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Poems On Several Occasions

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Daphnis and Chloe. A Song.

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DAPHNIS *and* CHLOE.

A S O N G.

I.

D*aphnis* stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across, and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My *Chloe* is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
 My *Chloe's* voice that wakes my pains:
 Yet why should you your song forbear?
 Your mates delight your song to hear,
 But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As

III.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.

I feel the sound: my heart-strings move,
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No. 'Tis my *Chloe's* sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love!

IV.

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd.
Come back, dear youth, again.

V.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew:
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain.
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis

'Tis true thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 That lip should other pleasures seek :
 Much, much thy musick I approve ;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'am betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone ;
 Last night with *Delia's* dog he play'd,
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart obey.
 Ah *Chloe*, thou art won !

VIII.

The youth step'd forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing *Chloe* lay ;
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
 At last in broken words, she cry'd ;
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to-day !