

# PASTORALS.

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BY ALEXANDER POPE.  
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PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.

*Palace-street, Manchester.*

Sold by T. KNOTT, No. 47, Lombard-street;  
and CHAMPANTE & WHITROW, Jewry-street, London.

1793.





## PASTORALS.

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I.

SPRING: OR, DAMON.

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TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,  
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:  
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy sacred spring,  
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;  
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,  
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,  
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,  
And carrying with you all the world can boast,  
To all the world illustriously are lost!  
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,  
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:  
So when the nightingale to rest removes,  
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,  
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,  
And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,  
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,  
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,  
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:  
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,  
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

*Daph.* Hear how the birds on every blooming spray  
With joyous music wake the dawning day!  
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,  
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,  
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

*Streph.* Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain.  
While yon' slow oxen turn'd the furrow'd plain.  
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;  
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.

I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,  
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

*Daph.* And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,  
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:  
Four figures rising from the work appear,  
The various seasons of the rolling year;  
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,  
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

*Dam.* Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,  
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;  
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;  
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

*Streph.* Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,  
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:  
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,  
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

*Daph.* O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,  
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:  
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,  
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;  
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,  
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

*Daph.* The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;  
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;  
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

*Streph.* O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,  
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;  
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,  
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

*Daph.* Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;  
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:  
 If Windsor shades delights the matchless maid,  
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

*Stroph.* All Nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,  
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;  
 If Delia smile the flow'rs begin to spring,  
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

*Daph.* All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and  
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air; [fair,  
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,  
 And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

*Stroph.* In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,  
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,  
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,  
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

*Daph.* Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:  
 E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;  
 But bless'd with her, 't is spring throughout the year.

*Stroph.* Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,  
 A wond'rous tree, that sacred Monarchs bears?  
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,  
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

*Daph.* Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields  
 The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:  
 And then a nobler prize I will resign;  
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

*Dam.* Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree  
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.  
 Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;  
 Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!  
 Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,  
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;  
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,  
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.  
 For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,  
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.



## II.

*SUMMER: OR, ALEXIS.*

TO DR. GARTH.

A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)  
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,  
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,  
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.  
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,  
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,  
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,  
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,  
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;  
 Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,  
 From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,  
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,  
 To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,  
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.  
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,  
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?  
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,  
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.  
 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,  
 While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.

Where stray, ye Muses! in what lawn or grove,  
 While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?  
 In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,  
 Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As in the crystal spring I view my face,  
 Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;  
 But since those graces please thy eyes no more,  
 I shun the fountains which I sought before.  
 Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,  
 And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;  
 Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,  
 To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,  
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:  
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,  
 Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.  
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath  
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:  
 He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same  
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:  
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,  
 For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.  
 Oh! were I made by some transforming power  
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!  
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ  
 And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,  
 Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:  
 The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,  
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!  
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,  
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.  
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,  
 And in one garland all their beauties join;  
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,  
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!  
 Descending gods have found Elysium here.  
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,  
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.  
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,  
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs:



When weary reapers quit the sultry field,  
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.  
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,  
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.  
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,  
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.  
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,  
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!  
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,  
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:  
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,  
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.  
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,  
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!  
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,  
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.  
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,  
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,  
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,  
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!  
But see the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,  
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,  
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;  
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?  
But soon the sun with milder rays descends  
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:  
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,  
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.





## III.

## AUTUMN: OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.



TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,  
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;  
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,  
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.  
 Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring,  
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,  
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;  
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,  
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms,  
 Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,  
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,  
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;  
 When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,  
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!  
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.  
 As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,  
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;  
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,  
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!  
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;  
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;  
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.



Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,  
 Ye Birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,  
 Ye Trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,  
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!  
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:  
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,  
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.  
 What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,  
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!  
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,  
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!  
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,  
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,  
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.  
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,  
 Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,  
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!  
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?  
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,  
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.  
 Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!  
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?  
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,  
 And cease, ye Gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;  
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!  
 Of perjurd Doris, dying I complain:  
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,  
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:  
 While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,  
 In their loose traces from the field retreat:  
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,  
 And the fleet shades glide e'er the dusky green.

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Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!  
 Beneath yon' poplar oft' we pass'd the day:  
 Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,  
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:  
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;  
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!  
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;  
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,  
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;  
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:  
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!  
 The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—  
 Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,  
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?  
 Pan came and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,  
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?  
 What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move!  
 And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strains!  
 I 'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;  
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,  
 Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but Love!  
 I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,  
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tygers fed,  
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,  
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!  
 Farewell, ye Woods, adieu the light of day!  
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,  
 No more, ye Hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,  
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,  
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,  
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

## IV.

## WINTER: OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

*Lycidas.*

Thyrsis! the music of that murm'ring spring  
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;  
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,  
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces ly,  
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,  
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,  
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

*Thyr.* Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,  
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.  
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,  
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?  
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,  
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

*Lyc.* So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,  
And swell the future harvest of the field.  
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,  
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"  
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,  
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

*Thyr.* Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;  
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:  
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,  
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;  
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,  
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

“ Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,  
 “ Fair Daphne 's dead, and love is now no more!”

'T is done; and Nature's various charms decay,  
 See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!  
 Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,  
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.  
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories ly,  
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.  
 Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?  
 Fair Daphne 's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,  
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,  
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,  
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;  
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,  
 Silent, or only to her name replies;  
 Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,  
 Now Daphne 's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,  
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;  
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,  
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.  
 The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,  
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;  
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!  
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,  
 Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;  
 No more the birds shall imitate her lays,  
 Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:  
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,  
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,  
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,  
 Fair Daphne 's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,  
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;  
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,  
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;



The silver flood, so lately calm, appears  
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;  
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,  
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high  
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!  
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,  
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!  
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,  
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,  
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,  
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

*Lyc.* How all things listen while thy Muse complains!  
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,  
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze  
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.  
To thee, bright Goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,  
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.  
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,  
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

*Thyr.* But see, Orion sheds unwholsome dews;  
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;  
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,  
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.  
Adieu, ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and Groves;  
Adieu, ye Shepherds' rural Lays and Loves;  
Adieu, my Flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan Crew;  
Daphne, farewell; and all the World adieu!

END OF POPE'S PASTORALS.

