grave,
- Say, that I bid him live-if hope can fave.

LAURA.

Hath he difcern'd thee through the fwain's difguife, And now alike thy love and friendship flies ?

DIONE.

Yes. Firm and faithful to the promife made, I'll range each funny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

LAURA.

'Tis Laura speaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where fhall my fearch this envy'd Beauty find ? I'll go, my faithless fhepherd's cause to plead, And with my tears accuse the rival maid. Yet, should her fosten'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If those are all thy fears, Evander's thine.

DIONE.

Why fhould we both in forrow wafte our days? If love unfeign'd my conftant bofom fways, His happiness alone is all I prize, And that is center'd in *Parthenia*'s eyes. Hafte then, with earnest zeal her love implore, To blefs his hours;—when thou fhalt breathe no more.

ACT

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Dione lying on the ground by the fide of a Fountain.

DIONE:

HERE let me reft : and in the liquid glafs View with impartial look my fading face. Why are Parthenia's firiking beauties priz'd? And why Dione's weaker glance defpis'd? Nature in various molds has beauty caft, And form'd the feature for each different tafte : This fighs for golden locks and azure eyes; That, for the glofs of fable treffes, dies. Let all mankind thefe locks, thefe eyes deteft, So I were lovely in Evander's breaft! When o'er the garden's knot we caft our view, While fummer paints the ground with various hue;

Some

Some praife the gaudy tulip's ftreaky red, And fome the filver lilly's bending head; Some the junquil in fhining yellow dreft, And fome the fring'd carnation's varied veft; Some love the fober vielet's purple dyes. Thus beauty fares in different lovers eyes. But bright *Parthenia* like the rofe appears, She in all eyes fuperior luftre bears.

SCENE II.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the filver willow laid, Weeps fair *Dione* in the penfive fhade ? Haft thou yet found the over-arching bower, Which guards *Parthenia* from the fultry hour ?

DIONE.

With weary ftep in paths unknown I ftray'd, And fought in vain the folitary maid.

LAURA.

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LAURA.

Seeft thou the waving tops of yonder woods, Whofe aged arms imbrown the cooling floods ? The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow, And wafh the foil from the big roots below ; From the tall rock the dafhing waters bound. Hark, o'er the fields the rufhing billows found ! There, loft in thought, and leaning on her crook, Stood the fad nymph, nor rais'd her penfive look ; With fettled eye the bubbling waves furvey'd, And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I fpeed, For by this fentence life or death's decreed.

[Exit.



SCENE

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But fee ! fome hafty ftranger bends this way ; His broider'd veft reflects the funny ray : Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien, Now veil'd, in thicker fhades he moves unfeen. Hither he turns ; I hear a mutt'ring found ; Behind this rev'rend oak with ivie bound Quick I'll retire ; with bufy thought poffeft, His tongue betrays the fecrets of his breaft.

[She hides berfelf.

CLEANTHES.

K

The fkilful hunter with experienc'd care Traces the doubles of the circling hare ; The fubtle fox (who breaths the weary hound O'er hills and plains) in diftant brakes is found ; With eafe we track fwift hinds and fkipping roes. But who th' inconflant ways of woman knows ?

Vol. II.

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Jul.

They fay, fhe wanders with the fylvan train, And courts the native freedoms of the plain; Shepherds explain their wifh without offence, Nor blufh the nymphs;—for Love is innocence. O lead me where the rural youth retreat, Where the flope hills the warbling voice repeat. Perhaps on daify'd turf reclines the maid, And near her fide fome rival clown is laid. Yet, yet I love her.—O loft nymph return, Let not thy fire with tears inceflant mourn; Return, loft nymph; bid forrow ceafe to flow, And let *Dione* glad the houfe of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not loft Dione? hence I'll flart, Crofs his flow steps, and fift his op'ning heart. [Afide.

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandring way; Where, in clofe bowers, to fhun the fultry ray, Repofe the fwains; whofe flocks with bleating fill The bord'ring foreft and the thymy hill. But if thou frequent join those fylvan bands, Thy felf can answer what my foul demands.



LAURA.

Seven years I trod thefe fields, thefe bowers, and glades, And by the lefs'ning and the length'ning fhades Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead To funny mountains, or the watry mead: Train'd in the labours of the fylyan crew, Their fports, retreats, their cares and loves I knew.

CLEANTHES.

Inftruct me then, if late among your race, A ftranger nymph is found, of noble grace, In rural arts unfkill'd, no charge fhe tends; Nor when the morn and ev'ning dew defcends Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and drefs The polifh'd manners of the Court confefs.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighb'ring nymphs and fwains To fhare the paftime of our jovial plains; How can I there thy roving beauty trace, Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race?

K 2

CLE-

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CLEANTHES.

If yet the breath, what tortures muft the find ! The curfe of difobedience tears her mind. If e'er your breaft with filial duty burn'd, If e'er you forrow'd when a parent mourn'd; Tell her, I charge you, with inceffant groans Her drooping fire his abfent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy man !

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CLEANTHES.

With forms of paffion toft, When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost, On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung, And with thick blows his hollow bofom rung; Then up he flarted, and with fixt furprife, Upon her picture threw his frantick eyes, While thus he cry'd. In her my life was bound, Warm in each feature is her mother found ! Perhaps defpair has been her fatal guide, And now the floats upon the weeping tide ;

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" Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,

· All pale and cold fhe wavers in the wind.

· Did I not force her hence by harfh commands ?

• Did not her foul abhor the nuptial bands ?

LAURA.

Teach not, ye fires, your daughters to rebell. By counfel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye duteous daughters, truft these tender guides; Nor think a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the fcalding forrows roll; The moving tale runs thrilling to my foul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps fhe wanders in the lonely woods, Or on the fedgy borders of the floods ; Thou know'ît each cottage, foreft, hill and vale, And pebbled brook that winds along the dale. Search each fequefter'd dell to find the fair ; And juft reward fhall gratifie thy care.

