

S. F. &c.

reflects on human kind,
her mysterious Wind;
does her Genius bend,
race officiously attend.
ce her lays Divine,
shine Bright in every Line,
l we prefer,
ve have all in her.
se, thou art unfit,
s turns of Wit.
great *Pastora* Mourn'd,
al Strains be turn'd;
me, whose tender Lays,
ve immortal Praise.

E. C.

The

TO THE

Most Learn'd, and Ingenious,

Mr. *William Congreve.*

THIS

PASTORAL

The good Shepherd

Is Dedicated by the

AUTHOR.

Was placed should be before The

The for
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Beneath the spr
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There loft in the
Forgot her Floc
The Shepherds
Each left his Pip
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Impatient all, ti
The careful *D*
And there with
Ran to her Arm
A thousand tim

(1)

The fond Shepherdes.

A PASTORAL.

Daphne, and Larinda.

BY a soft murmuring Stream in heat of Day,
Remote from all, the sad *Larinda* lay
Beneath the spreading Willows gloomy Shade,
(A cool recess by careful Nature made ;)
There lost in thought, soothing her amorous Pains,
Forgot her Flocks, and business of the Plains.
The Shepherds wonder'd that she stay'd so long,
Each left his Pipe, and stopt his rural Song
Searching th' adjacent Woods and Groves around,
Impatient all, till they *Larinda* found.
The careful *Daphne* distant Vallies try'd
And there with Joy the pensive Wand'rer spy'd:
Ran to her Arms with a transported Haft
A thousand times, the sighing Nymph imbrac'd.

Daphne,

a

The fond Shepherdes.

2

Daph. Tell me, said she, what makes you all
(neglect,
Nor now from Sun, or Wolves your Sheep protect,
But let them wander o're th' unbounded Plain,
Scorch'd by the one, and by the other Slain?

Tho' you may now the greatest numbers Boast
Unheeded thus your Flocks will soon be lost.
Nay of your self too, you are careles grown
Shun all the Nymphs to Mule in Shades alone:
Your head's not now, with Rosy Chaplets drest,
No fragrant Poesy decks your pensive Brest,
Nor decent Rushes strow'd beneath the Shade,
Where smiling once with sporting Lambs you
(play'd.

The little Bird you fondly taught to Sing,
Releas'd from Cage, and trusted to its Wing:
You tore each tender Sonnet you have made,
Wish'd the Pipe broke, when sighing *Strepson* play'd
Ah! why thus peevish? Can your faithful Heart
Conceal a Grief from her, who'd bear a Part?

Lar. No kind Inquirer when with cares oppress'd,
I still repose in yours, my weary'd Brest;

But

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But I have now,
I've lost some La
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Daph. Do not
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 met you have made,
 en fighting *Strepson* play'd
 Can your faithful Heart
 who'd bear a Part?

when with cares oppress,
 y weary'd Breast;

The fond Shepherdess.

But I have now, no Secret to reveal,
 I've lost some Lambs, as all the Plains can tell.
 At the approach of last refreshing Show'r,
 In hast I ran to yonder well fenc'd Bow'r;
 In the kind Shelter too long Sleeping lay,
 Or Thief, or Wolf, my Darling stole away.

Daph. Do not evade the Truth, but be sincere;
 For long ere this, your Eyes did sorrows wear,
 Besides, I saw you ere you was awake
 Disturb'd you slept, with eager accents spake,
 (Oh! my *Exalis* will you leave me.) Then
 Foulded your tender Arms, and Slept agen.
 Nay, do not blush at the discover'd Truth,
 Too well I know you Love that charming Youth,
 Oft you together, your mixt Flocks did feed,
 Delight your selves with his harmonious Reed.
 If any Straglers, from your Folds did run;
 Each, would the others seek, neglect their own:
 Such mutual kindnesse the Soul indear,
Exalis was your Joy, and you was all his Care.

Lar. Oh! Name him not; yes, ever found that
 (Name,
 For 'tis in vain to hide th' undoing Flame.

4 *The fond Shepherdes.*

I Love, nay rather the bright Youth adore,
Eecho ne'r doated on *Narcissus* more;
Nor had he half of my *Exalis* Charms
To tempt the Nymph to his resisting Arms
'Mongst all the Swains. Speak *Daphne*, have you seen
A Shape so fine, or such a pleasing Mein,
Fair as the Doves which o're our Cottage flys,
Soft as their Down, and just such lovely Eyes.
His flowing Locks in amorous Ringlets twine,
Like the Young curling Tendrils of the Vine:
Not *Philomel*'s soft Voice, like his, can move,
His ev'ry accent has an Air of Love;
All the gay Chaunters of the welcome Spring,
Like me, are hush'd and joy'd; if he but speak on

(Sing

A Breath as Sweet, as when the Evening Breeze
Salutes us from yon Grove of spicy Trees;
His lovely Smiles, soft Brightness do display,
Like glowing Blushes of the infant Day.
When o'er the Mountain-tops the blooming Light
Darts its Young Beams to th' early Gazers sight,
Like *Pan* himself, the Glory of the Woods,
While other Swains seem Mean, attendant Gods:
Then who such mighty Charms can e'er resist?
Charms like my Love, too great to be exprest.

