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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

Winter, the fourth Pastoral

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W I N T E R.

T H E

FOURTH PASTORAL,

O R

D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

REMARKS.

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Pastoral.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, etc.*]

Ἀδύτι, etc. Theocr. Id. i.

† E 3

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis strain,
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

REMARKS.

his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

VER. 9. *shine with silver frost,*] The image is a fine one, but improperly placed. The idea he would here raise is the deformity of Winter, as appears by the following line: but this contradicts it. It should have been — *glare with hoary frost*, or some such expression: the same inaccuracy in *31*, where he uses *pearls*, when he should have said *tears*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard etc.*]

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros. Virg. P.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone: 26
 "Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
 "Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!
 'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;
 Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23, 24, 25.

Inducite fontibus umbras —
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen. P.

† E 4

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier,
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
 Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 35

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood.
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41
 Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise; 46
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;

PASTORALS. 73

No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays :
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more ! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
 Daphne, our grief ! our glory now no more !

But see ! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky ! 70
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70. *miratur limen Olympi,*
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis. Virg. P.

Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholsome dews, 85
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While Vapours rise, and driving snows descend,
Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 81.

illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus. Virg. P.

VER. 86.

solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,

Juniperi gravis umbra.

Virg. P.

VER. 88.

Time conquers all, etc.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spencer's Calendar.

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves ; 90
Adieu, my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne, farewell, and all the world adieu !

R E M A R K S.

VER. 89, *etc.*] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each. P.

33
EASTON RAB
Also, ye value ye mountains, streams and groves,
Also, ye shepherd's turf, lake and doves,
Also, my flocke, for well ye sylvan crew,
Dunnet, knowell, and all the world which is

THE
MIST
MIST
MIST

Sacred Belong
VIRGIL'S FOLIO