K 3

LAURA.

DFG

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LAURA.

O ye kind boughs protect the virgin's flight, And guard *Dione* from his prying fight !

[Afida.

CLEANTHES.

Mean while I'll feek the fhepherd's cool abodes, Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seeft thou yon' mountain rear his fhaggy brow ? In the green valley graze the flocks below : There ev'ry gale with warbling mufick floats, Shade answers shade, and breaths alternate notes. [Ex. Cleanthes.

He's gone; and to the diffant vale is fent, Nor thall his force *Dione's* love prevent. But fee, the comes again with hafty pace, And confcious pleafure dimples on her face,

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid befide the cryftal brook, Nor rais'd fhe from the fiream her fettled look, Till near her fide I ftood; her head fhe rears, Starts fudden, and her fhrieks confeis her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful foul furprife, And kindle fparkling anger in her eyes ?

DIONE.

Thus the reply'd, with rage and fcorn poffett.

- " Will importuning love 1.2'er give me reft?
- " Why am I thus in defarts wild purfu'd,
- · Like guilty confciences when ftain'd with blood ?
- * Sure boding ravens, from the blafted oak,
- * Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,
- To found it in my ears ! As fwains pass by, With look afkance, they fhake their heads and cry,

K 4

- · Lo! this is fhe for whom the fhepherd dy'd !
- " Soon Lycidas, a victim to her pride,

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- " Shall feek the grave; and in the glimm'ring glade,
- " With look all pale, shall glide the restless shade

⁶ Of the poor fwain ; while we with haggard eye ⁶ And briftled hair the fleeting phantom fly.

Still let their curfes innocence upbraid : Heav'n never will forfake the virtuous maid.

LAURA.

Didft thou perfift to touch her haughty breaft ?

DIONE.

She still the more difdain'd, the more I prest.

LAURA.

When you were gone, these walks a ftranger croft, He turn'd through ev'ry path, and wander'd loft; To me he came; with courteous speech demands Beneath what bowers repos'd the shepherd bands; Then further asks me, if among that race A shepherdes was found of courtly grace; With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue essays; But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.

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In

In me Diene's fafe. Far hence he fpeeds, Where other hills refound with other reeds.

DIONE.

Should he come back ; Sufpicion's jealous eyes Might trace my feature through the fwain's difguife. Now ev'ry noife and whiftling wind I dread, And in each found approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He faid, he left your houfe involv'd in cares, Sighs fwell'd each breaft, each eye o'erflow'd with tears; For his loft child thy penfive father mourns, And funk in forrow to the duft returns. Go back, obedient daughter ; hence depart, And fill the fighs that tear his anxious heart. Soon fhall *Evander*, wearied with difdain, Forego thefe fields, and feek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, *Laura*, what thy hafty thoughts perfuade. If I return, to Love a victim made, My wrathful Sire will force his harfh command, And with *Cleanthes* join my trembling hand.

K 5

LAURA.

DFG

LAURA.

Truft a fond father ; raife him from despair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care. On the high nuptials of the Court look round; Where fhall, alas, one happy pair be found ! There marriage is for fervile int'reft fought: Is love for wealth or power or title bought ? 'Tis hence domeftick jars their peace deftroy, And loofe adult'ry fleals the fhameful joy. But fearch we wide o'er all the blifsful plains, Where love alone, devoid of int'reft, reigns. What concord in each happy pair appears ! How fondnefs ftrengthens with the rolling years ! Superior power ne'er thwarts their foft delights, Nor jealous accufations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all those beleffings on Dione fall.

DIONE.

Grant me Ewander, and I share them all.

Shall



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Shall a fond parent give perpetual firife, And doom his child to be a wretch for life ? Though he bequeath'd me all these woods and plains, And all the flocks the russet down contains ; With all the golden harvests of the year, Far as where yonder purple mountains rear ; Can these the broils of nuptial life prevent ? Can these, without *Evander*, give content ? But see, he comes.

LAURA.

Pill to the vales repair, Where wanders by the fiream my fleecy care. Mayft thou the rage of this new flame controul, And wake *Dione* in his tender foul ! [*Ex.* Laura,

K 6

SCENE

DFG

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SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart Kind rays of hope to cheer a doubtful heart? How didft thou firft my pangs of love difclofe? Did her difdainful brow confirm my woes? Or did foft pity in her bofom rife, Heave on her breaft, and languifh in her eyes?

DIONE.

How shall my tongue the fault'ring tale explain ! My heart drops blood to give the shepherd pain.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmoft fcorn ; I come prepar'd 'To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd ?

DIONE.

Why fhould thy fate depend on woman's will ! Forget this tyrant, and be happy fill.

Lyci-

LYCIDAS.

Didft thou befeech her not to fpeed her flight, Nor fhun with wrathful glance my hated fight? Will fhe confent my fighing plaint to hear, Nor let my piercing cries be loft in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appeafe the toffing florm, When foaming waves the yawning deep deform? When o'er the fable cloud the thunder flies, Say, who fhall calm the terror of the fkies? Who fhall the lion's famifh'd roar affwage? And can we ftill proud woman's flronger rage? Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name, Sudden her glances fhot refentful flame: Be dumb, fhe cries, this whining love give o'er, And vex me with the teazing theme no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her fcorn. Can the mean fwain in humble cottage born, Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain, Where avarice and ftrong ambition reign?

