

**Amphitryon, or the Two Sosias, Z. 572**

*John Dryden (1631-1700)*

**[4] Celia, That I Once Was Blest**

Celia, that I once was blest,  
Is now the torment of my breast,  
Since to curse me you bereave me  
Of the pleasure I possess;  
Cruel creature to deceive me,  
First to love and then to leave me!

Celia now is mine no more;  
But I am hers; and must adore:  
Nor to leave her will endeavour;  
Charms, that captiv'd me before,  
No unkindness can dissever;  
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

**[6] For Iris I Sigh**

For Iris I sigh, and hourly die,  
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye.  
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
O these are the virtues that captivate me.  
We neither believe what either can say,  
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;  
We mean not the taking for better for worse.  
When present, we love; when absent, agree:  
I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me:  
The Legend of Love no Couple can find  
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

**[9] A Pastoral Dialogue Betwixt Thrsis and Iris**

Fair Iris and her swain  
Were in a shady bow'r,  
Where Thyrsis long in vain  
Had sought the happy hour.  
At length his hand advancing upon her snowy breast,  
He said: "O kiss me longer, and longer yet, and longer,  
If you will make me blest!"

An easy yielding maid,  
By trusting is undone;  
Our sex is oft betray'd  
By granting love too soon.  
If you desire to gain me,  
Your suff'rings to redress,  
Prepare to love me longer, and longer yet, and longer,  
Before you shall possess.

The little care you show  
Of all my sorrows past,  
Makes death appear too slow,  
And life too long to last.  
Fair Iris, kiss me kindly, in pity of my fate,  
And kindly still, and kindly still,  
Before it is too late.

You fondly court your bliss,  
And no advances make,  
'Tis not for maids to give,  
But 'tis for men to take:  
So you may kiss me kindly,  
And kindly still and kindly,  
And I will not rebel;  
But do not kiss and tell,  
No never kiss and tell.

Thus at the height we love and live,  
And fear not, fear not to be poor;  
We give and we give,  
Till we can give no more,  
But what today will take away,  
Tomorrow will restore.  
Thus at the height we love and live,  
And fear not, fear not to be poor.

**[12] Sir Barnaby Whigg, Z. 589: Blow, Boreas, Blow**  
*Thomas D'Urfey (1653-1723)*

Blow, Boreas, blow, and let thy surly winds  
Make the billow foam and roar;  
Thou cans't no terror breed in valiant minds,  
But spite of thee we'll live, and find a shore.  
Then cheer my heart, and be not awed,  
But keep the gunroom clear,  
Though hell's broke loose,  
And the devils roar abroad,  
While we have sea-room here,  
Boys, never fear, never, never fear.

Hey! how she tosses up, how far!  
The mounting top-mast touched a star,  
The meteors blazed as through the clouds we came,  
And salamander-like we live in flame.

But now we sink, now we go  
Down to the deepest shades below.  
Alas, alas, where are we now? Who can tell!  
Sure 'tis the lowest room of hell,  
Or where the sea-gods dwell,  
With them we'll live and reign,  
With them we'll laugh and sing and drink a-main.  
But see we mount, see we rise again!

The flashes of lightning and tempests of rain  
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the main;  
Though the captain does swear, instead of a prayer,  
And the sea is all fired by the demons o'th' air;  
We'll drink and defy the mad spirits that fly  
From the deep to the sky, that fly  
From the deep to the sky,  
And sing whilst loud thunder does below;  
For Fate will still have a kind fate for the brave,  
And ne'er make his grave of a salt water wave,  
To drown, no, never to drown a good fellow.

**Circe, Z. 575**  
*John Dryden (1631-1700)*

**[21] We Must Assemble by a Sacrifice**

We must, we must assemble by a sacrifice  
Those demons who do range about the skies.

**[22] Their Necessary Aid You Use**

Their necessary aid you use,  
Those pois'nous herbs and roots to choose,  
Which mingled and prepared by your strong art,  
Do to your charms their chiefest force impart.

Your censers to the altar take,  
And with Arabian gums sweet odours make,  
The air with music gently wound,  
Sweet smells they love, and ever pleasing sound.

**[23] Come Every Demon**

Come every demon who o'ersees  
The fates of mighty monarchies,

And orders now they rise and set;  
All you, who love and lust inspire,  
And kindle wild Ambition's fire,  
The dang'rous sickness of the great, come.

Circe, the daughter of the Sun, obey,  
Or on his gilded beams you ne'er shall play.

You who hatch factions in the Court,  
Sedition in the meaner sort,  
Amongst the pious, holy strife,  
Tumults in camps, in senates too,  
Those discords which the good undo,  
All that wait on human life, all.

**[25] Pluto, Arise!**

Pluto, arise!  
From those blest shades where kings and lovers are,  
Where those no torment have from state and care,  
And these feel not the torments of despair.

Pluto, arise!  
From thy blest kingdom of equality,  
Where Birth, Wealth and Beauty have no tyranny,  
Where all mankind are fellow-slaves to thee.

**[26] Lovers Who to Their First Embraces Go**

Lovers, who to their first embraces go,  
Are slow and languishing compar'd to you;  
In speed you can out-do, in wind, you can out-do the winged wind,  
And leave even thought creeping and tired behind.  
Behold, quick as thy thought,  
Th'ingredients of thy spells are brought,  
By which thy dismal business must be wrought.

Great minister of Fate,  
In this deep cave you sit in state.  
Famine and pestilence about you wait;  
At your dread word they fly through ev'ry hand,  
Whilst their fierce undiscerning rage,  
Does pity neither sex nor age,  
Death is as blind as love, at your command.