

Song.

I generously consent,
it as well as Ornament.

SONG.

obliging Youths,
in see,
both appear;
stfancy.

my Proud Resolves,
arms,
my self to be;
arms.

or, reverse my Fate,
ove elsewhere,
you'd Translate;
s Fair.

his fond Amour,
those,
and make him kind;
he's chose.

Erato

*Erato the Amorous Muse on the
Death of John Dryden, Esq.*

IN the wisht Clofe of Evening's welcome gloom,
My longing steps reacht an inviting Bloom;
Whose untrod Paths the fadning Cypres grac't,
And in small Plats were softer Myrtles plac't.
The lofty Cedars with extended Arms,
Twine to keep off the force of roughest Storms;
And numerous tow'ring Arbourets they made,
The solemn Glory of the pleasing Shade:
On verdant Moss, Nature's rich cloth of State,
By a clear thrilling Stream supine I fate:
Upon my Hand my thoughtful Head reclin'd,
Sad soft Ideas entertain'd my Mind,
And I to *sing* some Lovers fate inclin'd;
But strait *Erato*, whom I did invoke,
Forbid my Choice, her Speech abruptly broke,
At last in Sighs the Interdiction spoke.
Ye shall no more write tender moving Strains,
To please the Nymphs and melt the wishing Swains
But to the World my Sorrows you shall tell,
How I have *griev'd* since the lost Heroe fell,
My darling *Dryden* whom I lov'd so well.

He

92 Erato the Amorous Muse, &c.

He who has done such Glories to my Name,
 Immortal as my self has made my Fame;
 Watchful as Lovers I first saw his Fate
 With raging Sounds *Parnassus* loss relate.
 Call'd all my Sisters with my frantick Cries,
 And every God to *Join* in th' *Obsequies*,
 With Tears made *Helycon* brackish as the Seas.
 Like a deserted Maid in Wild Despair,
 I tore my Myrtle Wreath and flowing Hair,
 My Mantle rent and Shatter'd in the Air;
 Then in loose *Cypris* vail'd my useles Charms,
 Sight till I turn'd our *Aether* into Storms.
 No more I'll wanton on our Mountains brow,
 Nor curious Pains upon my Locks bestow;
 In amorous Folds my *Rosely* Mantle twine,
 And sooth soft Languishments in airs Divine:
 But careless throw me in some dusky Shade,
 Which Willows, *Cypress*, *Yew* has awful made,
 There to my *Votress* *Eccho* I'll complain,
 Whose Complaisance reverberates again,
 My piercing Groans thro' every Wood and Plain.
 Thus I and she in an Eternal round,
 Will my celestial Grieffs for *Dryden's* Death resound.
Dryden, who with such Ardour did invoke,
 'That I thro' him my greatest Raptures spoke.
 Whif-

Erato th

Whisper'd a thou
 Till he writ Lay
 Oft I for Ink did
 And gave him Q
 Whose gentle for
 As if they'd beer
 Warm'd every H
 And in the nicef
 Such Lustre still
 It was both Irrel
 With what celest
 The pristine Joy
 When in the blo
 With amorous S
 Smiling on flow
 The ardent You
 In his soft Lines
 To hear *their* love
 When *Cleopatra's*
 How Nobly *Anti*
 Dissolv'd in her k
 For Love's soft Jo
 Such Realms of B
 Sighing fond Vov

Amorous Muse, &c.

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Erato the Amorous Muse, &c. 93

Whisper'd a thousand tender melting Things,
Till he writ Lays moving as *Orpheus* strings.
Oft I for Ink did radiant *Nectar* bring,
And gave him Quills from infant *Cupid's* Wing:
Whose gentle force did as *Victorious* prove,
As if they'd been th' immortal Shafts of Love.
Warm'd every Breast with a surprizing Fire,
And in the nicest tenderest Thoughts inspire;
Such Lustre still grac't his magnetick Line,
It was both Irresistless and Divine.
With what celestial Cadence doth he tell,
The pristine Joys of Love, e'er Mankind fell;
When in the blooming Grove the first kind Pair,
With amorous Sighs fan'd the ambrosial Air:
Smiling on flowry Banks supinely laid,
The ardent Youth prest the unblushing Maid.
In his soft Lines such Extacies they Boast,
To hear *their* loves Rivals the Bliss they lost;
When *Cleopatra's* Passion he adorns,
How Nobly *Anthony* the Empire scorns:
Dissolv'd in her kind Arms transported lay,
For Love's soft Joy, gave the rough Crown away.
Such Realms of Bliss the Hero there possest,
Sighing fond Vows on her returning Breast;
Who

Delia to Phraartes, &c.

Who reads their Languishments their Passions feel,
Intranc't in Joys too exquisite to tell.

When an incestuous Flame his Theme has been,
He almost *charms* us to forgive the Sin.

My favourite *Ovid's* strains I did improve,
And taught my *Dryden* tenderer *Arts* of Love;

Such Arts had our addressing *Phæbus* known,
Daphne, tho' coy, had not Unconquer'd flown,
But brought the Hero forth, and not their Crown.
He so advanc'd whatever I bestow'd,
I was Love's Muse, but he himself the God.

Delia to Phraartes on his mistake of three
Ladies writing to him.

SA Y, noble Youth, thou Glory of the Stage,
Gay soft Delight of the admiring Age;
What would'st thou give thou didst thy *Delia*
(know,
Or that the Nymph who writ the Billet Deau,
Could have oblig'd you with Heroicks too?
To purchase your Esteem they all agreed,
And tho' one Scroul, 'twas a Tripartite Deed.

Me-

Methinks in you I re
Like him employ'd
In his Disguise he ru
But you brave You
Your Power by neit
Your own are all ob
Wit Fortune, Beau
Each with your Appl
For the charm'd Ny
As did the three con
That bless'd young
With the nice Choi
They would appear
But are more caution
Besides they are reso
They've only yet the
And entertain'd you
But beg you would
For they resolve to
May the soft Riddle
Lest the neglected bl
Should they divide; t
Were they Celestial
Yes, lovely Youth, th
Deserve not only wh
Ere Nature form'd y