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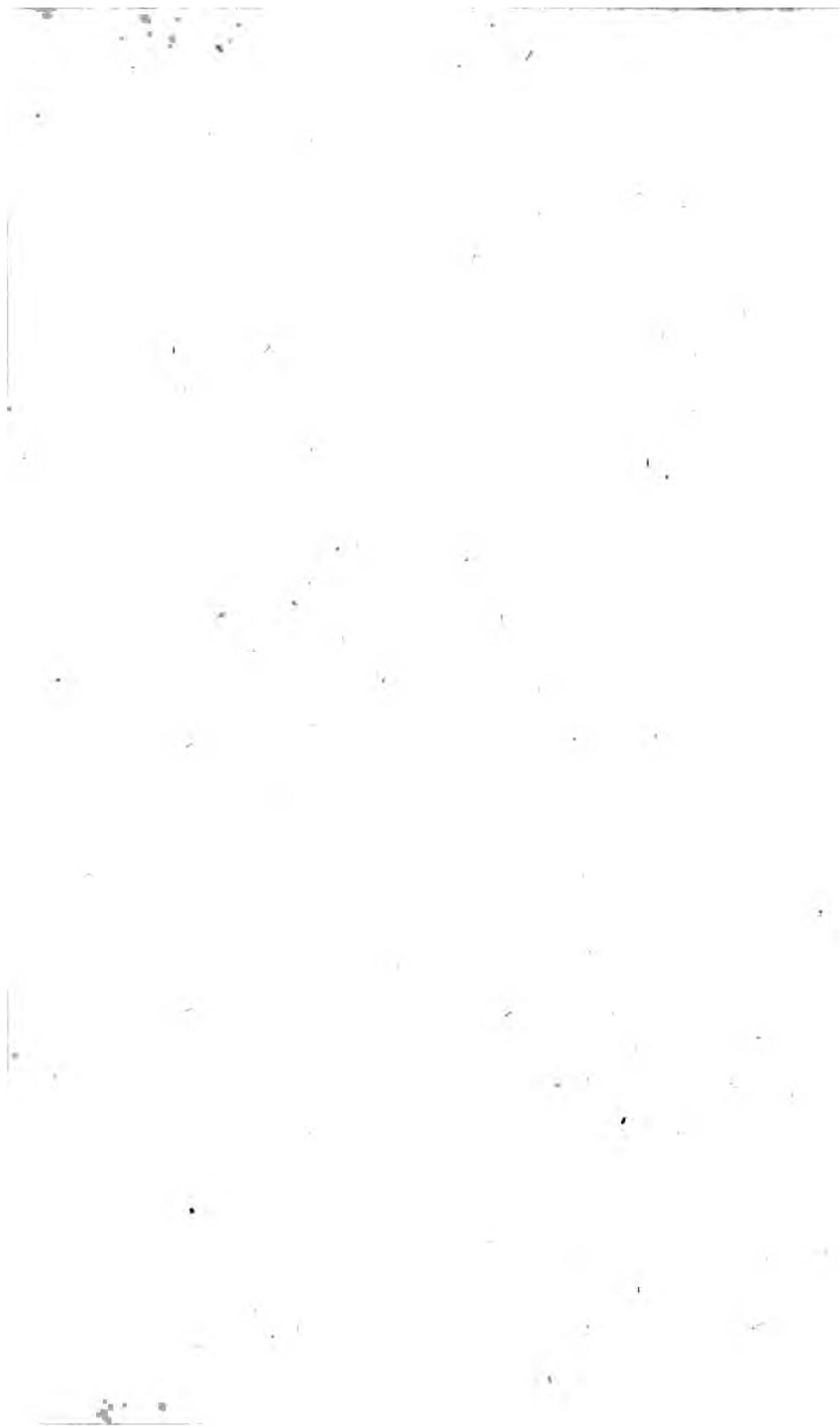
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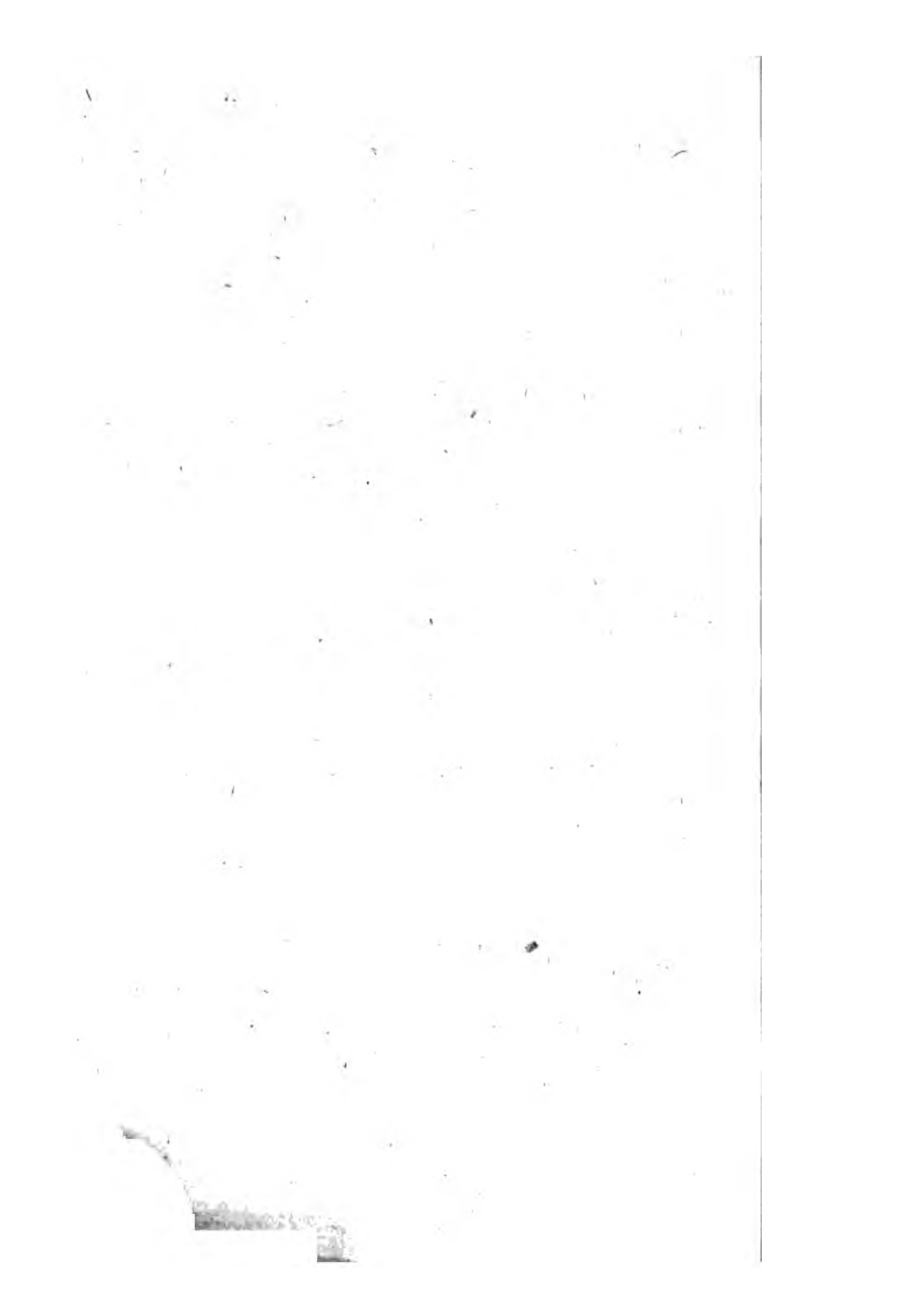


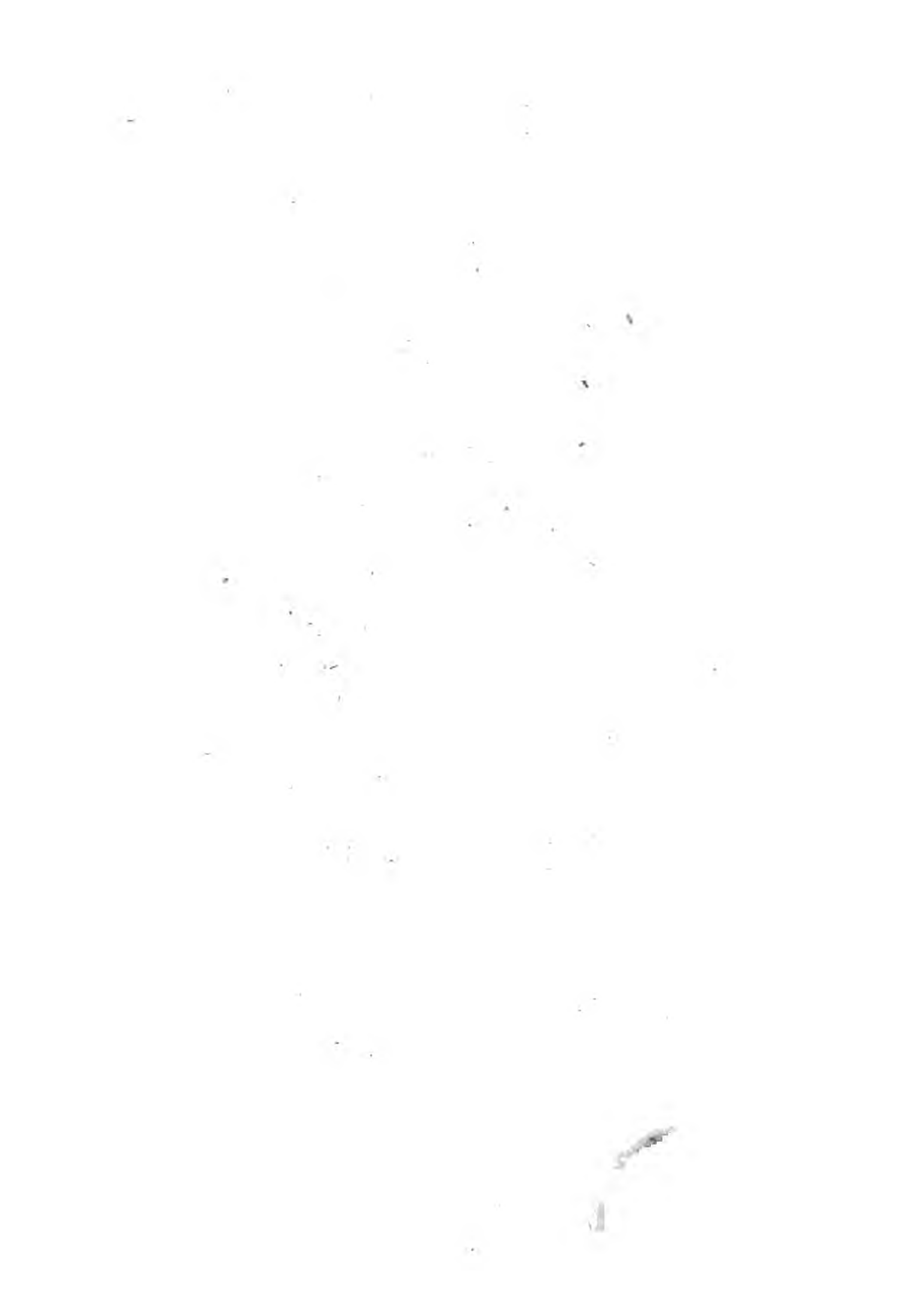
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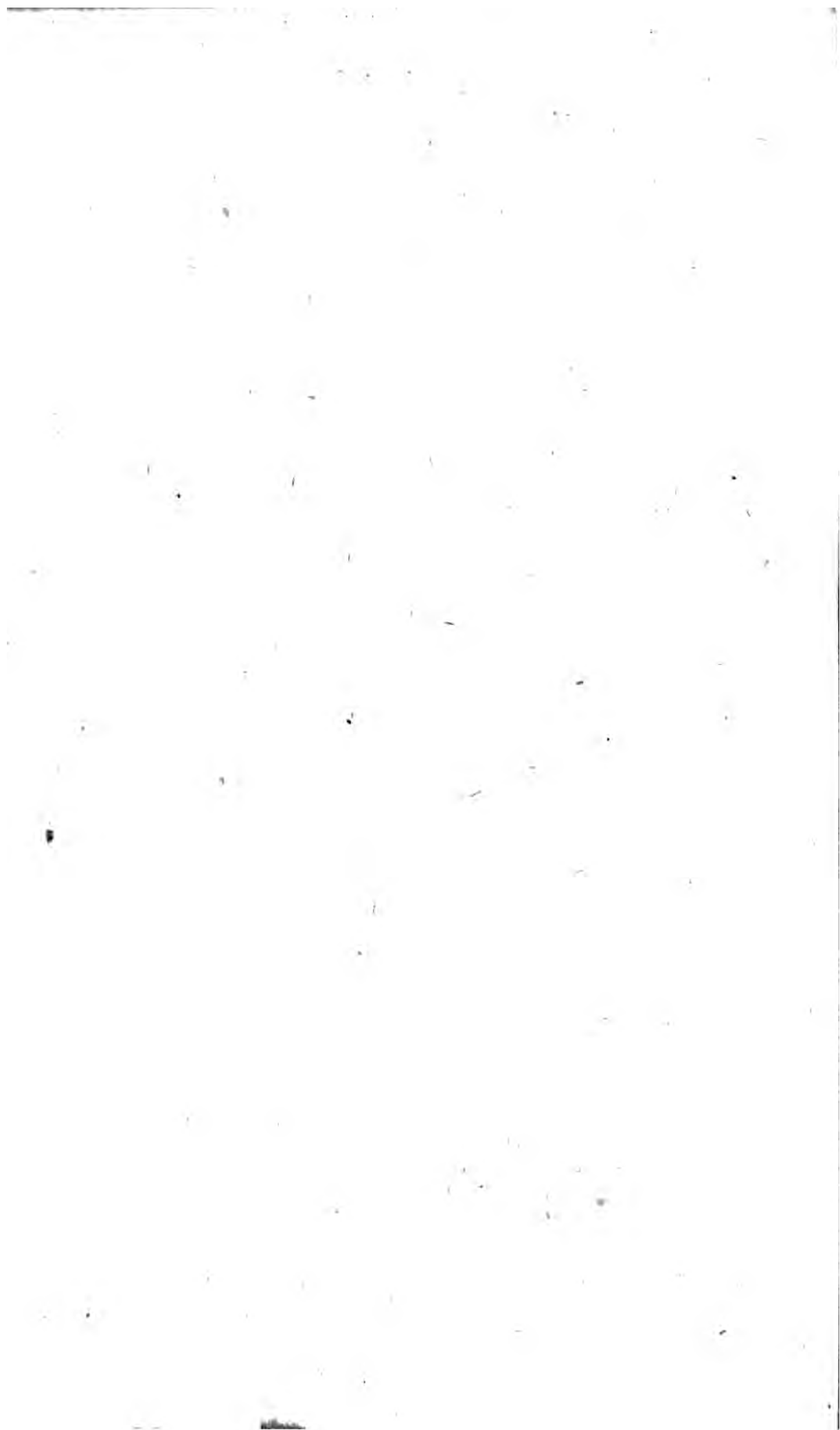


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GAY.

A. Duckworth. 1782.

THE

W O R K S

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

P R E F A C E S,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-FIRST.

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M D C C L X X I X.



THE
P O E M S
OF
G A Y.

VOLUME I.



THE
P O E M S
OF
G A Y.

VOLUME I.



THE
P O E M S
OF
G A Y.

VOLUME I.

[1]

F O E M S

By M R. G A Y.



R U R A L S P O R T S.

A G E O R G I C.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE. 1713*.

“ — Securi prælia ruris
“ Pandimus.” NEMESIAN.

C A N T O I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town ;
In Windfor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows, 5
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows ;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

* This poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

VOL. I.

B

But

But I, who ne'er was blest'd by Fortune's hand,
 Nor brighten'd plough-shares in paternal land, 10
 Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
 Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd ;
 Where news and politics divide mankind,
 And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind ;
 Faction embroils the world ; and every tongue 15
 Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung :
 Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
 Where all must yield to Interest's dearer ties ;
 Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
 And Honesty forsakes them all by turns ; 20
 While calumny upon each party 's thrown,
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.
 Fatigued at last; a calm retreat I chose,
 And sooth'd my harrass'd mind with sweet repose,
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime, 25
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
 My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
 And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,
 Frequented by the Mantuan Swain and You. 30

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
 But all the grateful country breathes delight ;
 Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When

RURAL SPORTS. CANTO I. 3

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
 And high luxuriant grafs o'erspreads the ground, 40
 The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
 Shaving the surface of the waving green;
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
 But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
 His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
 And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake; 50
 In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
 And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
 When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
 O lead me, guard me from the fultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
 Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60
 Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
 Where bordering hazle overhangs the streams,
 Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65
 And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
 And learn the labours of Italian swains;

In every page I see new landscapes rise,
 And all Hesperia opens to my eyes, 70
 I wander o'er the various rural toil,
 And know the nature of each different soil :
 This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
 That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn :
 Here I survey the purple vintage grow, 75
 Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row :
 Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
 And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground :
 The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
 While burning love ferments in every vein ; 80
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims :
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
 Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew ;
 With golden treasures load his little thighs, 85
 And steer his distant journey through the skies ;
 Some against hostile drones the hive defend ;
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend :
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears. 90
 Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way ;
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand ;
 No warbling cheers the woods ; the feather'd choir, 95
 To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire ;
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze ;

Engag'd

RURAL SPORTS. CANTO I. 5

Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
 To take my farewell of the parting day; 100
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides :
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,
 And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below :
 Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105
 And o'er the distant billow lose my fight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
 And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies ;
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
 And on the main a glittering path extends ; 110
 Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
 Which round their suns their annual circles steer ;
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
 While I survey the works of Providence.
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse 115
 The glorious Author of the universe,
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds ;
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays ! 120

As in successive course the seasons roll,
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
 When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds, 125
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds ;
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,

With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams. 130

Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Encrease his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain, 135
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide ;

Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies, 140

The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds :

Upon a rising border of the brook

He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook ;

Now expectation cheers his eager thought, 145

His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,

Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,

Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,

Which down the murmuring current gently flows ; 150

When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway

Directs the roving trout this fatal way,

He greedily sucks-in the twining bait,

And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat :

Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line ! 155

How thy rod bends ! behold, the prize is thine !

Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,

And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

RURAL SPORTS. CANTO I. 7

You must not every worm promiscuous use ;
 Judgement will tell the proper bait to chuse : 160
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morfel flies ;
 And, if too small, the naked fraud 's in fight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains :
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss ;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native foil. 170
 But, when the sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day :
 You now a more delusive art must try, 175
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
 To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride :
 Let nature guide thee ; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require ; 180
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings :
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185
 And every fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air ;

Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays. 190

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear ;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft' have I seen a skilful angler try 195

The various colours of the treacherous fly ;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw ; 200

When if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide ;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size ;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205
And on the back a speckled feather binds,

So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair ; 210

The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves ;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,

With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play, 215
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.

The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air ;

But

But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225

The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks-in th' unfaithful food ;
Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away : 230

Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound, 235

He rolls and wreathes his shining body round ;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.

Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ; 240

He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize ;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands :
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength, 245

The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes ;
Then

Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air : 250
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race?
 Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chace
 (Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255
 Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores) :
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds 260
 Perplex the fisher ; I nor chuse to bear
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear ;
 Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
 Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake ;
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265
 No blood of living insect stain my line.
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting Muse, draw-in the flowing reins,
 Leave the clear streams a while for funny plains.

Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
 And all the fisherman adorn thy verse ;

Should you the wide encircling net display, 275
 And in its spacious arch inclose the sea ;

Then haul the plunging load upon the land,

And with the soal and turbot hide the sand ;

It would extend the growing theme too long,

And tire the reader with the watery song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,

Nor render all the plowman's labour vain,

When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,

And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.

Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 285

Haste ! save the product of the bounteous year :

To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,

And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,

Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290

With what delight the rapid course I view !

How does my eye the circling race pursue !

He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws ;

The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws ;

She

She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 295
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground ;
 She turns ; he winds, and soon regains the way,
 Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
 What various sport does rural life afford !
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board ! 300
 Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
 Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies ;
 Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
 Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows ; 310
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey ;
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear ;
 Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry, 315
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,
 Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
 And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head, 320
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
 Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
 And drives his chariot down the western way,

Let

Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325
 Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
 Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
 But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.

When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
 And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 330
 Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
 Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
 In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
 While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 355
 But what 's the Fowler's be the Muse's care.