Daph

Daph. Oh

The nice *Lar.*
But now a S
You doat to
Tell me, sad
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Lar. Yes,
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Daph

The fond Shepherdess

Daph. Oh fatal Power of Love, that thus can
(seize
The nice Larinda, whom no Swain could please;
But now a Slave, worse than e'er sigh'd for you,
You doat to Passion; nay, Distraction too.
Tell me, sad softn'd Nymph, how long your Breast,
Has been by these too mighty Grievs oppress'd?

Lar. Yes, I will tell you; my unwear'd Tongue,
Speaking of him, can ne'er think Ages long.
Daphne, you know what time the lovely Swain,
With his Blest Flocks, has grac'd our happy Plain:
From the first Hour, he did obliging prove;
(I little thought, to pay him back in Love)
He within bounds, my wandring Lambs would
(keep,

When I was weary, gladly Fold my Sheep.
And as I rested, in the verdant Shade,
On oaten Reeds melodious Airs he play'd.
The listning Shepherds not far distant stand,
Pleas'd, and yet envying that dear skillful Hand:
Not Pan's immortal Pipe, could more Inspire,
Or glad the Plains, than my Exalis Lyre.

The fond Shepberdess.

It Joy'd all Hearts, to mine did Fatal prove,
And taught my listning Soul, the way to Love.

On a fresh Bank, by a clear Fountain side,

(Where *Flora* smil'd with gaudy vernal Pride.

Phæbus was gone, to *Thetis* yielding Arms,

But *Luna* left her Dear, *Endymion's* Charms;

Smil'd o'er the Grove, scarce Day it self more

(Bright,

And thro' the Boughs, sprinkled the Shade with

Light.)

There with gay Innocence, supine we fate,

Hear'd injur'd *Philomel* her Wrongs relate,

But no forwarning Bird told my approaching

(Fate.)

Then as I lean'd on the enamel'd Ground,

I cropt the fragrant Flowers all around;

The various Colours, artfully I plac'd,

And with them pleas'd *Exalis* Bosom dress'd.

To him a Crook and Beachen bowl I gave,

(Did with my careful Hand the last Ingrave,)

One side, with various Silvan Nymphs, I grac'd,

And on the other *Pan* and *Flora* plac'd.

Take these, said I; for all the generous Care,

In which, so oft, my Flocks and I did share;

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Like me, the

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And

The fond Shepperdes.

7

And when I die, *Exalis* take them too,
Tho' lost to me, they'll Joy to be with you;
Like me, they'r wanted to your gentle Call;
I only grieve their number is so small.

He smil'd to hear the tender things I said,
While grateful looks his pleasing Answers made;
And then half Blushing on his Musick play'd,
Lift'ning; that dear undoing Face I view'd,
To catch each Smile, which kindly was bestow'd.

But Oh! too long, too long I gazeing fate;
My Soul, with softning Airs, prepar'd by Fate,
Took the Impression of that charming Face,
Which, Smiling, darted Glory round the Place:
A thousand Loves in amorous Fires dress'd,

With one dear look pierc'd my too ready Brest:
I thought Heaven's Brightness in those radiant Eyes,
And blusht, and fainted at the soft surprize;
Yet hop'd the mighty Transport would be o'er,
And the gay Youth but please as heretofore:
But oh! you may as soon yon Mountain move,
As raze out the immortal Characters of Love.

Daph. Then with what caution should we guard
(the Brest,
And the first glimmering of the Flame resist?

a 4

A

8 *The fond Shepherdes.*

A Flame, so fatal, that it doth Destroy,
In sad *Larinda*, every thought of Joy:
If all kind Breasts are with such torture mov'd,
May I ne'er Love, nor ever be lov'd?
No; rather let me and my Flocks, be drove
From this fresh Pasture, and delightful Grove;
Confin'd to barren Sands and scorching Sun,
Where no Shades near, nor useful Waters run;
Fainted with wandring o'er the fiery Dust,
Famish'd for Food, Parch'd up with Heat and
(Thirst:
My darling Lambs around me bleat Complaints;
I void of all, that can relieve their Wants:
Yet I'd endure this piercing Scene of Woe;
These utmost ills poor *Daphne's* State can know:
Rather then Love, should my gay Breast subdue,
With such soft amorous Grievs as torture you;
Ah why, would you indulge the fond desire.
And not at first Stifle the growing Fire?