If

If Poverty pafs by in tatter'd coat, Curs vex his heels and ftretch their barking throat; If chance he mingle in the female croud, Pride toffes high her head, Scorn laughs aloud; Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant, And wonders at the impudence of Want. 'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind, Love is the weakeft paffion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by those fervile views posses, O Lycidas, condemn not all the reft.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years, And feventy winters thin'd my hoary hairs; Yet if my olive branches dropt with oil, And crooked fhares were brighten'd in my foil, If lowing herds my fat'ning meads poffelf, And my white fleece the tawny mountain dreft; Then would fhe lure me with love-darting glance, Then with fond mercenary finiles advance. Though hell with ev'ry vice my foul had flain'd, And froward anger in my bofom reign'd,

Though
Though avarice my coffers cloath'd in ruft, And my joints trembled with enfeebled luft; Yet were my ancient name with titles great, How would fhe languifh for the gaudy bait? If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend, What virtuous woman can her heart defend.

DIONE.

Conquests, thus meanly bought, men soon despise, And justly slight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS. ,

I know thefe frailties in her breaft refide, Direct her glance and ev'ry action guide. Still let *Alexis*' faithful friendfhip aid, Once more attempt to bend the flubborn maid. Tell her, no bafe-born fwain provokes her fcorn, No clown, beneath the fedgy cottage born; Tell her, for her this fylvan drefs I took, For her my name and pomp of Courts forfook; My lofty roofs with golden fculpture fhine, And my high birth defeends from ancient line.

3

DIONE.

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DIONE.

Love is a facred voluntary fire, Gold never bought that pure, that chafte defire. Who thinks true love for lucre to poffiefs, Shall grafp falfe flatt'ry and the feign'd carefs; Can we believe that mean, that fervile wife, Who vilely fells her dear-bought love for life, Would not her virtue for an hour refign, If in her fight the proffer'd treafure fhine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reason (when by winds fwift fires are born O'er waving harvests of autumnal corn) The driving fury of the flame reprove? Who then fhall reason with a heart in love!

DIONE.

Yet let me fpeak; O may my words perfuade The noble youth to quit this fylvan maid ! Refign thy crook, no more to plains refort, Look round on all the beauties of the Court; There fhall thy merit find a worthy flame, Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.

Think,

DIONE:

Think, if thefe offers fhould thy wifh obtain, And fhould the ruffick beauty floop to gain : Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire, The fudden blaze would in one year expire ; Then thy rafh folly thou too late fhalt chide, To Poverty and bafe-born blood ally'd ; Her vulgar tongue fhall animate the ftrife, And hourly difcord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS. OI CANAG dia nod W

Such is the force thy faithful words impart, That like the galling goad they pierce my heart You think fair virtue in my breaft refides, That honeit truth my lips and actions guides. Deluded fhepherd, could you view my foul, You'd fee it with deceit and treach'ry foul; I'm bafe, perfidious. Ere from Court I came, Love fingled from the train a beauteous dame; The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd, My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd. Why doft thou tremble ?—why thus heave thy fighs ? Why feal the filent forrows from thy eyes ?

· Arecell

DIONE.

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DIONE.

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Sure the foft lamb hides rage within his breaff, And cooing turtles are with have poffeft; When from fo fweet a tongue flow fraud and lies, And those meek looks a perjur'd heart difguise. Ah ! who shall now on faithless man depend ? The treach'rous lover proves as false a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with Dione's love my bofom glow'd, Firm conftancy and truth fincere I vow'd; But fince Partbenia's brighter charms were known, My love, my conftancy and truth are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with confeious anguish flung ? Swift vengeance must o'ertake the perjur'd tongue. The Gods the cause of injur'd love affert, And arm with stubborn pride *Parthenia*'s heart.

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and flate, Stronger ambition will fubdue her hate.

DIONE.

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DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that loft maid, Whofe hourly fighs thy faithlefs oath upbraid! Think you behold her at the dead of night, Plac'd by the glimm'ring taper's paly light, With all your letters fpread before her view, While trickling tears the tender lines bedew 3 Sobbing fhe reads the perj'rys o'er and o'er, And her long nights know peaceful fleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

O falle youth, relent ;

Think fhould Parthenia to thy hopes confent; When Hymen joins your hands, and mufick's voice Makes the glad ecchoes of thy domes rejoice, Then fhall Dione force the crouded hall, Kneel at thy feet, and loud for juffice call : Could you behold her weltring on the ground, The purple dagger reeking from the wound ?

Could

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Could you unmov'd this dreadful fight furvey ? Such fatal fcenes fhall ftain thy bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought finks deep into my foul, And down my cheek unwilling forrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede. Or have you doom'd that guiltlefs maid fhall bleed ?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.-Hafte, feek the fylvan Fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her lift'ning ear, Bid all your peace adieu. O barb'rous youth, Can you forgo your honour, love, and truth? Yet fhould *Parthenia* wealth and title flight, Would juffice then reftore *Dione*'s right? Would you then dry her ever-falling tears ; And blefs with honeft love your future years?

Lyci-



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LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon fhade thy wifh'd return attend; Come, quickly come, and cheer thy fighing friend. [Exit Lycidas:

DIONE.

Should her proud foul refift the tempting bait, Should fhe contemn his proffer'd wealth and flate, Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move, And in his bofom wake the dying love. As the pale wretch involv'd in doubts and fears, All trembling in the judgment-hall appears; So fhall I fland before *Parthenia*'s eyes, For as fhe dooms, *Dione* lives or dies.



ACT

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

LYCIDAS. PARTHENIA, afleep in a bower.

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the ruftling branches move; Breathe foft, ye filent gales, nor wake my Love. Ye fhepherds, piping homeward on the way, Let not the diftant ecchoes learn your lay; Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat, May no loud fhake prolong the fhriller note, Left fhe awake; O fleep, fecure her eyes,' That I may gaze; for if fhe wake, fhe flies. While eafy dreams compose her peaceful foul, What anxious cares within my bosom roll !