See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
 The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
 The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
 And on swift wing divide the sounding skies; 340
 The scattering lead pursues the certain fight,
 And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
 Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
 Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take, 345
 Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
 Not closest coverts can protect the game:
 Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
 The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
 The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies. 350

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
 Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
 Let them on high the frightened hern survey,
 And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.

Nor

Nor shall the mountain lark the Muse detain, 355
 That greets the morning with his early strain;
 When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glafs betrays,
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays, }
 And in the sun the tranſient colours blaze,
 Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies : 360
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But ſtill the chace, a pleaſing taſk, remains ;
 The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
 And edges eaſtern clouds with roſy light, 365
 The healthy huntsman, with the chearful horn,
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn ;
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
 They rouze from ſleep, and answer ſounds for ſounds ;
 Wide through the furzy field their rout they take, 370
 Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake :
 The flying game their ſmoaking noſtrils trace,
 No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace ;
 The diſtant mountains echo from afar,
 And hanging woods reſound the flying war : 375
 The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,
 Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears ;
 The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed ;
 Hills, dales, and foreſts, far behind remain, 380
 While the warm ſcent draws-on the deep-mouth'd train.
 Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find ?
 Hark ! death advances in each guſt of wind !
 New ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,
 Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies ; 385

Till,

RURAL SPORTS. CANTO II. 15

Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill, 390
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay. 395

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store, 400
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous foldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain: 405
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends, 410
In chearful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame): 415

She

She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
 Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies, 420
 And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
 Her reputation, which is all her boast,
 In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
 No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs. 425
 If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
 An equal passion warms her happy swain;
 No homebred jars her quiet state control,
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
 With secret joy she sees her little race 430
 Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
 The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
 Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool:
 Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
 Till age the latest thread of life unwind. 435
 Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
 The kind rewarders of industrious life;
 Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
 Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
 Ye murmuring streams that in mæanders roll, 440
 The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
 Farewell! — The city calls me from your bowers:
 Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

T H E F A N.

A P O E M.

I N T H R E E B O O K S.

—ἐνθα δὲ οἱ θελήρηκ πάλια τέτυκτο·

Ἐνθ' ἐνὶ μὲν φιλότῃς, ἐν δ' ἴμερῳ, ἐν δ' ὀαριγύς,
Πάρφασις, ἣ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα πρὸς φρονοόντων
Τὸν ρά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν.

HOM. Iliad. xiv. 215.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

7. 8. 9. 10.

11.

12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

21.

22.



T H E F A N.

B O O K I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
 With gentle gales relieves the sultry day ;
 Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
 Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade ;
 Nor that long known in China's artful land, 5
 Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand :
 Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
 To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
 Where, stretch'd at ease, the panting lady lies,
 To shun the fervor of meridian skies, 10
 While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
 And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair ;
 No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
 In flame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast ;
 But artificial zephyrs round her fly, 15
 And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
 Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
 Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
 And the wild woods with golden apples bend. 20
 Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
 Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows :
 Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head ;
 From the broad top depending branches spread ;

No knotty limbs the taper body bears ; 25
 Hung on each bough a fingle leaf appears,
 Which, shrivel'd in its infancy, remains
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
 But, as the seasons in their circle run,
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun : 30
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wandering Muse ! nor rove in foreign climes ;
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
 Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ ; 35
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy ;
 Say how this instrument of Love began,
 And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his amorous pain,
 Which gay Corinna railled with disdain : 40
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair ;
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd ;
 Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid, 45
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid ;
 Smooth flattery in her softer hours apply'd,
 The surest charm to bend the force of pride :
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50
 When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
 He sought in solitude to lose his care ;
 Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
 It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.

To

THE FAN. BOOK I. 21

To Venus now the slighted Boy complains, 55
And calls the Goddess in these tender strains :

O potent Queen ! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove, 60

Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies :
O beauteous Goddess ! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love !

If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,

Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart ;

Think how you pine in absence of the swain :
By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70

Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,

The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame.

Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove ! 75
May Venus dictate, and reward my love !

When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame, defy'd ;

Each daring lover with adventurous pace
Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race ; 80

Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.

Hippomenes, O Venus ! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair ;

Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes ; 85
 She stoops ; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
 Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,
 Shall humble into love Corinna's heart ?
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares :
 The Goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
 Sacred to Venus and the God of Love :
 Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread ;
 Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
 And paints th' enamel'd ground with various flowers ;
 Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
 Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
 The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart ;
 All share the toil ; while some the bellows ply, 105
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly :
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel ;
 Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs :
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys ;
 Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd ;
 Hence spring the glittering implements of pride ;

Each

Each trinket that adorns the modern dame 115
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame ;
 Here an unfinish'd diamond crosslet lay,
 To which soft lovers adoration pay ;
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
 That with quick scents revives the modish spleen ; 120
 Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
 Which serves the raily'd fop for smart replies ;
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
 The future records of the lover's flames ;
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground ;
 There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright Beauty's arms ;
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
 Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs. 130
 The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide ;
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days, 135
 Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
 A swarm of labourers different tasks attend :
 Here pullies make the ponderous oak ascend ;
 With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones ; 140
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
 Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.
 Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains ;

Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes, 145
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows :
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more ;
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor ;
 In deep suspense the mighty labour stands ;
 While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands : 150
 Industrious Loves ! your present toils forbear ;
 A more important task demands your care :
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
 By judgement ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
 That glorious bird have ye not often seen, 155
 Who draws the car of the celestial Queen ?
 Have ye not oft' survey'd his varying dyes,
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes ?
 Have ye not seen him in a sunny day
 Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display ; 160
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain ?
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art ;
 Thin taper sticks must from one centre part :
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 165
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide ;
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
 And make a miniature creation grow.
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose. 170
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
 And grace each motion with the restless toy ;
 With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
 While Love in every grateful zephyr flies.

The

THE FAN. BOOK I.

25 |

The master Cupid traces out the lines, 175
 And with judicious hand the draught designs :
 Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
 Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart ; 180
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire ;
 Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
 And founding hammers break its barbed frame :
 Of this the little pin they neatly mold, 185
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold ;
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend ;
 Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
 And finish instantly the new machine. 190

The Goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
 Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves ;
 With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
 And gales till then unknown play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will ye withstand, 195
 When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
 In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
 When eyes were artless, and the look demure ;
 When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,
 And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd ; 200
 When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
 Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair ;
 Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
 Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.

How

How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts ! 205
 What new-found snares they bait for human hearts !
 When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
 And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
 At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
 Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew ; 210
 In the bright air the dreadful faulchion shone,
 Or whistling flings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
 Now men those less destructive arms despise ;
 Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies :
 One hour with more battalions strows the plain, 215
 Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
 So Love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
 Her drefs disposes, and directs her eyes.
 The bosom now its panting beauties shows ;
 Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws ; 220
 Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
 And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace ;
 The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
 A towery front of lace on branching wires ;
 The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225
 Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
 How shall I soar, and on unwearied wing
 Trace varying habits upward to their spring !
 What force of thought, what numbers, can express
 Th' inconstant equipage of female drefs ! 230
 How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
 How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train !
 What fancy can the petticoat furround,
 With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound !

But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare 235
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare.
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse; 240
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold;
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

T H E F A N.

B O O K II.

OLYMPUS' gates unfold; in Heaven's high towers
 Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
 Great Jove above the rest exalted fate,
 And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
 His awful eye with ray superior shone; 5
 The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
 On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
 The whole creation at one view survey'd.
 But see! fair Venus comes in all her state;
 The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait; 10
 With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,
 And strew with odoriferous flowers the way;
 In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan;
 And thus in melting sounds her speech began:
 Assembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide, 15
 Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
 Ye fountains! whence all human blessings flow,
 Who pour your bounties on the world below;
 Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
 And taught the grape to stream with generous wine; 20
 Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
 And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
 Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year;
 And fruitful Autumn is Pomona's care.

THE FAN. Book II.

29

I first taught woman to subdue mankind, 25
 And all her native charms with drefs refin'd :
 Celestial Synod! this machine survey,
 That shades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
 If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
 With this she veils them from her lover's eyes; 30
 No level'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
 From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
 The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
 And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command ;
 On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears, 35
 And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears ;
 Ceres is with the bending fickle feen,
 And the strong bow points out the Cynthian Queen ;
 Henceforth the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
 The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place. 40
 Who shall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold ?
 What story shall the wide machine unfold ?
 Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
 With myrtle-wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd ;
 Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains 45
 With unresisting nymphs and amorous swains :
 May glowing pictures o'er the surface shine,
 To melt slow virgins with a warm design !
 Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground; 50
 Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
 And thus with graceful voice the virgin said :
 Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles ?

Does

Does man against her charms too powerful prove ? 55
 Or are the sex grown novices in love ?
 Why then these arms ? or why should artful eyes,
 From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize ?
 No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
 And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows. 60
 Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
 Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes ?
 Let Cupid rather give up his command,
 And trust his arrows in a female hand.
 Have not the Gods already cherish'd pride, 65
 And woman with destructive arms supply'd ?
 Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
 For her the chambers of the deep explores ;
 The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
 And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines : 70
 Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
 Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold ;
 Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
 Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
 Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear, 75
 Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair ?
 From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
 And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
 But yet, if Venus' wishes must succeed,
 And this fantastic engine be decreed, 80
 May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
 To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe !
 Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
 Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,

Her

Her locks dishevel'd waving in the wind, 85
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind.

The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
Be still! ye winds, she cries; stay, Theseus, stay!
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they. 90

All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel plows the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress, 95
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
Her sister Anna hovering o'er her stands,
Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands, 100
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.

View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove, 105
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow;
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled. 110

On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:

“ These

“ These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
 “ Than I forget my dear Oenone’s love.”

Roll back, ye streams; back to your fountain run!
 Paris is false; Oenone is undone.

Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
 Ere you the pangs of this curs’d passion knew, 120
 When groves could please, and when you lov’d the plain,
 Without the presence of your perjur’d swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene’er she spreads the Fan,
 In his true colours view perfidious man;
 Pleas’d with her virgin state, in forests rove, 125
 And never trust the dangerous hopes of Love.

The Goddess ended; merry Momus rose,
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws;
 Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke: 130

Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
 And by your own examples teach the fair.
 Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
 And the bright crescent own the Cynthian Queen.

On Latmos’ top see young Endymion lies, 135
 Feign’d sleep has clos’d the bloomy lover’s eyes:
 See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
 And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
 No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
 But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
 Virgins are virgins still—while ’tis unknown.
 Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
 Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade;

Her

Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145

And glowing expectation paints her face;

O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread

(Stand off! ye shepherds; fear Actæon's head!):

Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,

And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 150

Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?

Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,

Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face.

See Cephalus her wanton airs despise, 155

While she provokes him with desiring eyes;

To raise his passion, she displays her charms,

His modest hand upon her bosom warms:

Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart persuade;

But with disdain he quits the rosy maid. 160

Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,

Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;

Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,

While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.

There let all-conquering gold exert its power, 165

And soften Danaë in a glittering shower.

Would you warn Beauty not to cherish pride,

Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,

On the machine the sage Minerva place,

With lineaments of wisdom mark her face. 170

See, where she lies near some transparent flood,

And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:

Her image in the floating glass she spies,

Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivel'd eyes;

She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175
 Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain ;
 With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
 What ! spoil her face ! No. Warbling strains, farewell.
 Shall arts, shall sciences, employ the fair ?
 Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care. 180
 From Venus let her learn the married life,
 And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
 Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
 Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame ;
 The God of War within her clinging arms 185
 Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
 Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
 And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear ;
 Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
 Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190
 Let these amours adorn the new machine,
 And female nature on the piece be seen ;
 So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
 Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

T H E F A N.

B O O K III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose;
 From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;
 Her skilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
 Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
 As Gods are blest'd with a superior skill, 5
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will;
 Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
 To bid the paint express her great design.
 Th' assembled Powers consent. She now began,
 And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan. 10
 O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
 Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
 Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.
 Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air,
 In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
 Through the small circle of a convex glass;
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies. 20
 She various fables on the piece design'd,
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.
 The fate of pride in Niobe she drew
 (Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue).

In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flowers surround ; 30
 She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name ;
 To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.
 Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born, 35
 Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
 Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
 Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw ; 40
 His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend ;
 Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
 (When Heaven pursues, we shun the stroke in vain) :
 This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
 A furer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

The

The tender sisters, bath'd in grief, appear 55
 With sable garments and dishevel'd hair,
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood;
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60
 Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
 Fixt in astonishment, she weeping stood,
 The plain all purple with her children's blood;
 She stiffens with her woes; no more her hair
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air; 70
 Motion forsakes her eyes; her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
 All life is fled; firm marble now she grows,
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.
 Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans display, 75
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey.
 Though lovers oft' extol your beauty's power,
 And in celestial families adore;
 Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
 And Goddesses confess inferior charms; 80
 Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.
 Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.

Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85
 Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life :
 Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.

What guilt, what horror, on his face appears !
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears ; 90
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives ! bid vain suspicion cease,
 Lose not, in fullen discontent, your peace.

For, when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents ;
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian Queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd. 100

Gay Chloereus' arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody ground 105
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound ;
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays ; 110
 His snowy feather, edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot, lure her wandering eyes ;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood, 115
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood;
 The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursued, 120
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows, 125
 And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flowers, it withers with th' advancing year;
 And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair. 130
 Oh, Araminta! cease thy wonted pride,
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine, 135
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.

To the low world she bends her steepy way,
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day. 140

She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love;
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And every tree bore false Corinna's name;

In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145
 Curfes his fortune, and upbraids her charms ;
 When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
 And with thefe words relieves his amorous cares :

Rife ! happy youth ; this bright machine furvey,
 Whofe rattling fticks my bufy fingers fway ; 150
 This prefent fhall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bofom kindle love.

The Fan fhall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this fhall elephants their ivory fhed ; 155
 And polifh'd fticks the waving engine fpread :
 His clouded mail the tortoife fhall refign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles fhine.

On this fhall Indians all their art employ,
 And with bright colours ftain the gaudy toy : 160
 Their paint fhall here in wildeft fancies flow,
 Their drefs, their customs, their religion, fhow :
 So fhall the British fair their minds improve,
 And on the Fan to diftant climates rove.

Here China's ladies fhall their pride difplay, 165
 And filver figures gild their loofe array ;
 This boafts her little feet and winking eyes ;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies :
 Here crofs-legg'd nobles in rich ftate fhall dine ;
 There in bright mail diftorted heroes fhine. 170

The peeping Fan in modern times fhall rife,
 Through which unfeen the female ogle flies ;
 This fhall in temples the fly maid conceal,
 And fhelter love beneath devotion's veil.

Gay France shall make the Fan her artist's care, 175
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators, that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue; 180
 So shall each passion by the Fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the fullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes;
 Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.
 But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill, 185
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to Leander's panting bosom flew.
 Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame: 190
 Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
 And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a suppliant bow,
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld, 195
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
 She sighing cry'd. Disdain forsook her breast,
 And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
 And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
 No more for show and equipage she burns:

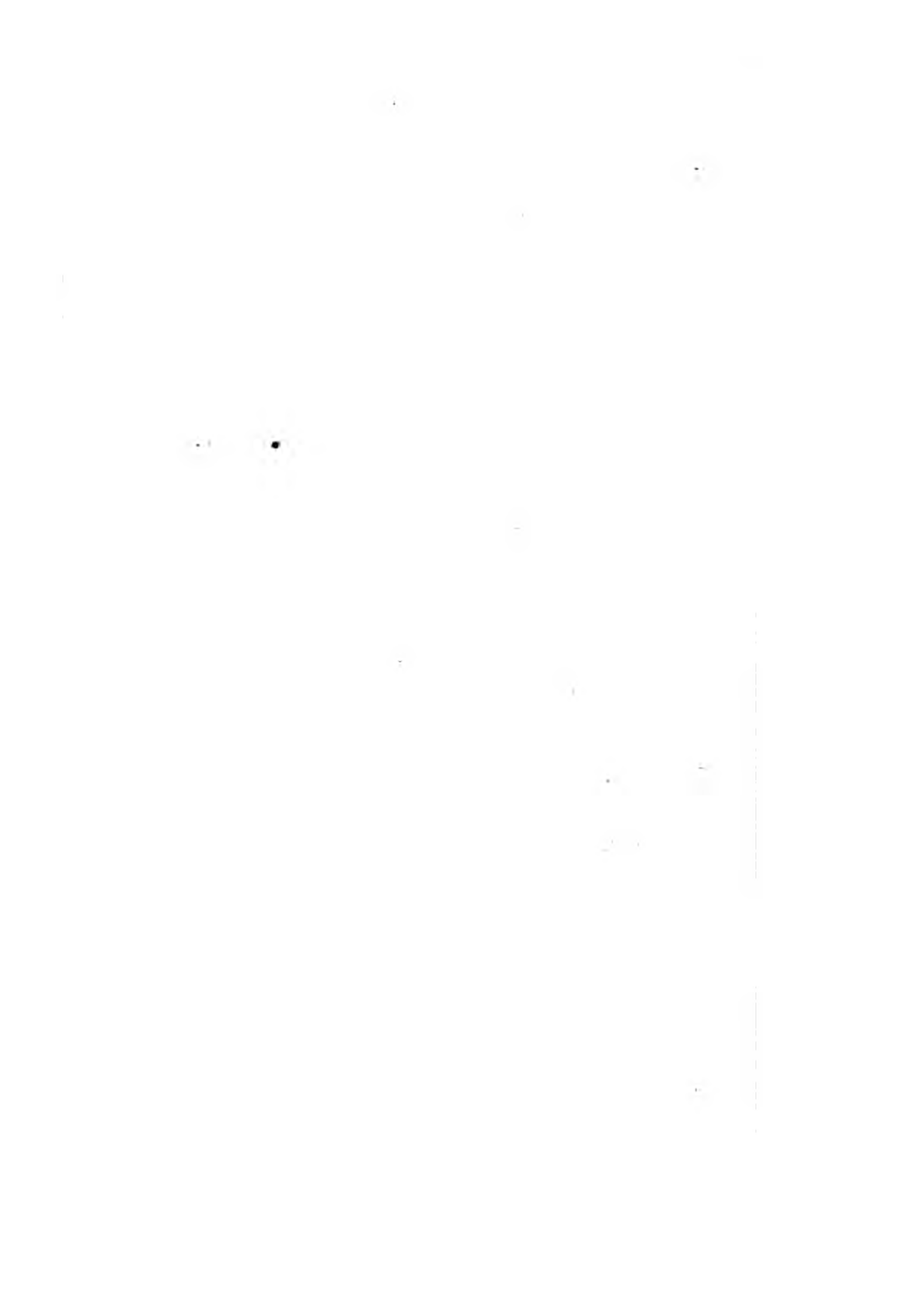
She learns Leander's passion to despise, 205
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies ;
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies. 210

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame ;
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

T H E
S H E P H E R D ' S W E E K .
I N
S I X P A S T O R A L S . 1714.
W I T H
T H E A U T H O R ' S N O T E S .

“ — Libeat mihi fordida rura,
“ Atque humiles habitare casae, —” V I R G . .



T H E P R O E M E

T O T H E

C O U R T E O U S R E A D E R .

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of Poesy highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailling in this plain highway of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoved a Pastoral to be, as Nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain
young

young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Doric Shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity:

Ἄπὸ λῶ οὐκ ἔσορῃ τὰς μηκάδας, οἷα βατεῦσαι,
 Τάκεται ὀφθαλμῶς, ὅτι ἐ τράγῳ αὐτὸς ἐγένετο.

THEOC. Id. i. 87.

Verily, as little pleafance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesfes of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landschape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same:

“ As

“ As one who long in populous city pent,
 “ Where houfes thick and sewers annoy the air,
 “ Forth iffuing on a fummer’s morn to breathe
 “ Among the pleafant villages and farms
 “ Adjoin’d, from each thing met conceives delight;
 “ The fmell of grain or tedded grafs or kine
 “ Or dairy, each rural fight, each rural found.”

Thou wilt not find my fhepherdeffes idly piping on
 oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the fheaves,
 or if the hogs are aftray driving them to the ftyes.
 My fhepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what
 are the growth of our own fields; he fleepeth not under
 myrtle fhades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigi-
 lantly defend his flocks from wolves, becaufe there are
 none, as maifter Spenser well obferveth:

“ Well is known that fince the Saxon king
 “ Never was wolf feen, many or fome
 “ Nor in all Kent nor in Chriftendom.”

For as much as I have mentioned maifter Spenser,
 foothly I muft acknowledge him a bard of fweeteft me-
 morial. Yet hath his fhepherd’s boy at fome times
 raifed his ruffic reed to rhymes more rumbling than
 rural. Diverfe grave points alfo hath he handled of
 churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arifing, to
 great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beft
 are his names, indeed right fimple and meet for the
 country, fuch as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon,
 and others, fome of which I have made bold to borrow.
Moreover,

Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, the “shepherd’s calendar,” and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over-rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be christian shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further of many of maister Spenser’s Eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future: it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turns to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

J O H N G A Y.



