



N^o 388. Monday, May 26.

——— *Tibi res antiquæ Laudis & Artis
Ingredior; sanctos ausus recludere Fontes.*

Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ **I**T is my Custom, when I read your Papers to read
‘ over the Quotations in the Authors from whence
‘ you take them: As you mention’d a Passage lately
‘ out of the second Chapter of *Solomon’s Song*, it occasion’d
‘ my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the
‘ Ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help
‘ making this Paraphrase of it; which, now it is done, I
‘ can as little forbear sending to you. Some Marks of
‘ your Approbation, which I have already receiv’d, have
‘ given me so sensible a Taste of them, that I cannot for-
‘ bear endeavouring after them as often as I can with
‘ any Appearance of Success.

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

The Second Chapter of *Solomon’s Song*.

I.

AS when in Sharon’s Field the blushing Rose
Does its chaste Bosom to the Morn disclose,
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear
The fragrant Odours thro’ the Air:

Or as the Lily in the shady Vale,
Does o’er each Flow’r with beauteous Pride prevail,
And stands with Dews and kindest Sun-shine blest,
In fair Pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So if my Love, with happy Influence, shed
His Eyes bright Sun-shine on his Lover’s Head,
Then shall the Rose of Sharon’s Field,
And whitest Lilies to my Beauties yield.

Then

*Then fairest Flow'rs with studious Art combine,
The Roses with the Lilies join,
And their united Charms are less than mine.*

II.

*As much as fairest Lilies can surpass
A Thorn in Beauty, or in Height the Grass;
So does my Love among the Virgins shine,
Adorn'd with Graces more than half Divine;
Or as a Tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with Apples all of ruddy Gold,
Hesperian Fruit? and beautifully high,
Extends its Branches to the Sky;
So does my Love the Virgins Eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring Sight,
Among ten thousand eminently bright.*

III.

*Beneath his pleasing Shade
My wearied Limbs at Ease I laid,
And on his fragrant Boughs reclin'd my Head.
I pull'd the Golden Fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the Fruit, and pleasing to the Taste:
With sparkling Wine he crown'd the Bowl,
With gentle Ecstasies he fill'd my Soul;
Joyous we sat beneath the shady Grove,
And o'er my Head he hung the Banners of his Love.*

IV.

*I faint! I die! my labouring Breast
Is with the mighty Weight of Love oppress'd;
I feel the Fire possess my Heart,
And Pain convey'd to every Part.
Thro' all my Veins the Passion flies,
My feeble Soul forsakes its Place,
A trembling Faintness seals my Eyes,
And Paleness dwells upon my Face;
Oh! let my Love with pow'rful Odours stay
My fainting lovesick Soul, that dies away;
One Hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste Embrace.*

V.

*I charge you, Nymphs of Sion, as you go
Arm'd with the sounding Quiver and the Bow,*

*Whilst thro' the lonesome Woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love.
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,
With downy Wings to fan the Air ;
Let sacred Silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding Sound :
And when the balmy Slumber leaves his Eyes,
May he to Joys, unknown 'till then, arise.*

VI.

*But see ! he comes ! with what majestick Gate
He onward bears his lovely State !
Now thro' the Lattice he appears,
With softest Words dispels my Fears ;
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Pleasures Love can give.
For now the sullen Winter's past,
No more we fear the Northern Blast :
No Storms nor threatening Clouds appear,
No falling Rains deform the Year.
My Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.*

VII.

*Already, see ! the teeming Earth
Brings forth the Flow'rs, her beauteous Birth.
The Dews, and soft-descending Show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender Flow'rs.
Hark ! the Birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the Spring.
Close by his Fellow sits the Dove,
And billing whispers her his Love.
The spreading Vines with Blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful Smell,
Arise, my Fair-One, and receive
All the Blessings Love can give :
For Love admits of no delay,
Arise, my Fair, and come away.*

VIII.

*As to its Mate the constant Dove
Flies thro' the Covert of the spicy Grove,
So let us hasten to some lonely Shade.
There let me safe in thy lov'd Arms be laid,*

Where