If

If tir'd with fighs beneath the beech I lie, And languid flumber close my weeping eye, Her lovely vision rifes to my view, Swift flies the nymph, and fwift would I purfue; I ftrive to call, my tongue has loft its found ; Like rooted oaks, my feet benumm'd are bound ; Struggling I wake. Again my forrows flow, And not one flatt'ring dream deludes my woe. What innocence ! how meek is ev'ry grace ! How fweet the fmile that dimples on her face, Calm as the fleeping feas ! but fhould my fighs Too rudely breathe, what angry forms would rife ! Tho' the fair role with beauteous blufh is crown'd, Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found ; The peach, that with inviting crimfon blooms, Deep at the heart the cank'ring worm confumes; 'Tis thus, alas! those lovely features hide Difdain and anger and refentful pride.

SCENE

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SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatnefs yet o'ercome her hate ? And does the languith for the glitt'ring bait ? Againft the fwain the might her pride fupport. Can the fubdue her fex, and fcorn a Court ? Perhaps in dreams the thining vision charms, And the rich bracelet fparkles on her arms; In fancy'd heaps the golden treafure glows : Parthenia, wake; all this thy fwain beftows.

DIONE. Sleeps fhe in thefe clofe bowers ?

LYCIDAS.

----Lo! there fhe lies.

DIONE. O may no flartling found unfeal her eyes,

And



And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain I trod the winding wood and weary plain. Hence, *Lycidas*; beyond those fhades repose, While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

LYCIDAS.

May I Parthenia to thy friendship owe!

DIONE.

O rather think on loft *Dione*'s woe! Muft fhe thy broken faith for ever mourn, And will that jufter paffion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not ; but go. Her flumbers chafe ; And in her view the bright temptation place.

[Ex. Lycidast

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SCENE

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SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the weftern fkie with golden beams, And the ray kindles on the quiv'ring ftreams; Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food, Now feek the nightly covert of the wood; The tender grafs with dewy cryftal bends, And gath'ring vapour from the heath afcends. Shake off this downy reft; wake, gentle maid, Truft not thy charms beneath the noxious fhade. Parthenia, rife.

PARTHENIA.

What voice alarms my ear ? Away. Approach not. Hah ! Alexis there ! Let us together to the vales defcend, And to the folds our bleating charge attend; But let me hear no more that fhepherd's name, Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.



DIONE.

Can I behold him gafping on the ground, And feek no healing herb to flaunch the wound ? For thee continual fighs confume his heart, 'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding finart. Once more I come the moving caufe to plead, If fill his fuff'rings cannot intercede, Yet let my friendship do his passion right, And show thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark myft'ry are thy words involv'd ? If Lycidas you mean ; know, I'm refolv'd,

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words reftrain. Know then, *Parthenia* flights no vulgar fwain. For thee he bears the fcrip and fylvan crook, For thee the glories of a Court forfook. May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline ! His honours, his poffeflions, all are thine.

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DIONE,

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PARTHENIA.

If he's a Courtier, O ye Nymphs, beware; Thofe who most promife are the least fincere. The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above, And in his pounces bears the trembling dove; The pilf'ring wolf o'er-leaps the fold's defence. But the false Courtier preys on innocence. If he's a Courtier; O ye Nymphs, beware : Thofe who most promife are the least fincere.

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er haft prov'd the fweets of State; Nor known that female pleafure, to be great. 'Tis for the town ripe clufters load the poles, And all our Autumn crowns the Courtier's bowls ; For him our woods the red-ey'd pheafant breed, And annual coveys in our harveft feed ; For him with fruit the bending branch is flor'd, Plenty pours all her bleffings on his board. If (when the market to the city calls) We chance to pafs befide his palace walls, Does not his hall with mufick's voice refound, And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound ?



Such are the pleafures Lycidas shall give, When thy relenting bofom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from fpray to fpray, Who fings a farewell to the parting day; At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down; Is not each bufh, each fpreading tree his own ? And canft thou think he'll quit his native brier, For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire ? What then are honours, pomp and gold to me ? Are those a price to purchafe liberty !

DIONE.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch fhall blaze, And on the folemn rites the virgins gaze ; When thy fair locks with glitt'ring gems are grac'd, And the bright zone fhall fparkle round thy wafte, How will their hearts with envious forrow pine, When Lycidas fhall join his hand to thine !

PARTHENIA.

And yet, *Alexis*, all that pomp and fhow Are oft' the varnish of internal woe,

L 3

When

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When the chafte lamb is from her fifters led, And interwoven garlands paint her head ; The gazing flock, all envious of her pride, Behold her Ikipping by the Prieflefs' fide ; Each hopes the flow'ry wreath with longing eyes ; While fhe, alas ! is led to facrifice ! Thus walks the bride in all her flate array'd, The gaze and envy of each thoughtlefs maid.

DIONE.

As yet her tongue refifts the tempting fnare, And guards my panting bofom from defpair. Can thy ftrong foul this noble flame forego ? Muft fuch a lover wafte his life in woe ?

[Afide,

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I fcorn; not all his art, Not all his flattery fhall feduce my heart. Courtiers, I know, are difciplin'd to cheat, Their infant lips are taught to lifp deceit; To prey on eafy nymphs they range the fhade, And vainly boaft of innocence betray'd; Chafte hearts, unlearn'd in falfehood, they affail, And think our ear will drink the grateful tale;

No.



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No. Lycidas shall ne'er my peace destroy, I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So firong a paffion in my bofom burns, Whene'er his foul is griev'd, *Alexis* mourns ! Canft thou this importuning ardor blame ? Would not thy tongue for friendfhip urge the fame ?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, bleoming fwain. You fhow an honeft mind; I fee it, with the pureft flame refin'd. Who fhall compare love's mean and grofs defire 'To the chafte zeal of friendfhip's facred fire ? By whining love our weaknefs is confeft; But ftronger friendfhip fhows a virtuous breaft. In Folly's heart the fhort-liv'd blaze may glow, Wifdom alone can purer friendfhip know. Love is a fudden blaze which foon decays, Friendfhip is like the fun's eternal rays; Not daily benefits exhauft the flame, It ftill is giving, and ftill burns the fame; And could *Alexis* from his foul remove All the low images of groffer love;

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Such

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Such mild, fuch gentle looks thy heart declare, Fain would my breaft thy faithful friendship share.