P R O L O G U E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

L O, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book, 5
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy found,
Our *clerk* came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *queen*; 10
That *queen*, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet *peace that maketh riches flow*;
That *queen*, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cicely seen, 15
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth, 20
I broke my reed, and, fighting, swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
 And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
 Full soon by bonfire and by bell 25
 We learnt our Liege was passing well.
 A skilful leach (so God him speed)
 They said had wrought this blessed deed.
 This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
 Who many a night not once had slept; 30
 But watch'd our gracious Sovereign still;
 For who could rest when she was ill?
 Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
 Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep,
 To swell his couch; for, well I ween, 35
 He fav'd the realm, who fav'd the Queen.
 Quoth I, please God, I'll hie with glee
 To court, this Arbuthnot to see.
 I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
 For silver loops and garment blue; 40
 My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
 For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
 For Lightfoot and my scrip, I got
 A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.
 So forth I far'd to court with speed, 45
 Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
 For peace allays the shepherd's fear 7
 Of wearing cap of grenadier.
 There saw I ladies all a-row,
 Before their Queen in seemly show. 50
 No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
 Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;

Nor

P R O L O G U E.

53

Nor Clamfilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.

But Lansdowne, fresh as flower of May, 55

And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay ;

And Anglesea, whose speech exceeds

The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds ;

And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare ;

And Montague beyond compare : 60

Such ladies fair would I depaint,

In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen,

In ribbon blue and ribbon green :

As Oxford, who a wand doth bear, 65

Like Moses, in our bibles fair ;

Who for our traffick forms designs,

And gives to Britain Indian mines.

Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care ;

Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare ; 70

Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,

And bid broad-cloths and ferges grow ;

For trading free shall thrive again,

Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien, 75

Full stedfast both to church and queen ;

With whose fair name I'll deck my strain ;

St. John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,

Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay ; 80

And, certes, mirth it were to see

'Thy joyous madrigals twice three,

With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.

All suddenly then home I sped, 85
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo, here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.

Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings. 90

Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain;
Or, for the plaint of Parson's maid,

Yon' Emperor's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul, 95
I'd burn book, preface, notes, and all.

MONDAY;

M O N D A Y;

O R,

T H E S Q U A B B L E.

L O B B I N C L O U T , C U D D Y , C L O D D I P O L E .

L O B B I N C L O U T .

TH Y younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
 No thruffles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
 No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
 No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
 O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
 Then why does Cuddy leave his cott so rear?

C U D D Y .

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is guest,
 For *he that loves, a stranger is to rest*;

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the same as *Welken*, an old Saxon word signifying *a cloud*; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for *the element* or *sky*, as may appear by this verse in the *Dream of Chaucer*,

“ Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.”

— *Sheen* or *sbine*, an old word for *shining* or *bright*.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, used in the ancient British authors for *scarce*.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of England, for *early in the morning*.

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think* or *conceive*.

If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
 And Blouzelinda's mistrefs of thy heart. 10
 This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
 Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
 And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree :
 Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah, Blouzelind ! I love thee more by half, 15
 Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n-calf :
 Woe worth the tongue ! may blisters fore it gall,
 That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witlefs Lobbin Clout, I thee advife,
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arife. 20
 Lo yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome fwain,
 The wifest lout of all the neighbouring plain !
 From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arife.
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25
 When stuck aloft, that showers would straight enfue ;
 He first that useful secret did explain,
 That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
 He told us that the welkin would be clear. 30
 Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse,
 I'll wager this fame oaken staff with thee,
 That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Ver. 25. *Erst*, a contraction of *ere this* ; it signifies *some time ago, or formerly*.

LOBBIN

THE SQUABBLE. PASTORAL I. 57

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that 's lin'd with hair, 35
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that 's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet, 45
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzalind 's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the feateft maid,
That e'er at wake delightful gambol play'd. 50
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witlefs lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Ver. 56. *Defst*, an old word, signifying *brisk* or *nimble*.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near ;
 Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year. 60
 With her, no fultry summer's heat I know ;
 In winter, when she 's nigh, with love I glow.
 Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire !

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay, 65
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday ;
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
 Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
 And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
 I flily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kifs ;
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amifs.
 Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to say, 75
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
 With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,

Ver. 69. *Eftsoons*, from *est*, an ancient British word, signifying *soon*. So that *estsoons* is a doubling of the word *soon* ; which is, as it were, to say *twice soon*, or *very soon*.

I quaintly

THE SQUABBLE. PASTORAL I. 59

I quaintly stole a kifs; at first, 'tis true,
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
 Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welsh, to Dutchmen butter 's dear,
 Of Irish fwains potatoe is the chear;
 Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind, 85
 Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.
 While she loves turnips, butter I 'll despise,
 Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
 The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90
 Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
 But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
 While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
 Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Ver. 79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale "As Clerkes being full subtle and queint," (by which he means *arch* or *waggish*); and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

"Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
 "Formosæ Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phœbo,
 "Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
 "Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phœbi,"
 &c. VIRG.

LOBBIN

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt 95
 About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
 I mis'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
 True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid me down,
 And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100
 Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
 Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
 Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
 With the rude wind her ruffled garment rose, 105
 And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
 And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.
 High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
 I spy'd — but faithful sweet-hearts never tell. 110

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
 This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
 "What flower is that which bears the *virgin's* name,
 "The richest metal joined with the same?"

Ver. 103—110. were not in the early editions. N.
 Ver. 113. Marygold.

CUDDY.

THE SQUABBLE. PASTORAL I. 61

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right, 115
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
"Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis strown on graves?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts! give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs — and so am I.

Ver. 117. Rosemary.

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum
"Nascantur Flores." VIRG.

Ver. 120. "Et vitula tu dignus & hic." VIRG.

TUESDAY;

T U E S D A Y;

O R,

T H E D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
 Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed ;
 In every wood his carols sweet were known,
 At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
 When in the ring the rustic routs he threw, 5
 'The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew ;
 Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,
 His danger smites the breast of every maid,
 But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
 The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain ; 10
 Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow ;
 Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
 And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd ;
 But Marian now, devoid of country cares, 15
 Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese, prepares ;
 For yearning love the witless maid employs,
 And Love, say swains, " all busy heed destroys."
 Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart ;
 A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart, 20

Cicely the western lass that tends the kee,
 The rival of the parson's maid was she.
 In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
 And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in plaining song :
 Ah woful day ! ah woful noon and morn ! 25
 When first by thee my younglings white were shorn ;
 Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
 They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart. 30
 Ah, Colin ! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true ?
 What I have done for thee, will Cicely do ?
 Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
 And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn ?
 Will she with hufwife's hand provide thy meat ? 35
 And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
 Which, o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
 In service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside ?
 Where-e'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
 My new difasters in my look appear. 40
 White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
 So thin my features that I 'm hardly known.
 Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
 Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk ;
 Unwittingly of Marian they divine, 45
 And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
 Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
 Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Ver. 21. *Kee*, a west-country word for *kine* or *cows*.

Whilom

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
 To toil all day, and merry-make at night. 50
 If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
 Your early breakfast is my constant care;
 And when with even hand you strow the grain,
 I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
 In misting days when I my thresher heard, 55
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
 Lost in the musick of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail:
 In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 60
 When-e'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft' been sun-burnt for thy sake;
 When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
 And when at eve returning with thy carr, 65
 Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
 Straight on the fire the footy pot I plac'd,
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
 When hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an oaf,*
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf; 70
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
 Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!
 Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook:
 They said that many crosses I must prove;
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.

Next

THE DITTY. PASTORAL II. 65

Next morn I mis'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock; 80
 I bore these losses with a christian mind,
 And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
 But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye gypsies; bring him home again, 85
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
 When dying embers were our only light,
 When every creature did in slumbers lie,
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90
 No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move;
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
 I bought the costly present for thy sake;
 Could'st thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife, 95
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
 "As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
 "So is thy image on this heart of mine." 100

But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
 For *knives*, they tell me, *always sever love*.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
 When goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
 With apron blue to dry her tears she fought; 105
 Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

W E D N E S D A Y;

O R,

T H E D U M P S*.

S P A R A B E L L A.

TH E wailings of a maiden I recite,
 A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.
 Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
 Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
 No mag-pye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
 No ox was heard to low, nor afs to bray;

5

* *Dumps*, or *Dumbs*, made use of to express a fit of the *sullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes* after the same manner is thought to have come from *Merops*, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper. But our English antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heaviness of spirits*, comes from the word *dumplin*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

“Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
 “Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces;
 “Et mutata suos requiêrunt flumina cursus.”

VIRG.

No

No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice, 15
Where D'Urfey's lyricks swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forgot the goad, 20
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade:
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,

Ver. 9.

“ Tu mihi seu magni superas jam faxa Timavi,
“ Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris —”

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called,
“ The World in the Sun, or The Kingdom of Birds;”
he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-
race, and several others that are sung by the British
swains.

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame* or *renown*.

Ver. 18.

— “ Hanc sine tempora circum
“ Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.”

Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise 25
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, furround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled ;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumfilis put on. 30

Sure if he 'd eyes (*but love, they say, has none*)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.

Ah, well-a-day ! I 'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid, 35
“ 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.”

Shall heavy Clumfilis with me compare ?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne ! 40

The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her aukward fist did ne'er employ the churn ;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power ;
No hufwifery the dowdy creature knew ; 45
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
“ 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.”

Ver. 25. “ Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ.”

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, signifying *hurt* or *barned*.

Ver. 37.

“ Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes ? ” VIRG.
I 've

THE DUMPS. PASTORAL III. 69

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make, 50
 Though Clumfilis may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek, 55
 While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
 Yet she, alas! the witlefs lout hath won,
 And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clucking hen make friendship with the kite; 60
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
 And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;
 For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.
 "My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid, 65
 "'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid."

Ver. 49.

"Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi."
 VIRG.

Ver. 53.

"Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur."
 VIRG.

Ver. 59.

"Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
 "Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ."
 VIRG.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
 And speckled mackrel graze the meadows fair;
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
 And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play; 70
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove;
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 “ 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.”

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood, 75
 When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
 My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
 Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80
 Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
 He swore that Dick, in livery striped with lace,
 Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;
 But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee; 85
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 “ 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.”

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun.
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90
 Bred

Ver. 67.

“ Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
 “ Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces —
 “ Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.”

VIRG.

Ver. 89. *To ken.* Scire. Chaucer *to ken*, and *kende*;
 notus A. S. *cunnan*. Goth. *kunnan*. Germanis *kennen*.
 2 Danis

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
 Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
 The father only silly sheep annoys,
 The son the fillier shepherdes destroys.
 Does son or father greater mischief do? 95
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

“ My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 “ ’Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.”

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
 A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
 What! shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy’d?
 No — To some tree this carcase I ’ll suspend.
 But worrying curs find such untimely end!
 I ’ll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105

On the long plank hangs o’er the muddy pool,
 That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
 Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
 There plac’d aloft, I ’ll rave and rail by fits,
 Though all the parish say I ’ve lost my wits; 110

Danis *kiende*. Islandis *kunna*. Belgis *kennen*. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken* for *prospicere* is well known and used *to discover by the eye*. RAY, F. R. S.

“ Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.

“ Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

“ Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.”

VIRG.

Ver. 99.

“ — vivite sylvæ :

“ Præceps aërii speculâ de montis in undas

“ Deferar.”

VIRG.

And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.

“Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
“And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.”

The sun was set ; the night came on apace, 115
And falling dews bewet around the place ;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings ;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

THURSDAY ;

T H U R S D A Y;

O R;

T H E S P E L L.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
 In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale ;
 Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
 And pining Echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow, 5
 The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!

When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
 A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love ;
 The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
 And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10

Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear ;
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

“ With my sharp heel I threetimes mark the ground,
 “ And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

When first the year I heard the cuckow sing, 15
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,
 I straightway set a-running with such haste,
 Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast ;

Ver 8. *Dight* or *bedight*, from the Saxon word *dightan*, which signifies *to set in order*.

Till

Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
 As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “ And turn me thrice around, around, around.” 26

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
 But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought ;
 I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
 “ This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
 “ Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.”
 I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “ And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find ;
 I rearily rose, just at the break of day,
 Before the sun had chac'd the stars away ; 40
 A-field I went, amid the morning dew
 To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do) ;
 There first I spy'd ; and the first fwain we see,
 In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
 See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take ; 45
 And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake ?

Ver 21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words
do off and *do on*.

“ With

THE SPELL. PASTORAL IV. 75

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal. 50

Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if I right can spell, 55
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L :

Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove !
For L is found is Lubberkin and Love.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.” 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow ; 65
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70
Which when I cropp'd I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,

Ver. 64. — ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἶθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακείει, μέγα καππυρίσσασα. ΤΗΕΟΣ.
Ver. 66.

“ Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.”

My

My wheel I turn'd, and sang a ballad new,
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
 The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in, 75
 But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.

I broke my yarn, surpriz'd the fight to see;
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight;
 So may again his love with mine unite! 80

“With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

This Lady-fly I take from off the grafs,
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
 “Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West, 85
 “Fly where the man is found that I love best.”

He leaves my hand; see to the West he's flown,
 To call my true-love from the faithless town.

“With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “And turn me thrice around, around, around.” 90

I pare this pippin round and round again,
 My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
 I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
 Upon the grafs a perfect *L* is read;
 Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen 95

Than what the paring makes upon the green.

“With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

This pippin shall another trial make,
 See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100

Ver. 93. “*Transque caput jace; ne respexeris.*” VIRG.
 This

This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn ;

And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,

A certain token that his love's unsound ;

While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last ;

105

Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast !

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,

I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.

100

He wist not when the hempen string I drew.

Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.

Together fast I tye the garters twain ;

And while I knit the knot repeat this strain,

“ Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,

115

“ Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure !”

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,

“ And turn me thrice around, around, around.”

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day

To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.

120

I made my market long before 'twas night,

My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.

Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,

And in love-powder all my money spent.

Ver. 109.

“ Neſte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli colores

“ Neſte, Amarylli, modo ; & Veneris die vincula

“ neſto.”

VIRG.

Ver. 123.

“ Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi læta venena

“ Ipſe dedit Mœris.”

VIRG.

Behap

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers, 125
 When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
 These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

“ With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 “ And turn me thrice around, around, around.” 130

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
 O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
 He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
 Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
 He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown: 135
 Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Ver. 127. — Ποτὸν κακὸν αὐριον οἶσῶ. THEOC.

Ver. 131.

Nescio quid certe est: & Hylax in limine latrat.”

FRIDAY;

F R I D A Y;

O R,

THE DIRGE*.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
 There 's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
 'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
 And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
 From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne, 5
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
 Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
 Now the squeez'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.
 Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheary bowl,
 Let cyder new "wash sorrow from thy foul." 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popish Hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *Dyrke*, and our *Dirge*, was a laudatory Song to commemorate and applaud the dead.

COWELL'S Interpreter
 Should

Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy chear,
And make thine eye e'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

“ Hang sorrow !” Let 's to yonder hut repair, 15
And with trim sonnets “ cast away our care.”
“ Gillian of Croydon” well thy pipe can play ;
Thou sing'st most sweet, “ O'er hills and far away.”
Of “ Patient Griffel” I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come ;
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head, 25
For, woe is me !—our Blouzelind is dead !

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead ? farewell, my glee !
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excell.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread ;

Ver. 15.

“ Incipe, Mopse, prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
“ Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.”

Ver. 27. *Glee*, Joy; from the Dutch, *Gloaren*, to
recreate.

THE DIRGE. PASTORAL V. 81

The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow, 35
 And winds shall moan aloud — when loud they blow.
 Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, when'er it rains, shall mourn;
 The season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
 Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
 Fresh rising sorrow curdies in my blood.
 Thither I 've often been the damsel's guide, 45
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
 There I remember how her faggots large
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
 Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50
 Or when her feeding hogs had mis'd their way,
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
 And whistled all the way — or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
 I shall her goodly countenance espy;
 For there her goodly countenance I 've seen,
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinner clean.
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
 Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
 Whilom I 've seen her skim the clouted cream,
 And pres from spungy curds the milky stream:
 But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
 The whining swine surround the dairy door;

No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
 To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
 Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly; 70
 The poultry there will seem around to stand,
 Waiting upon her charitable hand.

No succour meet the poultry now can find,
 For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass, 75
 Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
 I pitch'd the sheaves (oh, could I do so now!),
 Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
 There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
 There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80
 Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
 But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show;
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds, instead of butter-flowers, appear, 85
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread;
 For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone: 90

Ver. 84.

“Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
 “Carduus & spinis surgit palmarus acutis.” VIRG.

Ver. 90.

“Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen.”

VIRG.

“Here

“Here Blouzelinda lies — Alas, alas!
 “Weep, shepherds — and remember flesh is grass.”

GRUEBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
 Or winter porridge to the labouring youth, 95
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
 The boding raven on her cottage fate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105
 Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 When on her darling's bed her mother fate! 110
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
 And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Ver. 93.

“Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poëta,
 “Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
 “Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
 “Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim
 “Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra.” VIRG.

Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

" Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed :
 Be these my sifter's care — and every morn 115
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn ;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
 Yet ere I die — see, mother, yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid ;
 Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.
 The rest is yours — my spinning-wheel and rake
 Let Susan keep for her dear sifter's sake ;
 My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green, 125
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be Grubbinol's — this silver ring beside :
 Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
 A token kind to Bumkinet is sent." 130
 Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd ;
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, 135
 While dismally the Parson walk'd before.
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
 The daisie, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next ;
 He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise — quite out.

THE DIRGE. PASTORAL V. 85

To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 145
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground;
 Lest her new grave the Parson's cattle raze,
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
 To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150
 For gaffer Tread-well told us, by the by,
 "Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
 While padding ducks the standing lake desire, 155
 Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;
 So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
 Till bonny Susan sped across the plain. 160
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

Ver. 153.

"Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 "Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
 "Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."
 VIRG.

S A T U R D A Y ;

O R,

T H E F L I G H T S .

B O W Z Y B E U S .

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse ! prepare ;
 Forget a while the barn and dairy's care ;
 Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
 The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays ;
 With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse, 5
 While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers toil
 Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil ;
 Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
 Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about ; 10
 The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
 Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
 To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
 She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd ;
 Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
 And merry reapers what they list will ween.
 Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
 That echo answer'd from the distant hill ;
 The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
 Who thought some adder had the lads dismay'd.

When

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
 That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
 That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed, 25
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
 That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
 Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas night;
 But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
 And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout:
 (For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
 "For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
 By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
 The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke:
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
 As for the maids — I've something else in store.

Ver. 22.

"Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant." VIRG.

Ver. 40.

"Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit." VIRG.

Ver. 43.

"Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;

"Huic aliud mercedis erit."

VIRG.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the croud
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud ;
 Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 50

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
 For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below ; 55
 And how the closing colworts upwards grow ;
 How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathies downs.
 Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60
 He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed
 (Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend) ;
 Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep ;

Ver. 47.

“ Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes :

“ Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea.”

VIRG.

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tuffer, from
 whence he might have collected these philosophical ob-
 servations :

“ Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta,” &c.

How

THE FLIGHTS. PASTORAL VI. 89

How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind). 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.

How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.

Long filken laces hang upon the twine, 75

And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine ;

How the tight lasses, knives, combs, and scissars spies,

And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.

Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,

Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold. 80

The lads and lasses trudge the street along,

And all the fair is crouded in his song.

The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells

His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells ;

Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85

And on the rope the venturous maiden swings ;

Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket

Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.

Of Raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,

Of pockets pick'd in crouds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung " the Children in the Wood :"

(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood !)

How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,

And fearless at the glittering faulchion smil'd ;

Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found, 95

And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.

(Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)

For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the fly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd, 105
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

"All in the land of Essex" next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants: 110
How the grave brother stood on bank so green —
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of "Taffey Welsh," and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Irish Trot."

Ver. 97.

"Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo."

VIRG.

Ver. 99. A Song in the Comedy of "Love for Love,"
beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor," &c.

Ver. 109. A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.

Ver. 112.

"Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
"Pasiphaën."

VIRG.

Why

Why should I tell of "Bateman" or of "Shore,"
 Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant Moore,
 "The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood," 119
 And how the "grafs now grows where Troy town
 "stood?"

His carols ceas'd : the listening maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
 Sudden he rose ; and, as he reels along,
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
 The damsels laughing fly : the giddy clown 125
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown ;
 The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
 Till, ruddy, like his face, the fun descends.

Ver. 117. "Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c."
 VIRG.,

Ver. 117—120. Old English ballads.

