

*A Pastoral Elegy.*

*Philomela.*

**S**O, gentle Destinies, decide the strife ;  
Ah ! spare but hers, and take my hated  
( Life.

*Daphne.*

Cease, cease, dear Nymph, the Fates ordain  
( not so.

*Philomela.*

The more ungentle they ; But wilt thou go?

*Daphne.*

I must ; and wish my *Epilogue* were done,  
That from this tiresome stage I may be gone.

*Philomela.*

Ah me ! ah me ! this breaks my feeble heart :  
But find'st thou no Reluctancy to part ?

D d 2

*Daphne.*

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*Daphne.*

Without the least Reluctance, all below,  
Save thee, dear Nymph, I willingly forego :  
My Swain, my Mates, my Flocks and Garland }  
(too.

In those blest shades, to which my soul must  
(flee,  
More beauteous Nymphs, and kinder Shep-  
(herds be ;

Who ne're reflect on what they left behind,  
Rapt with the Joys they in *Elysium* find.  
By Silver streams, through blissful shades they  
(rove,

Their Pleasures to Eternity improve.

There all the Smiling Year is cloth'd with  
(Green ;

No Autumn, but Eternal Spring is seen.

There

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There the wing'd Choir in Loud and Artful  
( strains

Transmit their Eccho's to the happy Plains:

And thither *Strephon* will my Soul pursue,

When he, like me, has bid the World adieu.

There, if her Innocence she still retain,

My *Philomela* I shall claspe again ;

And there, when Death shall stop his Noble

( Race,

With a more Godlike and Heroick Grace,

Thou shalt behold the matchless *Theron's*

( Face.

But now farewell, my latest Sands are run,

And *Charon* waits impatient to be gone.

Farewel, poor Earth ; from thy unhappy shore

None ever launch'd more joyfully before.

Not Death's Grim Looks affright me, tho so

Alas ! why should the Brave and Vertuous fear!  
( near;

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### *Philomela.*

She's gone, she's gone, my dear Companion's  
(gone,

And left me in this desert World alone;  
Unforc't, her Beauteous Soul has took its flight,  
Serene, and Glittering to Eternal Light.

More blind than Love, or Chance, relentless  
( Death,

Why didst thou stop my charming *Daphnes*  
(Breath?

The best, the brav'st, and faithful Friend alive;  
Fate - cut my Thread, I'll not the loss survive.

Alas! Why rises the unwelcome Sun?

'There's nothing worth our fight now *Daphne's*  
(gone.

Go smile on some blest Clime, where thou'lt not  
( see  
A loss so vast, nor Wretch so curst as me;

Whom



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Whom Grief hath wrapt in so condens'd a  
(shade,

As thy intruding beams shall ne're invade :

For , What avails thy Light now *Daphne's*  
( gone,

And left me Weeping on the Shore alone ?

Yet could the *Gentle Fair* but see me mourn,  
From that Blest Place she would perhaps re-  
( turn.

But vain , alas ! are my Complaints ; she's  
(gone,

And left me in this desert VWorld alone.

For ah ! depriv'd my dearer Life of thee,  
*The World is all a Hermitage to me :*

No more together we shall sit or walk,

No more of *Pan*, or of *Elysium* talk :

No more, no more shall I the fleeting Day

*In kind Endearments softly pass away :*

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No more the Noblest height of Friendship

( prove,

Now *Daphne's* gone , I know not who to

( Love.

*Mourn all ye Groves and Streams , mourn every*

( thing,

You'l hear no more the pretty *Syren* Sing.

Tune, Shepherds, tune your Pipes to Mournful

( strains ;

For we have lost the Glory of our Plains.

Let every thing a fadder Look put on ;

*For Daphne's dead , for the Lov'd Nymph is*

( gone.

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*Parthenia,*