Lar. At its Approach, with tender warmth
(were Blest,
The lambent Flame plays, with the sporting
(Breast,
And give such Joys, none would, or can resist.

No

The fond

No Lover yet, could
Perceive no Ruin, till
Now with the fondest
Doom'd to the certain
When to the fickle Youth
His Flocks he straight
He ne'er returns, to
Nor I, nor they, are
Curse on my Love,
By what should keep
Now I no more must
Hear his enchanting
Lays, which in col

Make the Soul Gay,
Gods! how he'd look
When the charm'd Y

Spake things as soft,
But now all's lost, I
(He'll ne'er return, r
First, I was cautious
Now every Breath r
I carve, *Exilis* on e
That if the mangl'd
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Shepherdess.

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e would, or can resist.

No

The fond Shepherdess.

No Lover yet, could e'er of Forecast Boast,
Percieve no Ruin, till they know they'r lost:
Now with the fondest Flames of Love I burn,
Doom'd to the certain Curse of no return.
When to the fickle Youth, I own'd I lov'd,
His Flocks he straight to *Ida's* Plains remov'd;
He ne'er returns, to see how mine do fare,
Nor I, nor they, are now no more his Care.
Curse on my Love, which did itself disclose,
By what should keep, I did my Charmer lose;
Now I no more must see his lovely Face,
Hear his enchanting Voice, his melting Lays;
Lays, which in coldest Breasts would Raptures

(move

Make the Soul Gay, and ev'ry Pulse beat Love.
Gods! how he'd look and Smile; how was I blest,
When the charm'd Youth, lean'd on my willing,
(Breast,
Spake things as soft, as the kind Hand he prest?

But now all's lost, I rage beyond redress,
(He'l ne'er return, nor I e'er Love him less.)
First, I was cautious to conceal my Flame,
Now every Breath repeats his dear Lov'd Name:
I carve, *Exalis* on each smooth bark'd Tree,
That if the mangl'd Woods could vocal be,
They'd surely Curse my fond Barbarity.

Each

The fond Shepherdes.

Each sigh has such a tender Emphasis,
 As moves Compassion, in all Breasts but his:
 For all the Swains are Conscious that I Love;
 Each Tow'ring Hill, and every humble Grove;
 I've tir'd them all, with my incessant Crys,
 Ecchoes grown faint, repeating of my sighs:
 My Sighs, whose force move ev'ry Bough to
 (Mourn

In pitying murmurs that I've no return:
 Oft do I run to the inviting Shade,
 Where first his pleasing Smiles, my Soul betray'd;
 There lay me down in the dear sacred Place,
 Which kindly once, his lovely Form did Grace;
 Then weep his Absence; Rage and Rave in vain,
 For oh! I ne'er must be so Blest again;
 I try if Slumbers will afford Relief,
 But as they sooth, so they augment my Grief.
 I clasp him then in my glad wishing Arms,
 Gaze on his Eyes, and feast me with his Charms;
 But when awake; I rage to find him gone,
 To lose the lovely Prize, I thought I'd won.
 Search ev'ry Corner of the winding Grove;
 Ask every Shade, to give me back my Love.
 There silent all, and empty of such Bliss;
 In vain I seek for Joys, I'm doom'd to miss:

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Too well *Exalts* kn
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 Find my *Exalts* o

Shepherdess.

Under Emphasis,
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and every humble Grove;
in my incessant Crys,
repeating of my sighs:
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I'm doom'd to miss:

Too

The fond Shepherdess.

11

Too well *Exalts* knows he gives delight,
But he Indultriously avoids my fight,
Tho' Prayers, and Tears, and Gifts, and bloom-

(ing Love invite.

If he absents, to cure me 'tis in vain,
For still his bright Idea doth remain,
And ev'ry moment Charms me into Pain.
Other Youths may moderate Passion move;

As he's all lovely, I'm all over Love:

Lost to all else, insensible I seem,

And only know I'm something doats on him

If I would count my Sheep into the Fould,

Forget their number ere they half are told;

And when the Nymphs my heedlessness do blame,

I answer all, by fighting of his Name.

Farewel, my *Daphne*, I must leave thee now,

One pitying Tear, on my sad Fate bestow;

Return thou Glory of the Joyful Grove,

May'st thou be Blest, for may'st thou never Love.

Farewel my once lov'd Flocks, my rural Store;

Larinda now will ne'er regard you more.

But wing'd with Love, to *Ida's* Plains I'll fly:

Find my *Exalts* out; to see me die.

No

The fond Shepherdes.