ALPHABETICAL
C A T A L O G U E

O F

NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS,
BEASTS, INSECTS, and other MATERIAL
THINGS, mentioned in these PASTORALS.

	A	Bee	v. 107
A	CORNS, Past. v. 52	Barn	ii. 44
	Adder vi. 20	Blackberry	vi. 93
	Ale-house v. 8	Blind-man's-buff	i. 95
	Apple iv. 126	Bramble	i. 2
	Apron ii. 105. v. 50	Blouzelind i. 10. v. 26	
	Afs iii. 6. 70	Breakfast	ii. 52
	Autumn v. 3. 37	Bull	ii. 104
		Bumkinet	iii. 28
	B	Bun	v. 96
	Barley ii. 70. v. 78	Boobyclod	iv. 102
	Ballad-finger vi. 47	Butter	i. 33
	Bat iii. 117	Bowzybeus	vi.
	Bateman vi. 117	Butcher	iii. 90
	Bays iii. 18	Butterflower	v. 85
	Barn i. 122. v. 69	Buxoma	i. 14
	Beech v. 6		

C

I N D E X.

93.

C		Dandelion	v. 87
Calf	i. 16. 55	Deborah	iv. 18
Capon	i. 90	Death-watch	v. 101
Carr	ii. 65	D'Urfey	iii. 9
Cat	ii. 90. iii. 67	Goody Dobbins	ii. 104
Cicely	ii. 20. vi. 35	Deer	i. 36
Clover-grafs	i. 42	Dick	iii. 83
Cloddipole	i.	Doe	i. 16
Churn	iii. 42	Dorcas	vi. 39
Colworts	vi. 56	Dragon	vi. 118
Clumflis	iii. 30	Drink	iii. 43
Cock	ii. 79	Goody Dobson	v. 108
Comb	vi. 77	Duck	v. 155
Cow	i. 16. 82. ii. 104	Duckling	v. 116
Colin Clout	ii. 1	Ducking-stool	iii. 105
Clouted cream	v. 61		
Cowslips	v. 87	E	
Chalk	ii. 44	Eggs	iv. 120
Cricket	v. 102	Elm	v. 5
Curd	v. 62	Endive	v. 138
Cuddy	i.	Epitaph	v. 90
Church-yard	v. 148		
Cuckow	iv. 15	F	
Cur	i. 56	Fair	vi. 71
Cyder	v. 150	Fawn	i. 16
Corns	i. 28	Fox	iii. 61
		Fuel	v. 46
D			
Dairy	v. 42	G	
Daifie	i. 44	Gilly-flower	i. 45
		Gloves	

Gloves	vi. 38	Hodge	iii. 15
Glow-worm	vi. 60	Horse	v. 148
Garter	iv. 110	Goodman Hodges	i. 122
Goldfinch	i. 52	Hound	iii. 59
Ginger	v. 150		
Goose	v. 114		
Gillian of Croydon	v. 17		
Gooseberry	iv. 51	Jack-pudding	vi. 87
Green gown	iv. 135	Jay	iii. 5
Grass	iv. 94	Joan	vi. 99
Grubbinol	v.	Irish Trot	vi. 116
Gypsy	ii. 74		

I

K

		Katharine Pear	iii. 56
Hare	iii. 59	Kerchief	v. 58
Holy-day	i. 66	Kid	i. 54
Haycock	i. 72	Kidling	v. 25
Hazel-nut	iv. 61	Kiss	i. 73
Harvest	vi. 8	Kite	iii. 60
Hemlock	v. 86	Kersey doublet	ii. 37
Hempseed	iv. 28	Knife	i. 89
Heifer	i. 25	Kingcup	i. 43
Hen	iii. 60		
Hour-glass	v. 142		
Holly	iii. 54		
Hosen	ii. 33	Lady-bird	iv. 85
Hobnelia	iv.	Leather	ii. 44
Hot-cockles	i. 99	Lamb	i. 53
Hog	v. 51	Lobbin Clout	i.

L

Love-

I N D E X.

95

Love-powder	iv. 124	Nuts	v. 50
Lambkin	v. 105	Ninepence	v. 129
Lottery	vi. 79		
Lark	i. 3		
Leathern bottle	v. 127		
Lubberkin	iv. 7	Oak	v. 3
Lily	v. 60	Oatmeal	ii. 44
Leck	iii. 55	Owl	vi. 52
Lilly-bullero	vi. 116	Oxen	iii. 20
Linnet	iii. 3		

O

P

M

		Ploughing	ii. 51
Mackrel	iii. 68	Pease-cod	iv. 69
May-day	i. 58	Penny	v. 129
Mag-pye	iii. 5	Peggy	v. 126
Milk-pale	ii. 58	Penknife	iii. 101
Mare	vi. 110	Pidgeon	v. 29
Mug	vi. 32	Pedlar	vi. 73
Marian	ii. 9	Pig	iii. 102
Moore	vi. 118	Pinner	v. 58
Marygold	i. 46	Pippin	iv. 91
Midsummer-eve	iv. 27	Pottage	v. 95
Mole	v. 157	Potatoe	i. 84
Mountebank	vi. 83	Pudding	i. 91
Mow	v. 75	Primrose	v. 84

N

Neckcloth	ii. 36	Patient Griffel	v. 19
		Poultry	v. 113
		Parish clerk	vi. 49
		Puppy	vi. 67

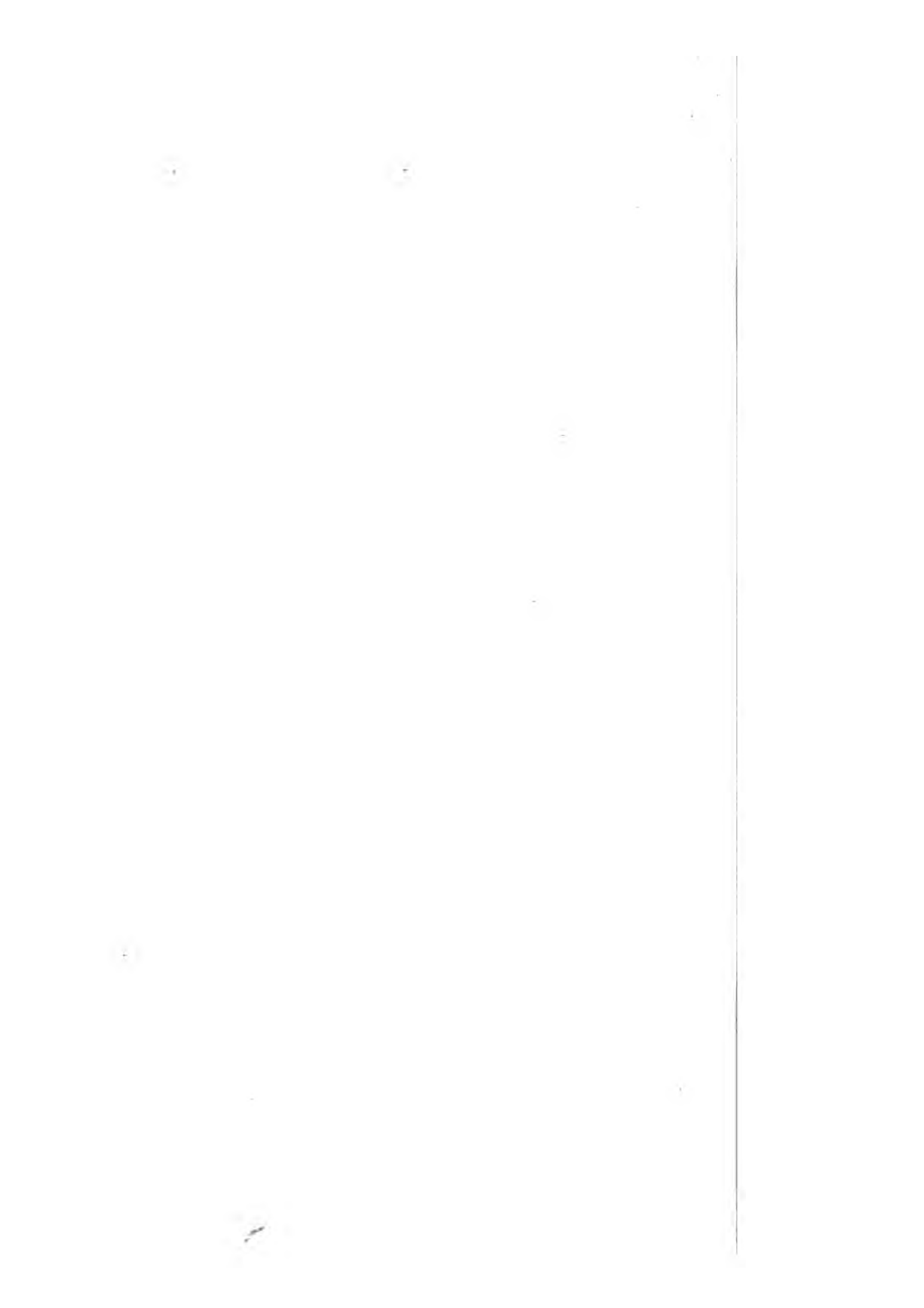
R

		Sufan	v. 124
	R	Squire	iii. 76
		Sowing	ii. 53
Rake	i. 123	Swallow	i. 29
Raven	v. 103	Shore	vi. 117
Robin Hood	vi. 119	Swine	v. 64
Robin-red-breast	vi. 95	Summer	i. 61
Ring	vi. 80	Silver-spoon	vi. 80
Rook	ii. 54	Sparabella	iii.
Rosalind	vi. 119	See-sawing	viii. 107
Roast-beef	i. 89		
Ribbon	iii. 29		T
Rosemary	v. 137		
Riddle	i. 111	Thimble	vi. 79
		Throttle	i. 2
	S	Tobacco	iii. 40
		Gaffer Treadwell	v. 151
Swinging	i. 103	Troy town	vi. 120
Spring	iv. 16	Turnip	i. 86
Sawney	vi. 115	Threshing	ii. 55
Sage	ii. 13	True-love's knot	iv. 115
Sciffars	vi. 77		
Sheep	ii. 28		V
Straw-hat	v. 125		
Sloe	iii. 52	Valentine's day	iv. 37
Smock	iv. 18	Udder	i. 4
Snail	iii. 71		
Spinning-wheel	v. 123		W
Squirrel	iii. 70		
Sugar	v. 96	Wake	ii. 4
		Weather	

I N D E X.

97

Weather	v. 99	Worky-day	i. 63
Winter	i. 60	Woodcock	vi. 61
Weed	v. 85	Whistling	v. 54
Will-a-wisp	vi. 57		
Wheat-sheaf	vi. 126	Y	
Whey	v. 66		
Whitepot	i. 92	Yarn	iv. 77
Wood	v. 43	Youngling	ii. 26



T R I V I A;
OR,
THE ART OF WALKING
THE STREETS
OF
L O N D O N.
IN THREE BOOKS.

“Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo viâ ducit, in urbem?”
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The criticks may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers, That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

“ — Non tu, in *trivis*, indocte, solebas

“ Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?”



TRIVIA.

T R I V I A.

B O O K I.

Of the Implements for walking the Streets,
and Signs of the Weather.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crouds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing : Thou, Trivia, Goddess, aid my song, 5
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along ;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays ;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound ;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown ; 20

But more my country's love demands the lays ;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise !

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And " clean your shoes " refounds from every voice ;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show, 25
And their stiff horses through the town move slow ;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries :
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide ; 30
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd :
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
' Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide, 35
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside ;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain ;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You 'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care
To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The filken drugget ill can fence the cold ;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain, 45
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain ;
True Witney * broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn :

* A town in Oxfordshire.

Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
 Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50
 Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
 Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
 Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
 Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;
 By various names * in various counties known,
 Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;
 Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60
 If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
 Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
 Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce;
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
 And lazily insure a life's disease; 70
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
 To Court, to White's †, assemblies, or the play;
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
 Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane: 75
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;

* A Joseph, Wrap-rascal, &c.

† A Chocolate-house in St. James's-street.

The dirty point oft' checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.

Oh ! may I never such misfortune meet !

May no such vicious walkers croud the street ! 80

May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings !

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.

Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse, 85

Where Slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.

Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,

And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme ;

Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,

No miry ways industrious steps offend ; 90

The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,

And blackens the canals with dirty showers.

Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,

And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,

Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,

And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.

Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,

Where gondolas their painted oars display.

O happy streets ! to rumbling wheels unknown,

No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town ! 100

Thus was of old Britannia's city blest'd,

Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd :

Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,

Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way :

Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town, 105

And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown ;

Her

Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
 And exercise unartful charms bestow'd ;
 But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
 And a long training mantua sweeps the ground, 110
 Her shoe disdains the street ; the lazy fair
 With narrow step affects a limping air.
 Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
 And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;
 The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115
 With Loves and Graces on his chariot-sides ;
 In saucy state the griping broker sits,
 And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
 For you, O honest men, these useful lays
 The Muse prepares ; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries ;
 From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
 Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain ;
 Surpriz'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
 When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125
 Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;
 This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
 Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
 Be thou for every season justly drest,
 Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ; 130
 And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
 Let thy Surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
 Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
 You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135
 And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire :

Your

Your tender skins the scorching heat decline,
 And at the dearth of coals the poor repine ;
 Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
 In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame ; 140
 Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise
 Of milder weather and serener skies.
 The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn 145
 With various dyes, and paint the funny morn :
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change ;
 * Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
 Endued by instinct, or by reason taught ; 150
 The seasons operate on every breast ;
 'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd.
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd fares ; when tavern-doors
 The chairmen idly croud ; then ne'er refuse 155
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160
 The bookseller, whose shop 's an open square,
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care

* " Haud equidem credo quia fit divinitus illis,
 " Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major."

VIRG. Georg. i.
 Of

Of Learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
 To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue;
 On hosiery's poles depending stockings ty'd 165
 Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side;
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air;
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
 And sweats with sacred grief; you'll hear the sounds
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
 Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
 And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoaking shower,
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175
 Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
 How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
 Plenty from liberal horn shall strow the year;
 When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
 The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain; 180
 But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
 Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
 How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
 And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain, 185
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
 Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies; 190
 Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
 Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey-coat,

Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
 Defy the muddy dangers of the street;
 While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195
 Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun every dashing pool, or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.
 But business summons; now with hasty feud
 You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200
 Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scower,
 Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.
 So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
 When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell;
 Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew 205
 Clotted and strait, when first his amorous view
 Surpriz'd the bathing fair; the frightened maid
 Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
 Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the riding-hood's disguise: 210
 Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
 Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
 Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215
 When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
 Britain in winter only knows its aid,
 To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
 But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
 That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220
 Say from what art divine th' invention came,
 And from its origin deduce its name.

Where

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny foil,
 A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
 One only daughter, blest his nuptial bed, 225
 Who from her infant hand the poultry fed :
 Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
 But now her careful mother was no more.
 Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
 Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid ; 230
 As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
 And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-eye'd morning streaks the skies,
 And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
 Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235
 And singing to the distant field repairs ;
 And, when the plains with evening-dews are spread,
 The milky burthen smoaks upon her head,
 Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
 Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
 With innocence and beauty in her eyes :
 He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
 Ah, Mulciber ! recall thy nuptial vows, 245
 Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,
 Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
 And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms ?

The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
 His bosom glowing with terrestrial love : 250
 Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
 No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.

Here

Here smoaks his forge, he bares his finewy arm,
 And early strokes the founding anvil warm :
 Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255
 As for the stced he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-eye'd Patty near his window came,
 His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
 To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays ;
 What woman can resist the force of praise ? 260

At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
 And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood ;
 With headless nails he now furrounds her shoes,
 To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
 She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore ; 265
 And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
 Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
 And on her cheek the fading rose declines ;
 No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
 And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

'This Vulcan saw, and, in his heavenly thought,
 A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
 Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
 And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
 Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275
 And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
 No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
 And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
 The God obtain'd his suit : though flattery fail,
 Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280
 The patten now supports each frugal dame,
 Which from the blue-eye'd Patty takes the name.

T R I V I A.

T R I V I A.

B O O K II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays
 The proper implements for wintery ways ;
 Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
 To read the various warnings of the skies :
 Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town, 5
 And for the public safety risque thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best ;
 No tides of passengers the streets molest.
 You 'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
 From Billingsgate her fishy traffick bear; 10
 On doors the fallow milk-maid chalks her gains :
 Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains !
 Before proud gates attending asses bray,
 Or arrogate with solemn pace the way ;
 These grave physicians with their milky chear 15
 The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair ;
 Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
 And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
 To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
 The proper prelude to a state of peace ? 20
 Now industry awakes her busy sons ;
 Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs :
 Shops

Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
 And all the streets with passing cries resound.
 If cloath'd in black you tread the busy town, 25
 Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
 Three trades avoid: oft' in the mingling press
 The barber's apron soils the fable dress;
 Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
 Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh. 30
 Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
 Three fulying trades avoid with equal care :
 The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
 And marks with footy stains the heedless throng ;
 When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35
 From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat ;
 The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,
 When through the street a cloud of ashes flies ;
 But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
 The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne, 40
 With tallow spots thy coat ; resign the way,
 To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
 Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
 And always foremost in the hangman's train.
 Let due civilities be strictly paid : 45
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
 Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age :
 And when the porter bends beneath his load,
 And pants for breath, clear thou the crouded road. 50
 But, above all, the groping blind direct ;
 And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll

You 'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,
 At every step he dreads the wall to lose, 55
 And risques, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace, 60
 Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
 But mutters coward-curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown, 65
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
 Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
 Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
 He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by 't.

Where fam'd St. Giles's antient limits spread,
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,
 Here to seven streets seven dials count the day, 75
 And from each other catch the circling ray,
 Here oft' the peasant, with enquiring face,
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
 He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze, 80
 Tries every winding court and street in vain,
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.

Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet
 Traversd' the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
 But still the wandering passés forc'd his stay, 85
 Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.

But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
 Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide;
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
 Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply,
 To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
 Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
 Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
 Where porters hogsheds roll from carts aslope, 95
 Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
 Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gathering mire thy feet befmeat,
 The voice of industry is always near. 100

Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
 Here let the Muse, fatiguèd amid the throng,
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105
 And shew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
 Of old was wont this nether world to range,
 To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd: 110
 And ev'n the proudest Goddesses now and then
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men;

To

To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
 Then * Cloacina (Goddeſs of the tide, 115
 Whoſe ſable ſtreams beneath the city glide)
 Indulg'd the modiſh flame; the town ſhe rov'd,
 A mortal ſcavenger ſhe ſaw, ſhe lov'd;
 The muddy ſpots that dry'd upon his face,
 Like female patches, heighten'd every grace: 120
 She gaz'd; ſhe ſigh'd; (for love can beauties ſpy
 In what ſeem faults to every common eye.)

Now had the watchman walk'd his ſecond round;
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling ſound
 Of her brown lover's cart (for well ſhe knows 125
 That pleaſing thunder): ſwift the Goddeſs roſe,
 And through the ſtreets purſued the diſtant noiſe,
 Her boſom panting with expected joys.
 With the night-wandering harlot's airs ſhe paſt,
 Bruſh'd near his ſide, and wanton glances caſt; 130
 In the black form of cinder-wench ſhe came,
 When love, the hour, the place, had baniſh'd ſhame;
 To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her ſpace,
 The pregnant Goddeſs (cautious of diſgrace)

* Cloacina was a Goddeſs, whoſe image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common ſhore; and, not knowing what Goddeſs it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Laſtant. i, 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

Descends to earth; but fought no midwife's aid,
 Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
 No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

The child, through various risques in years improv'd,
 At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
 His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
 Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear 145
 The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
 While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
 Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
 And long had sought his sufferings to redress. 150
 She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,
 To teach his hands some beneficial art
 Practis'd in streets: the Gods her suit allow'd,
 And made him useful to the walking croud;
 To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155
 With nimble skill the glossy black renew.

Each Power contributes to relieve the poor:
 With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
 Diana forms his brush; the God of Day
 A tripod gives, amid the crouded way 160
 To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
 Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
 Prest from th' enormous whale; the God of Fire,
 From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,
 Among these generous presents joins his part, 165
 And aids with foot the new jpanning art.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes; 170

Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:

Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!

At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)

Whom both a father and a mother own: 180

But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!

Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.

Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,

For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand, 185
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,

See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side;

The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 190

With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;

Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
 Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind. 200
 Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
 Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
 Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205
 And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
 On this methinks I see the walking crew,
 At thy request, support the miry shoe;
 The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
 And in thy pocket glingling halfpence found. 210
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
 And dashes all around her showers of mud:
 The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd
 Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
 His treble voice rebounds along the Meuse, 215
 And White-hall echoes—"Clean your Honour's shoes!"
 Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
 Too long detains the walker on his way;
 While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
 The busy city asks instructive song. 220
 Where, elevated o'er the gaping croud,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjurd head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
 Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
 Among the rabble rain: some random throw 225
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
 Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
 O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
 Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
 Does not his service earn you daily bread? 235
 Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
 If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
 And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
 Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
 Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range; 240
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
 Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
 Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
 When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
 Or who that rugged street * would traverse o'er, 245
 That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
 To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
 That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
 Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
 Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250
 And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
 And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil;
 Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
 Pass, where in piles Carnavian † cheeses lie;

* Thames-street.

