

The Land of Love

Aphra Behn

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Omnes humanos sanat Medicina dolores,
Solus Amor Morbi non amat Artificem.
Propert.

Dear Lysidas,

I should have dy'd silent, as Flow'rs decay,

Had not thy Friendship stopt me on the Way.
Friendship, which even Love's great Pow'r controls,
When this but touches, that exchanges Souls:
The Remedy of Grief, the safe Retreat
Of the scorn'd Lover, and declining Great;
This sacred Tye betwixt thy self and me,
Not to be alter'd by my Destiny;
This Tye, which equal to my new Desires,
Preserv'd it self amidst Love's softer Fires;

Obliges me (without Reserve) t'impart

The Land of Love

To Lysidas the Story of my Heart;
Tho' 'twill increase its present Languishment,
To call to its Remembrance pass'd Content.
So Men, when drowning near the happy Shore,
Which they just left, but ne'er must visit more,
Look sighing back, and, from that sad Review,
Suffer more Pain, than in their Death they do.
That Grief which I in silent Calms have born,
It will renew, and raise into a Storm.

The Truce.

With you, unhappy Eyes, that first let in
To my weak Heart the raging Fire;
With you a Truce I will begin,
Let all your Clouds, let all your Show'rs retire,
And for a while become serene;
And you, my constant rising Sighs, forbear
To mix your selves with fleeting Air;
Whilst I give Vent to Words that may express
The vast Degrees of Joy and Wretchedness.
And thou, my Soul, forget the dismal Hour,
When cold and dead Aminta lay,
And no kind God, no pitying Pow'r,
The hasty fleeting Life would stay.
Forget the mad, the raving Pain,
That seiz'd thee at a Sight so new,
When not the Winds let loose, nor raging Main,
Were half so fierce, nor half so wild as thou.
Forget that all is fled thou did'st adore,
And never, never shall return to bless thee more.

Twelve times the Moon has borrow'd Rays, that Night
Might favour Lovers Stealths with glimm'ring Light,
Since I embark'd on the inconstant Seas,
With People of all Ages and Degrees,
In Search of Happiness, all eager bent,
To visit a fair Country, call'd Content.

The Streamers spread, the Sails all hoisted stood,

The Land of Love

And chearfully we cut the yielding Flood:
The ruffling Winds were hush'd in wanton Sleep,
And smooth the Surface of the dang'rous Deep.

But yet believe a Woman if she weep,
Or flatt'ring Courtiers what they promise keep,
Before the Sea that tempts us with a Calm,
Will cease to ruin with a rising Storm.
For now the Winds are rouz'd, the Hemisphere
Grows black, and frights the hardy Mariner:
The foaming Billows, in Disorder hurl'd,
Threaten a second Deluge to the World;
Now each affrighted to his Cabin flies,
And with Repentance loads the angry Skies;
Distracted Pray'rs they all to Heav'n address,
Whilst Heav'n knows they think of nothing less.
All pray, and promise fair, protest, and weep,
And make those Vows they want the Pow'r to keep.

At length the angry Pow'rs became appeas'd,
And by Degrees their Rage and Thunder ceas'd.
In the rude War no more the Winds engage,
Still grew the Storm, the weary Waves asswage.
The Sun resplendant now again appears,
And with the Clouds dispels our anxious Fears.
Strait each of his imagin'd Grave gets out,
And with glad Heart and Eyes looks round about;
When full in View, by ev'ry one was spy'd,
A Country that discover'd Nature's Pride;
Whilst thro' the charming Landscape's ev'ry Part,
Conspicuous shone Embellishments of Art.
All wond'ring gaz'd upon the charming Coast,
But none knew either where, or what it was.
At last came forth a Man, who long before
Had made a Voyage to this fatal Shore;
Who with his Eyes cast down, as if dismay'd,
At Sight of what he dreaded, thus he said.

The Description.

I

This is that pleasing Country, where

All Things do sweetly move;
And from the Seat of Cupid there,

'Tis call'd the Land of Love.

II

The Description.

The Land of Love

To him all Mortals Tribute pay,
Old, Young, the Rich and Poor.

Kings do his awful Laws obey,
And Shepherds too adore.
III

None can his mighty Pow'r resist,
Or his Decrees evince;
He conquers where and when he lists,
Both Cottager and Prince.
IV

In ent'ring there, the King resigns
The Robe and Crown he wore;
The Slave new Fetters gladly joins,
To those he dragg'd before.
V

The Entrances on ev'ry Side
The Beauties softly guard;
The Graces, with a wanton Pride,
By Turns secure the Ward.
VI

The God of Love has lent them Darts,
With which they gently greet;
The heedless undefended Hearts,
That pass the fatal Gate.
VII

None e'er escape the welcome Blow,
Which ne'er is sent in vain;
They kiss the Shaft, and bless the Foe,
That gives the pleasing Pain.

Thus whilst we heard the Tale, we nearer drew,
And bless'd our Eyes with a more charming View.

The Description.

The Land of Love

On that smooth Strand the Water ever flows,
Soft as the Smiles on happy Lovers Brows;
Fragrant and flow'ry all the Banks appear,
And keep their gaudy Store throughout the Year.
Here fair young Charmers pass the Fields along;
There all the Graces and the Beauties throng:
But what did most my Admiration draw,
Was, that the Old and Ugly there I saw;
Who with their apish Postures, void of Shame,
Still practise Youth, and talk of Darts and Flame.

I smil'd to see a Lady out of Date,
With youthful Dress, and more fantastick Prate,
Setting her wither'd Face in thousand Forms,
And thinking, while she dresses it, it charms;
Disturbing with her Court the busy Throng,
Ever addressing to the Gay and Young.

There too I did an old fond Fop behold,
Lavish his Love, Discretion, and his Gold,
On a fair Jilt, who, with her tricking Art,
Made easy Plunder both of Purse and Heart.

The Man who at this Land before had been,
Finding me so admire at what I'd seen;
And that Surprize thro' all my Spirits ran,
In soft, but awful Language, thus began.

Love's Power.

I.

Love, when he shoots abroad his Darts,
Regards not where they light;
The Aged to the youthful Hearts
At random they unite.
The soft unbearded Youth, who never found
The Charms in any blooming Face,
From one of fifty takes the Wound,
And eagerly pursues the Chace.
Whilst she an artful Youth puts on,
Softens her Voice, and languishes her Eyes,

The Land of Love

Affects the Dress, the Mien, the Tone,
Assumes the noisy Wit, and ceases to be wise.
The tender Maid to the rough Warrior yields,
Unfrighted at his Wounds and Scars,
Pursues him thro' the Camps and Fields,
And courts the Story of his dang'rous Wars;
With Pleasure hears his 'Scapes, and doth not fail
To pay him with a Joy for ev'ry Tale.

II.

The fair young Bigot, full of Love and Pray'r,
Doats on the vicious Libertine;
The thinking Statesman courts a flutt'ring Play'r,
And dearly buys the pleasing Sin.
The Peer, with some mean Dam'sel of the Trade,
Expensive, common, and decay'd,
And the brisk Chaplain with the Chamber-Maid.
All Things in Earth, and Heav'n, and Sea,
Love gives his Pow'r unto;
Tho' under diff'rent Objects, they
Alike obey and bow.
Sometimes to be reveng'd on those
Whose Beauty makes them proudly nice,
He does a Flame on them impose
To some unworthy Choice.
Thus rarely equal Hearts in Love you'll find,
Which makes them still present the God as blind.

Whist thus he spake, my wond'ring Eyes were stay'd
With pleasing Raptures on a lovely Maid;
Upon whose Smiles the Graces all did wait,
Each heav'nly Beauty round about her sat;
Officious Cupids did her Eyes obey,
Sharp'ning their Darts at ev'ry conqu'ring Ray.

The Character.

I.

Such Charms of Youth, such Ravishment,
Thro' all her Form appear'd,
As if in her Creation Nature meant
She should alone be lov'd and fear'd.
A chearful Modesty adorn'd her Face,
And bashful Blushes spread her smiling Cheeks;
Charming her Air, soft ev'ry Grace,
And 'tis eternal Musick when she speaks.
Attentive Cupids her soft Accents take;
And when they would a perfect Conquest make,
Teach their young fav'rite Lovers so to speak.

II.

Her Neck, on which all careless fell her Hair,
Her half-discover'd rising Bosom bear,
Were beyond Nature form'd, all sweetly fair.
Tempting her Dress, loose with the Winds it flew,
Discov'ring thousand Charms which singly might subdue.
Her soft white slender Hands, whose Touches wou'd
Beget Desire in an awful God,
Long winter'd Age to Tenderness might move,
And in its frozen Blood bloom a new Spring of Love.

All these at once my ravish'd Senses charm'd,
And with unusual Fires my Bosom warm'd;
Whilst my fix'd Eyes pursu'd the charming Maid,
Till they had lost her in the envy'd Glade:
Yet still I gaz'd, as if I still had view'd
The Object which my new Desires pursu'd.
Mad with Delight, my Fate resolv'd to try;
Strait to the wish'd for Shore with Speed we fly,
Vain with my Hopes, and eager of my Joy.
But as upon the Beach we landed were,
An awful Form opposing did appear;
Goddess of Prudence, who, with grave Advice,
Counsels the heedless Stranger to be wise:

The Land of Love

The guards the Shore, and Passage does forbid,
But blinding Sense from me her Face had hid.

I pass'd, and disobey'd the heav'nly Voice,
Which few e'er do, but in this fatal Place.

Now with impatient Haste, but long in vain,
I seek the charming Author of my Pain,
And traverse ev'ry Grove, and ev'ry Plain.
I ask each chrystal Spring, each murm'ring Brook,
Who saw my Fair, or knows which Way she took?
I ask the Echo's when they heard her Name?
But they could nothing but my Moan proclaim.
At last, where all was Shade, and all was gay,
On a Brook's Brink, which purling pass'd away,
Asleep the lovely Maid extended lay.
Of diff'ring Flow'rs the Cupids made her Bed,
And on soft rosy Pillows rais'd her Head.
With what transported Joy my Soul was fill'd,
When I the Object of my Wish beheld!
My greedy Eyes each lovely Part survey'd,
On her white Hand her blushing Cheek was laid;
Half hid in Roses, yet did so appear,
As if among them Lillies mingled were.
Her thin loose Robe her Beauty all reveal'd,
But what young bashful Maids would have conceal'd.