DIONE.

How dare you in the diff 'rent fex confide ? And feek a friendship which you ne'er have try'd ?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart. From thy chafte eye no wanton glances dart 3. Thy modeft lips convey no thought impure,. With thee may fricteft virtue walk fecure.

DIONE.

Yet can I fafely on the nymph depend, Whofe unrelenting feorn can kill my friend !:

PARTHENIA.

Accufe me not, who act a generous part ; Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart, Then had his proffers taught my foul to feign, Then had I vilely floopt to fordid gain, Then had I figh'd for honours, pomp and gold, And for unhappy chains my freedom fold.

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If you would fave him, bid him leave the plain, And to his native city turn again ; There, shall his passion find a ready cure, There not one dame refifts the glitt'ring lure:

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain. Alas ! thou only canft affwage his pain !

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS. [Listening.

LYCIDAS.

Why flays Alexis ? can my bofom bear Thus long alternate ftorms of hope and fear ? Yonder they walk ; no frowns her brow difguife, But love confenting fparkles in her eyes ; Here will I liften, here, impatient wait. Spare me, Partbenia, and refign thy hate. [Afide.

LS

PAR-

DI I O N E.

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When Lycidas fhall to the Court repair, Still let Alexis love his fleecy care; Still let him chufe cool grots and fylvan bowers, And let Parthenia fhare his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS. Do May had bella

What do I hear ? my friendship is betray'd ; The treach'rous rival has seduc'd the maid.

[Afide.

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats defcend the fleep, Or where, like winter's fnow, the nibbling fheep Cloath the flope hills ; I'll pafs the cheerful day, And from thy reed my voice fhall catch the lay. But fee, ftill Ev'ning fpreads her dufky wings, The flocks, flow-moving from the mifty fprings, Now feek their fold. Come, fhepherd, let's away, To clofe the lateft labours of the day.

[Excunt hand in hand.

SCENE

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D I. O N E. 227

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire difafters rend? A fcornful miftrefs, and a treach'rous friend ! Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can ; Unlock your bofom to perfidious man. One faithful woman have thefe eyes beheld, And againft her this perjur'd heart rebell'd : But fearch as far as earth's wide bounds extend, Where fhall the wretched find one faithful friend ?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS:

Why ftarts the fwain ? why turn his eyes away, As if amidst his path the viper lay ? L 6

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Did.

Did I not to thy charge my heart confide & Did I not truit thee near *Parthenia*'s fide, As here fhe flept?

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DIONE.

So wak'd Partbenia.

LYCIDAS.

Could thy guarded heart, When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart? Yet on Alexis let my foul depend. 'Tis most ungen'rous to fuspect a friend. And thou, I hope, hast well that name profest.

DIONE.

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O could thy piercing eye difern my breaft ! Could'ft thou the fecrets of my bofom fee, There ev'ry thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

The Him

Lyci-

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LYCIDAS.

Is there, against hypocrify, defence, Who cloaths her words and looks with innocence !

Say, fhepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and flate, Did not her fcorn and fuppled pride abate?

DIONE.

As fparkling di'monds to the feather'd train, Who fcrape the winnow'd chaff in fearch of grain; Such to the fhepherdefs the Court appears: Content fhe feeks, and fpurns those glitt'ring cares.

LYCIDA9.

⁹Tis not in woman grandeur to defpife, ⁹Tis not from Courts, from me alone fhe flies. Did not my paffion fuffer like difgrace, While fhe believ'd me born of fylvan race? Doft thou not think, this proudeft of her kind Has to fome rival fwain her heart refign'd?

DIONE.

No rival shepherd her disdain can move; Her frozen bosom is averse to love.

LYCIDAS,

Afiden

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou fure, that this ungrateful fair Scorns all alike, bids all alike defpair?

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DIONE. Dione.

How can I know the fecrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Anfwer fincere, nor from the quefion flart. Say, in her glance was never love confeft, And is no fwain diftinguish'd from the reft ?

DIONE.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles ceafe; Let not a thought on her diffurb thy peace. May juffice bid thy former paffion wake; Think how *Dione* fuffers for thy fake: Let not a broken oath thy honour flain, Recall thy vows, and feek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means *Alexis*? where's thy friendship flown ? Why am I banish'd to the hateful town ?

Hath

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Hath fome new fhepherd warm'd Parthenia's breaft ? And does my love his am'rous hours moleft ? Is it for this thou bid'ft me quit the plain ? Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'ft this rival fwain. When firft my cheated foul thy friendfhip woo'd, To my warm heart I took the vip'rous brood. O falfe Alexis !

DIONE.

-Why am I accus'd ? Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy bofom fraught with falfe defign ? Didft thou not plead his caufe, and give up mine ? Let not thy tongue evalve anfwer feek; The confcious crimfon rifes on thy cheek : Thy coward confcience, by thy guilt difmay'd, Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O fpare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falsehood to defend.

Sector S

DIONE.

DIONE. Beware, left blind fuspicion rashly blame.

LYCIDAS.

Own thyfelf then the rival of my flame. If this be fhe for whom *Alexis* pin'd, She now no more is to thy vows unkind: Behind the thicket's twifted verdure laid, I witnefs'd every tender thing fhe faid; I faw bright pleafure kindle in her eyes, Love warm'd each feature at thy foft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me fpeak.

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LYCIDAS. —In vain is all defence. Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence? Hafte, from my fight. Rage burns in ev'ry vein;

Never approach my just revenge again.

DIONE.

O fearch my heart ; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS-

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of Truth; long fince the left mankind. So fmooth a tongue ! and yet to falte a heart ! Sure Courts first taught thee fawning friendship's art I No. Thou art false by nature.

DIONE.