† Cheshire anciently so called.

Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255
 And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise ?

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall !
 Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell !
 At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
 Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach ; 260

No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
 The soft supports of laziness and pride ;
 Shops breathe perfumes, through fashes ribbons glow,
 The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.

Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide, 265
 Oft' the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide

Beneath thy careless foot ; and from on high,
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
 Morter and crumbled lime in showers descend,
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
 And silent wander in the close abodes,
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground ; there pensive stray,
 In studious thought, the long uncrouded way.

Here I remark each walker's different face, 275
 And in their look their various business trace.

The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
 Upon his brow fit jealousies and cares ;
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
 He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach. 280

Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
 For fair recluse, who travel Drury-lane ;
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
 His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
 Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
 Pass by the Meuse, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290
 And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
 Far from the straining steeds securely go,
 Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
 And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
 The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws, 295
 And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
 Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
 Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
 Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
 Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
 Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
 Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
 Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305
 With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
 Does not each walker know the warning sign,
 When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
 Cross the close street; that then the paver's art
 Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
 Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
 Oft' with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?

* A cheat commonly practised in the streets with
 three thimbles and a little ball.

And

And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
 His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
 Nor will I roam where summer's fultry rays 315
 Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
 With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
 Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
 Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
 She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.
 Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
 The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
 But, if thy footstep slide with clotted frost, 325
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
 Oft' look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless paws the matron's tread?
 How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
 At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335
 And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
 The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose;
 The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
 In half-whipt muslin needles usefess lie,
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
 These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?

Where

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
 That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands ;
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345
 And graceful porches lead along the square :
 Here oft' my course I bend ; when lo ! from far,
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war :
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
 Increasing crouds the flying game pursue. 350
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
 The gathering globe augments with every round.
 But whither shall I run ? the throng draws nigh,
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high ;
 The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound, 355
 And gingling fashes on the pent-house sound.

O, roving Muse ! recal that wondrous year,
 When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air ;
 When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360
 The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his uselefs oar ;
 See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
 And wander roads unstable, not their own ;
 Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide, 365
 And rafe-with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide ;
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer-entire ;
 Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
 And numerous games proclaim the crouded fair. 370
 So when a general bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain ;

Thick

Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate : 375
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers ;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise ;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads ;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit : she now a basket bore ;
That head, alas ! shall 'basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll ! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death !
The cracking crystal yields ; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies ; 390
Pippins she cry'd ; but death her voice confounds ;
And *pip- pip- pip-* along the ice resounds.

So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395
His yet warm tongue for his lost comfort cry'd ;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds ;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves ;

From

From every pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405
Need not the Calendar to count their days.

When through the town with flow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;

Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the furly bull. 410

Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stall with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,

Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415
The jointed lobster, and unscaly foal,

And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;

Wednesdays and Fridays you 'll observe from hence,
Days when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dextrous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the seasons' change declare, 425
And mark the monthly progress of the year.

Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the Spring!

Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood; 430

And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.

Wallnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn stain,
 Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain ;
 Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435
 To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays the Poet's crown,
 Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
 Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
 Christmas, the joyous period of the year. 440

Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
 With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.
 Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed ;
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head ;
 Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl 445
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul !

See, see ! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed ;
 Lo ! meagre Want uprears her sickly head ;
 Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan ;
 While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
 His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455

Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
 Those who give late are importun'd each day,
 And still are teaz'd because they still delay. 460

If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
 He thinly spreads them through the public square,
 Where,

Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
 And from each other catch the doleful cry;
 With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. 466

Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath, 470
 As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.

Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
 That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?
 Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend, 475
 Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;

Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
 Me business to my distant lodging calls;
 Through the long Strand together let us stray;
 With thee conversing, I forget the way. 480

Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
 Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
 Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
 The street alone retains the empty name.
 Where Titian's glowing paint the canvass warm'd, 485
 And Raphael's fair design, with judgement, charm'd,
 Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
 The colour'd prints of Overton appear.

Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
 A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands. 490
 There Effex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
 There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villers', now no more.

Yet

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
 Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
 Beneath his eye declining art revives, 495
 The wall with animated picture lives;
 There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
 Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
 There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes),
 For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse. 500

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
 Upon your state what happiness attends!
 What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
 Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
 Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy, 505
 Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
 No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone. 510
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,
 And trust their safety to another's feet:
 Still let me walk; for oft' the sudden gale 515
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail;
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
 The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns. 520
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the shower,
 In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain 525
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer!
 The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
 His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage, 530
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
 So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd, 535
 Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
 The headstrong courfers tore the silver reins,
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: 540
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoak upon your boards?
 Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
 Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
 Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;
 Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
 Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.
 Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
 Support thy family, and cloathe thy wife. 550

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
 And various science lures the learned eye;

The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
 And deep divines, to modern shops unknown :
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing 555
 Collects the various odours of the spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil ;
 May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
 A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage : 560
 Here fauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
 O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfy sleep ;
 Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold ;
 And * Squirts read Garth, till apozems grow cold.

O Lintot ! let my labours obvious lie, 565
 Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye !
 So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
 And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
 On the false lustre of a coach and six ? 570
 Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
 Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
 With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
 That wretch, to gain an equipage and place, 575
 Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.

This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
 Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
 Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps ;
 The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps ; 580

* An Apothecary's boy, in " The Dispensary."
 There

There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves ;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a fordid mind ;
This next in court-fidelity excells, 585
The publick rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate. I
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtæ, and a good furtout ! 590

T R I V I A .

B O O K III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA, goddess! leave these low abodes,
 And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
 Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
 Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
 At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword; 5
 Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
 O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bower
 Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
 Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air, 10
 Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
 Where the shop-windows * falling threat thy head;
 Now labourers home return, and join their strength
 To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
 Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15
 And, as the passers open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
 Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
 Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
 And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread; 20
 Where not a post protects the narrow space,
 And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;

* A species of window now almost forgotten. N.

Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
 Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds 25
 Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds ;
 Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,
 And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
 Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
 And the mix'd hurry barricades the street. 30
 Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
 Cracks the tough harness ; here a ponderous beam
 Lies over-turn'd athwart ; for slaughter fed,
 Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
 Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35
 And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war ;
 From the high box they whirl the thong around,
 And with the twining lash their shins resound :
 Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
 And the blood gushes down their painful eye ; 40
 And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
 And with their ponderous fists renew the fight ;
 Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
 Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
 So when two boars, in wild Ytene * bred, 45
 Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,
 Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rouz'd with equal fire,
 Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire ;
 In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
 Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

* New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng :
 Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
 The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
 Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn ; 55
 High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
 Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
 Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
 Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,
 And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light. 60
 Where 's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown ?
 And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
 But lo ! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
 Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies ;
 Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds, 65
 Whilst every honest tongue " stop thief " resounds.
 So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
 Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care ;
 Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
 And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70
 Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy !
 Why did not honest work thy youth employ ?
 Seiz'd by rough hands, he 's dragg'd amid the rout,
 And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout :
 Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies, 75
 Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.
 Let not the ballad-finger's shrilling strain
 Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain :
 Guard well thy pocket ; for these Syrens stand
 To aid the labours of the diving hand ; 80

Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
 And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song.
 But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
 So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
 And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

85

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
 And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
 Stop short; nor struggle through the croud in vain,
 But watch with careful eye the passing train.

90

Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
 Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
 Impatient venture back; despising harm,
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.

Thus his lost bride the Trojan fought in vain
 Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.

95

Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
 To find the brave companion of his love.

The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
 Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

100

That walker, who, regardless of his pace,
 Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
 From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
 Shall strike his aking breast against the post;
 Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
 His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.

105

But, if unwarily he chance to stray

Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,

The thwarting passenger shall force them round,

And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

110

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
 Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoaky light.
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115
 Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
 Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
 That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
 Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120
 Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh,
 Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
 Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
 And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
 The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125
 But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner allies wind by day,
 To shun the hurries of the public way,
 Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
 Mind only safety, and contemn the mire. 130
 Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
 Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
 Cross not with venturous step; there oft' is found
 The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone 135
 Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
 That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
 Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
 Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
 Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140

In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
 And share the booty with the pilfering band.
 Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
 Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy Augusta! law-defended town! 145
 Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
 No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
 Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
 Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
 But liberty and justice guard the land; 150
 No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
 Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.

Let not the chairmen, with assuming stride,
 Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
 The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet 155
 Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.

Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
 Whose flambeau gilds the fashes of Pall-mall;
 When in long rank a train of torches flame,
 To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160
 Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
 May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
 Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
 Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost, 165
 With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
 He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
 But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
 Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
 To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;

Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
 Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride ;
 Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
 Like dying thunder in the breaking air ;
 Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone, 175
 And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
 Or wheels inclose the road ; on either hand
 Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
 And call for aid in vain ; the coachman swears,
 And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180
 Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
 On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
 So failors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
 Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands, 185
 Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands ;
 There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
 Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
 If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
 You chance to roam ; where oyster-tubs in rows 190
 Are rang'd beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,
 And with the favoury fish indulge thy taste :
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 195
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
 What will not luxury taste ? Earth, sea, and air,
 Are daily ranfack'd for the bill of fare ! 200

Blood

Blood stuff'd in skins is British christian's food ;
 And France robs marshes of the croaking brood !
 Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,
 And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall, 205
 Ever be watchful to maintain the wall ;
 For, should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
 Will with impetuous fury drive along ;
 All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
 And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210

Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
 Dragg'd all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
 Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
 Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.
 O think on Oedipus' detested state, 215
 And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire unknown ;
 (Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son !)
 Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
 The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died ! 220
 Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
 Thy curst incest ! and thy children slain !
 Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
 Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years ; 225
 See, with black train the funeral pomp appears !
 Whether some heir attends in fable state,
 And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate ;
 Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
 A croud of lovers follow to her tomb :

Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
 No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
 It only serves to prove the living vain.
 How short is life! how frail is human trust! 235
 Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
 Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
 Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
 And spot indelible thy pocket foil. 240

Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
 With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
 Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
 Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
 And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 245
 To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds * recite,
 With all the petty rapines of the night?
 Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
 Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards? 250
 Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
 Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
 Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
 Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
 I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 255
 When from the croud'd play thou lead'st the fair;
 Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,
 Or handkerchief that India's shuttle boast?

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads,
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes! 260

The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catharine street descends into the Strand!

Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts :
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 265
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with fauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace ;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scower'd manteau, and the flattern air ; 270

High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow ;
With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous ear,
" My noble captain ! charmer ! love ! my dear ! "

In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275
Or muffled pinders hide her livid eyes.

With empty handbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change ;
Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane. 280

She darts from farsenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat the cheek ; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain, 285
To the great city drove from Devon's plain
His numerous lowing herd ; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.

Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
 Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290
 She leads the willing victim to his doom,
 Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.

Thence through the street he reels from post to post,
 Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.

The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies, 295
 He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
 Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
 And the next morn in vain his fate deploras.

Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
 Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills? 300
 How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
 When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
 Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace!)
 Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
 Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305
 And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
 Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
 For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
 And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm. 310
 But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
 To call their brethren to confederate war
 When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
 Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
 Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315
 But seek the constable's confederate ear;
 He will reverse the watchman's harsh decrees,
 Mov'd by the rhetorick of a silver fee.

Thus,

Thus, would you gain some favourite courtier's word,
 Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
 Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
 His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker * flings,
 And with the copper shower the casement rings.
 Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame? 325
 Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
 Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
 Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
 I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done
 Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run; 330
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hoghead's womb,
 Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
 So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws 335
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
 Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
 Oft' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
 Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies, 340
 Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
 So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray, 345
 That led the sailor through the stormy way,

* Gentlemen, who delighted to break windows with
 half-pence.

Was

Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
 And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
 And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
 And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.

At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355

And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;
 From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;

The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
 Through the burst fash a blazing deluge pours,
 And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers. 360

Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
 The fire-man sweats beneath his crooked arms;

A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
 Boldly he climbs where thickest smoak ascends;
 Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers, 365

The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
 With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
 The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.

See forceful engines spout their level'd streams,
 To quench the blaze that runs along the beams; 370

The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
 And heaps on heaps the smoaky ruin falls;

Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
 Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;

The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night 375
 Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light.

'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome,
 The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
 When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
 And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread. 380
 Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire:
 Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
 The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
 With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
 Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sudden sound 385
 The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground.
 So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
 Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
 Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
 And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake; 390
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
 And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.
 Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
 The toils, the perils, of the wintery town;
 What riots seen, what bustling crouds I bore, 395
 How oft' I cross'd where carts and coaches roar:
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
 Their future safety from my dangers find.
 Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400
 The barbarous Arab's haunt; or shivering coast
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
 Whom Providence in length of years restores
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;)
 Sets forth his journals to the public view, 405
 To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.

And now compleat my generous labours lie,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410
 When W— and G——, mighty names *! are dead;
 Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
 When criticks crazy handboxes repair,
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
 High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame, 415
 This work shall shine, and walkers blefs my name.

* Probably Ward and Gildon. N.

I N D E X.

A

A UTHOR, for whom he wrote the poem,	Book i. ver. 119
Affes, their arrogance,	ii. 13
Ariadne's clue,	ii. 83
Alley, the pleasure of walking in one,	ii. 271
—— not to be walked in by night,	iii. 127
Almanacks, usefess to judicious walkers,	ii. 406
Autumn, what cries then in use,	ii. 434
Arundel-street,	ii. 484
Author, his wish.	ii. 587

B

Bavaroy, by whom worn,	i. 53
Brokers, keep coaches,	i. 117
Bookfeller, skilled in the weather,	i. 161
Barber, by whom to be shunned,	ii. 28
Baker, to whom prejudicial,	ii. 30
Butchers, to be avoided,	ii. 43
Bully, his insolence to be corrected,	ii. 59
Broker, where he usually walks,	ii. 277
Burlington-house.	ii. 494
Beau's chariot overturned,	ii. 523
Bills, disperfed to walkers,	ii. 538
Ballad-singers,	iii. 77
	Country,

C

Country, the author's love of his,	i. 21
Civic crown,	i. 20
Cane, the convenience of one,	i. 61
—— an amber-headed one useless,	i. 67
—— the abuse of it,	i. 75
Camlet, how affected by rain,	i. 46
Coat, how to choose one for the winter,	i. 41
Chairs and chariots, prejudicial to health,	i. 69
Coachman asleep on his box, what the sign,	i. 153
—— his metamorphosis,	ii. 241
—— his whip dangerous,	ii. 310
—— his care of his horses,	ii. 311
—— despises dirty shoes,	iii. 165
Chairmen, an observation upon them,	i. 154
Church-monuments, foretel the weather,	i. 167
Common-shores,	i. 171
Cold, the description of one,	i. 267
Clergy, what tradesmen to avoid,	ii. 25
Chimney-sweeper, by whom to be avoided,	ii. 33
Chandlers, prejudicial to walkers,	ii. 40
Civility to be paid to walkers,	ii. 45
Carman when unmerciful, his punishment,	ii. 245
Cheapside,	ii. 248
Cheese not lov'd by the author,	ii. 254
Countryman, perplexed to find the way,	ii. 73
Catharine-street,	ii. 260
Chairmen, their exercise in frosty weather,	ii. 335
Covent-garden,	ii. 343. 347
	Cries

INDEX TO TRIVIA.

149

Cries of the town, observations upon them,	ii. 426
Christmas, what cries fore-run it,	ii. 438
———— a season for general charity,	ii. 414
Coaches, dangerous in snowy weather,	ii. 327
———— those that keep them uncharitable,	ii. 42
———— attended with ill accidents,	ii. 511
———— despised by walkers,	ii. 570
———— kept by coxcombs and pimps,	ii. 577
———— a stop of them described,	iii. 35
———— a man surrounded by them,	iii. 177
Cloacina, Goddess of common-shores,	ii. 115
Charing-cross,	ii. 214
Christmas-box,	ii. 185
Charity, most practised by walkers,	ii. 454
———— where given with judgement,	ii. 456
———— not to be delayed,	ii. 458
Chairs, the danger of them,	ii. 513
Clement's church, the pass of it described,	iii. 18
Colliers carts,	iii. 25
Coachmen, a fight of them,	ibid.
Croud, parted by a coach,	iii. 83
Cellar, the misfortune of falling into one,	iii. 121
Chairmen, law concerning them,	iii. 153
———— their poles dangerous,	iii. 161
Constable, his consideration,	iii. 315
Coach fallen into a hole, described,	iii. 335
Criticks, their fate,	iii. 413

D

D'oily stuffs, useless in winter,	i. 43
Drugget-silk, improper in cold weather,	i. 44
	Dress,

Dress, propriety therein to be observed,	i. 129
Drummers, improper at a wedding,	ii. 17
Dustman, to whom offensive,	ii. 37
Drays, when not to be walked behind,	ii. 288
Doll, a melancholy story of her death,	ii. 382
Dustman, spiteful to gilded chariots,	ii. 527
Drury-lane, dangerous to virtue,	iii. 259

E

Evening described,	iii. 9
Eddystone light-house,	iii. 345

F

Frieze, its defects,	i. 45
Footman, his prudence in rainy weather,	i. 127
Fair weather, signs of it,	i. 143
Farrier's shop, a description of one,	i. 251
Fop, the description of one walking,	ii. 53
—— the ill consequence of passing too near one,	ii. 57
Female guides, not to be made use of,	ii. 87
Foot-ball described,	ii. 347
Frost, an episode of the great one,	ii. 357
Fair, one kept on the Thames,	ii. 369
Fishmonger, the description of his stall,	ii. 414
Friday, how to know it,	ii. 416
Friend, the author walks with one,	ii. 276
—— rules to walk with one,	iii. 87
Fox, like a pick-pocket,	iii. 67
Footman very arrogant,	iii. 157
Fleet-ditch,	iii. 189
Funeral,	

INDEX TO TRIVIA.. 155

Funeral, the walker's contemplation of one,	iii. 225
Fire, the description of one,	iii. 353
Fireman, his virtue,	iii. 362
Fire-engines,	iii. 369
Father, the happiness of a child who knows his own,	ii. 177
Female walkers, what necessary for them,	i. 209

G

Gamester, his chariot described,	i. 115
Glasier, his skill at foot-ball,	ii. 355
Guinea-droppers,	iii. 249

H

Health acquired by walking,	i. 69
Holland, the streets of that country described,	i. 87
Hofiers' poles, what observed by them,	i. 165
Hawker, at what time he cries news,	ii. 21
Horses, like Parthians,	ii. 294
Hands, their use,	iii. 241
House blown-up, the description of it,	iii. 381
Holborn-hill,	ii. 174

I

Invention of pattens,	i. 219
Jugglers to be avoided,	ii. 285
Industry not exempt from death,	ii. 389
June, what cry denotes that month,	ii. 432
James, St. its market,	iii. 546

L 4

Knocker

K

Knocker of a door, an observation on one, ii. 497

L

London, its happiness before the invention of coaches
and chairs, i. 101

Ladies walking the streets, i. 105

————— in the Park, what they betoken, i. 145

————— dress neither by reason nor instinct, i. 149

Letchers old, where they frequent, ii. 280

Leadenhall-market, ii. 546

Lintot, Mr. advice to him, ii. 565

Lawyer passing the street in a coach, ii. 579

Labourers returned from work, iii. 13

Lincoln's-inn-fields, iii. 133

Link-man, where not to be trusted, iii. 139

Luxury, a reflection on it, iii. 195

Legs, their use, iii. 241

Lantern, what it shews in the middle of the street, iii. 335

Ludgate-hill, ii. 292

M

Martha, a milk-maid of Lincolnshire, i. 125

Morning, then what first to be considered, i. 121

Morning described, ii. 7

Milford-lane, iii. 25

Meuse, jugglers often ply thereabouts to inveigle
walkers to play, ii. 287

Milk-maid of the city, unlike a rural one, ii. 11

Mercy

INDEX TO TRIVIA. 153.