Impatient I, more apt to hope than fear,
Approach'd the heav'nly sleeping Maid more near;
The Place, my Flame, and all her Charms invite,
To taste the sacred Joys of stoll'n Delight;
The Grove was silent, and no Creature by,
But the young smiling God of Love and I.

But as before the awful Shrine I kneel'd,
Where Love's great Mystery was to be reveal'd,
A Man from out the Grove's Recess appears,
Who all my boasted Vigor turn'd to Fears.
Great was his Mien, and excellent his Grace;
Grave in his Looks, commanding all his Face:
His Language awful, such as might subdue
Youth's native Wildness, yet 'twas gracious too.
He slack my Courage by a kind Surprize,
And aw'd my Soul with his majestick Eyes.
I bow'd, and blush'd, and trembling did retire,
Wond'ring at the strange Pow'r that check'd my Fire.
The little *Cupid* waiting by my Side,
Who was presented to me for my Guide,
Beholding me decline the sleeping Maid,
To gaze on this Intruder Thus he said.

The Land of Love

Respect.

I.

Him whom you see so awful and severe,
Is call'd Respect, the eldest Son of Love;

Esteem his Mother is, who, every where,

Is the best Advocate to gain the Fair,
And knows the most obliging Arts to move:
Him you must still caress, and, by his Grace,
You'll conquer all the Beauties of the Place.

To gain him, 'tis not Words will do;

His Rhetorick is the Blush and Bow.

II.

He does require that you should silent be,
And understand no Language, but from Eyes;
Or Sighs, the soft Complaints of Cruelty,
Which soonest move the Heart they would surprize.
They, like the Fire in Limbecks, gently move;
What Words (too hot and fierce) destroy,
These by Degrees infuse a lasting Love,
Whilst those do soon burn out the short-blaz'd Joy.

Instructed thus, I my Address direct
To gain the pow'rful Advocate Respect;
Whom I soon won to favour my Design,
To which young Love his promis'd Aid did join.

This wak'd Aminta, who, with trembling Fear,
Wonder'd to see a Stranger enter'd there;
With timorous Eyes she does the Grove survey;
Where are my Loves? she cries; All fled away!
And left me in this gloomy Shade alone,
And with a Man! alas! I am undone!
Then strove to fly; but I all prostrate lay,

The Land of Love

And grasping fast her Robe, oblig'd her Stay.
Cease, lovely charming Maid, oh! cease to fear,
I faintly cry'd, no savage Beast is near;
I am of human Race, whom Beauty awes,
And born an humble Slave to all her Laws:
Besides, we're not alone, within the Grove
Behold Respect, and the young God of Love.

How can you fear the Man who, with these two,
In any Shade or Hour approaches you?

Thus by Degrees her Courage took its Place,
And usual Blushes dress'd again her Face;
Then with a charming Air her Hand she gave,
Soft bad me rise, and said she did believe.
And now my Conversation does permit;
But oh! the Entertainment of her Wit,
Beyond her Beauty, did my Soul surprize;
Her Tongue had Charms more pow'rful than her Eyes.
Ah! *Lysidas!* had'st thou a List'ner been
To what she said, tho' her thou ne'er had'st seen,
Without the Sense of Sight, thou had'st a Captive been.
Guess at my Fate! But after having spoke
Many indiff'rent Things, her Leave she took.

The Night drew on, and now my Thoughts opprest,
I minded neither where, nor when to rest;
When my Conductor, Love, whom I pursu'd,
Led to a Place he call'd *Inquietude*.

Inquietude.

A neighb'ring Village, which derives its Name
From a rude, sullen, cross, ill-natur'd Dame;
A Woman of a strange deform'd Aspect,
Peevishly pensive, fond of her Neglect;
Never does in one Posture long remain,
Now leans, lies down, then on her Feet again;

Sometimes with Snails she keeps a lazy Pace,
And sometimes runs like Furies in a Chace;
Seldom she sets her watchful Eyes to Sleep,
Which pale and languid does her Visage keep;
Her loose neglected Hair disorder'd grows,
Which undesign'd her Fingers discompose;
Still out of Humour, and depriv'd of Sense,
And contradictive as Impertinence;
Distrustful as false Statesmen, and as nice

The Land of Love

In Plots, Intrigues, Intelligence, and Spies,
To her we did our Duty pay; but she
Made no Return to our Civility.
Thence to my Bed, where Rest in vain I sought,
For Love intruding, still engag'd my Thought,
And to my Mind a thousand Fancies brought.
Aminta's Name, and powerful Attractions,
Drew on these pleasing, painful, soft *Reflections*.

The Reflection.

I.

What different Passions from what now I felt,
My yielding Heart does melt!
And all my Blood as in a Fever burns,
Yet shiv'ring Cold by Turns;
What new Variety of Hopes and Fears!
What sudden Fits of Smiles and Tears!
Hope, why dost thou sometimes my Soul employ
With Prospects of approaching Joy?
Why dost thou make me pleas'd and vain,
And quite forget last Minute's Pain?
What Sleep would calm, Aminta keeps awake,
And I all Night soft Vows and Wishes make.
When to the Gods I would my Prayers address,
And sue to be forgiven,
Aminta's Name I still express,
And Love is all that I confess;
Love and Aminta still out-rival Heaven.

II.

Books give me no Content at all,
Unless soft Cowly entertain my Mind;
Then ev'ry Pair in Love I find;

The Land of Love

Lysander him, Aminta her I call:
Till the bewitching Fuel raise the Fire,

Which was design'd but to divert;
Then to cool Shades I ragingly retire,

To ease my hopeless panting Heart;
Yet there too ev'ry Thing begets Desire;
Each flow'ry Bed, and ev'ry loanly Grove,
Inspires new Wishes, new impatient Love.

Thus all the Night in vain I sought Repose.
And early with the Sun next Day I rose;
Still more impatient grew my new Desires,
To see again the Author of my Fires.
Love leads me forth, to *Little Cares* we pass,
Where Love instructed me Aminta was.
Far from *Inquietude* this Village stands,
And for its Pleasure all the rest commands;

In all the *Land of Love*, not one appears
So ravishingly gay as *Little Cares*.

Little Cares.

I.

Thither the amorous Youths repair,

To see the Objects of their Vows;

No Jealousies approach them there,

They banish Dulness and Despair,

And revel under shady Boughs.
The Houses cover'd o'er with Flow'rs, appear
Like fragrant Arbours all the Year;
Where all the dear and live-long Day
In Musick, Songs, and Balls, is pass'd away.
Gay Conversation, Feasts, and Masquerades,
Agreeable Cabals, and Serenades;
Mirth, Gladness, Gaiety, and Sport,
Make up the Bus'ness of the little Court.

The Land of Love

II.

There no Reproaches dwell; that Vice
Is banish'd, with the Coy and Nice;
The Froward there learn Complaisance,
The Old dispose themselves to dance,
And Melancholly wakens from his Trance.
There the dull Wise his Gravity forsakes,
And against Nature sprightly Humour takes;
The formal Statesman does his Int'rest quit,
And learns to talk of Love and Wit,

There the Philosopher speaks Sense,
Such as his Mistress's Eyes inspire;

Forgets his learned Eloquence,
And thinks Love's Flame more fierce than chymick Fire.

III.

The Miser there opens his Golden Heaps,
And at Love's Altar offers the rich Prize;
Beguils his Heir, while the fair Mistress reaps
The Blessing of his grateful Sacrifice.

Even the flutt'ring Coxcomb there

Does less ridiculous appear;
For in the Crowd some one unlucky Face,
With some peculiar Charm or other, has
The fatal Chance his Heart to gain;
Which gives him just the Sense to feel the Pain,
Whence he becomes less talkative and vain.
There 'tis the Muses dwell, the sacred Nine,

Who teach th'enlarged Soul to prove
No Arts or Sciences divine,

But those inspir'd by them and Love.

At our Approach new Fires my Bosom warm,
New Vigor I receive from ev'ry Charm;

The Land of Love

I found Invention with my Love increase,
And both instruct me with new Arts to please;
New Stratagems I sought to entertain,
And had the Joy to find them not in vain.
All the Extravagance of Youth I show,
And pay to Age the Dotage I shall owe.

With Diligence I wait Aminta's Look,
And her Decrees from Frowns or Smiles I took.
To my new fix'd Resolves no Stop I found;
My Flame was uncontroul'd, and knew no Bound.

Aminta here was unconfin'd and free,
Gave my Address a modest Liberty;
My frequent early Visits does allow,
And more engagingly receives me now.
Her still increasing Charms, her soft Address,
A partial Lover cannot well express;
Her Beauties with my Flame each Hour increase.
'Twas here my Soul more true Content receiv'd,
Than all the duller Hours of Life I'd liv'd:
But with the envying Night I still repair
T'Inquietude, few lodge at *Little Care*.
The hasty Minutes summon me away,
And large Night-Reckonings over-pay the Day.
The God of *Sleep* his wonted Aid denies,
Lends no Repose either to Heart or Eyes;
Only one Hour of Rest the Morning brought,
In which this happy Dream employ'd my Thought.

The Dream.

All trembling in my Arms Aminta lay,
Defending of the Bliss I strove to take;
Raising my Raptures by her kind Delay,
Her Force so charming was, and weak.
The soft Resistance did betray the Grant,
Whilst I press'd on the Heav'n of my Desires;
Her rising Breasts with nimbler Motions pant;
Her dying Eyes assume new Fires.
Now to the Height of Languishment she grows,
And still her Looks new Charms put on;

The Land of Love

Now the last Mystery of *Love* she knows;

We sigh and kiss. I wak'd, and all was done.

'Twas but a Dream; yet, by my Heart, I knew,
Which still was panting, part of it was true.
Oh! how I strove the rest to have believ'd,
Asham'd, and angry to be undeceiv'd!

But now Love calls me forth, and scarce allows
A Moment to the Gods to pay my Vows.
He all Devotion has in Disesteem,
But that which we too fondly render him.
Love dress'd me for the Day; we both repair,
With an impatient Haste, to *Little Care*;
Where many Days I Happiness pursu'd,
But Night still sends me to *Inquietude*.

But Love can recompence whene'er he please,
And has for ev'ry Cruelty an Ease.
He, like to bounteous Heav'n, assigns a Share
Of future Bliss to those who suffer here;
Led me to *Hope*, a City fair and large,
Built with much Beauty, and adorn'd with Charge.

Hope.

'Tis wond'rous populous, from the Access
Of Persons from all Parts that hither press;
One Side of the magnifick City stands
On a Foundation of unfaithful Sands,
Which oftentimes the glorious Load destroys,
Which long designing was with Pomp and Noise.
The other Part well founded, neat, and strong,
Less beautiful, less busy, with less Throng,
Is built upon a River's Bank, whose clear
And murm'ring Waters ravish Eye and Ear.

The River of Pretension.

'Tis treacherously smooth, and falsely fair,
Inviting, but undoing to come near;
Against its Force the Houses find no Fence,
But suffer undermining Violence;
Who (whilst they stand) no Palaces do seem,
In all their glorious Grandeur, like to them.

The Land of Love

This River's famous for the fatal Wrecks
Of many much renown'd of either Sex;
Who to her Bosom her soft Whispers drew,
Tempting with Smiles, whilst they their Death pursue.
'Tis there so many Courtiers perish'd have,
And, vainly seeking *Fame*, have found a *Grave*.

'Twas thither I was tempted too, and Love

Presumptuously would needs my Convoy prove.
Hurry'd by the rash Boy, without Delay,
I ran, but met Precaution on my Way;
With him Respect, both to me gravely said,
Pretension is a River you must dread;
Fond Youth, decline thy fatal Resolution,
Here unavoidably thou meet'st Confusion;
Thou fly'st with too much Haste to certain Fate;
Follow good Counsel, and be fortunate.

Asham'd, all blushing, I decline my Eyes,
Bow'd low, and thank'd them both for their Advice.
From the bewitching River strait I fled,
And hurry'd to the City's farthest Side;
Where lives the mighty Princess Hope, to whom
All People, as their Oracle, do come;
Tho' little Truth is found in what she says,
Yet all adore her Voice, and her wise Conduct praise.

The Princess Hope.

She blows the youthful Lover's Flame,

And promises a sure Repose;
Whilst with a Treason void of Shame,

His fancy'd Bliss she overthrows.
Her Language is all soft and fair;
But her hid Sense is nought but Air,
And can no solid Reason bear.

As often as she speaks,

Her faithless Word she breaks;
Great in Pretension, in Performance small,
And when she swears, 'tis downright Perj'ry all.

These are her Qualities, but yet

The Land of Love

She has a Person full of Charms;

Her Smiles are able to beget

Forgiveness for her other Harms.
She's most divinely fair, her Eyes are sweet,

And ev'ry Glance to please she does employ;
With such Address she does all People treat,

That none are weary of her Flattery.
She comforts still the most afflicted Hearts,
And makes the Proud vain of his fancy'd Arts.

Among the num'rous Crowd who daily came
T'admire the Princess, and to sooth their Flame;
(Conducted thither by a false Report,
That Happiness resided in her Court)
Two young successful Lovers did resort.

One so above his Aim had made Pretence,
That Hope in him was downright Impudence;
Yet he 'gainst Reason's Arguments made War,
And vainly swore his Love did merit her;
Boldly attempted, daringly address'd,
And with unblushing Confidence his Flame confess'd.

The other was a bashful Youth, who made
His Passion his Devotion, not his Trade.

No fond Opiniator, who a Price
Sets on his Titles, Equipage, or Eyes;
But one that had a thousand Charms in Store,
Yet did not understand his conqu'ring Pow'r.

The Princess with a kind Address receives
The Strangers, and to both new Courage gives.
She animates the Haughty to proceed,
And does in these smooth Words his Fancy feed.

One skill'd in all the Arts to please the Fair,
Should be above the Sense of dull Despair;
Time and Respect remove all Obstacles,
And constant Love arrives at Miracles.
Go on, young noble Warrior; then, go on;
A Town that's long besieg'd, must needs be won.

Then turning to the other, Sir, said she,
Were the bright Beauty you adore like me,
Your silent awful Passion more would move,

The Land of Love

Than all the bold and forward Arts of Love.
A Heart the softest Composition forms,
And sooner yields by Treaties, than by Storms.
A Look, a Sigh, a Tear, is understood,
And makes more warm Disorders in the Blood;
Has more engaging tender Eloquence,
Than all the Industry of artful Sense.
So falling Drops, by their soft Force alone,
Insinuate kind Impressions on the Stone.

To me she said, and smiling as she spoke,
Lysander, you with Love have Reason took:
Continue so, and from Aminta's Heart
Expect what Love and Beauty can impart.

I knew she flatter'd; yet I could not chuse
But please my self, and credit the Abuse.
Her charming Words that Night repos'd me more
Than all the grateful Dreams I'd had before.

Next Day I rose, and early with the Sun
Love guided me to *Declaration*;
A pleasant City, built with artful Care,
To which the Lovers of the Land repair.
In our Pursuit, Respect, dissatisfy'd,
Did the unpolitick Adventure chide.
Return, unheedy Youth, cry'd he, return;
Let my Advice approaching Danger warn;
Renounce thy Purpose, and thy Haste decline,
Or thou wilt ruin all Love's great Design.
Amaz'd I stood, unwilling to obey,
Could not return, durst not pursue my Way;
Whilst Love, who thought himself concern'd as Guide
In this Design, thus to Respect reply'd.

Love's Resentment.

Must we eternal Martyrdom pursue?
Must we still love, and always suffer too?

Must we continue still to die,

And ne'er declare the cruel Cause?

Whilst the fair Murtheress asks not why,

The Land of Love

But triumphs in her rig'rous Laws;
And grows more mighty in Disdain,
More peevish, hum'rous, proud, and vain,
The more we languish with our Pain?
And when we vow, implore, and pray,
Shall the inhuman cruel Fair,
Only with nice Disdain the Suff'rer pay;
Consult her Pride alone in the Affair,
And coldly cry in Time perhaps I may

Consider, and redress the Youth's Despair?
Thus when at last she'd ease his cruel Fate,
Alas! her cruel Mercy comes too late.

To this, Respect obligingly repaid,
Aminta's Cruelty you need not dread;
Your Passion by your Eyes will soon be known,
Without this Haste to *Declaration*.
'Tis I will guide you, where you still shall find
Aminta in best Humour, and most kind.

Strong were his Arguments, his Reasons prove
Too pow'rful for the angry God of Love;
Who by Degrees to native Mildness came,
Yields to Respect, and owns his Haste to blame.
We vow Obedience to his better Skill,
And to his safer Conduct yield our Will.

Strait he invites us to a rev'rend Place,
An ancient Town, whose Governor he was;
Impregnable, with Bastions fortify'd,
Guarded with fair high Walls on ev'ry Side;
Silence, and Modesty, and Secrecy,
Have all committed to their Custody.

Silence, to ev'ry Question ask'd, replies
With apt expressive Forms of Face and Eyes;
Her Fingers on her Mouth, as you have seen
Her Picture, handsome, with an easy Mien.

The Virgin Modesty is wond'rous fair,
A bashful Motion, and a blushing Air;
With unassur'd Regard her Eyes do move,

The Land of Love

Free from stiff Affectation, or Self-Love;
Her Robes not gawdy were, not loosely ty'd,
Concealing even more than need be hid.

For Secrecy, one rarely sees her Face,
Whose lone Apartment is some dark Recess;
From whence, unless some great Affairs oblige,
She finds it difficult to disengage.
Her, Voice is low, but subtilly quick her Ears,
And by her Prudence dissipates her Fears.

The City of Discretion.

The Houses there retir'd in Gardens are,

And all is done with little Noise;

Seldom one sees Assemblies there,

Or publick Shews for Grief or Joys:
One still is under great Restraint,
Must suffer patiently, without Complaint.
'Tis there the dumb and silent Languishes

Are told, which do so well explain the Heart,
Which without speaking can so well express,

And Secrets to the Soul the nearest Way impart.

'Twas here Aminta liv'd, and here I paid
My constant Visits to the lovely Maid;
With mighty Force upon my Soul, I strove
To hide the Transports of my raging Love.
All that I spoke, did but indiff'rent seem,
Or went no higher than a grand Esteem.
But 'twas not long my Passion I conceal'd;
My Flame, in Spight of me, it self reveal'd.

The Silent Confession.

And tho' I do not speak, alas!

My Eyes and Sighs too much do say;

The Land of Love

And pale and languishing my Face,

The Torments of my Soul betray.

They the sad Story do unfold;

Love cannot his own Secrets hold.

And tho' Fear ties my Tongue, Respect my Eyes,

Yet something will disclose the Pain;

Which breaking thro' the thin Disguise,

Reproaches her with Cruelties,

Which she augments by new Disdain.

Where—e'er she be, I still am there;

What—e'er she does, I that prefer;

In spite of all my Strength, at her Approach

I tremble with a Sight or Touch.

Paleness or Blushes do my Soul surprize,

If mine by Chance meet her encount'ring Eyes.

'Twas thus she learn'd my Weakness, and her Pow'r,

And knew too well she was my Conqueror.

And now alas!

Her Eyes no more their wonted Smiles afford,

But grew more fierce, the more they were ador'd;

The Marks of her Esteem, which heretofore

Rais'd my aspiring Flame, oblige no more.

She calls up all her Pride to her Defence,

And, as a Crime, condemns my just Pretence;

Me from her Presence does in Fury chase;

No Supplications can my Doom reverse;

And vainly certain of her Victory,

Retires into the Den of *Cruelty*.

The Den of Cruelty.