----Let me clear This heavy charge, and prove my truft fincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boaft then her favours; fay, what happy hour Next calls to meet her in th' appointed bower; Say, when and where you met.

DIONE.

-Be rage fuppreft.

In ftabbing mine, you wound *Parthenia*'s breaft. She faid, fhe ftill defy'd Love's keeneft dart; Yet purer friendship might divide her heart, Friendship's fincerer bands she wish'd to provet

LYCIDAS.

DIONE,

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LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendship ever ends in love. Think not these foolish tales my faith command; Did not I fee thee press her showy hand? O may her passion like thy friendship last! May she betray thee ere a day be pass? Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my sight, And thus I spurn the fawning hypocrite.

[Ex. Lycidas.

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine ! O wretched maid ! My friendfhip wrong'd ! my conftant love betray'd ! Misfortune haunts my fteps where'er I go, And all my days are overcaft with woe. Long have I ftrove th' increasing load to bear, Now faints my foul, and finks into defpair. O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell, In whose brown cliffs the fowls of darkness dwell ;

Where

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Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall, Shall lull my forrows with the tinkling fall. There, feek thy grave. How canft thou bear the light, When banifh'd ever from *Evander*'s fight !

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows ? Does the proud nymph accept *Evander*'s vows ?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with these new pangs oppress 1 Again he tears me from his faithless breass : A perjur'd Lover first he fought these plains, And now my friendship like my love difdains. As I new offers to *Parthenia* made, Conceal'd he stood behind the woodbine shade. He fays, my treach'rous tongue his heart betray'd, That my false speeches have mis-led the maid;

With

With groundless fear he thus his foul deceives; What frenzy dictates, jealoufy believes.

LAURA.

Refign thy crook, put off this manly veft, And let the wrong'd *Dione* fland confeft; When he fhall learn what forrows thou haft born, And find that nought relents *Parthenia*'s forn, Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

--No, Laura, no. Should I, alas ! the fylvan drefs forego, Then might he think that I her pride foment, 'That injur'd love inftructs me to refent; Our fecret enterprize might fatal prove : Man flies the plague of perfecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid Parthenia; left his rage grow warm, And jealoufy refolve fome fatal harm.

DIONE.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find, Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;

Should

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Should I once more his awful prefence feek, The filent tears would bathe my glowing cheek; By rifing fighs my fault'ring voice be flay'd, And trembling fear too foon confefs the maid. Hafte, *Laura*, then; his vengeful foul affwage, Tell him, I'm guiltlefs; cool his blinded rage; Tell him that truth fincere my friendfhip brought, Let him not cherifh one fufpicious thought. Then to convince him, his diftruft was vain, I'll never, never fee that nymph again. This way he went.

LAURA.

-See, at the call of night, The flar of evining fheds his filver light High o'er yon weftern hill: the cooling gales Fresh odours breathe along the winding dales; Far from their home as yet our shepherds stray, To close with chearful walk the fultry day. Methinks from far I hear the piping swain; Hark, in the breeze now swells, now finks the strain! Thither I'll seek him.

DIONE,

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DIONE.

While this length of glade Shall lead me penfive through the fable fhade ; Where on the branches mumur rufhing winds, Grateful as falling floods to love-fick minds. O may this path to Death's dark vale defcend ! There only, can the wretched hope a friend.

[Ex. Severally.

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

A Wood.

DIONE, CLEANTHES, (who lies wounded in a diftant part of the flage.)

DIONE:

THE moon ferene now climbs th' aerial way; See, at her fight ten thoufand flars decay: With trembling gleam fhe tips the filent grove, While all beneath the chequer'd fhadows move. Turn back thy filver axles, downward roll, Darknefs beft fits the horrors of my foul. Rife, rife, ye douds; the face of heav'n deform, Veil the bright Goddefs in a fable florm: O look not down upon a wretched maid ! Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,

And

And light his wand'ring footsteps to the bower, Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour. Yet thou haft feen unhappy love, like mine ; Did not thy lamp in heav'n's blue forehead fhine, When Thiffe fought her love along the glade? Didft thou not then behold the gleaming blade, And gild the fatal point that flabb'd her breaft ? Soon I, like her, shall feek the realms of reft. Let groves of mournful yew a wretch furround ! O footh my ear with melancholy found ! The village curs now ftretch their yelling throat. And dogs from diftant cotts return the note : The rav'nous wolf along the valley prowls, And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls. But hark ! what fudden noife advances near ? Repeated groans alarm my frighted car !

CLEANTHES.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the glade. A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy firanger, how you bled; Collect thy fpirits, raife thy drooping head.

[Cleanthes raises himself on his arm.

0

O horrid fight! *Cleanthes* gafping lies ; And Death's black fhadows float before his eyes. Unknown in this difguife, I'll check my woe, And learn what bloody hand has ftruck the blow. [Afide. Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds, What led thee hither ? whence thefe purple wounds ?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may firength a-while prevail, Left my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale. Ere the fireak'd Eaft grew warm with amber ray, I from the city took my doubtful way, Far o'er the plains I fought a beauteous maid, Who from the Court, in thefe wide forefts firay'd, Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain, Try'd.ev'ry path, and op'ning glade, in vain; A band of thieves, forth-rufhing from the wood, Unfheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood; Deep in my breaft the barb'rous fteel is dy'd, And purple hands the golden prey divide. Hence are thefe mangling wounds. Say, gentle fwain, If thou haft known among the fylvan train The vagrant nymph I feek ?

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DIONE.

-----What mov'd thy care, Thus, in these pathless wilds to search the fair ?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove, Ye Naiads, who the moffy fountains love, Ye happy fwains, who range the paftures wide, Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks befide ; If my laft gafping breath can pity move, If e'er ye knew the pangs of flighted love, Show her, I charge you, where *Cleanthes* dy'd ; The grafs yet reeking with the fanguine tide. A father's power to me the virgin gave, But fhe difdain'd to live a nuptial flave; So fled her native home.

