

*Song. On Her Loving Two Equally*  
Set by Captain Pack\*

I

How strongly does my passion flow,  
Divided equally 'twixt two?  
Damon had ne'er subdued my heart,  
Had not Alexis took his part;  
Nor could Alexis powerful prove,  
Without my Damon's aid to gain my love.

II

When my Alexis present is,  
Then I for Damon sigh and mourn;  
But when Alexis I do miss,  
Damon gains nothing but my scorn.  
But if it chance they both are by,  
For both alike I languish, sigh, and die.

III

Cure then, thou mighty winged god,  
This restless fever in my blood;  
One golden-pointed dart take back:  
But which, oh Cupid, wilt thou take?  
If Damon's, all my hopes are crossed;  
Or that of my Alexis, I am lost.

231 SONG. ON HER LOVING TWO EQUALLY: text from PSO. First printed in *The False Count* (1682), II. ii.

*Captain Pack*: Simon Pack composed many songs for plays (as well as being a soldier).

*To The Fair Clarinda, Who Made Love To Me,  
Imagined More Than Woman*

Fair lovely maid, or if that title be  
Too weak, too feminine for nobler thee,  
Permit a name that more approaches truth:  
And let me call thee, lovely charming youth.  
This last will justify my soft complaint,  
While that may serve to lessen my constraint;  
And without blushes I the youth pursue,  
When so much beauteous woman is in view,  
Against thy charms we struggle but in vain  
With thy deluding form thou giv'st us pain,  
While the bright nymph betrays us to the swain.  
In pity to our sex sure thou wert sent,  
That we might love, and yet be innocent:  
For sure no crime with thee we can commit;  
Or if we should——thy form excuses it.  
For who, that gathers fairest flowers believes  
A snake lies hid beneath the fragrant leaves.

Thou beauteous wonder of a different kind,  
Soft Cloris with the dear Alexis joined;  
When ere the manly part of thee, would plead  
Thou tempts us with the image of the maid,  
While we the noblest passions do extend  
The love to Hermes, Aphrodite\* the friend.

262 TO THE FAIR CLARINDA, WHO MADE LOVE TO ME IMAGINED MORE  
THAN WOMAN: text from *Lycidus* (1688).

*Hermes, Aphrodite*: a reference to Hermaphroditus, son of Hermes (Mercury) and Aphrodite (Venus), who grew together with the nymph Salmacis while bathing in her fountain, and thus combined male and female sexual characteristics. (Goreau notes that 'Aphrodite' also puns on Behn's first name.) Behn's treatment of lesbian desire in this poem may also be related to her use of 'hermaphroditic' self-conceptions elsewhere; e.g. her sense of 'my masculine part' (see note above).

TO LYSANDER . . . WORTH: text from PSO.

*To Lysander, On Some Verses He Writ,  
and Asking More for His Heart Than 'Twas Worth*

I

Take back that heart, you with such caution give,  
Take the fond valued trifle back;

I hate love-merchants that a trade would drive;  
And meanly cunning bargains make.

## II

I care not how the busy market goes,  
And scorn to chaffer\* for a price:  
Love does one staple rate on all impose,  
Nor leaves it to the trader's choice.

## III

A heart requires a heart unfeigned and true,  
Though subtly you advance the price,  
And ask a rate that simple love ne'er knew:  
And the free trade monopolise.

## IV

An humble slave the buyer must become,  
She must not bate a look or glance,  
You will have all, or you'll have none;  
See how love's market you enhance.

## V

Is't not enough, I gave you heart for heart,  
But I must add my lips and eyes;  
I must no friendly smile or kiss impart;  
But you must dun\* me with advice.

## VI

And every hour still more unjust you grow,  
Those freedoms you my life deny,  
You to Adraste are obliged to show,  
And give her all my rifled joy.

## VII

Without control she gazes on that face,  
And all the happy envied night,  
In the pleased circle of your fond embrace:  
She takes away the lover's right.

## VIII

From me she ravishes those silent hours,  
That are by sacred love my due:  
Whilst I in vain accuse the angry powers,  
That make me hopeless love pursue.

## IX

Adraste's ears with that dear voice are blessed,  
That charms my soul at every sound,  
And with those love-enchancing touches pressed:  
Which I ne'er felt without a wound.

## X

She has thee all, whilst I with silent grief,  
The fragments of thy softness feel,  
Yet dare not blame the happy licensed thief:  
That does my dear-bought pleasures steal.

## XI

Whilst like a glimmering taper still I burn,  
And waste myself in my own flame,  
Adraste takes the welcome rich return:  
And leaves me all the hopeless pain.

## XII

Be just, my lovely swain, and do not take  
Freedoms you'll not to me allow;

TO THE REVEREND DOCTOR BURNET

265

Or give Aminta so much freedom back:  
That she may rove as well as you.

XIII

Let us then love upon the honest square,  
Since interest neither have designed,  
For the sly gamester, who ne'er plays me fair,  
Must trick for trick expect to find.



EXPLANATORY NOTES

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263 *chaffer*. haggle.

*dun*: make demands (usually for money).