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### **The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

The story of Narcissus.

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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.



There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,  
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;  
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,  
 Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;  
 High bowers of shady trees above it grow,  
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.  
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,  
 And over-heated by the morning chace,  
*Narcissus* on the grassie verdure lyes:  
 But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries  
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.  
 For as his own bright image he survey'd,  
 He fell in love with the fantastick shade;  
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,  
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.  
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,  
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;  
 The hands that *Bacchus* might not scorn to show,  
 And hair that round *Apollo's* head might flow,  
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,  
 That gently blushes in the war'ry glass.  
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lyes,  
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.  
 To the cold water oft he joins his lips,  
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips  
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.  
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue  
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.

What



What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?  
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?  
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,  
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,  
 Its empty being on thy self relies;  
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,  
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;  
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.  
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began  
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.  
 " You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,  
 " Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,  
 " Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lye  
 " A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?  
 " I who before me see the charming fair,  
 " Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:  
 " In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;  
 " And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,  
 " Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,  
 " No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.  
 " A shallow water hinders my embrace;  
 " And yet the lovely mimick wears a face  
 " That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join  
 " My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.  
 " Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,  
 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.  
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd  
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.



" But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns  
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.  
 " When-e'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,  
 " And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his:  
 " His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,  
 " He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.  
 " When-e'er I speak, his moving lips appear  
 " To utter something, which I cannot hear.

" Ah wretched me! I now begin too late  
 " To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;  
 " It is my self I love, my self I see;  
 " The gay delusion is a part of me.  
 " I kindle up the fires by which I burn,  
 " And my own beauties from the well return.  
 " Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?  
 " Enjoyment but produces my restraint,  
 " And too much plenty makes me die for want.  
 " How gladly would I from my self remove!  
 " And at a distance set the thing I love.  
 " My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,  
 " I wish him absent whom I most desire.  
 " And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;  
 " In all the pride of blooming youth I die.  
 " Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.  
 " O might the visionary youth survive,  
 " I should with joy my latest breath resign!  
 " But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.

This said, the weeping youth again return'd  
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;



His tears deface'd the surface of the well  
 With circle after circle, as they fell:  
 And now the lovely face but half appears,  
 O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.  
 " Ah whither, cries *Narcissus*, dost thou fly?  
 " Let me still feed the flame by which I die;  
 " Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest.  
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:  
 His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,  
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,  
 E'er yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine  
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.  
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,  
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.  
 As Wax dissolves, as Ice begins to run,  
 And trickle into drops before the Sun;  
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,  
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;  
 And none of those attractive charms remain,  
 To which the slighted *Echo* su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,  
 Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.  
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,  
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:  
 " Ah youth! belov'd in vain, *Narcissus* cries;  
 " Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.  
 " Farewel, says he; the parting sound scarce fell  
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel.

Then



Then on th' unwholsome earth he gasping lyes,  
 'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.  
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,  
 And in the *Stygian* waves it self admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,  
 Whom the sad *Echo* answers in her turn;  
 And now the Sister-Nymphs prepare his urn:  
 When, looking for his corps, they only found  
 A rising Stalk, with Yellow Blossoms crown'd.

### The Story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind *Tiresias* fame,  
 Through *Greece* establish'd in a Prophet's name.

Th' un-hallow'd *Pentheus* only durst deride  
 The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.  
 To whom the Prophet in his fury said,  
 Shaking the hoary honours of his head;  
 " 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee  
 " If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:  
 " For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,  
 " When the young God's solemnities appear;  
 " Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,  
 " Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,  
 " Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.  
 " Then, then, remember what I now foretel,  
 " And own the blind *Tiresias* saw too well.

Still