

S O N G III.

SYLVIA. **L**EAVE me, simple shepherd, leave me ;
L Drag no more a hopeless chain :
 I cannot like, nor would deceive thee ;
 Love the maid that loves again.

CORIN. Tho' more gentle nymphs surround me,
 Kindly pitying what I feel,
 Only you have power to wound me ;
 SYLVIA, only you can heal.

SYLVIA. CORIN, cease this idle teasing ;
 Love that's forc'd is harsh and sour :
 If the lover be displeasing,
 To persist disgusts the more.

CORIN.

CORIN. 'Tis in vain, in vain to fly me,
SYLVIA, I will still pursue;
Twenty thousand times deny me,
I will kneel and weep anew.

SYLVIA. CUPID ne'er shall make me languish,
I was born averse to love;
Lovers' sighs, and tears, and anguish,
Mirth and pastime to me prove.

CORIN. Still I vow with patient duty
Thus to meet your proudest scorn;
You for unrelenting beauty,
I for constant love was born.

But the fates had not consented,
Since they both did fickle prove;
Of her scorn the maid repented,
And the shepherd—of his love.