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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

Autumn, the third Pastoral

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A U T U M N.

T H E

T H I R D P A S T O R A L,

O R

H Y L A S and Æ G O N.

T O M R. W Y C H E R L E Y.

Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon fung their rural lays,
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
 And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the Grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

R E M A R K S.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil:
 The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set. P.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous

Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
 Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
 Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;

REMARKS.

Author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; tho' with a little more correctness. P.

VER. 8. *The Art of Terence and Menander's fire*;] This line evidently alludes to that famous Character given of Terence, by Cæsar,

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, ô dimidiate Menander,
 Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator;
 Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
 Comica.*

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said — *with Menander's fire*. For what the Poet meant, in this line, was, that his Friend had joined to Terence's art what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides, — *and Menander's fire* is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. His character was the having art and *comic spirit* in perfect conjunction, of which Terence having only the first, he is called the *half of Menander*.

VER. 9. *Whose sense instructs us*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the trap which weak and prostitute flatterers rarely escape. For *sense*, he would willingly have said, *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all monstrously immoral both in the Dialogue and Action.

When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15
 Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey.
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:
 For her, the lymes their pleasing shades deny; 25
 For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45
 Are half so charming as thy sigh to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37.

Aurea duræ

*Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,
 Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ.* Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

VER. 43, etc.]

*Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aqua saliente sitim restinguere rivo.* Ecl. v. P.

VER. 52. *An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?* Id. viii. P.

† E

Next Ægon sung, while Windfor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 60

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:

Off' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

REMARKS.

VER. 74. *And grateful clusters etc.*] The scene is in Windfor-forest. So this image not so exact.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey—
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80
 Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
 And is there magic but what dwells in love? 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
 Forsake mankind, and all the world — but love!
 I know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage Tygers fed. 91
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes]*

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos. P.

VER. 89. *Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum, etc. P.*

† E 2

Thus fung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

REMARKS.

VER. 98, 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before.