Mercy recommended to coachmen and carmen,	ii. 237
Masons, dangerous to pass where at work,	ii. 266
Modesty not to be offended,	ii. 298
Monday, by what observations to know it,	ii. 408
Miser, his manner of charity,	ii. 462
Moorfields,	ii. 548
Monmouth-street,	ibid.
Mobs to be avoided,	iii. 51
Mohocks, a set of modern rakes,	iii. 326
Matrons put in hogsheds,	iii. 329

N

Naples, the streets of that city,	i. 93
Newgate-market,	ii. 544
Nisus and Euryalus,	iii. 97
Nose, its use,	iii. 245
Nicker, his art,	iii. 323
Naples, its future fate,	iii. 387

O

Oysters, at what time first cry'd,	i. 28
Old woman, an observation upon one,	i. 139
Observations on the looks of walkers,	ii. 274
Ox roasted on the Thames,	ii. 368
Orpheus, his death,	ii. 393
Overton the print-seller,	ii. 489
Oyster-wench,	iii. 185
Oyster, the courage of him that first ate one,	iii. 195
Oedipus,	iii. 215
Pavers,	

P

Pavers, their duty,	i. 11
Paris, the streets of that city,	i. 85
Poor, their murmurs, what the sign of,	i. 178
Paul, St. his festival,	i. 176
Precepts, what the consequence, if neglected,	i. 189
Pattens, a female implement,	i. 212
Presents better than flattery,	i. 280
Patten, its derivation,	i. 282
Perfumer, by whom to be avoided,	ii. 29
Porter sworn, useful to walkers,	ii. 65
'Prentices not to be relied on,	ii. 69
Post, when to walk on the outside of it,	ii. 7
Pillory, not to be gazed upon,	ii. 225
Pall-mall celebrated,	ii. 256
Pythagoras, his doctrine,	ii. 241
Petticoat, its use in bad weather,	ii. 304
Pavers, a signal for coaches to avoid them,	ii. 306
Pattens inconvenient in snowy weather,	ii. 324
Phaëton, a beau compared to him,	ii. 535
Perriwigs, how stolen off the head,	iii. 55
Pick-pocket, his art and misfortunes,	iii. 59
Paint, how to be avoided,	iii. 337
Play-house, a caution when you lead a lady out of it,	iii. 253

Q

Quarrels for the wall to be avoided,	iii. 213
Quarrels, sham ones, dangerous,	iii. 251
Riding-	

R

Riding-hood, its use,	i. 209
Rome, the streets of it,	i. 94
Rain, signs of it,	i. 157
Rakes, how they avoid a dun,	ii. 282
Raphael Urbin,	ii. 487
Rakes, their time of walking,	iii. 321
Regulus, his death,	iii. 330
Reader, the author addresses him,	iii. 393

S

Scavengers, their duty,	i. 15
Stage-coaches, an observation upon them,	i. 25
Shoe-cleaning boys, the time of their first appearance,	i. 23
Shoes, when to provide them,	i. 29
—— what fort improper for walkers,	i. 33
—— what proper for dancers,	i. 30
—— what most proper for walkers,	ibid.
Surtout, Kersey, its description,	i. 55
Shower, a man in one described,	i. 191
Shins, what they betoken when scorched,	i. 137
Signs creaking, what they betoken,	i. 157
Superstition to be avoided,	i. 175
Swithin, St. his festival,	i. 183
Smallcoal-man, by whom to be avoided,	ii. 35
Summer, foreign to the author's design,	ii. 315
Signs, the use of them,	ii. 67
Seven dials of St. Giles's parish described,	ii. 80
Stockings,	

Stockings, how to prevent their being spattered,	ii. 91
Streets, narrow ones to be avoided,	ii. 247
Snowy weather,	ii. 320
Shoes, how to free them from snow,	ii. 325
Snow-balls, coachmen pelted with them,	ii. 329
Schoolboys, mischievous in frosty weather,	ii. 331
Sempstrefs, the description of her in a frosty morning,	ii. 337
————— advice to her,	ii. 341
Saturday, by what observations to know it,	ii. 422
Spring, the cries then in use,	ii. 428
Streets formerly noblemen's houses,	ii. 492
Swords, silver, lure thieves,	iii. 53
Street, how to cross it,	iii. 165
Scylla and Charybdis,	iii. 183
Street, where to cross it by night,	iii. 185
Shoe-cleaning boy, his birth,	ii. 135
————— his lamentation,	ii. 177
————— his happiness,	ii. 145
————— without father or mother,	ii. 181
Scowrs, a set of rakes,	iii. 325
Snow-hill,	iii. 330

T

Trivia, the Goddess of streets and highways, invoked,	i. 5
Trades prejudicial to walkers,	ii. 25
Tradesmen, in what to be trusted,	ii. 71
Theseus in the labyrinth of Crete,	ii. 83
Thames-street,	ii. 244
Trades	

INDEX TO TRIVIA. 157

Trades offensive to the smell,	ii. 246
Tea-drinkers, a necessary caution to them,	ii. 296
Thames, coaches driven over it,	ii. 365
Thaw, the description of one,	ii. 400
Thursday, by what observations to know it,	ii. 408
Titian,	ii. 486
Trivia invoked as Cynthia,	iii. 1
Turn-stiles,	iii. 107
Tragedies, their fate,	iii. 414

U

Umbrella, its use,	i. 211
Venice, the streets of it,	i. 97
Vaults, an observation upon them,	i. 172
Vulcan in love with a milk-maid,	i. 241
——— advice to him,	i. 245
——— metamorphosed to a country farrier,	i. 253
——— the inventor of hobnails and sparables,	i. 263
——— the inventor of pattens,	i. 275
Upholder, where he frequents,	ii. 470

W

Winter, the beginning of it described,	i. 2
Weather, signs of cold,	i. 133
——— signs of fair,	i. 143
——— signs of rainy,	i. 157
Witney broad-cloth proper for horsemen,	i. 47
Wig compared to Alecto's snakes,	i. 202
——— to Glaucus's beard,	i. 205
——— what to be worn in a mist,	i. 125

Waterman,

Waterman, judicious in the weather,	i. 163
Winds whistling, what they foretel,	i. 169
Wall, to whom to be given,	ii. 45
—— to whom to be denied,	ii. 59
—— when to keep it,	iii. 205
Way, of whom to be enquired,	ii. 65
Watling-street,	ii. 247
Walkers inadvertent, to what misfortune liable,	ii. 285
Wits, a caution to them,	ii. 296
Walker distressed by a foot-ball,	ii. 347
Waterman, his dominion invaded,	ii. 361
Wednesday, how to know it,	ii. 416
Walkers, their happiness,	ii. 502
———— free from diseases,	ii. 506
Water, the danger of being upon it,	ii. 515
Walking advantageous to learning,	ii. 551
Women, the ill consequence of gazing on them,	iii. 101
Wheel-barrows, how they prejudice walkers,	iii. 107
Whore, how to know one,	iii. 267
Whores, the streets where they ply,	iii. 259
Watchmen, the method of treating with them,	iii. 307
———— their signal to their fellows,	iii. 311
———— what to do if taken by them,	iii. 313

Y

Yeomen, a dreadful story of one,	iii. 285
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E P I S T L E S
 O N
 S E V E R A L O C C A S I O N S.

E P I S T L E I.
 T O A L A D Y.

OCCASIONED BY THE ARRIVAL OF
 HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
 THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
 And frankly own I should long since have writ.
 You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
 And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme :
 No more let trifling themes your Muse employ ;
 Nor lavish verse, to paint a female toy :
 No more on plains with rural damsels sport ;
 But sing the glories of the British court.

By your commands and inclination sway'd,
 I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid :

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose.

“ Aid me, bright Phœbus ! aid, ye sacred Nine !
“ Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
“ My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
“ The lovely parent of our royal race.
“ Breathe soft, ye winds ! ye waves, in silence sleep !
“ Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
“ Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
“ To waft her gently o'er the watery way.”

Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the Royal Fair ;
Bid the blue Tritons found their twisted shells,
And call the Nereids from their pearly cells.

Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song :
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd French criticks, and began anew.
Long open panegyrick drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.

Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought :
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.
This new performance to a friend I show'd :
For shame ! says he ; what, imitate an ode !
I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise :
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, families, Lords' names, and ends of wit ;

In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.

Ladies ! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way :
For, still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view.

Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme ;
And then I thus pursued the growing scheme :

“ Beauty and wit were sure by nature join'd,
“ And charms are emanations of the mind ;
“ The soul, transpiercing through the shining frame,
“ Forms all the graces of the Princely Dame :
“ Benevolence her conversation guides,
“ Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
“ Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
“ As softens English to Italian found :
“ Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
“ As charm the judgement, while they sooth the ear.

“ Religion's chearful flame her bosom warms,
“ Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
“ Henceforth, ye Fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
“ Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs ;
“ Refrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
“ Nor most devoutly criticize on dress.

“ From her form all your characters of life,
“ The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
“ Oft' have I seen her little infant-train,
“ The lovely promise of a future reign ;

" Observ'd with pleasure every dawning grace,
 " And all the mother opening in their face.
 " The son shall add new honours to the line,
 " And early with paternal virtues shine ;
 " When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
 " His little heart with emulation beats ;
 " With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
 " He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquish'd foes ;
 " Each year with arts shall store his ripening brain,
 " And from his grandfire he shall learn to reign."

Thus far I'd gone : Propitious rising gales
 Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
 Fair Carolina lands ; the cannons roar ;
 White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
 Behold the bright original appear,
 All praise is faint when Carolina 's near.

Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
 The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.

Since all my schemes were baulk'd (my last resort),
 I left the Muses, to frequent the Court ;
 Pensive each night from room to room I walk'd,
 To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd ;
 Enquir'd what news, or such a Lady's name,
 And did the next day, and the next, the same.
 Places, I found, were daily given away,
 And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
 I ask'd a friend what method to pursue ;
 He cry'd, I want a place as well as you.
 Another ask'd me, why I had not writ ;
 A poet owes his fortune to his wit.

Straight

Straight I reply'd, With what a courtly grace
 Flows easy verse from him that has a place !
 Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
 He still had sung of flocks and homely swains ;
 And, had not Horace sweet preferment found,
 The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.

Once Ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
 And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
 O teach me now to strike a softer strain !
 The Court refines the language of the plain.

You must, cries one, the Ministry rehearse,
 And with each Patriot's name prolong your verse :
 But sure this truth to Poets should be known,
 That praising all alike, is praising none.

Another told me, if I wish'd success,
 To some distinguish'd Lord I must address ;
 One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
 One always zealous for his country's good ;
 Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
 In council cautious, resolute in fight ;
 Whose generous temper prompts him to defend,
 And patronize the man that wants a friend.
 You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown ;
 But I, alas ! am to Argyll unknown.

Still every one I met in this agreed,
 That writing was my method to succeed ;
 But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
 That scarce I could produce a single strain :
 Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
 Without connection, as without design.

One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An Epigram that boasts more truth than wit.

“ The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
“ She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake :
“ For this on earth the British crown was given,
“ And an immortal crown decreed in heaven.”

Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic fancy wrought.

“ Methinks I see some Bard, whose heavenly rage
“ Shall rise in song, and warm a future age ;
“ Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder, trace
“ The glorious series of the Brunswick race.

“ From the first George these godlike kings descend,
“ A line which only with the world shall end.

“ The next a generous Prince renown'd in arms,
“ And bless'd, long bless'd, in Carolina's charms ;
“ From these the rest. 'Tis thus, secure in peace,
“ We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase :
“ Now Commerce, wealthy Goddess, rears her head,
“ And bids Britannia's fleets their canvass spread ;
“ Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
“ And wealth returns with each revolving tide.”

Here paus'd the fullen Muse ; in haste I dress'd,
And through the croud of needy courtiers press'd ;
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes, that glad a nation, shine on me.

E P I S T L E II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER. 1716.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chifwick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plumb, and blushing peach;
I journey far. — You knew fat Bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty Squire.

'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kenfington, we leave unseen;
Through Hammermith jog on to Turnham-green:
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * Solomon is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known:

* A man once famous for feeding pigeons.

Thence, o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
 We come where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
 We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
 Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
 Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-heath we cross,
 Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.
 At Hartley-row the foaming bit we prest,
 While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.
 Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
 Our host extoll'd his wine at every round;
 Relates the justices late meeting there,
 How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
 What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
 And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning-vigils keep:
 The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
 Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
 And Popham-lane was scarce in sight by one:
 The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
 'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
 That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
 And sent her home a belle to country towns.
 But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
 Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
 For, should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
 'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
 Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
 Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
 Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
 Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
 And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
 O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
 And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
 Sad melancholy every visage wears;
 What! no election come in seven long years!
 Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow* alone
 Be by Sir Richard's dedication known?
 Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
 Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
 Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
 No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
 Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
 With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
 And by the sun informs you what 's o'clock.
 How are our shepherds fall'n from antient days!
 No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
 From her no listening echos learn to sing,
 Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
 See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend;
 Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
 And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.

* Sir Richard Steele, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called "The Importance of Dunkirk considered," and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge. GAY. — Dr. Swift wrote a humorous treatise in answer to it, called "The Importance of the Guardian considered, in a Second Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, 1713." N.

Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
 The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire ?
 What sempstrefs has not prov'd thy scissars good ?
 From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
 Amid * three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses,
 Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses ?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
 And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
 The morning rose ; the supper reckoning paid,
 And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
 The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
 And, as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
 Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
 Here sleep my two companions eyes supprest,
 And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest :
 I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
 Their painful postures, and their eyeless face ;
 Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
 And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
 Now o'er true Roman way our horses found,
 Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
 On either side low fertile valleys lie,
 The distant prospects tire the traveling eye.
 Through Bridport's stony lanes our route we take,
 And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
 As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
 And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.

* There are three boarding-schools in this town. GAY.

On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.

The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlafs-smocks.

Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.

If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damfels, every night!

We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.

The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroak'd the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.

Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.

Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smoak'd along the road;

When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;

For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,

“This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
“Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.”

How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!

Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,
 Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
 But, were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
 Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit ;
 If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
 Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
 Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
 And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays ;
 Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes,
 While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies :
 " Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
 " For pies and cheefecakes are for damsels meet."
 Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
 And these proud numbers grace great William's sign :
 " This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
 " I nam'd the brave deliverer to come *."
 But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
 We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
 Hail, happy native land ! — but I forbear,
 What other counties must with envy hear.

* Blackmore's Prince Arthur, Book V.

E P I S T L E III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, Esq. 1717.

PULTENEY, methinks you blame my breach of
word;

What! cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,
Pleas'd with meer talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe in humble prose
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux?
In prose? you cry: oh no, the Muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries' shade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays!

Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow shine,
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay-on the blushes of the crimson morn;
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremost place.

Travellers should ever fit expression chuse,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.

When

When they describe the state of eastern lords,
 Pomp and magnificence should swell their words ;
 And, when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
 Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide ;
 But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
 Describe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
 Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
 Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre* :

“ In Paris, there 's a race of animals
 “ (I 've seen them at their operas and balls) :
 “ They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
 “ Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk ;
 “ They 're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
 “ And, like camelions, daily change their hue ;
 “ From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
 “ And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
 “ This custom, as we visibly discern,
 “ They, by frequenting ladies' toilettes, learn.”
 Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
 Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
 Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm !
 On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
 Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance :
 While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
 Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn ;
 No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
 Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace ;
 No lady's favour on his sword is hung ;
 What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,

His

His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
 Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
 While the gay fop genteely talks of weather,
 The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
 Like a court-lady though he write and spell,
 His minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcell *;
 He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
 For women chuse their men, like silks, for show.
 Is this the thing, you cry, that Paris boasts?
 Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
 For such a fluttering fight we need not roam;
 Our own assemblies shine with these at home.

Let us into the field of beauty start;
 Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
 Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse:
 How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
 (The Muses all are *prudes*!) She rails, she frets,
 Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes;
 Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
 Women of every nation are the same.

You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
 With rattling dice prophane the Sunday's hours;
 If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
 And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
 Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
 Will risque their income on a single chance.
 Nannette last night a tricking *plaraon* play'd,
 The cards the Taillier's sliding hand obey'd:

* A famous dancing-master.

To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
 Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
 Why does old Chloris an assembly hold ?
 Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
 Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
 And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
 Ah, too rash virgin ! where 's thy virtue flown !
 She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
 Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
 Whose debts of honour are so duly paid ?

But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
 Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs :
 This red 's too pale, nor gives a distant grace ;
 Madame to-day puts on her opera face ;
 From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom :
 Bring the deep dye that warms across the room :
 Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
 That on her gown the silken rose looks pale !
 Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
 Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.
 When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
 Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
 Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty swarm,
 And Hampstead balls the city virgin warm ;
 Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
 And the prest grafs defrauds the grazing cows.
 'Tis here the same ; but in a higher sphere,
 For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.
 What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
 Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs ?

What

What peer of France would let his dutchefs rove,
 Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
 But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
 Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
 Stretch'd on the grafs, the shepherd sighs his pain;
 And on the grafs, what shepherd sighs in vain?
 On Chloe's lap here Damon laid along,
 Melts with the languish of her amorous song;
 There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
 Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade;
 Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
 For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
 Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
 Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold;
 Be wife, Alexis; what, so near the road!
 Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
 Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
 When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
 The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
 And Love in couples peopled every shade.
 But, since at court the rural taste is lost,
 What mighty fums have velvet-couches cost!
 Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
 Where I through crouds of rustling mantuas rove.
 As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
 And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
 Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
 I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
 He thus accosts me with familiar air,
 " Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!

" Quell

“ Quelle manche ! ce galon est grossièrement rangé ;

“ Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé !”

This said : on his red heel he turns, and then

Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again :

“ Well ; now you 've Paris seen, you 'll frankly own

“ Your boasted London seems a country town ;

“ Has christianity yet reach'd your nation ?

“ Are churches built ? Are masquerades in fashion ?

“ Do daily soups your dinners introduce ?

“ Are musick, snuff, and coaches, yet in use ?”

Pardon me, Sir ; we know the Paris mode,

And gather *politesse* from courts abroad.

Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train

To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.

Nor has religion left us in the lurch ;

And, as in France, our vulgar croud the church ;

Our ladies too support the masquerade,

The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade.

Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,

“ Paris the barbarous world will civilize !”

“ Pray, Sir, point out among the passing band

The present beauties who the town command.

“ See yonder dame ; strict virtue chills her breast,

“ Mark in her eye demure the prude protest ;

“ That frozen bosom native fire must want,

“ Which boasts of constancy to one gallant !

“ This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,

“ Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears ;

“ The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,

“ Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load ;

“ But

" But now her charms grow cheap by constant use,
 " She fims for scarfs, clock'd-stockings, knots, and shoes.
 " This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
 " Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer ;
 " She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
 " But with three abbots in one night engages.
 " This with the cardinal her nights employs,
 " Where holy finews consecrate her joys.
 " Why have I promis'd things beyond my power ?
 " Five assignations wait me at this hour !
 " The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
 " To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
 " Pardon me, Sir, that thus I take my leave ;
 " Gay Florimella sily twitch'd my sleeve."

Adieu, Monsieur !—The opera hour draws near.
 Not see the opera ! all the world is there ;
 Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France
 In bright array attract the female glance :
 This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
 And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.
 But hark ! the full orchestra strike the strings ;
 The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.

My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
 Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.
 Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
 That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
 Pray, Sir, says I, suspend awhile your song ;
 The opera's drown'd ; your lungs are wondrous strong ;
 I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
 While he with rooted forests strows the plain.

Sudden he shrugs surprize, and answers quick,
 " Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique !"
 Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise;
 And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.

O sooth me with some soft Italian air,
 Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear !
 When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
 The melting warble thrills through every vein ;
 Thought stands suspense, and silence pleas'd attends,
 While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.

But you 'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
 Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
 So strongly with this prejudice possess'd,
 He thinks French musick and French painting best.
 Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
 Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes ;
 Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
 Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives ;
 Yes, Sir, says he, in colour and design,
 Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine !

'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
 With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profess.
 Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
 Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
 What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines !
 He to dear Paris all his life confines.
 I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
 Things which might make me love my country less.
 I should not think my Britain had such charms,
 If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.

France

France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
 And then, I grant it, France in science shone:
 We too, I own, without such aids may chance
 In ignorance and pride to rival France.

But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
 Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's humourous scene.
 Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
 Whose maxims, Pulteney, warm thy patriot breast;
 In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
 Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
 Hear, all ye princes, who the world control,
 What cares, what terrors, haunt the Tyrant's soul;
 His constant train are, Anger, Fear, Distrust.
 To be a king, is to be good and just;
 His people he protects, their rights he saves,
 And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.

Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,
 Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
 There shall the plough-share break the stubborn land,
 And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
 There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
 There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
 O Britain, guard thy laws, thy rights defend:
 So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!

You 'll think 'tis time some other theme to chuse,
 And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
 Should I let satire loose on English ground,
 There fools of various character abound;
 But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
 All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

E P I S T L E IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PAUL METHUEN*, ESQ.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
 Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.
 When learning droops and sickens in the land,
 What patron's found, to lend a saving hand?
 True generous spirits prosperous vice detest,
 And love to cherish virtue when distrest:
 But, ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
 Our mighty lords must think and act like you.

Why must we climb the Alpine mountain's sides,
 To find the seat where harmony resides?
 Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
 The chearful haut-boy, and the mellow flute?
 'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound;
 But there the patrons of her sons are found.

Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
 He and Mæcenus lov'd the Muse's strain.
 But now that wight in poverty must mourn
 Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
 Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
 Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
 Or, if you chuse more sure and ready ways,
 Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:

* Afterwards Sir Paul, K. B.

Launch

Lauuch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
 Fear not—all men are dedication-proof.
 Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
 Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
 He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
 Lifts an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
 He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
 And stab the fame of those he ne'er had seen.
 Why then should authors mourn their desperate case?
 Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
 Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to rise,
 And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
 That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
 Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
 And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
 Yet why should learning hope success at court?
 Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
 Why to true merit should they have regard?
 They know that virtue is its own reward.
 Yet let not me of grievances complain,
 Who (though the meanest of the Muse's train)
 Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
 And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting, why she loves Hesperian air;
 Go view, she cries, my glorious labours there;
 There in rich palaces I reign in state,
 And on the temples lofty domes create.
 The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
 They love the science, and the painter prize.

Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
 To emulate in picture Raphael's hand ?
 Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home ?
 Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome ;
 There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
 And Raphael live again in thy design.

Yet stay awhile ; call all thy genius forth,
 For Burlington unbias'd knows thy worth ;
 His judgement in thy master-strokes can trace
 Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace.
 But, oh, consider, ere thy works appear,
 Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear ?
 Censure will blame ; her breath was ever spent
 To blast the laurels of the eminent.

While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
 Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes ?
 Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
 Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
 If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
 Censure imputes it all to pomp and show ;
 When, if the motive right were understood,
 His daily pleasure is in doing good.

Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
 Dennis had never kindled into rage.
 'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease ;
 Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
 Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown,
 Poor slander-felling Curll would be undone.
 He, who would free from malice pass his days,
 Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

But

But let this tale to valiant virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain.

The crow bespoke him thus, with solemn grace :

“ Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race !

“ What force of lungs ! how clear ! how sweet you sing !

“ And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.”

The lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies :

“ True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise ;

“ Yet let me pass my life from envy free,

“ For what advantage are these gifts to me ?

“ My song confines me to the wiry cage,

“ My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.

“ But, as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,

“ To shoot at crows is powder flung away.”

E P I S T L E V.

TO HER GRACE

H E N R I E T T A,
DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. 1722.

EXCUSE me, madam, if amidst your tears
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like musick, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the foul.

If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fixt repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.

Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,

She

She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
 Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly :
 Then Marlborough came, defeated Gallia fled ;
 And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head ;
 In him secure, as in her strongest mound
 That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany ! remember Hockstet's plain,
 Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein ;
 Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
 Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan !

Apollo kindly whispers me : " Be wise :
 " How to his glory shall thy numbers rise ?
 " The force of verse another theme might raise,
 " But here the merit must transcend the praise.
 " Hast thou, presumptuous bard ! that godlike flame
 " Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's fame ?
 " Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire ?
 " Resign the task, and silently admire."

Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read ?
 Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
 But he requires not the strong glare of verse :
 Let punctual history his deeds rehearse ;
 Let truth in native purity appear,
 You 'll find Achilles and Æneas there.

Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows ?
 I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
 A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
 Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
 Is it not barbarous, to the fighting maid
 To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd ?

Wouldst

Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
 With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas?
 Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to rise,
 I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.

Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
 Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade.
 Immortal honour has enroll'd his name;
 Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
 Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight;
 Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?
 What could he more, had Heaven prolong'd his date?
 All human power is limited by fate.

Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
 I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
 Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
 Which will be spread through every age and clime;
 Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
 And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
 Where-e'er men talk of war and martial fame,
 They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.

But vain are all the counsels of the Muse;
 A soul like yours could not a tear refuse:
 Could you your birth and filial love forego,
 Still sighs must rise, and generous sorrow flow;
 For, when from earth such matchless worth removes,
 A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E VI*.

T O M R. P O P E.

ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF
H O M E R ' S I L I A D.

A W E L C O M E F R O M G R E E C E.

I.

LONG hast thou, friend! been absent from my foil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft' threatening to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?

* A close imitation of the beginning of the 46th Canto of the "Orlando Furioso." Mr. Gay has even adopted the measure of his original, and has comprized his design in almost the same number of lines, viz. in twenty-one octave stanzas, instead of nineteen. S.

Ev'n

Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
 And oft' lift up thy holy eye and hand,
 Praying the Virgin dear, and faintly choir,
 Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Cheer up, my friend ! thy dangers now are o'er ;
 Methinks — nay, fure the rising coasts appear ;
 Hark ! how the guns salute from either shore,
 As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair :
 Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
 And bells break loud through every gust of air :
 Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
 As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
 And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall ;
 Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
 More visited than or her park or hall,
 Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
 Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all :
 I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
 Duke * ! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends ! here shall ye dine and lie,
 And here shall breakfast, and here dine again ;
 And sup, and breakfast on, (if ye comply)
 For I have still some dozens of champaign :
 His voice still lessens as the ship sails by ;
 He waves his hand to bring us back in vain ;

* He was usually called " Duke Disney." N.

For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford-dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay !
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy :
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day ;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy. —
No, now I see them near. — Oh, these are they
Who come in crouds to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd ;
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd !

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The filken petticoat, and broider'd vest ;
Yea peers, and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast.)
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest :
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur * grave, as soft as woman-kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends ?
Who knows not her ? ah ! those are Wortley's eyes :
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends !
For she distinguishes the good and wise.

* This person is mentioned in Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 23.

“ Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
“ Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cause.”

The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends;
 Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
 Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
 With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
 The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
 Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
 And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
 Yonder I see the chearful dutchefs stand,
 For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known:
 Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
 Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
 With Winchelsea, still meditating song:
 With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
 Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
 Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance*;
 And frolick Bicknell †, and her sister young;
 With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
 Much lov'd in private, not in publick fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
 And the shrill musick of their voice is still'd!
 Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
 That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;

* She afterwards married Booth the player. S.

† Mrs. Bicknell, the actress, is mentioned in the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, with applause. S.

Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
 With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd.
 Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
 Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
 (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan);
 Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
 And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
 (Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse;)
 See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
 And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
 And Laughton whispering asks — Is Troy town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
 Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er dis-
 guis'd:
 Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
 St. John, for every social virtue priz'd.—
 Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
 Or else to see thee here I well surmiz'd:
 Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
 When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
 The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
 Another Simon is beside him found,
 Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
 How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
 What mitred prelate there commands our awe?

See

See Rochester approving nods his head *,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

XV.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace ;
Hanmer, whose eloquence th' unbiafs'd fways ;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shews his heart the feat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but fauntering, hearty in his ways :
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physick's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate ;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate :
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part †,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create :
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine ?
A painter, critick, engineer, divine !

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries :
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there ‡,
And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes,

* So in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

“ Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head.” S.

† This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of Sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always putting to the strongest trials. S.

‡ Charles Ford, esq; writer of the Gazette. S.

(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
 Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of fize)
 Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches)
 And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
 And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent *?
 "Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
 "For ancients to compyle is myne entente :
 "Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care ;
 "But hither me hath my meeke lady sent :—
 "In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke fame,
 "But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I see, among th' expecting croud,
 Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young ;
 High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering
 Frowde,
 And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along †.

* So in the Dunciad, B. iii. 185.

"But who is he in closet close ypent

"Of sober face, *with learned dust besprent ?*"

Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford. S.

† The names of the majority of persons here enumerated are in want of no illustration ; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to supply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve. "There is a grand revolution at Will's. "Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city ; "and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, "who was at a loss for a person to converse with on "the fathers and church history." S.

See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
 Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng;
 Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership they say *)
 Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
 Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
 Lo Tooker, Eckerhall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
 See hearty Morley † takes thee by the hand!
 Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
 But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
 Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
 Lo thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
 And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
 All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
 On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
 What from contending cities did he gain?
 And what rewards his grateful country pay?
 None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
 These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

* See the "First Book of the Iliad" among the Poems
 of Mr. Tickell. N.

† See Prior's Ballad of "Down Hall." N.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E VII.

T O

MR. THOMAS SNOW,
GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

A PANEGYRICK, OCCASIONED

By his buying and felling of the Third South-Sea
Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors at a
thousand *per Cent.*

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with fums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and fable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
drown'd!

When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; nor sent'st one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,

O 2

Thou

Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)

Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-Alley waste *thy* precious hours

Among the fools who gap'd for golden showers?

No wonder if we found some poets there,

Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;

No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes,

Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;

No wonder they their third subscriptions fold,

For millions of imaginary gold;

No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame

Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,

Though chang'd throughout in substance and in name. }

But you (whose judgement scorns poetic flights)

With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.

Let Vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,

Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat.

I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind;

Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.

Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more? —

The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,

And still believe the fleeting vision true;

They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,

Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.

If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,

Yet be *diverted* by this moral tale.

Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,

Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;

Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
 The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
 There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt,
 Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt :
 His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate ;
 And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
 In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers ;
 A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
 And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well ;
 A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
 A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, " Behold my castle-walls,
 " My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals ;
 " With land of twenty thousand acres round !
 " All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
 So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).

The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew clear ;
 The visionary scene was lost in air.

He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
 And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good :
 Yet, loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
 " Give me a penny, and thy contract 's void."

The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
 " Shall I, ye Gods (he cries) my debts compound !"
 So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
 And on the stick ten equal notches makes ;
 With just resentment flings it on the ground ;
 " There, take my tally of ten thousand pound !"

E P I S T L E VIII.

M A R Y G U L L I V E R

T O

CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

A R G U M E N T.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the Country; Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late Behaviour some Estrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
— What, touch me not? What, shun a wife's
embrace?

Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.

'Tis

'Tis said that thou should'st *cleave unto thy wife*;
 Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
 Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan:
 Be kind at least to these — they are thy own!
 Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
 The honest number that you left behind.

See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
 Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
 Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
 Be kind at least to these — they are thy own!

* Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
 He chang'd his country, but retains his love:
 There's captain * Pannel, absent half his life,
 Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife:
 Yet Pannel's wife is brown; compar'd to me,
 And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three!

Not touch me! Never neighbour call'd me slut:
 Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
 I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
 At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
 Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
 What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
 Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
 Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed!

Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
 If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
 Some think you mad; some think you are possess;
 That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.

* Names of the sea-captains mentioned in the Travels.

Vain means, alas, this phrenzy to appease !
That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press ; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand ; no Gulliver is there !
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house : my Gulliver is lost !
Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries ;
The windows open ; all the neighbours rise :
Where sleeps my Gulliver ? O tell me where !
The neighbours answer, " With the sorrel mare ! "

At early morn' I to the market haste
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste) ;
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose
(For I remember'd you were fond of those) ;
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats ;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses ;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That 's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve ; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare prefer'd to me !

These for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.

How

How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
 I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground ;
 When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
 Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
 But, when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
 King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
 Full in my view how all my husband came !
 And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
 Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
 Were once my present ; Love that armour gave.
 How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree !
 For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.

When folks might see thee all the country round
 For six-pence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
 Lord ! when that giant babe that head of thine
 Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine !
 When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
 Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
 The piteous images renew my pain,
 And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
 But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
 Pray Heaven 'twas all a wanton maiden did !
 Glumdalclitch too !—with thee I mourn her case :
 Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace !
 O may the king that one neglect forgive,
 And pardon her the fault by which I live !
 Was there no other way to set him free ?
 My life, alas ! I fear, prov'd death to thee.

O teach me, Dear, new words to speak my flame !
 Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name.

Whether

Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you fate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state ;
Or Quibus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings ;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumblum's humbler title sooth thy ear ;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

EPISTLE

E P S S T L E IX.

B O U N C E T O F O P.

F R O M

A D O G A T T W I C K E N H A M,

T O

A D O G A T C O U R T.

TO thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now frisking this and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off;
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To fart and piss about the room,

To lay your head in every lap,
 And when they think not of you—snap :
 The worst that envy, or that spite,
 E'er said of me is, I *can* bite ;
 That sturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no brags ;
 And that to touze such things as *flutter*,
 To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
 Fawn on the devil for a chop ;
 I've the humanity to hate
 A butcher, though he brings me meat :
 And, let me tell you, have a nose
 (Whatever stinking fops suppose)
 That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
 Can smell a plaster, or an issue.
 Your pilfering lord, with simple pride,
 May wear a pick-lock at his side :
 My master wants no key of state,
 For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
 As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays :
 When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Veni's,
 And motley, squinting Harlequini's *,
 Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
 But die of looseness, claps, or itch ;
 Fair Thames from either echoing shore
 Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

* *Alii legunt Harvequini's.*

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
 With thundering offspring all around,
 Beneath, beside me, and at top,
 A hundred sons ! and not one Fop.
 Before my children set your beef,
 Not one true Bounce will be a thief ;
 Not one without permission feed
 (Though some of J——'s hungry breed) ;
 But whatsoe'er the father's race,
 From me they suck a little grace :
 While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
 Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far
 Where shines great Strafford's glittering star ;
 My second (child of fortune !) waits
 At Burlington's Palladian gates ;
 A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of dogs) in Cobham's walks !
 One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
 One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Wait for my infants yet unborn.
 None but a peer of wit and grace
 Can hope a puppy of my race,
 And, oh ! would fate the blifs decreé
 To mine (a blifs too great for me),
 That two my tallest sons might grace
 Attending each with stately pace
 Iulus' side, as erst Evander's *,
 To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders ;

* Virg. Æn. viii.

To let no noble flave come near,
 And scare lord Fannies from his ear :
 Then might a royal youth, and true,
 Enjoy at least a friend—or two ;
 A treasure, which, of royal kind,
 Few but himself deserve to find ;
 Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
 Shall wag her tail within the grave.
 And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
 Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
 Have immortality assign'd
 To any beast but Dryden's hind * :
 Yet master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
 Shall call their friend some ages hence,
 Though now on loftier themes he sings,
 Than to bestow a word on kings,
 Has sworn by Styx †, the poet's oath,
 And dread of dogs and poets both,
 Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
 And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

* " A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd."

Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

† Orig. *Sticks*; purposely mis-spelt, to make it "the
 "dread of dogs."

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E X.

TO THE

LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR*

OF

LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED,

OR THE

TRUE TEST OF POETRY.

Written in 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
 Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aspire,
 Nor constant studies, the bright bays acquire;
 And that high flights the unborn Bard receives,
 And only Nature the due laurel gives:
 But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
 To wide Castalian springs point out the God;

* Dr. William Coward, a physician of some eminence. He was author of a great variety of treatises on various subjects, medical, poetical, and religious. The latter having been principally of a sceptical nature, he is generally ranked amongst the Deistical writers. N.

Through

Through your Perspective we can plainly see,
 The new-discover'd road of Poetry ;
 To steep Parnassus you direct the way
 So smooth, that venturous travellers cannot stray,
 But with unerring steps rough ways disdain,
 And, by you led, the beauteous summit gain,
 Where polish'd lays shall raise their growing fames,
 And with their tuneful guide enrol their honour'd names.

E P I S T L E XI.

DR. GARTH TO MR. GAY.

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN Fame did o'er the spacious plains
 The lays she once had learn'd, repeat ;
 And listen'd to the tuneful strains,
 And wonder'd who could sing so sweet :
 'Twas thus. The Graces held the lyre,
 Th' harmonious frame the Muses strung,
 The Loves and Smiles compos'd the choir ;
 And Gay transcrib'd what Phœbus sung.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E X.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED
TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED
THE LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN Poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas-pew:
Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the Senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler *ways and means* true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man,
Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*
Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of fame,
And *rapes* and *wapentakes* resound his name!

If the blind Poet gain'd a long renown
By singing every Grecian chief and town;
Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and
squires,
Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.

Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
 Taxes no more appear like legal duns;
 Lords, Knights, and Squires, th' Assessor's power obey,
 We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah! why did Coningsby thy works defame!
 That author's long harangue betrays his name.
 After his speeches can his pen succeed?
 Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
 All know thou wert not Poet born and bred.
 Or dost thou boast th' Historian's lasting pen,
 Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?
 No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
 Makes the rich Miser tremble o'er his cash.
 What on the Drunkard can be more severe,
 Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?

Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
 Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea;
 While thou through Britain's distant isle shalt spread,
 In every *hundred* and *division* read.
 Criticks in Classics oft' interpolate,
 But every word of thine is fix'd as Fate.
 Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
 In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.
 Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
 Like Steele (when unassisted by a friend):
 But thou shalt live a year, in spite of Fate;
 And where's your author boasts a longer date?
 Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
 That with their verses they could raise a tower:

But

But in thy prose a greater force is found;
What Poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous feed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way;
When once they're rais'd, they're curst hard to lay.

E P I S T L E XI.
 TO A YOUNG LADY,
 WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
 By presents to convey their passion;
 No matter what the gift they sent,
 The lady saw that love was meant.
 Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
 Took the boar's head her Hero gave her;
 Nor could the bristly thing affront her;
 'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
 When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
 It serves to shew their absent flame.
 Some by a snip of woven hair,
 In posied lockets, bribe the fair.
 How many mercenary matches
 Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches?
 But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
 Would drain at once a Poet's pocket;
 He should send songs that cost him nought,
 Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.

Why then send Lampreys? Fye, for shame!
 'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
 This to fifteen a proper gift!
 It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will scold,
 And think my present somewhat bold.

I see her lift her hands and eyes :

“ What ! eat it, Niece ; eat Spanish flies !

“ Lamprey ’s a most immodest diet :

“ You ’ll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.

“ Should I to-night eat Sago-cream,

“ ’Twould make me blush to tell my dream ;

“ If I eat Lobster, ’tis so warming,

“ That every man I see looks charming ;

“ Wherefore had not the filthy fellow

“ Laid Rochester upon your pillow ?

“ I vow and swear, I think the present

“ Had been as modest and as decent.

“ Who has her virtue in her power ?

“ Each day has its unguarded hour ;

“ Always in danger of undoing,

“ A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin !

“ The shepherdes, who lives on fallad,

“ To cool her youth, controls her palate.

“ Should Dian’s maids turn liquorish livers,

“ And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,

“ Then, all beside each glade and vисто,

“ You ’d see Nymphs lying like Calisto.

“ The man, who meant to heat your blood,

“ Needs not himself such vicious food—”

In this, I own, your aunt is clear,

I sent you what I well might spare :

For, when I see you, (without joking)

Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,

They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,

Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

E P I S T L E XII.
 T O A L A D Y,
 O N H E R
 P A S S I O N F O R O L D C H I N A.

WHAT extasies her bosom fire !
 How her eyes languish with desire !
 How blest, how happy, should I be,
 Were that fond glance bestow'd on me !
 New doubts and fears within me war :
 What rival's near ? a china-jar.

China's the passion of her soul :
 A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
 Can kindle wishes in her breast,
 In flame with joy, or break her rest.

Some gems collect ; some medals prize,
 And view the rust with lovers' eyes ;
 Some court the stars at midnight-hours ;
 Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers ;
 But every beauty I can trace
 In Laura's mind, in Laura's face ;
 My stars are in this brighter sphere,
 My lily and my rose is here.

Philosophers, more grave than wise,
 Hunt science down in butterflies ;

Or,

Or, fondly poring on a spider,
 Stretch human contemplation wider.
 Fossils give joy to Galen's soul;
 He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
 In shells so learn'd, that all agree
 No fish that swims knows more than he!
 In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
 Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise?

When I some antique jar behold,
 Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold;
 Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
 Appear the types of woman-kind:
 Are they not valued for their beauty,
 Too fair, too fine, for household duty?
 With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
 Of every house the grace and pride?
 How white, how polish'd is their skin,
 And valued most when only seen!
 She, who before was highest priz'd,
 Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
 I grant they're frail; yet they're so rare,
 The treasure cannot cost too dear!
 But man is made of coarser stuff,
 And serves convenience well-enough;
 He's a strong earthen vessel, made
 For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
 And, when wives lose their other self,
 With ease they bear the loss of self.
 Husbands, more covetous than sage,
 Condemn this china-buying rage;

They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wife-men's inclinations
Fixt on more strong, more sure foundations ?
If all that 's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak ?
They swell like bubbles, shine, and break.
A Courtier's promise is so flight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure 's sure ? The Mifs you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country-life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife ;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm ;
And woman 's not like china fold,
But cheaper grows in growing old ;
Then quickly chuse the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E XIII.

ON A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

“ Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis, quædam
 “ fortasse omnibus placeant.”

PLIN. Epist.

AS when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
 Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
 With due proportion and judicious care
 He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
 Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
 To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight.

So, Bernard, must a Miscellany be
 Compounded of all kinds of poetry ;
 The Muses' olio, which all tastes may fit,
 And treat each reader with his darling wit.

