

To Thyrsis on his

Which only is the present Day,  
 And that in fleeting Moments posts away;  
 Let me enjoy each Minute then,  
 Not starve to Day, to feast I know not when;  
 Since the full Glafs at the inviting Lip,  
 From the too cautious Hand may slip.  
 Give me ye Gods my Blessings now,  
 On th' expecting Man your future Gifts bestow.  
 They who the present Hour neglect,  
 Because an other better they expect:  
 Useful Estates do pass away,  
 For future Pay;  
 Are always Creditors to Fate,  
 And she too often pays too late;  
 There's none but Fools procraftinate.

To Thyrsis on his Pastoral to Mr.  
 Creech.

COME all ye tender Nymphs and sighing Swains,  
 Hear how our Thyrsis, Daphnis death complains  
 In Notes more sweet he doth his Sorrows tell,  
 Than the harmonious mournful Philomet.

With his sad Airs let  
 And sighing Eccho in  
 Till o'er the pitting  
 Pans Darling Daphnis  
 Daphnis the tunefull  
 The softening Swain  
 Thyrsis, whose Muse  
 Best pities Lovers and  
 Soft are thy Lines as t  
 That warms the Brea  
 Thy moving Numbe  
 Sigh, Languish, We  
 By the soft Magick ra  
 With Daphnis love, a  
 Had he address but in  
 (And he could do it,  
 The Nymph in spite  
 With Joy had yeilde  
 Impatient Youth, tha  
 Rather than scorns of  
 But thus we fondly R  
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Pastoral on Mr. Creech. 85

With his sad Airs let all our Griefs combine,  
And sighing Eccho in the Confort joyn;  
Till o'er the pittying Plains the Tidings spread,  
Pans Darling *Daphnis* to *Eliziums* fled:  
*Daphnis* the tunefull'st Youth we knew among,  
The softening Swains till gentle *Thyrsis* Sung.  
*Thyrsis*, whose Muse of all our blooming Grove,  
Best pities Lovers and best Sings of Love;  
Soft are thy Lines as the first tender Fire,  
That warms the Breast e'er it commence Desire:  
Thy moving Numbers all our Passions share,  
Sigh, Languish, Weep, Just what we read we are,  
By the soft Magick rais'd to Extacy,  
With *Daphnis* love, and with him too weddy;  
Had he address'd but in thy melting Strain,  
(And he could do it, sure if any Swain.)  
The Nymph in spite of her presuming Charms,  
With Joy had yeilded to his wishing Arms.  
Impatient Youth, that Death itself could bear,  
Rather than scorns of the neglecting Fair:  
But thus we fondly Rave to miss the Joy,  
Love natural as Life, does Life destroy.  
To Wit alone Passion does fatal prove,  
Fools may be lew'd but know not how to Love;

## Delia to Phraartes on his

Since it in learn'd Breasts such Woes create,  
*Thyrsis* taking warning by great *Daphnis* Fate:  
 But to your Charms Caution does needles seem,  
 Fear less Love, on you need not dye like him.  
 For oh! what Nymph could e'er so stupid prove,  
 As not to melt if *Thyrsis* Name but Love?  
 What pity 'twas the learn'd *Daphnis* dy'd,  
 The slighted Victim of a Virgins Pride.  
 Had'st thou been silent, it more Tears had cost,  
 Now half our Grief's in Admiration lost;  
 So well you Mourn the Shepherd's amorous Fate,  
 In such soft strains his sad fond Fall relate.  
*Pan* would himself quit Immortality,  
 To be in Death so sweetly Sung by thee.

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 Delia to Phraartes on his Playing Ca.  
 far Borgia.

**I**F *Cæsar* from his *Stygian* Coast could come,  
 To see you Play, he'd bless his former Doom;  
 Pleas'd with the promis'd Glories which he lost,  
 And in your Form, confess the greater Boast.

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Had he been blest'd by  
 His Love had never k  
 That Godlike Mein  
 Would have compell  
 Had half your Char  
 We ne'er his mourn  
 You'r so Divine, that  
 Would so much Gall  
 In vain Historians an  
 To such brave Men  
 They ne'er seem God  
 Arugged Virtue and  
 Did bless their Hero's  
 The Antiquated Shad  
 And tune the Soul to  
 With artful Notes the  
 But your soft touch gi  
 What pains they take f  
 Transport with that v

Th' Imperial *Cæsars* w  
 In all their gay triumph  
 And more than Royal  
 (Both, prais'd and fear'