

CALM WAS THE EVEN, AND CLEAR WAS THE SKY

JOHN DRYDEN

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Calm was the even, and clear was the sky,
And the new budding flowers did spring,
When all alone went Amyntas and I
To hear the sweet nightingale sing;
I sate, and he laid him down by me;
But scarcely his breath he could draw;
For when with a fear, he began to draw near,
He was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

He blush'd to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire;
But straight I convinc'd all his fear with a smile,
Which added new flames to his fire.
O Silvia, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor lover in awe;
Then once more he press'd with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with A ha ha ha ha!

I knew 'twas his passion that caus'd all his fear;
And therefore I pitied his case:
I whisper'd him softly, there's nobody near,
And laid my cheek close to his face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A shepherd came by us and saw;
And just as our bliss we began with a kiss,
He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha!