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## *DAMON AND PHILANDER.*

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DAMON.

**T**HE sun with keenness darts his fultry  
ray ;

To some cool shade Philander haste away,  
Nigh yon smooth riv'let, where the southern  
breeze

So softly plays among the bord'ring trees.  
Beneath yon spreading elm let's rest a while,  
And with our songs the tedious hours beguile:  
There will I tune my pipe to Delia's praise,  
While ev'ry swain's attentive to my lays.

PHILANDER.

O Damon ! how insipid is thy theme?  
Philander's sick of thy lov'd Delia's name :  
Nor can the fairest nymph enslave my heart;  
Man's soul was form'd to act a nobler part.



This gewgaw train can ne'er my thoughts  
employ ;

Such would dispel but can't augment my joy.  
I'll sing the beauties of the breathing spring,  
The treasures Autumn to my barns will  
bring.

To notes of transport ever tune my reed,  
While on the plains my num'rous flocks I  
feed.

## DAMON.

Let Damon's breast such trivial joys disdain ;  
What though my flocks o'erspread the wide  
domain ?

What though my barns were with abundance  
stor'd,

And gen'rous nectar ever grac'd my board ?  
Nor honour, riches, though their force unite,  
In Delia's absence ever can delight.

O Delia ! sweeter than the op'ning dawn,  
More bright than rays that cheer the dewy  
lawn.

Her sparkling eye the orient gem outshines,  
Or brightest lustre of Golanda's mines :



Her cheeks of roseate hue, her flaxen hair,  
In easy curls, waves gently in the air.  
Her coral lips ambrosial sweets retain;  
She rivals Juno in her air and mien;  
She far exceeds what ancient painters drew,  
When fancy's flights the Cyprian queen  
pursue.

Such excellence might grace a prince's arms;  
Yet this must yield to her interior charms.  
In her fair bosom virtue bears the sway;  
There wisdom sheds a pure unmingl'd ray.  
Truth, innocence, and modesty combine  
T' adorn her mind, where all perfections  
shine:

Apollo's wit does to the maid belong;  
Her voice more charming than the Syren's  
song.

## PHILANDER.

Hold, hold, dear Damon, sure too much is said;  
Your Delia's then a most bewitching maid:  
As blind men judge of colours, so you trace  
The matchless beauties of her charming face,



Recount her virtues, and, with partial eyes,  
Admire in her what others would despise.  
A sad delirium fure has seiz'd thy brain,  
Which makes thee fancy what the poets  
    feign,  
Of love, and such like vain fantastic whims;  
'Tis wild chimera all, and idle dreams.

## D A M O N.

And dost thou doubt of such a thing as love?  
If once thy breast, like mine, the smart  
    should prove,  
More than is painted by the poet's art,  
In genuine colours will affect thy heart.  
But wherefore now contemn my rural lays?  
Thy notes were swell'd once with Lucretia's  
    praise!  
Does she thy favours treat with disrespect,  
Which makes thee now all other maids ne-  
    glect!

## P H I L A N D E R.

Lucretia still appears in all her charms,  
A match most fitting for Philander's arms.



What she possesses yields most solid joy,  
Since bags of wealth my pleasures ne'er can  
cloy.

These beauties catch; they set my heart on  
fire;

Her farm, her flocks, are all I do admire:  
Her darts are powerful, of a yellowish hue,  
More fierce than those the fam'd Alcides  
threw.

Her striking beauty in full bloom appears,  
At the dull period of full fifty years:  
Then Delia will no admiration claim,  
But dear Lucretia ever is the same.

## D A M O N.

For this you love her; now I truly find,  
That none but gilded cords your heart can  
bind;

Nor wit nor beauty can obtain your vow;  
At Mammon's shrine you still devoutly bow.

## P H I L A N D E R.

Vain would th' attempts of either be to hold  
My am'rous heart, without the force of gold:



Beauty an empty trifle still I deem,  
A childish toy, unworthy of esteem.  
Its gaudy foliage may attract the eye;  
But as the tulip it will fade and die:  
The glowing cheek enamour'd fops may prize,  
But men of sense can ruby lips despise.  
And what is wit? a giddy flutt'ring thing,  
Which can no real satisfaction bring.  
A thousand ills attend his wretched life,  
Whose dear companion is a witty wife:  
Still she is right, and ever in the wrong,  
Such elocution dwells upon her tongue.  
But if assisted by the Muse's skill,  
He sure may dread the poison of her quill;  
She with keen satire lashes all around,  
And with the rest her husband feels the  
wound.

Should poverty, by sudden threats alarm,  
Can wit with all its power now prove a charm?  
The fairest flowers Parnassus ere could boast,  
Yield to the treasures of the golden coast.  
The maid who comes fraught with that pre-  
cious ore,  
Brings virtue, wit, and beauty all in store;



This gives the palid cheek a crimson glow,  
 The tawny skin the tincture of the snow.  
 This makes the dwarf complete in ev'ry part:  
 She wounds most sure who throws the golden dart.

Short of one foot, distorted of one eye,  
 Struck by its lustre, no defects I spy.

## D A M O N.

Thus does Philander waste his wits to prove  
 A happy marriage destitute of love:  
 Gold, cursed gold, the bane of ev'ry bliss,  
 Thy *summum bonum*, all thy happiness.  
 Say, to what purpose do thy words avail?  
 Beauty and wit to give us joy may fail.  
 Wit cease to please, and beauty may decay,  
 Riches make wings and swiftly fly away;  
 Depriv'd of all, what will Philander say? }  
 But to secure thee of thy darling's charms,  
 Go to the mines, and lodge within her arms;  
 Enfold thy mistress in a fond embrace,  
 For ever banish'd from the shepherd race.



Nor quit thy mansion till thou breathe thy  
last :

Such fardid souls no focial joys fhould tafte.  
Bleft with my Delia on this happy plain,  
Where peace and pleafure in perfection reign,  
I'll more ferenely pafs life's hours away,  
Than without her, though crown'd with  
princely fway.

To please my charmer all my care fhall be;  
Can I be wretched when fhe fmiles on me?  
But we must go, our fleecy charge attend.  
Farewell, Philander, I am ftill thy friend.  
The maid whose real charms the heart can  
hold,  
Must not be deem'd one whit the worfe for  
gold.