DIONE.

CLE-

DFG

"Tis then from thee Springs the foul fource of all her mifery. Could'ft thou, thy felfifk appetite to pleafe, Condemn to endlefs woes another's peace ?
CLEANTHES.

O fpare me; nor my haplefs love upbraid, While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid ! Go, feek her, guide her where *Cleanthes* bled; When fhe furveys her lover pale and dead, Tell her, that fince fhe fled my hateful fight, Without remorfe I fought the realms of night. Methinks I fee her view thefe poor remains, And on her cheek indecent gladnefs reigns. ! Full in her prefence cold *Cleanthes* lies, And not one tear flands trembling in her eyes ! O let a figh my haplefs fate deplore ! *Cleanthes* now controuls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How shall my lids confine these rising woes?

Afide.

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CLEANTHES.

O might I fee her, ere Death's finger clofe Thefe eyes for ever ! might her foften'd breaft Forgive my love with too much ardor preft ! Then I with peace could yield my lateft breath.

M 2

DI-

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DIONE.

Shall I not calm the fable hour of death, And fhow my felf before him !—Hah ! he dies. See, from his trembling lip the fpirit flies ! [Afide. Stay yet awhile. Dione flands confest. He knows me not. He faints, he finks to reft.

CLEANTHES. C. LANDING

Tell her, fince all my hopes in her were loft, That death was welcome-

2

[Dies:

DIONE: Mad im della tel O

What fudden gufts of grief my bofom rend ! A parent's curfes o'er my head impend For difobedient vows; O wretched maid, Thofe very vows *Evander* hath betray'd. See, at thy feet *Cleanthes* bath'd in blood ! For love of thee he trod this lonely wood; Thou art the cruel authrefs of his fate; He falls by thine, thou, by *Evander*'s hate. When fhall my foul know reft ? *Cleanthes* flain No longer fighs and weeps for thy difdain.

Thou

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D10-

Thou fill art curft with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed. How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed ! My troubled brain with sudden frenzy burns, And shatter'd thought now this now that way turns. What do I fee thus glitt'ring on the plains ? Hah ! the dread fword yet warm with crimson stains ! [Takes up the dagger.]

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour. This path directs me to my fylvan bower.

DIONE.

Why is my foul with fudden fear difmay'd ? Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade ? O ftring my arm with force ! [Afide.

PARTHENIA.

Methought a noife Broke through the filent air, like human voice. [Afide.

M 3

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DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow fhall all my pangs remove, Grafp firm the fatal steel, and cease to love.

Afide.

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas *Alexis*. Hah ! a fword difplay'd! The fireaming luftre darts a crofs the fhade.

[Afide.

DIONE.

May Heav'n new vigour to my foul impart, Aud guide the defp'rate weapon to my heart!

[Afide.

PARTHENIA.

May I the meditated death arreft! [Holds Dione's hand. Strike not, rafh fhepherd; fpare thy guiltlefs breaft. O give me firength to ftay the threaten'd harm, And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm !

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow ? In giving life, you but prolong my woe. O may not thus th' expected flroke impend ! Unloofe thy grafp, and let fwift death defcend.

But

But if yon' murder thy red hands hath dy'd ; Here. Pierce me deep ; let forth the vital tide.

[Dione quits the dagger.

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PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes: My virgin hand no purple murder dyes. Turn then, *Alexis*; and *Parthenia* know, 'Tis the protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Muft the night watches by my fighs be told ? And muft thefe eyes another morn behold. Through dazling floods of tears ? ungen'rous maid, The friendly flroke is by thy hand delay'd; Call it not mercy to prolong my breath; 'Tis but to torture me with lingring death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part ? Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy heart ? Is that thy friend who lies before thee flain ? Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain ? Is't Lycidas ?

M 4

DIONE.

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DIONE.

----No. I the ftranger found, Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound. He faid ; as at the rofy dawn of day, He from the city took his vagrant way, A murd'ring band pour'd on him from the wood, Firft feiz'd his gold, then bath'd their fwords in blood.

PARTHENIA.

You, whole ambition labours to be great, Think on the perils which on riches wait. Safe are the fhepherd's paths ; when fober Even Streaks with pale light the bending arch of heaven, From danger free, through defarts wild he hies, The rifing fmoak far o'er the mountain fpies, Which marks his diftant cottage ; on he fares, For him no murd'rers lay their nightly fnares ; They pals him by, they turn their fleps away : Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey. At home he lies fecure in eafy fleep, No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep ; No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold, And drag him to detect the buried gold ;

Nor

Nor flarts he from his couch aghaft and pale, When the door murmurs with the hollow gale. While he, whofe iron coffers ruft with wealth, Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth ; Treach'ry with lurking pace frequents his walks, And clofe behind him horrid Murder flalks. "Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold, There lies a bleeding facrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares, And journey through a tedious vale of tears. Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown; And I, like him, no more had forrow known.

PARTHENIA

When anguifh in the gloomy bofom dwells, The counfel of a friend the cloud difpells. Give thy breaft vent, the fecret grief impart, And fay what woe lies heavy at thy heart. To fave thy life kind Heav'n has fuccour fent, The Gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

M 5

DIONE,

DFG

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DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power; Thou only canft defer the welcome hour. When you the lifted dagger turn'd afide, Only one road to death thy force deny'd; Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high, Deep in whofe fhadow craggy ruins lie, Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe, And dafh out life againft the flints below? Are there not ftreams, and lakes, and rivers wide, Where my laft breath may bubble on the tide ? No. Life fhall never flatter me again, Nor fhall to-morrow bring new fighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burthen of thy foul relieve, And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

If thou wilt comfort give; Plight me thy word, and to that word be just; When poor *Alexis* shall be laid in dust,

That

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That pride no longer shall command thy mind, That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind. I know his virtue worthy of thy breast. Long in thy love may *Lycidas* be blest !

