Anonymous, â??Damonâ??s Complaint for Amyntaâ??s absence. In the person of a despairing Shepherdâ?•

Description

ANONYMOUS

â??DAMONâ??s Complaint for AMYNTAâ??s absence. In the person of a despairing Shepherd. By a young Ladyâ?•

AH, hapless fate, and luckless day,
That callâ??d my lovely nymph away!
O fairest favâ??rite of the plain,
Desirâ??d by all, desirâ??d in vain;
O thou, my dear, my darling theme,
My morning thoâ??t, my midnight dream;
Beneath what poplar, or what pine
Dost thou thy slumbâ??ring charms recline,
While whispâ??ring breezes panting play,
And waft the sultry heats away?
O nymph, return to *Damon*â??s call,
See! floods of tears in torrents fall!
By which in silence are exprest
The struggling sorrows of my breast.
But ah! how vainly do I mourn,
And wish my absent Fairâ??s return!
Perhaps a more deserving swain
Detains her on a distant plain.
Charmer! was all the world my own,
Iâ??d change that world for *thee* alone!
Lord of my heart, thy love my crown,
With pity Iâ??d on kings look down.
O, then return, no longer stay,
But haste, my fair one, haste away.
Here evâ??ry bird, on evâ??ry tree,
Fills evâ??ry twig with harmony:
The primrose paints the bank around,
And viâ??lets strew thâ?? impurpled ground:
The towâ??ring larks, enchanting, sing,
And gayly smiles the gladâ??ning spring:
While flocks compleat the rural scene,
And frisk, and ramble round the green.
Beneath yon oakâ??s expanding shade,

A lovely arbour I have made:
The woodbine, jesâ??mine, vine and rose,
In various twines the parts compose;
And this I did, O fair ! for thee
To taste the noontide air with me.
Return, return ! thy charms disclose,
O, mistress of my soulâ??s repose.
No longer let they *Damon* sigh,
But songs of joy for tears supply.
Didst thou, my dear *Amynta*, know
The tortâ??ring griefs I undergoe,
Pity wouâ??d, sure, thy heart incline,
By sympathy to throb with mine.
O, may the *Gods* thy breast inspire
With some such sympathetic fire!
And, mayâ??st thou then thy *Damon* bless
In one completed happiness!
Then shall our fates so close be tyâ??d,
That nothing can our joys divide:
Thy kisses shall my senses charm;
Thy bliss my breast with bliss shall warn:
Nor, shall I grieve thy griefs to share,
O, fairest of ten thousands fair!

NOTES:

Title *Damonâ??s Complaint for Amyntaâ??s absence* A possible reference to John Drydenâ??s poem, â??The Tears Of Amynta, For the Death of Damon. A Songâ?• (1684).

2 *nymph â??*A young and beautiful womanâ?• (*OED*).

17 *swain â??*A man, youth. Also, esp. in pastoral poetry, a country gallant or lover, wooer, sweetheartâ?• (*OED*).

27 *primrose* â??A well-known plant bearing pale yellowish flowers in early springâ?• (*OED*).

Source: *The Gentlemanâ??s Magazine* (February, 1748), p. 87. [Google Books]

Edited by Ben Koh