A Den where Tyger's make the Passage good,

And vain attempting Lovers devour as Food;

Within the Hollow of a Rock 'tis plac'd,

Which by the angry Sea is still embrac'd;

Whose frightful Surface constant Tempest wears,

Striking the bold Adventurer with Fears;

The Land of Love

The Elements their rudest Blasts send out,
And blow continual Coldness round about.
Upon the Rock eternal Winter dwells;
Shiv'ring he sits, and drops in Isicles:
Horrid and waste th'unshaded Prospect lies,
And nothing grateful meets th'affrighted Eyes.

To this dire Place Aminta hastes; whilst I
Begg'd her with Sighs and Tears to pass it by.
All dying on the Ground my self I cast,
And with my Arms her flying Feet embrac'd;
But she from the kind Force with Fury flung,
And on the *Monster* of the *Cavern* hung.

Cruelty.

A Harpy, frightful, with a horrid Frown,
Threat'ning her angry Eyes, her Brows hung down;
One hateful Look's sufficient to impart
Despair and Terror to the trembling Heart.

'Tis she that fills the World with Discontents;
New Torments for poor Lovers still invents.
The mighty Tyrant's Name is Cruelty,
With Love's soft God at constant Enmity.
Her horrid Aspect did me so affright,
That I all trembling hasted from her Sight;
Leaving the unconcern'd hard-hearted Maid,
And on a River's Bank my self all fainting laid.

The River of Despair.

This River from th'obdurate Rock proceeds,
And cuts its Way thro' melancholly Meads.

Its Torrent has no other Source,

But Tears from dying Lover's Eyes;

Which, mix'd with Sighs, precipitates its Course,

Soft'ning the flinty Rocks ingliding by.
Its doleful Murmurs have such Eloquence,
As gives the Trees and Flowers pitying Sense;

The Land of Love

And Cruelty alone knows in what Sort

(Who laughs at all Despair and Death as Sport)
Against the moving Sound to make Defence.
A dismal Wood the River's Bank does bear,
Almost excluding Day from ent'ring there;
Yet thro' the Shade glimmers a sullen Light,
Which renders all below more terrible than Night,
Just making visible on every Tree,
Sad Stories carv'd of Love and Cruelty.
The Grove is fill'd with Sighs, with Cries, and Groans,
Reproaches, and Complaints, and dying Moans;

The neighb'ring Echo's nothing do repeat,
But what the Soul sends forth in sad Regret.

'Twas in this Place, despairing e'er to see
Aminta from the Arms of Cruelty;
That I design'd to render up my Breath,
And charge the cruel Charmer with my Death.

The Resolve.

Now, my fair Tyrant, I despise your Power;
'Tis Death, not you, becomes my Conqueror.

This easy Trophy, which your Scorn
Led bleeding by your Chariot Side,
Your haughty Vict'ry to adorn,
Has broke the Fetters of your Pride.
Death takes the Quarrel now in Hand,
And laughs at all your Eyes can do;
His Pow'r your Beauty can't withstand;
Not all your Smiles can the stern Victor bow.
He'll hold no Parley with your Wit,
Nor understands your wanton Play;
Not all your Arts can force him to submit,

The Land of Love

Nor all your Charms oblige him to obey.
Nor Youth nor Beauty can inspire
His frozen Heart with Love's persuasive Fire;
Alas! you cannot warm him to one soft Desire.

O! mighty Death! that art above

The Pow'r of Beauty and of Love!

Thus sullen with my Fate sometimes I grew,
And then a Fit of Softness would ensue:
Then weep, and on my Knees implore my Fair,
And speak as if Aminta present were.

The Question.

Say, my fair Charmer, must I fall

A Victim to your Cruelty?

And must I suffer as a Criminal?

Is it to love, Offence enough to die?

Is this the Recompence at last

Of all the restless Hours I've past?

How oft my Awe, and my Respect,

Has fed your Pride and Scorn!

How oft I've suffer'd your Neglect,

Too mighty to be born!

How have I strove to hide the Flame

You seem'd to disapprove!

How careful to avoid the Name

Of Tenderness and *Love!*

Least at the Word, some guilty Blush should own,
What your bright Eyes forbad me to make known.

The Land of Love

Thus fill'd the neighb'ring Desarts with my Cry,
Did nothing but reproach, complain, and die.

One Day,
As hopeless on the River's Brink I stood,
Resolv'd to plunge into the rapid Flood;

That Flood that eases Lovers in Despair,
And puts an End to all their raging Care;
Where swim a thousand Swans, who'n doleful Moan
Sing dying Lovers *Requiums* with their own.
I gaz'd around, and many Lovers view'd,
Ghastly and pale, who my Design pursu'd:
But most inspir'd with some new Hope, or won
To finish something they had left undone;
Some grand important Business of their Love,
Did from the fatal Precipice remove.

For me, no Reasons my Design dissuade,
'Till Love, all breathless, hasted to my Aid;
With Force my forward Feet he kindly grasp'd,
And tenderly reproach'd my desp'rate Haste;
Reprov'd my Courage, and condemn'd my Wit,
That meanly could to Woman's Scorn submit;
That could, to feed her Pride, and make her vain,
Destroy an Age of Life, for a short Date of Pain.
Thus rais'd my drooping Head, then did renew
His flatt'ring Tale, us'd all the Arts he knew,
To call my Courage to its wonted Place.
What, cry'd he, (sweetly angry) shall a Face,
Arm'd with the weak Resistance of a Frown,
Force us to lay our Claims and Titles down?
No! rally all thy Vigor, all thy Charms,
And force her from the cruel Tyrant's Arms.
Again let's try the angry Maid t'appease,
Death's in our Pow'r to grasp when-e'er we please.

He said And I the heav'nly Voice attend,
Whilst tow'rds the Rock our hasty Steps we bend;
Before the Gates with all our Forces lie,
Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die.
In vain Love all his feeble Engines rears;
His soft Artillery of Sighs and Tears
Were all in vain, against the Winds were sent,
She still was Proof against our Languishment.
Repeated Vows and Tears make no Remorse;
My Pains grow greater, my Condition worse.

Love in my Anguish bore a mighty Part;
He pity'd, but he could not ease my Heart.
A thousand several Ways he had assay'd

The Land of Love

To touch the Heart of the obdurate Maid;
Recoiling all his Arrows still return,
For she was doubly arm'd with Pride and Scorn.
The useless Weapons then away he flung,
Neglected lay his Iv'ry Bow unstrung.
He blush'd to think he could not find a Dart
Of Force enough to wound Aminta's Heart:
Asham'd to think she should her Freedom boast,
Whilst mine, from the first Shaft he sent, was lost.
Thus tir'd with sad Complaints, whilst no Relief
Eas'd my tormented Soul of killing Grief,
We saw a Maid approach, whose lovely Face
Disdain'd the Beauties of the common Race.
In her soft Eyes unfeigned Sorrow dwelt,
And on her Cheeks in pitying Show'rs did melt.

Sweet was her Voice, and tenderly it struck
The list'ning ravish'd Ear, when—e'er she spoke:
But more my Courage rais'd, when I perceiv'd
That for my Sake at present 'twas she griev'd;
And sighing, softly said, Ah! Gods, have you

Beheld the dying Youth, and never found
Compassion for an Heart so true,

Which dies adoring her who gave the Wound?
His Youth, his Passion, and his Constancy,
Merit, ye Gods, a kinder Destiny.

With Pleasure I attended what she said,
And wonder'd at the Friendship of the Maid.
Of Love I ask'd her Name, who answer'd me,
'Twas Pity, a sworn Foe to Cruelty;
Who often came, endeav'ring to abate
The Languishments of the Unfortunate.
And said, if she would take my injur'd Part,
She soon would soften fair Aminta's Heart:
For she knows all the subtil'st Arts to move,
And teach the tim'rous Virgin how to love.
With Joy I heard, and my Address apply'd,
To gain the courteous Pity on my Side.
Nothing I left untold, that might persuade
The list'ning Goddess to afford her Aid;
I counted all my Sorrows, Pains, and Fears,
And, whilst I spoke, confirm'd them with my Tears.
All which, with pitying Eyes, she did attend,
And kindly said, my Tale had made a Friend,

I bow'd, and thank'd her with a chearful Look,
She softly answer'd, and her Leave she took.

The Land of Love

Now to Aminta in all Haste she flies,
Whom she assails with Sorrow in her Eyes,
And the sad Story of my Miseries.
Which she with so much Tenderness exprest,
As forc'd some Sighs from the fair Charmer's Breast.
This Pity saw, and hoping to prevail,
Continu'd to repeat her moving Tale;
Until insensibly she did betray
The Maid, where Love and I all trembling lay.
When she beheld th'Effects of her Disdain,
And in my languid Face had read my Pain,
Down her fair Cheeks some pitying Drops did glide,
Which could not be restrain'd by feebler *Pride*.
Against my Anguish she had no Defence;
Such Charms had Grief, my Tears such Eloquence!
My Sighs and Murmurs she began t'approve,
And listen'd to the Story of my *Love*.
With Tenderness she did my Suffrings hear,
And now could even my Reproaches bear.
At last my trembling Hand in her's she took,
And with a pleasing Blush, these melting Words she spoke.

The Answer.

I.

Faithful Lysander, I your Vows approve,
And can no longer hide
My Sense of all your suffering Love,
With the thin Veil of *Pride*.

II.

'Twas long in vain that Pity did assail
My cold and stubborn Heart,
E'er on th'obdurate Thing she could prevail
To act a softer Part.

III.

The Land of Love

To her, for all the Tenderness

Which in my Eyes you find,
You must your Gratitude express;

'Tis Pity makes me kind.

IV.

Live then, Lysander, since I must confess,

In spite of all my native Modesty,
I cannot wish that you should love me less;
Live then, and hope the circling Sun may see,
In his swift Course, a grateful Change in me;
And that, in Time, your Passion may receive
All you dare ask, and all a Maid may give.

O Lysidas! I cannot here relate
The Joy her Words did in my Soul create.

The sudden Blessing overcame me so,
It almost finish'd what Grief fail'd to do.
I wanted Courage for the soft Surprize,
And waited Reinforcements from her Eyes.
At last, with Transports, which I could not hide,
Raising my self from off the Ground, I cry'd,

The Transport.

