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The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.

In Four Volumes

Addison, Joseph

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The transformation of Echo.

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But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood;
 " And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
 " That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 " Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
 Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into Man.
 Him therefore both the deities create
 The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
 And he declar'd for *Jove*: When *Juno* fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
 And left him groping round in sudden night.
 But *Jove* (for so it is in Heaven decree'd,
 That no one God repeal another's deed;) }
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair *Liriope* his answers try'd,
 And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
 This Nymph the God *Cephisus* had abus'd,
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
 Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, sollicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no,

Consults the sage *Tiresias*, who replies,
 " If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
 Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
 'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
 Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
 Many a friend the blooming youth carefs'd,
 Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
 Such was his pride, in vain the friend carefs'd,
 The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
 The babbling *Echo* had descry'd his face;
 She, who in other's words her silence breaks,
 Nor speaks her self but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
 Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
 To sport with every sentence in the close.
 Full often when the Goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
 This Nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
 " Which could so many subtle tales produce,
 " Shall be hereafter but of little use.
 Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimick sounds, and accents not her own.

This

This love-sick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
 The Boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not Words to tell:
 She can't Begin, but waits for the rebound,
 To catch his voice, and to Return the sound.

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move,
 Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes;
 Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
 'Till harrass'd out, and worn away with care,
 The founding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
 In vaults, where still it Doubles every sound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymphs in vain carefs the Boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 When one fair Virgin of the slighted train
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain,
 " Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.