No longer on my tedious Grievs I'll wait,
 That melting Name so often I'll repeat,
 Till the soft sound dissolve the Knot of Fate.
 Curs'd by his Absence, Life is tedious grown;
 Now he shall see what his neglect has done.
 While I can gaze, it shall be on his Charms,
 And tho' not live; die in those lovely Arms;
 But if he envying, think that Bliss too great,
 I'll sigh my Soul out, at his careles Feet;
 Then let one pitying Look but Grace my Death,
 I'll Bless the Cause, with my expiring Breath.

Hear me Great *Pan*, *Sylvanus*, all ye Gods,
 Whose sacred Power, protects the Plains and
 (Woods,

Hear my last Prayer; (to you I oft did Bow,
 With Milk and Hony, made your Altars Flow.)
 While my sad Shade, mourns in the dusky Grove,
 Releas'd from Life; (but not the Pains of Love.)
 Bless my *Exalis*, let him know no Cares,
 Increase his plenteous Herds, and peaceful Years:
 From Fox and Wolf, preserve his tender Lambs,
 And with Twin-births, enrich the fruitful Dams.
 When his fair Flocks the Shearers care demands,
 Luxuriant Fleeces, tire their num'rous Hands.

The

The industrious Bee
 And all his rural W

But above all, ye Gods
 Save him from pain
 Shelter him safe, e
 And let him be to y

I bounteous Good
 Now for his Pleas
 Let my soft Pray

Bless *Ida's* Plains,
 The Pasture gay,

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Shepherdess.

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lovely Arms;
Bliss too great,
blest Feet;

Grace my Death,
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The fond Shepherdess.

13

The industrious Bees load their melifluous Hive,
And all his rural Wealth, beyond his Wishes

(thrive.

But above all, ye Gods, regard him most,
Save him from parching Sun and piercing Frost:
Shelter him safe, e'er any Storm appear,
And let him be to you, as to *Larinda* dear.

I bounteous Gods, for plenty first bespoke,
Now for his Pleasures, *Flora* thee invoke:

Let my soft Prayers, thy vernal Glories bring,
Bless *Ida's* Plains, with glad eternal Spring:
The Pasture gay, no hurtful Weeds be found,
But Pancies, Hyacinths, 'ore spread the Ground;
Mirtle and Firr make every Decent mound:

Let lofty Cedars and the stately Pine,
With mingling Boughs in mutual Shades combine:
Then the delicious Eglantine and Rose,

With fragrant Jess'mine humbler Bowers compose
(Where the dear Youth may oft supinely Rest,
With pleasing Dreams, in Golden slumbers Blest.)
When Heat or Thirst, to flowing Streams invite,
Let sporting Naiads entertain his Sight;
Birds chearful Notes, the Woods and Vallies fill,
From spicy Trees which odourous Gums distil,

A-

The fond Shepherdes.

Amongst these Aromaticks rich Fruits plac'd,
 Fair to the Sight, as those *Hesperian* grac'd,
 Which both Invite, and Please the longing Tast.
 The cluster'd Boughs, Complaisantly recline,
 As if they Joy'd the Gatherers hand to Join,
 And all the choicest, still my Love be thine.

And when in Honour, Goddess, to thy Name,
 The joyful Swains, in sports their Thanks Proclaim,
 Whether they Pipe, or Dance, or Sing, or Play,
 May my *Exalis*, bear the Prize away.

From Shepherd's Hands the welcome Garland
 (wear,
 For oh! I Grudge the Nymphs shou'd come so
 (near)

Yet if 'twill please him best; then smiling come
 And with glad Voices sing the Victor home;
 With choicest Flowers strow all the joyful Path,
 Gay as his Looks, sweet as his tuneful Breath.
 Then some kind Nymph the fragrant Pave-

(ment take }
 His pressing Feet, give double Odours back;
 Each Rose, *Anemone*, more *Beauteus* make:
 Let them fresh Mixture with the *Gypres* have,
 Then strow them all on my untimely Grave.

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 They too were I
 May I like them
 And when *Exalis*
 Make Poseys for

Let not the Nym
 My Grave is fill
 Left, he relentin
 To save a Sigh,
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Here the Nymph
 And careful *Dap*

The Shepherdes.

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my untimely Grave. The

The fond Shepherdes.

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They too were Lovers once, tho' now transform'd,
May I like them, to some kind Plant be turn'd;
And when *Exalis*, next in Triumph's led,
Make Poseys for his Breast, and Garlands for his
(Head:

Let not the Nymph upbraid, when shes return'd,
My Grave is fill'd, and grac'd with what he scorn'd:
Left, he relenting, should one Moment grieve,
To save a Sigh, I'd be condemn'd to Live:

With raging Madnes, mourn my absent Bliss,
And with my Cries wound every Ear but his.

Here the Nymph fainted with excess of Grief,
And careful *Daphne*, strove to give Relief.

F I N I S .