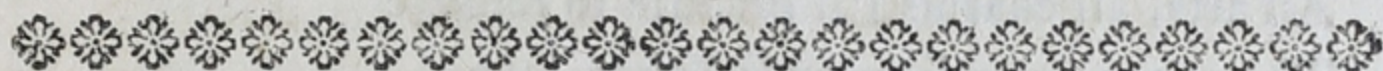


Still, still he flies on—still, still let him fly
 'Till he's tired, and panting for breath;
 My love both his teeth and his scythe shall defy——
 That can only be conquer'd by Death.



A S O N G.

By the Same.

Set to Musick by Dr. GREENE.

I.

TO silent groves, where weeping yew
 With sadly-mournful cypress join'd,
 Poor DAMON from the plain withdrew,
 To ease with plaints his love-sick mind;
 Pale willow into mystick wreaths he wove,
 And thus lamented his forsaken love.

II.

How often, CELIA, faithless maid,
 With arms entwined did we walk
 Beneath the close unpierced shade,
 Beguiling time with am'rous talk!
 But that, alas! is past, and I must prove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

III. But

III.

But think not, CELIA, I will bear
 With dull submission all the smart;
 No, I'll at once drive out despair,
 And thy lov'd image from my heart:
 All arts, all charms I'll practise to remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

IV.

Bacchus, with greenest ivy crown'd,
 Hither repair with all thy train;
 And chace the jovial goblet round,
 For CELIA triumphs in my pain:
 With gen'rous wine assist me to remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

V.

Cou'd reason be so drown'd in wine,
 As never to revive again,
 How happy were this heart of mine
 Reliev'd at once from all its pain!
 But reason still with love returns, to prove
 The torments lasting of forsaken love.

VI.

Bring me the nymph, whose gen'rous soul
 Kindles at the circling bowl;
 Whose sparkling eye with wanton fire
 Shoots thro' my blood a fierce desire;
 For ev'ry art I'll practise to remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

VII. And

VII.

And what is all this tranſient flame ?
 'Tis but a blaze, and ſeen no more ;
 A blaze that lights us to our ſhame,
 And robs us of a gay four-ſcore ;
 Reaſon again with love returns, to prove
 The torment laſting of forſaken love.

VIII.

Hark ! how the jolly huntsman's cries,
 In concert with the op'ning hounds,
 Rend the wide concave of the ſkies,
 And tire dull Echo with their ſounds :
 Thou Phœbe, goddeſs of the chace, remove
 The pangs attending on forſaken love.

IX.

Ah me ! the ſprightly-bounding doe,
 The chace, and every thing I view,
 Still to my mind recall my woe ;
 So CELIA flies, ſo I purſue :
 So rooted here, no arts can e'er remove
 The pangs attending on forſaken love.

X.

Then back, poor DAMON, to thy grove ;
 Since nought avails to eaſe thy pain,
 Let conſtancy thy flame improve,
 And patience answer her diſdain :
 So gratitude may CELIA's boſom move,
 To pity and reward thy conſtant love.