Rejoyce, my new-made happy Soul, rejoyce!
Bless the dear Minute, bless the heav'nly Voice,
That kindly has revok'd thy fatal Doom;
Rejoyce, Aminta leads thee from thy Tomb!
Banish the anxious Thoughts of dying Flow'rs,
Forget the Shades and melancholly Bow'rs,
Thy Eyes so oft bedew'd with falling Show'rs.
Banish all Thoughts that do remain
Of sighing Days, and Nights of Pain,
When on neglected Beds of Moss thou'st lain.
O happy Youth! Aminta bids thee live;

Thank not the sullen Gods, nor deafer Stars,
Since from her Hand thou do'st the Prize receive;

The Land of Love

Her's be the Service, as the Bounty her's.

Now, Lysidas, behold my happy State;
Behold me bless'd, behold me fortunate;
And from the Depth of languishing Despair,
Rais'd to the Glory of Aminta's Care.
Thus did one Moment of transporting Joy,
All sad Remembrance of pass'd Grievs destroy.

Kind Pity ceas'd not here, but with new Eloquence
Led on the easy Maid to visit Confidence.

Confidence.

A Lady of a lovely Mien,

Brisk, gay, and of an Air serene;
In ev'ry Look she does her Soul impart;
Her Countenance expresses all her Heart.
Her Humour gen'rous, and her Language free,
And all her Converse grateful Liberty.
In her large Palace Lovers safely lie,
Secure from cens'ring Spies and Jealousy;
And in her flow'ry Gardens do or say
A thousand harmless Things, to pass the short-liv'd Day.
'Tis there we see what most we do adore,
And yet we languish to discover more.
Hard Fate of Lovers, who are ne'er content
In an Estate so bless'd and innocent!
But still press forwards, urg'd by soft Desires,
To Joy, that oft extinguishes their Fires.

Here 'twas that I too found an Happiness,
That nought but wishing more could render less.
I saw Aminta here without Controul,
And told her all the Secrets of my Soul;
Whilst she, to shew her Height of Amity,
Communicated all her Thoughts to me.

The Reflection.

Oh! with what Pleasure did I pass away
The too swift Course of the delightful Day!

The Land of Love

What Joys I found in being Slave

To ev'ry conqu'ring Smile she gave!

Whose charming Sweetness could inspire

The *Cynick*, or the Fool with Love;

Alas! I needed no Increase of Fire,

Who did its Height already prove.

Ah! my Aminta, had I been content

With that Degree of Ravishment;

Had I been satisfy'd with the Delight I took,
Only to prattle Love, to sigh, and look,

With the dull bart'ring Kiss for Kiss,

And never aim'd at higher Bliss,

What Midnight Sighs, what Tears might I have sav'd?
What anxious Fears, what tedious Watchings wav'd?

But still Love importun'd, nor could I rest,
So often and impatiently he prest,
That I the lovely Virgin would invite
To the so worshipp'd *Temple of Delight*.
By all the subtil'st Arts I strove to move,
And watch'd the softest Minutes of her Love;
But she, 'gainst all my Vows and Pray'rs was Proof;
Alas! she lov'd, but did not love enough.

Yet 'twas not long I did my Sighs employ,
Before she rais'd me to the Height of Joy;
And all my Fears and Torments to remove,
Yields I shall lead her to the *Court of Love*.

Here, Lysidas, thou think'st me sure, and blest
With Recompence for all my past Unrest:
But Fortune only smil'd, the easier to betray;
She's more unconstant than the faithless Sea.
For whilst our nimble Feet out-strip the Wind,
Leaving all Thoughts of mortal Care behind;
Whilst we fly gazing full of new Surprize,
Exchanging Souls at one another's Eyes,
We met with one, who seem'd of great Command,
Who stopt our Course with an all-pow'rful Hand;
Awful his Looks, but rude in his Address,
And roughly did Authority express.
Upon Aminta his rude Hands he laid,

The Land of Love

And out of mine snatch'd the dear trembling Maid,
So suddenly, as hinder'd my Defence,
And she could only say, in parting thence,
Forgive, Lysander what by Force I do,
Since nothing else can ravish me from you:
Make no Resistance, I obey Devoir,
Who values not thy Tears, thy Force, or Pray'r:
Retain thy Faith, and love Aminta still,
Since she abandons thee against her Will.
Immoveable I stood with the Surprize,
Nor durst reply, so much as with my Eyes.

I saw her go, but was of Sense bereav'd,
And only knew by what I heard, I liv'd.
Yes, yes, I heard her last Commands, and thence,
By violent Degrees, retriev'd my Sense.
Ye Gods! in this your Mercy was severe;
You might have spar'd the useless Favour here.
But the first Thoughts my Reason did conceive,
Was to pursue th'injurious Fugitive.
As raving on I did my Steps direct,
I once more met the reverend Respect;
From whom I strove my self to disengage,
And feign'd a Calmness, to disguise my Rage.
In vain was all the Cheat; he soon perceiv'd,
Spight of my Smiles, how much, and why I griev'd;
Saw my Despair, and what I meant to do,
And begg'd I would the rash Design forego:
A thousand Dangers he did represent,
To win me from the desperate Attempt:
At length o'ercame my Rage, but could not free
My Soul from Grief's more pow'rful Tyranny:
Grief, tho' more soft, did not less cruel prove;
Madness is easier far than hopeless Love.

I parted thus, but knew not what to do,
Nor where I went, nor did I care to know.
With folded Arms, with weeping Eyes declin'd,
I sought the Ease I could not hope to find,
And mix'd my constant Sighs with flying Wind.
By slow unsteady Steps a Path I trace,
Which, undesign'd, conducts me to a Place

Suiting a Soul distress'd, obscur'd with Shade,
Lonely, and fit for Love and Sorrow made;
With hideous Mountains all environ'd round,
Whence Echo's melancholly Notes resound.
Here, in the midst and thickest of a Wood,
Cover'd with bending Shades, a Castle stood,
Where Absence, sad dejected Maid, remains,
And nothing but her Sorrow entertains.

Absence.

Her mournful languid Eyes are rarely shown,
Unless to those afflicted like her own.
In her Apartment, all obscure as Night,
(Discover'd only by a glimm'ring Light)
Weeping she sits, her Face with Grief dismay'd,
Which all its native Sweetness has decay'd;
Yet in Despite of Grief, there does appear
The ruin'd Monuments of what was fair,
Ere cruel Love and Grief had took Possession there.
These made her old without the Help of Years,
Worn out and faint with ling'ring Hopes and Fears;
She seldom answers ought, but with her Tears.
No Train attends; she only is obey'd
By Melancholy, soft and silent Maid.
The noisy Streams, that from high Mountains fall,
And water all the neighb'ring flow'ry Wall;
The Murmurs of the Rivulets, that glide
Against the bending Sedges on the Side;

Of mournful Birds, the sad and tuneful Notes,
The Bleats of struggling Lambs, and new-yeand Goats;
The distant Pipe of some lone Mountain-Swain,
Who to his injur'd Passion fits his Strain,
Are all the Harmony her Soul can entertain.

On a strict League of Friendship we agree,
For I was sad, and as forlorn as she;
To all her Humours I conform my own,
Together sigh, together weep and moan;
Like her, to Woods and Fountains I retreat,
And urge the pitying Echo's to repeat
My Tale of Love, and at each Period sound
Aminta's Name, and bear it all around;
Whilst list'ning Voices do the Charm reply,
And, lost in mixing Air, together die.
Their Minutes, like dull Days, creep slowly on,
And ev'ry Day I drag an Age along.
I rav'd, I wish'd, I wept, but all in vain;
The distant Maid nor saw, nor eas'd my Pain.
With my sad Tale each tender Bark I fill,
This soft Complaints, and that my Ravings tell;
This bears vain Curses on my cruel Fate,
And Blessings on the charming Virgin, that.
The Willow by the lonely Spring that grows,
And o'er the Stream bends his forsaken Boughs,
I call Lysander; they, like him, I find

The Land of Love

Murmur, and ruffled are with ev'ry Wind.
On the young springing Beech, that's strait and tall,
I carve her Name, and that Aminta call.

But where I see an Oak that climbs above
The rest, and grows the Monster of the Grove,
Whose pow'rful Arms, when aiding Winds do blow,
Dash all the tender twining Shades below;
And ev'n in Calms does so malicious spread,
That nought below can thrive, embrace, or breed;
Whose Mischiefs far exceed his fancy'd Good;
That I call Honour, Tyrant of the Wood.
Thus rove from Thought to Thought, without Relief;
A Change, 'tis true, but 'tis from Grief to Grief.
Which when above my Silence does prevail,
With Love I chide, on my Misfortunes rail,
And to the Winds breathe my neglected Tale.

To Love.

I.

Fond Love, thy pretty Flatt'ries cease,
That feeble Hope you bring,
Unless 'twould make my Happiness,
Is but mere trifling.
In vain, dear Boy, in vain you strive,
It cannot keep my tortur'd Heart alive.

II.

Tho' thou should'st give me all the Joys
Luxurious Monarchs do possess;
Without Aminta, 'tis but empty Noise,
Dull and insipid Happiness:
And you in vain invite me to a Feast,
Where my Aminta cannot be a Guest.

III.

The Land of Love

Ye glorious Trifles, I renounce you all,
Since she no Part of all your Splendor makes;
Let the dull Unconcern'd obey your Call;
Let the gay Fop, who his pert Courtship takes
For Love, while he prophanes that Diety,
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with all your Vanity.

IV.

But give me Leave, whose Soul's inspir'd
With sacred, but despairing, Love,
To die from all your Noise retir'd,
And bury'd lie within the silent Grove.
For whilst I live, my Soul's a Prey
To insignificant Desires;
Whilst thou, fond *God of Love and Play*,
With all thy boasted Darts and Fires;
With all thy wanton Flatt'ries can'st not charm,
Nor yet the frozen-hearted Virgin warm.

V.

