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Original Poems And Translations, By John Dryden, Esq; Now First Collected and Publish'd together, In Two Volumes

Containing Translations, Epistles, Prologues, Epilogues, Elegies, Epitaphs, And Songs

Dryden, John

London, 1743

A Song.

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Kiſs me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my Pain !

III.

Ever ſcorning, and denying
To reward your faithful Swain.
Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain :
Kiſs me, Dear, before my dying ;
Kiſs me once, and eaſe my Pain !

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
Told him, that he lov'd in vain :
But repenting, and complying,
When he kiſs'd, ſhe kiſs'd again :
Kiſs'd him up before his dying ;
Kiſs'd him up, and eas'd his Pain.

A SONG.

I.

GO tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain :
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
Thy Words will more prevail than mine.
To Souls oppreſs'd, and dumb with Grief,
The Gods ordain this kind Relief ;
That Muſick ſhould in Sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

II.

A Sigh or Tear, perhaps, ſhe'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my Pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt Redreſs ;

But