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The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.

In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Juvenile Poems - with his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death

Pope, Alexander

London, 1751

Summer, the second Pastoral

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S U M M E R.

T H E

S E C O N D P A S T O R A L,

O R

A L E X I S.

T O D R. G A R T H.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition :

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring ;
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads. P.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side ; suitable to the heat of the season ; the time noon. P.

Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays; 10
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20

REMARKS.

VER. 9.] Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*]

Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri. Virg. P.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*]

Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ. Virg. P.

The fultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun, etc. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, etc.]*

*Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.*

Virg. out of Theocr. P.

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

*nuper me in littore vidi
Cum placidum ventis staret mare, non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago. P.*

Let other swains attend the rural care,
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;
 He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same 41
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
 For ever silent since despis'd by thee.
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
 And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death; etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.
Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum. P.

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55
 And in one garland all their beauties join;
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly
 bow'rs;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield,
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.]*
Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas — Virg.
Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem. P.

Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat, 86
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself overlooked, of introducing Wolves into England. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.]*

Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures!

Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods! etc.]*

Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?

Idem. P.

PASTORALS. 61

But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. P.