
P O E M S
O N
S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

A
P A S T O R A L,
F R O M T H E
S O N G o f S O L O M O N.

O H ! tell me, thou who all my Soul inspires,
Source of my Joys, and Partner of my Fires,
By what clear Stream, or nigh what flow'ry Mead
Thy tender Flocks with wanton Pleasure feed :
Where does my Dear, my lovely Wand'rer stray ;
Tell me, and guide my weary Steps that Way.

In vain I trace the Plains, each winding Grove ;
 No Swain directs me to my absent Love :
 Close in the Covert of some Shade he lyes ;
 Some envious Shade conceals him from my Eyes ;
 Bear then my soft Complaining to his Ear ;
 Ye whis'pring Winds, let him my Accents hear ;
 The well-known Sounds will wake the ling'ring
 Swain,
 And bring him panting to my Arms again.

Alas ! not yet my cruel Love returns :
 I rave ; my Breast with jealous Fury burns :
 Cold Tremblings seize on ev'ry vital Part ;
 The Blood runs freezing to my panting Heart ;
 Dim Shadows swim before my closing Sight,
 And my griev'd Soul prepares to take its Flight.

{ Hark ; what sweet Accents breaks the ambient
 Air ;

, Sure 'tis my Love's melodious Voice I hear :

Now

Now to my Arms my charming Shepherd flies ;
 Heaven to my Arms, and Transport to my Eyes,
 Oh ! on thy panting Breast let me recline,
 And let thy folding Arms around me twine ;
 With Vows of Love my anxious Fears controul,
 And whisper Ease to my distracted Soul.

Arise, my Love, the dear Enslaver cries,
 My beauteous Maid, my lovely Fair, arise ;
 For lo, the Rain is o'er, the Winter's past,
 And balmy Sweets perfume the southern Blast,
 Like thee, all Nature smiles ; the Fields around,
 Are with a new returning Verdure crown'd :
 Hark what sweet Musick fills the vocal Grove ;
 Each feather'd Songster tunes its Notes to Love :
 What Odours do these op'ning Buds exhale,
 Yet cannot o'er thy greater Sweets prevail,
 Or their enchanting Beauties thine excell.

That Lilly shines but with a borrow'd Grace,
 And Roses blush to emulate thy Face ;
 Nor can the Violet's admired Dye
 Match the bright Azure of thy shining Eye ;
 See where you tread, fresh blooming Flowers arise,
 New Charms appear where'er you turn your Eyes ;
 For thee the Streams in softer Murmurs flow ;
 For thee sweet Airs the whisp'ring *Zephirs* blow ;
 For thee the Cedars form a grateful Shade,
 And brighter Colours paint th' enamell'd Mead :
 Oh ! come then thro' these sweet *Meanders*
 stray ;

Arise, my Love ; my fair One, come away.

Yes, dearest Object of my soft Desire,
 Thou sweet Inspirer of my endless Fire ;
 With thee I'll trace the Groves, each winding
 Mead,

And follow where thy charming Footsteps lead :

Yet

Yet let me view thee ; on that lovely Face
 Let me with fond extatic Rapture gaze ;
 Let thy Voice charm me with its Magick Sound,
 And my fond Soul with thrilling Pleasure wound ;
 For sweet's thy Beauties to my ravish'd Sight,
 And thy dear Voice my list'ning Ears delight.

See on that Couch, with Nature's Bounties spread,
 At Ease reclin'd, my lovely Shepherd's laid :
 What Beauties in that smiling Form appear ;
 How soft, how mild, how more than heavenly
 fair.

Ye tender Virgins, awful Silence keep ;
 Ye fighting Gales prolong his balmy Sleep :
 Thou sleep'st, my Love ; but still thy waking
 Heart

Bears in my soft Inquietudes a Part.

My Image ever present with thee seems,
 Haunts all thy Slumbers, and informs thy Dreams,

In

In ev'ry Wish, in ev'ry Thought I'm thine ;
 And oh ! be thou for ever, ever mine.

Behold, he wakes, and here with Transport flies ;
 What streaming Glories sparkle from his Eyes :
 Oh, turn them from me, hide their beauteous
 Beams ;

The Sun with less refulgent Brightness gleams :
 Do not such sweet, such magick Rays dispence,
 Like pow'rful Sweets they overcome my Sense ;
 Oh, set me, as a Seal upon thy Heart,
 Mark'd for my own, I claim the smallest Part ;
 Shou'dst Thou (but sure the wounding Thought
 is vain)

For any other lovely Maid complain ;
 Take from me, Heav'n, the fleeting Breath you
 gave,
 For Love's as strong as Death, and pow'rful as
 the Grave.