Others by *Absence* quench their Fire,
Me it enrages more with Pain;
Each Thought of my Aminta blows it high'r,
And Distance strengthens my Desire;
I faint with wishing, since I wish in vain.
Either be gone, fond Love, or let me die;
Hopeless Desire admits no other Remedy.
Here 'twas the Height of Cruelty I prov'd,
By *Absence* from the sacred Maid I lov'd;
And here had dy'd, but that Love found a Way
A Letter from Aminta to convey;
Which did soft tender Marks of Pity give,
And hope enough to make we wish to live.

The Land of Love

From *Duty* now the lovely Maid is freed,
And calls me from my lonely Solitude;
Whose cruel Mem'ry, in a Moment's Space,
The Thoughts of coming Pleasures quite deface.
With an impatient Lover's Haste I flew
To the vast Blessing Love had set in View:
But oh! I found Aminta in a Place
Where never any Lover happy was.

Rivals.

Rivals 'tis call'd, a Village, where
Th'Inhabitants in Fury still appear;
Malicious Paleness, or an angry Red,
O'er each uneasy Face is ever spread.
Their Eyes are either smiling with Disdain,

Or fiercely glow with raging Fire;
Gloomy and sullen with dissembled Pain,

Love in the Heart, Revenge in the Desire.

Combates, Duels, Challenges,

Is the Discourse, and all the Bus'ness there;
Respect of Blood, nor sacred Friendship's Ties,

Can't reconcile the Civil War.
Rage, Horror, Death, and wild Despair,
Are still encounter'd, and still practis'd there.

'Twas here the lovely cruel Maid I found,
Encompass'd with a thousand Lovers round.
At my Approach, I saw their Blushes rise,
And they regarded me with angry Eyes:
Aminta too, or else my Fancy 'twas,
Receiv'd me with a shy and cold Address.
I could not speak but sigh'd, retir'd, and bow'd;
With Pain I heard her talk, and laugh aloud,
And deal her Freedoms to the num'rous Crowd.
I curs'd her Smiles, and envy'd ev'ry Look,
And swore it was too kind, whate'er she spoke:
Condemn'd her Air, rail'd on her free Address,
Fear'd her soft Eyes did her false Heart confess,
And vainly wish'd their charming Beauties less.
A secret Hatred in my Soul I bear,
Against the Object of my new Despair.

The Land of Love

I waited all the Day, but all in vain;
Not one lone Minute eas'd my anxious Pain.
Love saw my Grief, and found my Rage grew high,
So led me off, to lodge at Jealousy.

Jealousy.

I.

A Palace, that is more uneasy far,
Than those of Cruelty and Absence are.
Here constant Show'rs of Hail and Rain do flow,
Continual murm'ring Winds around do blow;
Eternal Thunders rowling in the Air,
And thick dark hanging Clouds the Day obscure;

Whose fullen Dawn, all Objects multiplies,
And renders Things which are not, to the Eyes.
Fantoms appear, by the dull gloomy Light,
That, with such subtil Art, delude the Sight,
That one can see no Object true or right.

II.

A thousand Serpents gnaw the Heart,

As many Visions fill the Eyes;
And deaf to all that can Relief impart,

We hate the Counsel of the Wise;
And Sense, like Tales of Lunaticks, despise.
Faithless as couzen'd Maids by Men undone,
And obstinate as new Religion;
As full of Error, and false Notion too,

As dangerous and politick,
As vain and fanciful in all we do,

As hum'rous as a Beauty without Wit.
Thus rack'd's the Soul, as if it did conceal
Love's Secrets, which by tort'ring 'twould reveal.

Restless and wild, ranging each Field and Grove,
I meet the Author of my painful Love;
But still surrounded with a num'rous Train
Of Lovers, whom Love taught to sigh and faun

The Land of Love

At her Approach, my Soul all trembling flies,
And tells my soft Resentments at my Eyes;
My Face all pale, my Steps unsteady fall,
And faint Confusion spreads it self o'er all.
I listen to each low-breath'd Word she says,
And the Return the happy Answerer pays.

When catching half the Sense, the rest invent,
And turn it still to what will most torment;
When by a Whisper she does ought impart,
'Tis mortal, like a Dagger to my Heart;
And ev'ry Smile, each Motion, Gesture, Sign,
In Favour of some Lover I explain.
When I am absent, in some Rival's Arms
I fancy she distributes all her Charms;
And if alone I find her, sighing cry,
Some happier Lover she expects than I:
So that I did not only jealous grow
Of all I saw, but all I fancy'd too.

The Complaint.

I.

Oft in my jealous Transports, I would cry,

Ye happy Shades, ye happy Bow'rs,
Why speaks she tenderer to you, than me?

Why does she smile, caress, and praise your Flow'rs?
Why sighs she out her Secrets all,

Into your fragrant Leaves?
Why does she to her Aid your Sweetness call,

Yet takes less from you, than she gives?
Why on your Beds must you be happy made,
And be together with Aminta laid?
You from her Hands and Lips may Kisses take,

And never meet Reproaches from her Pride;
A thousand blissful Stealths may make,

Even into her softer Bosom glide,

And there expire. O happy Rival Flow'rs!
How vainly do I wish my Fate like that of yours!

The Land of Love

II.

Tell me, ye silent Groves, whose Gloom invites

The lovely Charmer to your Solitudes;
Tell me for whom she languishes and sighs,

For whom she feels her soft Inquietudes:
Name me the Youth for whom she makes her Vows;
For she has breath'd them oft among your list'ning Boughs.
O happy Confidants of her Amours!
How vainly do I wish my Fortune bless'd like yours!

III.

O happy Brooks! O happy Rivulets!

And Springs that in a thousand Windings move!
Upon your Banks how oft Aminta sets,

And prattles to you all her Tale of Love?
Whilst your smooth Surface little Circles bears,
From the Impressions of her falling Tears.
Dear Streams, to whom she gives her softest Hours;
How vainly do I wish my Happiness like yours!

Sometimes I rail'd again, and would upbraid
Reproachfully the charming fickle Maid:
Sometimes I vow'd to love no more,

But one vain short-liv'd Hour,
Would perjure all I'd sworn before,

And damn my fancy'd Power.
Sometimes the sullen Fit would last

A tedious live-long Day;

But when the racking Hours were past,
With what Impatience would I haste,

And at her Feet weep my Neglect away?
Quarrels are the Reserve Love keeps in Store,
To aid his Flames, and make them burn the more.

The Penitent.

I.

With Rigor arm your self, I cry'd,

It is but just and fit;
I merit all this Treatment from your Pride,

All the Reproaches of your Wit.
Put on the cruel Tyrant as you will;
But know, my tender Heart adores you still.
And yet that Heart has murmur'd too,
And been so proud to let you know,
It did complain, and rave, and rail at you.
Yet all the while, by ev'ry God I swear;
By ev'ry pitying Pow'r, who wretched Mortals hear;
By all those Charms that disengage
My Soul from the Extrems of Rage;
By all the Art you have to save and kill,
My faithful tender Heart adores you still.

II.

But oh! you should excuse my soft Complaint;

Even my wilder Ravings too prefer:
I sigh, I burn, I weep, I faint,

And vent my Passion to the Air,

Whilst all my Torments, all my Care,
Serve but to make you put new Graces on;

You laugh, and rally my Despair,

Which to my *Rivals* renders you more fair,
And but the more confirms my being undone.
Sport with my Pain as gayly as you will,
My fond and tender Heart adores you still.

My diff'ring Passions thus did never cease,
'Till they had touch'd her Soul with Tenderness.
My Rivals now are vanish'd by Degrees,

The Land of Love

And with them all my Fears and Jealousies.
The Storm's blown o'er, my Cares at length are gone,
And I in her fair Breast command alone.

The City of Love.

In this delightful Land is seen to rise
(Lifting its splendid Structures to the Skies)
A *City* glorious to beholding Eyes;
Call'd by Love's Name; and here the charming God,
When he retires to Pleasure, makes Abode.
All Nations hither hourly do resort,
To add a Splendor to the glorious Court:
The Young, the Old, the Witty, and the Wise;
The Fair, the Ugly, Lavish, and Precise;
The Base, the Brave, the Modest, and the Loud,
Promiscuously are blended in the Crowd.
From distant Shores young Kings their Courts remove,
To pay their Homage to the God of Love.

All State-Intrigues and Cares aside they lay,
And in Love's softer Bus'ness spend the Day:
Freely they here do with their Vassals live,
Claiming nor Homage, nor Prerogative.

Love's Temple.

'Midst the gay Court, a famous *Temple* stands,
Old as the Universe, which it commands;
For Love before the World a Being had,
And nothing was compos'd without his Aid.
'Tis rich, but solemn; all divine, yet gay;
The dazzling Jems Lights from the Roof display,
And all below inform, without the Aid of Day.
All Nations hither bring rich Off'rings,
And 'tis endow'd with Gifts of love-sick Kings.
Upon an Altar, to whose mighty Store,
Tagus, and both the *India's* are but poor,
Was plac'd the God, with ev'ry Beauty form'd,
Of smiling Youth, but naked, unadorn'd;
His painted Wings display'd, his Bow laid by,
For here Love needs not his Artillery:
One of his little Hands aloft he bore,
Grasping a wounded *Heart* that burnt all o'er;
On which he look'd with lovely laughing Eyes,
As pleas'd and vain with the fond Sacrifice:

The Land of Love

The other pointing downward, seem'd to say,
Here at my Feet your grateful Victims lay;

And in a Golden Scroul above his Head,
In Diamond Characters this Motto stood,
Behold the Pow'r that conquers ev'ry God.

Unto this sacred Place I did perswade
The lovely tim'rously yielding Maid;
Implor'd we might together sacrifice,
And she agrees with blushing down-cast Eyes:
Then 'twas we both our Hearts an Off'ring made,
Which at the Feet of the young God we laid;
With equal Flames they burnt, with equal Joy,
But with a Fire that neither did destroy:
Soft was its Force, and Sympathy with them,
Dispers'd it self thro' ev'ry trembling Limb.
But by a blessed Change, in taking back,
The lovely Virgin did her Heart mistake:
Her bashful Eyes favour'd Love's great Design,
I took her burning *Victim*, she took mine.