PARTHENIA.

That fwain (who would my liberty controul) To pleafe fome fhort-liv'd transport of his foul) Shows, while his importuning flame he moves, That 'tis not me, himfelf alone he loves. O live, nor leave him by misfortune preft; 'Tis fhameful to defert a friend diffreft.

DIONE,

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove, Would kind Parthenia listen to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy bofom this myflerious grief? Eafe thy o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breaft, With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redreft ?

6

Let

252 D I O N E.

Let in my heart the fatal fecret die, Nor call up forrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS,

LYCIDAS.

If Laura right direct the darkfome ways, Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays.

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek. O would my throbbing fighs my heart firings break ! Why was my breaft the lifted flroke deny'd ? Muft then again the deathful deed be try'd ? Yes. 'Tis refolv'd. [Snatches the dagger from Parthenia.

> PARTHENIA. ——Ah, hold; forbear, forbear?

LYCIDAS. Methought Diffrefs with fhrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

[Afide.



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Strike not. Ye Gods, defend him from the wound !

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the found. Some fylvan ravifher would force the maid, And Laura fent me to her virtue's aid. Die, villain, die; and feek the fhades below.

> [Lycidas Inatches the dagger from Dione, and stabs her.

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I blefs thee for the blow-

LYCIDAS.

Since Heav'n ordain'd this arm thy life fhould guard, O hear my vows ! be love the just reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let vengeance, with her fwiftest speed O'ertake thy flight, and recompence the deed ! Why stays the thunder in the upper sky ? Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:

On

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On thee may all the wrath of heav'n defcend, Whofe barb'rous hand hath flain a faithful friend. Behold Alexis !

LYCIDAS.

-Would that treach'rous boy Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy ? What rous'd his paffion to this bold advance? Did e'er thy eyes confeis one willing glance? I know, the faithless youth his truft betray'd ; And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. Raifing herself on her arm.

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade? Hah ! is it he who holds the reeking blade ! There needed not or poifon, fword, or dart; Thy faithlefs vows, alas ! had broke my heart. [Afide.

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PARTHENIA.

O tremble, fhepherd, for thy rafh offence, The fword is dy'd with murder'd innocence! His gentle foul no brutal paffion feiz'd, Nor at my bofom was the dagger rais'd;

Self-

Self-murder was his aim ; the youth I found Whelm'd in defpair, and flay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what mifchiefs is the lover led, Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head! O may he ne'er bewail this defperate deed, And may, unknown, unwept, *Dione* bleed!

[Afide.

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LYCIDAS.

What horrors on the guilty mind attend ! His conficience had reveng'd an injur'd friend, Hadit thou not held the froke. In death he fought To lofe the heart-confuming pain of thought. Did not the fmooth tongu'd boy perfidious prove, Plead his own paffion, and betray my love ?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know; Left his rafh transport, to revenge the blow, Should in his dearer heart the dagger flain ! That wound would pierce my foul with double pain.

> [Afide. PARTHE-

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold) With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendfhip true? Then I'm a wretch. All peace of mind, adieu t If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein, Alexis, fpeak; unclose those lids again. [Flings himfelf on the ground near Dione.

See at thy feet the barb'rous villain kneel ! 'Tis Lycidas who grafps the bloody fteel, Thy once lov'd friend.—Yet ere I ceafe to live, Canft thou a wretched penitent forgive ?

DIONE.

When low beneath the fable mould I reft, May a fincerer friendship share thy breast ! Why are those heaving groans ? (ah ! cease to weep !) May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep ; Let this fad tale no speaking stone declare, From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.



Let o'er my grave the lev'lling plough-fhare pafs, Mark not the fpot; forget that e'er I was. Then may'ft thou with *Parthenia*'s love be bleft, And not one thought on me thy joys moleft! My fwimming eyes are over-power'd with light, And dark'ning fhadows fleet before my fight, May'ft thou be happy ! ah ! my foul is free. [Dies.

LYCIDAS.

O cruel fhepherdefs, for love of thee [70 Parthenia. This fatal deed was done.

> SCENE the laft. Lycidas, Parthenia, Laura.

> > LAURA. — Alexis flain!

LYCIDAS. Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimfon flain !

My

My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd. O may the moon her filver beauty hide In rolling clouds! my foul abhors the light; Shade, fhade the murd'rer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival shepherd is before thee laid ; There bled the chasses, the fincerest maid That ever sigh'd for love. On her pale face, Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace Of thy once dear *Dione*? with wan care Sunk are those eyes, and livid with despair !

LYCIDAS.

Dione !

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LAURA.

-There pure conftancy lies dead !

LYCIDAS.

May heav'n fhower vengeance on this perjur'd head ! As the dry branch that withers on the ground, So, blafted be the hand that gave the wound !



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Off; hold me not. This heart deferves the ftroke; 'Tis black with treach'ry. Yes: the vows are broke [Stabs him/elf. Which I fo often fwore. Vain world adieu !

Though I was falle in life, in death I'm true. [Dies.

LAURA.

To-morrow shall the funeral rites be paid, And these Love victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There shall the yew her sable branches spread, And mournful cypress rear her sringed head,

LAURA.

From thence shall thyme and myrtle fend perfume, And laural ever-green o'ershade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood, Where fireams the purple grafs with lovers blood; Come to my bower. And as we forrowing go, Let poor *Dione*'s flory feed my woe

With

260 D. I O N E,

With heart-relieving tears.----

LAURA. [Pointing to Dione, ——Unhappy maid, Had'ft thou a parent's juft command obey'd, Thou yet hadft liv'd.—But who fhall Love advife ? Love fcorns command, and breaks all other ties. Henceforth, ye fwains, be true to vows profeft; For certain vengeance flrikes the perjur'd breaft.

F I N I S.

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