

Mary, Lady Chudleigh.

When, at her feet, he sighing lay,
She found her heart complying;
Yet would not to her love give way,
To save her Swain from dying!

The little God stood laughing by,
To see her dext'rous feigning.
He bid the blushing Fair comply!
The Shepherd leave complaining!

DAMON. Cease, fair CALISTRIS! cease disdain!g!
'Tis time to leave that useless art!
Your Shepherd 's weary of complaining!
Be kind; or he'll resume his heart!

CALISTRIS. DAMON, be gone! I hate complying!
Go, court some fond, believing Maid!
I take more pleasure in denying,
Than in the conquests I have made!

DAMON. Why, cruel Nymph! why, why so slighting?
Is this the treatment I must have?
Were not your beauty so inviting,
I would no longer be your slave!

CALISTRIS. DAMON, be gone! I hate complying!
Your heart 's not worth the having!
Were there ten thousand Shepherds dying;
Not one were worth the saving!