Thus, Lysidas, without Restraint or Art,
I reign'd the Monarch of Aminta's Heart;
My great, my happy Title she allows,
And makes me Lord of all her tender Vows:
My pleasing Hours in the Extream of Joy,
With my soft Languisher I still employ;
When I am gay, Love revels in her Eyes;
When sad, there the young God all panting lies.
A thousand Freedoms now she does impart,
Shews all her Tenderness, disrob'd of Art;
But oh! this could not satisfy my Heart.

A thousand Anguishes it still contains,
It sighs, and heaves, and pants, with pleasing Pains;
Still unexplor'd, a Place there did remain,
The *Bower of Enjoyment* was its Name:
A Place which Lovers most of all admire,
For there they quench the Flames Love does inspire.
Yea, Gods themselves, they say, sometimes repair,
And leave their Heav'n, to make a Visit there.
To this bless'd Bow'r, so charming to the Sight,
With all my Rhet'rick I the Maid invite.
To mighty Love upon my Knees I fall,
And to my *Guide* for his Assistance call;
Who fav'ring my Design, with smiling Face,
And sweeter Language, thus describ'd the Place.

The Bower of Enjoyment.

I.

'Tis all eternal Spring around,
With fragrant Leaves the Trees are ever crown'd;
No Clouds, no misty Show'rs obscure the Light,

But all is calm, serene, and gay;
The Heav'ns are dress'd with a perpetual Bright,

And all the Earth with everlasting *May*.
Each Minute new Discov'ries bring,
Of something sweet, of something ravishing,
And all the Woods with tender Murm'rings ring.

II.

Inspiring Loves, inciting Joy,

(The sole, the solemn Bus'ness of the Day)

Thro' all the Groves, the Shades, and Thickets toy,

And nothing seen but Love o'er all the fragrant Way.
A thousand Flow'rs of diff'rent Kinds,

The neighb'ring Meads adorn;
Whose Sweetness, snatch'd by flying Winds,

Is over all the Bower born;
To which all Things in Nature strive to bring
All that is soft, all that is ravishing.

III.

The verdant Banks no other Prints retain,
But where young *Lovers*, and young *Loves* have lain.

For Love has nothing here to do,

But to be wanton, soft, and gay,

The Land of Love

And give a lavish Loose to Joy,
In soft incessant Play.
His empty'd Quiver and his Bow,
In flow'ry Wreaths, with Garlands crown'd,
In Myrtle Shades are hung up now,
As Conqu'rors when they've quell'd the Foe,
Dispose their glorious Trophies all around.
Soft Winds and Echo's that do haunt each Grove,
Still whisper, and repeat glad Songs of Love;
Which round about the sacred Bow'r they sing,
Where ev'ry Thing arrives that's sweet and ravishing.

IV.

A thousand pleasing Walks, contain
(Sacred all to mighty Love)
A thousand winding Turns, where Pleasures reign,
Obscur'd from Day by twining Boughs above.
Where Love invents a thousand Plays;
Where *Lovers* act ten thousand Joys.
Nature has taught each little Bird,
A soft Example to afford;
They bill, and look, and sing, and love,
And charm the Air, and charm the Grove.
Whilst underneath the ravish'd Swain is lying,
Gazing, sighing, wishing, dying,
Still with new Desire warm'd,
Still with new Joy, new Raptures charm'd;
Thro' the delightful Green soft Riv'lets pass,
In winding Streams, half hid with Flow'rs and Grass,

The Land of Love

Who purl and murmur as they glide along,
And mix their Musick with the Shepherd's Song;
Which Echo's thro' the sacred Bow'r repeat,
Where ev'ry Thing arrives that's ravishing and sweet.

V.

The Virgin here shews no Disdain,
Nor does the Shepherd sigh in vain;
She knows no Cruelty, and he no Pain.
No Youth complains upon his rig'rous Fair;
No injur'd Maid upon her perjur'd Dear;
'Tis only Love, fond Love finds Entrance here.
The Notes of Birds, the murm'ring Boughs,

When gentle Winds breathe thro' the Glades;
Soft Sighs of Love, and oft repeated Vows,

The tender Whisp'rings of the yielding Maids,
Is all that's heard; Silence and Shade the rest,
Which best with Love, and with its Joys consist;

All which loud Echo's thro' the Bow'r do sing,
Where ev'ry Thing is heard, that's sweet and ravishing.

VI.

The soft Enchantments of the Tongue,

That does all other Eloquence controul,
Is breath'd, with broken Sighs among,

Into the ravish'd Shepherd's Soul.
Whilst all is taken, all is given,
That can compleat a Lover's Heav'n,
And Triumphs thro' the list'ning Woods do ring,
Of Love's soft Vict'ries, in Songs all ravishing.

Two Ways I saw, both difficult to tread,
Did to this *Bower of Enjoyment* lead.
Upon the Right there stood a sacred Place
To Hymen, and his *Chapel* called was;
Where Love, they told us, serious did appear,
And all his Robes of Ceremony wear.
Thro' this (tho' 'tis about a little) you
(They said) may safely to the *Bower* go.

The Land of Love

Strait I press'd on, impatient with Desire,
Whilst ev'ry Look and Touch increas'd the Fire.
But eager Love, who hates to be controul'd,
In soft, but hasty Language, bad me hold.
Why would'st, he said, take this long tedious Way,
And let the Love that's kindled, die away?
I thought you better understood Love's Arts,
And all the Myst'ries of securing Hearts.
Why would'st pursue this common beaten Road,
That's only by dull formal Lovers trod?

Our Vot'ries now trace nearer Paths to Bliss,
And take a shorter Cut to Happiness.
Come, come, fond Youth, I favour thy Design,
And am resolv'd to make the Charmer thine:
I'll lead you a more short and easy Way,
Whose Pleasure shall the Hazard over-pay.
How easy 'tis for Love, whose pow'rful Darts
Have conquer'd Gods, to vanquish mortal Hearts!
To him I yield, and with his Help perswade
The ignorant, the young, the harmless Maid.
Forthwith from Hymen's *Chapel* we remove,
And follow to the Bow'r our Leader Love.
But oh! in ent'ring this so bless'd Abode,
All gay, and pleas'd as a triumphing God,
I new unlook'd for Difficulties met,
Encount'ring Honour at the sacred Gate.

Honour.

I.

Honour's a Phantom, which around
The sacred Bower does still appear;
All Day it haunts the hollow'd Ground,
And hinders Lovers ent'ring there.

It rarely ever takes its Flight,
But in the gloomy Shades of Night.
Silence and Gloom the Charm can only end,
And are the luckiest Hours to lay the Fiend.
Then only 'tis the Vision will remove,
With Incantations of soft Vows and Love.

The Land of Love

II.

But as a God he's worshipp'd here
By all the lovely, young, and fair;
He all their kind Desires controuls,
And plays the Tyrant o'er their Souls.
His chiefest, Attributes, are Pride and Spight,
His Pow'r is robbing Lovers of Delight:
An Enemy to human Kind,
But most to Youth severe;
As Age ill-natur'd, and as Ign'rance blind,
Boasting, but baffled too, as Cowards are;
Fond in Opinion, obstinately wise,
And fills the World with Bus'ness, and with Noise.

III.

Some cross proud Woman, old, and out of Fashion,
Too ugly for the Trouble of Temptation,
Unskill'd in Love, in Virtue, or in Truth,
Preach'd his false Notions first to plague our Youth.
And as in other Sectaries we find,
His Vot'ries most consist of Womankind,
Who throng t'adore the necessary Evil,
But most for Fear, as *Indians* do the Devil.
Peevish, uneasy all; for in Revenge,
Love wounds them with a thousand Darts,
They feel, tho' not confess the Change,
Their false Devotion cannot save their Hearts.
Thus while the Idol Honour they obey,
Swift Time comes on, and blooming Charms decay,
And ruin'd Beauty does too soon the Cheat betray.
This Goblin here the lovely Maid alarms,
Seiz'd, and with-held her from my trembling Arms.
Aminta, fly, he crys; fly, heedless Maid;
For if thou ent'rest the bewitching Shade,

The Land of Love

Thy Fame, Content, and Lover all are lost,
And thou no more of him or Fame shalt boast;
The charming Pleasure soon the Youth will cloy,
And what thou would'st preserve, it will destroy.
Oh! easy Maid, by too much Love undone,
Where are thy Modesty and Blushes gone?
Where's all that Virtue made thee so ador'd?
For Beauty, stript of Virtue, grows abhorr'd;
Dies like a Flow'r, whose Scent quick Poyson gives,
Tho' ev'ry gaudy Glory paints its Leaves.
Thus spoke the *Phantom*, whilst the list'ning Maid
Took in the fatal Council, and obey'd.
Supriz'd she stood, and, like an Image, dumb,
(For rising Anger held her trembling Tongue)
The blushing Roses strait her Cheeks forsook,
And their sweet Places paler Lillies took;
But taking Breath, she her deep Silence broke,
And, with a Frown, this killing Language spoke.
What wanton Word did you e'er hear me say,
Which did a Mind too light and vain betray?
Or what immodest Gesture did you see,
T'encourage you to think so base of me?
I now recant whate'er of Love I swore,
And charge you henceforth ne'er to see me more.
I saw my Error, blush'd, sigh'd, wept, and vow'd,
And all the Marks of deep Repentance show'd:

I begg'd her to forgive the rash Design,
And think it was the Fault of Love, not mine.
But all in vain, she no Compassion shows,
But swift as fleeting Winds with Honour goes;
And me, half dead with Sorrow, left alone,
Unto the Groves and Springs to make my Moan.
Love saw my Grief, and to my Rescue came,
When, on his Bosom, thus I did complain.

The Loss.

Weep, weep, Lysander, for the lovely Maid,
To whom thy sacred Vows were paid,
Regardless of thy Love, thy Youth, and Vows,
The dull Advice of Honour now pursues.
O say, my lovely Charmer, where

Is all that Softness gone,
Your tender Voice and Eyes did wear,

The Land of Love

When first I was undone?

Where is the killing Language of thy Tongue,

That did my ravish'd Soul surprize?

Where is the tender Rhet'rick gone,

That flow'd so softly in thy Eyes?

