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Poems

Poems and fables

Gay, John

Edinburgh, 1773

Daphnis and Chloe. A song

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DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A S O N G.

I.

DAPHNIS stood penfive in the shade,
With arms acrofs and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-fick mind :
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions feem'd to fay,
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceafe your ftrains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why fhould you your fong forbear ?
Your mates delight your fong to hear,
But Chloe mine difdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy flood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet founds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the found ; my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that fung ;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's fweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what fays 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!

VI.

'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 music I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more, to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forebodes that I'm 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!

Vol. II.