Why, why did I not Hymen's Priests obey,

And for the Marriage–Ceremonies stay?

Tho' 'twas the farthest, 'twas the safest Way.

Why did I not her Humour better prove,

And watch the softest Minute of her Love?

All's fled with Honour, on a Phantom lost,

Where Youth's vast Store must perish unpossesst.

Ah! why was I so forward in my Love?

Why did I with such Haste to Ruin move?

I should have mark'd the Twinklings of her Eyes,

And read her am'rous Thoughts in that Disguise;

Watch'd ev'ry Glance, 'till of Success secure,

And not attempted 'till I had been sure.

I should have us'd more soft and pleasing Words,

Which Eloquence, inspir'd by Love, affords;

Such Words, as her young Fancy might deceive,

And strictest Virtue could not but believe,

Before the fatal Question I propos'd,

And in her Ear the am'rous Tale disclos'd.

But my too eager Passion I pursue,

And what rash Love, not Reason bad me, do;

In one sad Minute all my Bliss destroy,

And put a final Period to my Joy:

For those dear Charms, which I so much adore,

My wretched Eyes are charg'd to see no more.

Thou God of Love, thy Loss with me bemoan,

The lovely Fugitive's with Honour gone.

Love smiling, spread his Wings, and mounting flies,

As swift as Lightning, thro' the yielding Skies,

Where Honour bore away the trembling Prize.

When at her Feet the little Charmer falls,

And to his Aid his pow'rful Softness calls;

Assails her with his Tears, his Sighs, and trys

Th'unfailing Language of his Tongue and Eyes.

Return, he said; return, oh! fickle Maid,

Who solid Joys abandon'st for a Shade.

Turn, and behold the Slaughter of thine Eyes;

See the heart–broken Youth all dying lies.

Why do'st thou follow this fantastick Sprite,

This faithless *Ignis Fatuus* of the Night?

The Land of Love

This Foe to Youth, and Beauty's worst Disease,
Tyrant of Wit, of Pleasure, and of Ease;
Who of all real Harms the Author is,
But never pays us back one solid Bliss.
You'll say your Fame is worth a thousand Joys,
Deluded Maid, trust not to empty Noise;
A Sound, that for a poor Esteem to gain,
Damns thy whole Life t'Uneasiness and Pain.
No, no, return with me, and there receive
What poor, what scant Honour cannot give.
Starve not those Charms that were for Pleasure made,
Nor unpossess'd let the rich Treasure fade.
When Time comes on, *Honour*, that empty Word,
Will leave thee then, for flighted *Age* to guard.
Honour, as other faithless Lovers are,
Is only dealing with the Young and Fair.
Approaching *Age* makes the false Hero fly,
What's *Honour* with the Young, with th'*Old's Necessity*.
Thus said the God; and all the while he spoke,
Her Heart new Fire, her Eyes new Softness took.
Great, great, O Love! she crys thy Power is,
That makes me pardon such a Crime as this.
Lysander, rise, I thy Affront forgive;
Rise, see, 'tis your Aminta bids you live;
But don't henceforth attempt my Chastity,
A Jewel dearer far than Life to me.

Love's Speech is pow'rful; indeed, 'tis true;
But still what Honour dictates, I'll pursue.
Heav'n still preserve my Credit, may kind Fate
Give to my Life and Fame an equal Date.
These happy Words my ravish'd Fancy charm'd,
And with new Spirits all my Blood alarm'd.
With Joy I rose, and to the lovely Maid
I bow'd, and for my Life my Thanks I paid;
With weeping Eyes I shew'd my Penitence,
And vow'd no more to do the like Offence.
With Promises I banish'd all her Fears,
And wash'd away Suspicion with my Tears.
The Winds are hush'd, the Sky serene again,
And I no more of cruel Fate complain.
But as the Sun, when all the Storm's blown o'er,
Shines forth more bright and scorching than before;
So Lovers, after some short Interval
Of Coldness, into greater Favours fall;
Each kindling Look new Tenderness inspires,
And turns all Passion to Love's softer Fires.
Thus I, with more impetuous Ardor burn,
More earnestly intreat her to return
To Hymen's *Chapel*, and our Loves compleat,
With Vows too strong for ev'ry Thing but Fate;

The Land of Love

Whence we may safely to the *Bower* stray,
And in its pleasing Shades melt our soft Hours away.
Forthwith I begg'd the Favour of her Hand,
But she the forward Kindness does withstand.
I pray'd her to go on, she answer'd, No;
But yet methoughts her Eyes still bad me go.

Why do you thus prolong my Pain, I said,
And will not cure the Wounds your Eyes have made?
Why do you thus defer to quench the Fire
Which first your scorching Beauty did inspire?
How can you thus uncharitable be,
And hug the worst of Vices, Cruelty?
Strange Passion this! which to your self denies
That Bliss which Love shews dancing in your Eyes.
No longer cross the Dictates of your Mind;
If not to me, yet to your self be kind.
See at your Feet your suppliant Lover falls,
And with uplifted Hands for Pity calls:
Be then, Aminta, kind as you are fair,
And all my Grief shall vanish into Air.
Too strong she trembling answer'd, Is thy Art
To take a heedless Virgin's tender Heart?
In vain, alas! I guard my feeble Sense
Against the Charms of flatt'ring Eloquence.
I yield, resistless Conqueror, I yield;
Love o'er the weak Aminta has prevail'd.
Then with a Blush, which did her Soul betray,
In soft consenting Words appoints the happy Day.
Oh! my dear *Lysidas*! my faithful Friend,
Would I could here, with all my Pleasures end!
'Twas Heav'n, 'twas Extasy, each Minute brought
New Raptures to my Senses, Soul, and Thought.
Young am'rous Hero's at her Feet did fall,
Despair'd, and dy'd, whilst I was Lord of all.
Her Empire o'er my Soul each Moment grew;
Her Charms appear'd more numerous and new:

Fonder each Hour my tender Heart became,
And ev'ry Look fann'd and increas'd my Flame.
Some God inform thee of my bless'd Estate;
But all their Pow'rs divert thee from my Fate!
For on a Day, oh! may no chearful Ray
Of the Sun's Light, bless that unlucky Day;
May the black Hours from the Account be torn;
May no fair Thing upon that Day be born;
May Fate and Hell appoint it for their own;
May no good Deed be in its Circle done;
May Rapes, Conspiracies, and Murthers, stay
'Till it comes on, be that the horrid Day.
When just before we were to solemnize

The Land of Love

Our Vows, Death does the lovely Maid surprize.
Her fleeting Soul so quickly disappears,
As Leaves blown off with Winds, or falling Stars.
And Life its Flight assum'd with such a Pace,
It took no Farewel of her charming Face:
Her flying Soul no Beauty did surprize;
It scarce took Time to languish in her Eyes:
But on my panting Bosom bow'd her Head,
And sighing, these surprizing Words she said.
Joy of my Soul, my faithful tender Youth,
Lord of my Vows, and Miracle of Truth,
The angry Gods resolving we must part,
I render back the Treasure of thy Heart:
When in some new fair Breast it finds a Room,
And I shall lie neglected in my Tomb;
Remember, oh! remember, the fair She
Can never love thee, darling Youth! like me.

Then with a Sigh, she sunk into my Breast,
While her fair Eyes her last Farewel exprest.
To aiding Gods I cry'd, but they were deaf,
And no kind Pow'r afforded me Relief.
I call her Name, I weep, I rave, I faint;
Nothing but Echo answers my Complaint.
I kiss, and bathe her stiff'ning Face with Tears,
Press it to mine, as cold and pale as her's.
Thou soft Obliger! of thy Sex the best!
Thou Blessing, too extream to be possest!
By all thy Charms, I cry'd, I beg thee live;
By all the Joys thou could'st receive or give;
By each Recess, each silent happy Shade,
Which by thy Presence were all sacred made;
Where thou and I our Hearts fond Stories told,
And did the Secrets of our Loves unfold.
But she, alas! is deaf to all my Pray'rs,
And now no more regards my Sighs and Tears.
The fading Roses of her Lips I press;
But no kind Word her silent Lips confess.
Her lovely Eyes I kiss, and call upon;
But all their wonted answ'ring Rhet'rick's gone.
Her charming little Hands in vain I ask;
Those Hands no more my happy Neck shall grasp:
No more about my Face her Fingers play,
Nor braid my Hair, nor the vain Curls display:
No more her Tongue beguiling Stories tell,
Whose wond'rous Wit could grace a Tale so well.
All, all is fled, to Death's cold Mansion gone,
And ev'ry Day my Fate is hast'ning on:

For Love has not one Bliss for me in Store,
Since my Aminta can dispense no more.

The Land of Love

Thence to a silent Desart I advance,
Call'd the sad *Desart of Remembrance*.

The Desart of Remembrance.

A Solitude, upon a Mountain plac'd,
All gloomy round, but wond'rous high and vast;
From whence Love's *Land* does all appear in View,
And distant Prospects render near and true;
Each Bank, each Bow'r, each dear inviting Shade,
Which to our sacred Loves were conscious made;
Each flow'ry Bed, each Thicket, and each Grove,
Where I had lain charm'd with Aminta's Love;
Where—e'er she bless'd the Day, or chear'd the Night
Eternally are present to my Sight.
Where—e'er I turn, the Landskip does confess,
Something that calls to Mind pass'd Happiness,
Which does the Torments of my Mind increase.
Sad as the Grave I sit, by glimm'ring Light,
Such as attends departing Souls by Night;
Silent as Groves, where only whisp'ring Gales
Sigh softly thro' the trembling Leaves;
As softly as a bashful Shepherd breathes
To his lov'd Nymph his am'rous Tales.
So dull I am, Thought scarce does Subject find
To entertain my melancholly Mind.

This, Lysidas, this is my wretched State;
'Tis here I languish, and attend my Fate.
But ere I go, 'twould wond'rous Pleasure be
(If any Joy can e'er arrive to me)
To find some Pity, Lysidas, from thee.
Then I should take the Wing, and upwards fly,
And lose the Sight of the dull World with Joy. FINIS.