Would'st thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
 And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
 Let all the Muses in the piece conspire ;
 The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre ;
 Heroic strains must here and there be found,
 And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound ;
 Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
 And fill some pages with melodious woe ;

Let

Let not your amorous songs too numerous prove,
 Nor glut thy reader with abundant love ;
 Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
 May lash the madness of a vicious age ;
 Satire ! the Muse that never fails to hit,
 For if there 's scandal, to be sure there 's wit.
 Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
 Those swell the piece, but very rarely please ;
 Let short-breath'd epigram its force confine,
 And strike at follies in a single line.
 Translations should throughout the work be sown,
 And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own ;
 Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
 And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue.
 Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
 And at her door in melting notes complain ;
 His tender accents pitying virgins move,
 And charm the listening ear with tales of love.
 Let every classic in the volume shine,
 And each contribute to thy great design ;
 Through various subjects let the reader range,
 And raise his fancy with a grateful change.
 Variety 's the source of joy below,
 From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
 In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
 And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.

Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
 That honour'd piece to distant times must live ;
 When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
 The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings ;

Anacreon

Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain,
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.

But, when th' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the God of Love,
Like Maro's Muse, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's fight.

If thou would'st have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the listening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.

Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love :
Or let his fancy chuse some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream ;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.

Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings,
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.

On Addison's sweet lays attention waits,
And silence guards the place while he repeats ;
His Muse alike on every subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of love, or arms :
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.

Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue ;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic, as in poetry.

When

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
 Amidst the plains, the murmuring streams, and groves,
 Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
 Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
 His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
 His steady judgement far out-shoots his years,
 And early in the youth the god appears. }

From these successful bards collect thy strains;
 And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
 Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the sway,
 And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way;
 While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
 Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter;
 While print-admirers careful Aldus chuse,
 Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
 So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
 And Tonson yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E X I V .

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF OXFORD,

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER*.

The Epigrammatical Petition of your Lordship's
most humble Servant,

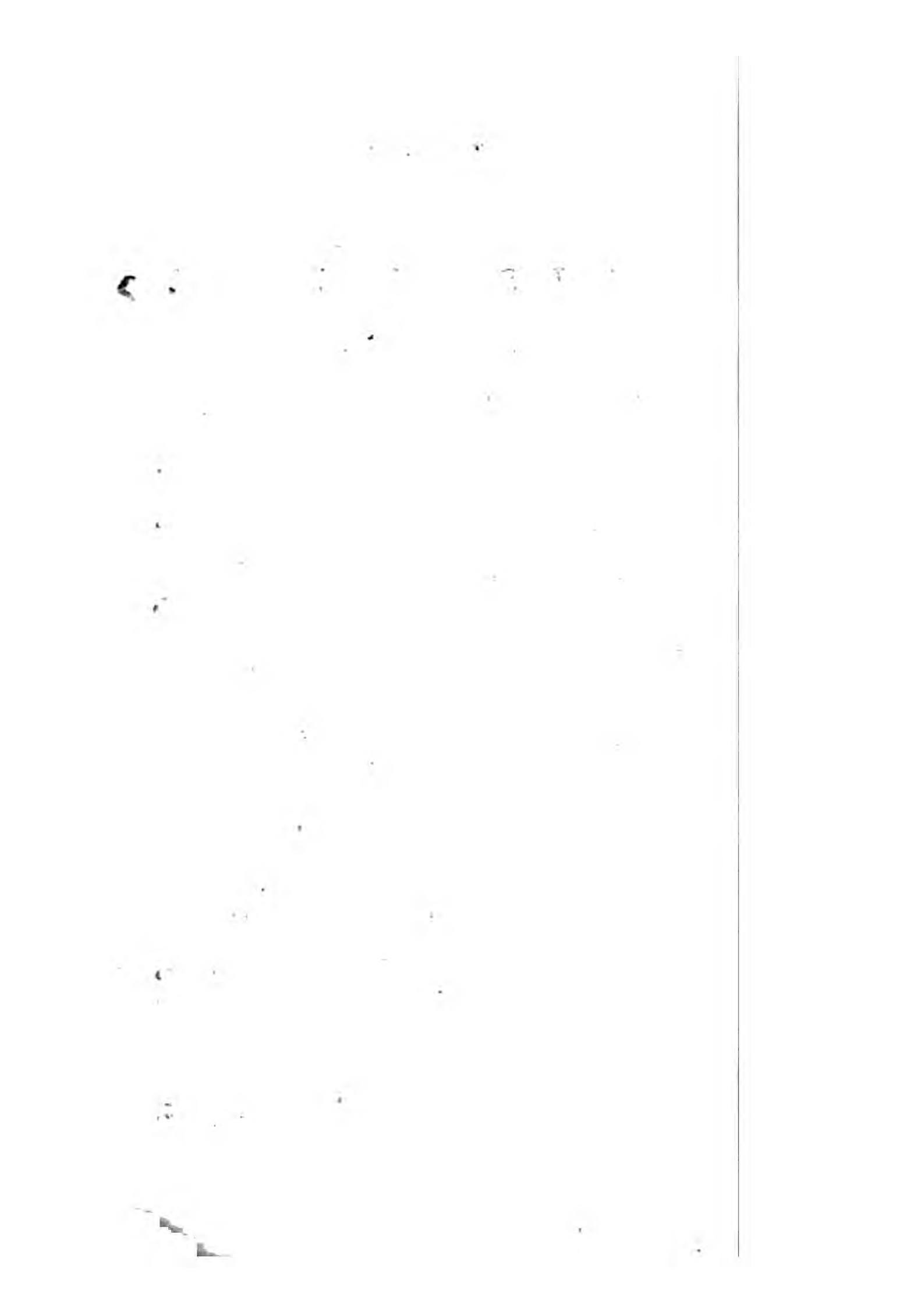
JOHN GAY.

I 'M no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort :
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue ;
When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do ?

* See, in Swift's Works, a letter from Mr. Gay,
dated June 8, 1714. N.

ECLOGUES.



E C L O G U E S.

T H E

BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite :
 Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
 Hark ! the bells ring ; along the distant grounds
 The driving gales convey the swelling sounds ;
 Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
 With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
 What sudden news alarms the waking morn ?
 To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
 Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chace ;
 This hour destruction brings on all your race :
 See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
 Turkeys and geese and grocers' sweetest ware ;
 With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
 And old October reddens every nose.

Beagles

Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
 Kifs his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
 He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
 And learns to list the names of all the hounds.
 With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
 Barley shall in paternal acres grow ;
 The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
 To give metheglin for his morning-hours ;
 For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
 And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
 The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ;
 How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
 He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
 He leads the staring infant through the hall,
 Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ;
 Tells, how this stag through three whole counties fled,
 What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
 Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
 Describes the desperate chace, and all his cheats ;
 How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
 He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed ;
 How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
 When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
 These stories, which descend from son to son,
 The forward boy shall one day make his own.

* The most common accident to Sportsmen, to hunt
 a witch in the shape of a hare.

Ah,

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
 That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;
 How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
 And the long tyranny of grammar-schools ?
 Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
 Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod ;
 No, let him never feel that smart disgrace :
 Why should he wiser prove than all his race ?
 When ripening youth with down o'er shades his chin,
 And every female eye incites to sin ;
 The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
 With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame ;
 The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
 Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
 But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
 When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
 How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
 To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast !
 Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
 And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
 With level'd harvests has bestrown the land ;
 On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
 Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn :
 This memorable day his eager speed
 Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
 O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
 Think on the murders of a five-bar gate !
 Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
 Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,

Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
 Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
 O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay ;
 May'st thou survive the perils of this day !
 He shall survive ; and in late years be sent
 To snore away Debates in Parliament.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
 With nod important shall the laws dispense ;
 A Justice with grave Justices shall sit ;
 He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
 No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
 No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace ;
 Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
 Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear ;
 Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
 Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
 To sing his friendships and his midnight hours !
 Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
 Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year ;
 Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
 Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine ?
 Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung !
 It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue ;
 Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
 And prompts the memory with injurious words.
 O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd ?
 The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd !
 And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong ?
 Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glaffes shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore ;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands ;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE.
A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloath'd the park with green,
 Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
 No lovers now her morning hours molest,
 And catch her at her toilette half-undrest;
 The thundering knocker wakes the street no more,
 No chairs, no coaches, croud her silent door;
 Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
 Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
 Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
 To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
 In these she views the mimickry of man,
 And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
 When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear
 (For sounds like his once told her Damon's care);
 With these alone her tedious mornings pass;
 Or, at the dumb devotion of her glass,
 She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
 And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;
 With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
 That not a blush can discompose her face.
 Reclin'd upon her arm, she pensive fate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O Youth!

O Youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
 No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
 On glafs no more the diamond grave my name,
 And rhymes mifpelt record a lover's flame:
 Nor shall fide-boxes watch my restless eyes,
 And, as they catch the glance, in rows arife
 With humble bows; nor white-lov'd beaux encroach
 In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.
 Ah, hapless nymph! fuch conquests are no more;
 For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!

'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom.
 But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
 I own, her taper shape is form'd to please.
 Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
 She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
 Alike we read it in her face and fenfe.
 Her reputation! but that never yet
 Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
 Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
 Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how fpend the hateful day?
 At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
 Who there frequents at thefe unmodifh hours,
 But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
 And gray religious maids? My prefence there
 Amid that fober train would own defpair;
 Nor am I yet fo old; nor is my glance
 As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.

Straight then I'll drefs, and take my wonted range
 Through every Indian fhop through all the Change;

Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
 With antick shapes in china's azure dy'd ;
 There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd ;
 Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold :
 But then remembrance will my grief renew,
 'Twas there the ruffling dice false Damon threw ;
 The ruffling dice to him decide the prize ;
 'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
 Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart ;
 To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
 But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
 The shiver'd china dropt upon the ground ;
 Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove ;
 Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent ;
 Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
 And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
 Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear !
 How am I curst (unhappy and forlorn)
 With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn !
 False are the loose coquette's inveigling airs,
 False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
 False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
 False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
 False is the sprightly widow's public tear ;
 Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain ;
 Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
 Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
 Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.

He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.

Mistress and wife can well supply his need,

A mistress for pleasure, and a wife for breed.

But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,

And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;

Perhaps her patient temper can behold

The rival of her love adorn'd with gold

Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,

A husband's fullen humours she can bear.

Why are these fobs? and why these streaming eyes?

Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise;

I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.

Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?

But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;

To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick Lydia ran'd. Her maid appears;

A band-box in her steady hand she bears.

How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face!

She cries, in raptures; then, so sweet a lace!

How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!

'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.

Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,

And at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS AND MELANTHE.

SAIN'T James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
 And coaches to the patron's *levee* roll'd,
 When Doris rose. And now through all the room
 From flowery Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
 Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
 For Doris here, and there Melanthe fits.
 Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
 Nice of her own alike and others' fame :
 Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
 And sooner gave than funk a circumstance ;
 Lock'd in her memory, secrets never dy'd.
 Doris begun : Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantastic Fop admires ;
 The Rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires ;
 Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves ;
 In liking them, she but herself approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
 Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles,
 Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
 Since men at her with equal freedom rail ?

DORIS.

DORIS.

Last Masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
 Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
 An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd,
 The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
 But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
 So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
 Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
 The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
 But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
 Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, she sits secure,
 And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS.

Trust not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's power,
 For beauty withers like a shrivel'd flower;
 Yet those fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
 Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
 Like those, her face defies the rolling years;
 For art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura despises every outward grace,
 The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
 The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
 For other beauties Nature has deny'd;
 If affectation shew a beauteous mind,
 Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

DORIS.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
 Whose dishabille is foil'd in hackney coach;
 What though the fast was clos'd, must we conclude,
 That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost.
 What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
 Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
 Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
 Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
 When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

DORIS.

What though for musick Cynthia boasts an ear?
 Robin perhaps can hum an Opera air.
 Cynthia can bow, takes snuff, and dances well;
 Robin talks common-sense, can write and spell.
 Sylvia's vain fancy drest and show admires;
 But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wife morals Laura's soul improve:
 And this no doubt must be Platonic love!
 Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd,
 What shews more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

DORIS.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool shade,
 And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
 Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark;
 That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
 Her footman is a footman too in sense.
 All prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
 With scandal's double load, who censure first.

DORIS.

And what if Cynthia Sylvia's garter ty'd?
 Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
 When crook-knee'd Phyllis can expose to view
 Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure Devotion center in the face,
 If censuring others shew intrinsic grace,
 If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
 Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint:
 She neither is, nor would be thought, a Saint.

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries:
 May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties!
 To such a breast all secrets we commend;
 Sure the whole Drawing-room is Laura's friend!

DORIS.

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would trust?
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind:
Such generous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs arise;
"This unexpected visit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was last so blest, my dear," she said,
"Sure 'tis an age!" They fate; the hour was set;
And all again that night at Ombre met.

T H E F U N E R A L
A T O W N E C L O G U E.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
 Since first the veil o'ercaft Sabina's face.
 Then died the tender partner of her bed.
 And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
 Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
 But fee the tribute of her tears ſhe gives:
 Their abſent Lord her rooms in ſable mourn,
 And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
 Stretch'd on the couch of ſtate ſhe penſive lies,
 While oft' the ſnowy cambric wipes her eyes.
 Now enter'd Lucy: truſty Lucy knew
 To roll a ſleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
 Her ready tongue, in ſecret ſervice try'd,
 With equal fluency ſpoke truth or ly'd;
 She well could ſuſh or humble a gallant,
 And ſerve at once as maid and confidant!
 A letter from her faithful ſtays ſhe took:
 Sabina ſnatch'd it with an angry look,
 And thus in haſty words her grief confeſt;
 While Lucy ſtrove to ſooth her troubled breaſt.

SABINA.

And why should sorrow fit on Lesbia's face ?
 Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace ?
 No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead ;
 For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.
 Gush forth, ye tears ; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast,
 My days, my nights, were by Fidelio blest !

LUCY.

You cannot sure forget how oft' you said,
 His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd !
 When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
 You thought you read suspicion in his look.
 When cards and counters flew around the board,
 Have you not wish'd the absence of your Lord ?
 His company was then a poor pretence,
 To check the freedoms of a wife's expence ?

SABINA.

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
 Since Love's a fierce, involuntary flame ?

LUCY.

Could he the fallies of his heart withstand,
 Why should he not to Chloe give his hand ?
 For Chloe's handsome ; yet he flights her flame ;
 Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
 Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms ?
 Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
 At crimp Myrtillo play'd ; in kind regards
 Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards ;
 Doris was touch'd with spleen ; her fan he rent,
 Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.

Why,

Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes ?
To her Myrtilla is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet say, I lov'd ; how loud would censure rail !
So soon to quit the duties of the veil !
No, sooner Plays and Operas I 'd forswear,
And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware ;
Or trust my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden-aunt ;
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day !

THE ESPOUSAL.
A SOBER ECLOGUE.

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent-meeting sat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB

Beloved, see how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside:
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.

If

If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer-skies ;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice mis-led me through the harlot's ways ;
When I with wanton look the sex beheld,
And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd ;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour :
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sifter holds a sin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd ;
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine !
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine !

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words ! forbear to tease,
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that, when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk ?

Ah, Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside:
 How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
 For verily no gift the sisters take
 For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
 Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ;
 When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
 And, when Josiah would his love pursue,
 On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
 The only present love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 The spirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
 When extasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek!
 With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes!
 How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
 Words that with holy sighs might others move,
 But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
 Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?

Then

Then hear me, Caleb, witness what I speak,
 This solemn promise death alone can break :
 Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
 And with immodest favourites shade my face,
 Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be drest
 In flaming diamonds and a scarlet vest,
 Or make a curtsie in Cathedral pew,
 Than prove inconstant, while my Caleb's true.

CALEB.

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country-wake ;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd ;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of beaux ;
 Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign :
 Sisters, take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the lords,
 Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adultery same ;
 Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip ;

I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell,
 O solace me with kisses pure like thine !
 Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
 The spring now calls us forth ; come, sister, come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair ;
 Sisters esteem the brethren's words sincere,

TABITHA.

Espoufals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenet all the holy sect allows ;
 So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

E L E G I E S.

P A N T H E A.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's secret smart,
 And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
 Consenting glances had her flame confest :
 In woman's eyes her very soul's exprest.
 Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
 He saw, he swore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
 Another love now calls him from her arms,
 His fickle heart another beauty warms ;
 Those oaths, oft' whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
 He now again to Galatea swears.
 Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
 In grateful solitude enjoys the shade ;
 There with faint voice she breath'd these moving strains,
 While sighing Zephyrs shar'd her amorous pains.

Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
 Dead are my charms ; Alexis breaks his vow !
 Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you knew,
 When I was happy, when my swain was true ;
 Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move ;
 And think yet more—that all my fault was love.

Ah, could you view me in this wretched state,
 You might not love me, but you could not hate.
 Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
 Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid,
 Worn-out with watching, fullen with despair,
 And see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
 Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
 From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
 Which in my softer hours you oft' have sworn,
 With rosy beauty far outblush'd the morn?
 Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
 And would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
 You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would steal,
 And unawares thy tender soul reveal.

Ah, no! thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
 No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
 Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
 And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
 Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly;
 Than false Alexis for Panthea sigh.

Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confess,
 Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
 But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
 And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins;
 While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
 And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
 Her liberty, her peace, her reason, flown!
 And when I view me in the watery glass,
 I find Panthea now, not what she was.

As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
 And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
 As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
 And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
 So hapless love on blooming features preys,
 So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

Come, gentle sleep, relieve these weary'd eyes,
 All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
 There, ' spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
 Faithless Alexis languishingly kind;
 Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
 And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
 Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
 Where all our looks, and all our talk is love.
 Oh, could I thus consume each tedious day,
 And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
 But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
 To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the sun dart forth its chearful rays?
 Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
 Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
 And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
 Why do the streams with murmuring musick flow,
 And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
 Let sable clouds the chearful sun deface,
 Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
 No more, ye roses, grateful fragrance yield,
 Droop, droop, ye cowslips, in the blasted field;
 No more, ye streams, with murmuring musick flow,
 And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:

With

With sympathizing grief let nature mourn,
And never know the youthful spring's return.
And shall I never more Alexis see ?

Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me ?

Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain ?

Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain ?

Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove ?

Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh ! lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave ;
From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall ;
Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons or the day !
Die, die, Panthea—fly this hateful grove ;
For what is life without the swain I love ?

ARAMINTA.

A R A M I N T A.

A N E L E G Y.

NOW Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
 Wak'd slumbering Delia from her pleasing dreams;
 Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
 And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
 With secret joy she saw the morning-ray
 Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
 The happy morn that shall her bliss compleat,
 And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
 In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
 Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
 Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
 Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
 Some round her neck a circling light display,
 Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
 The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
 And adds becoming beauties to her face;
 Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
 And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
 Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
 And sporting Loves surround th' expecting bride;
 For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
 Before the Priest the solemn vows are paid;
 This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
 Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.

Cease,

Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
 Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
 Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn :
 Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
 And with resentment cherishes her woes ;
 Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
 Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate complains :

Was it for this I sparkled at the Play,
 And loiter'd in the Ring whole hours away ?
 When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
 Our mutual passion by our looks was known :
 Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
 Where'er I pass, thy grateful eyes pursue.

“ Ah, faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain ;
 “ For eyes the language of the soul explain.”

Think, Daphnis, think that scarce five days are fled,
 Since (O false tongue !) those treacherous things you said ;
 How did you praise my shape and graceful air !
 And woman thinks all compliments sincere . .
 Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
 And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name ?
 Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
 And with an awful trembling, say—I love ?

“ Ah, faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain ;
 “ For eyes the language of the soul explain.”

How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive ?
 How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe ?
 Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
 When subtle love first enter'd at my sight :

When

When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
 Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
 My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
 My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
 My looks spoke love; while you, with answering eyes,
 In killing glances made as kind replies.

Think, Daphnis, think, what tender things you said,
 Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.

You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air;
 And, when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear;
 My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew;
 A gale of love in every whisper flew.

“ Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
 “ For eyes the language of the soul explain.”

Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
 Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
 Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
 That thy dear image rose before my view;
 She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
 And wounded Delia's fame, to sooth my spleen:
 When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
 Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
 And, when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
 I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.

Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!

Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!

Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
 And ever part me from the man I love.

“ Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
 “ For eyes the language of the soul explain.”

O might

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
 In some retreat far from this hateful town!
 Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
 Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue.
 Me let some melancholy shade surround,
 Where not the print of human step is found.
 In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
 But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
 No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
 And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
 Music, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
 The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares.
 On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
 And think how Araminta once was blest;
 There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
 And all my grief in one kind sentence lose:
 Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
 And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
 Why is this dawn of joy? flow, tears, again!
 Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
 Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd;
 Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
 " Ah, faithless youth! since eyes the soul explain,
 " Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?"

A N
ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

SHOCK'S fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more;
 Ye Muses, mourn; ye chamber-maids, deplore,
 Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
 Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
 Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
 And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
 No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
 And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
 Yet cease thy flowing-grief, forsaken maid;
 All mortal pleasures in a moment fade;
 Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd;
 And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.

 Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
 Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
 Her Mechlin pinnars, rent, the floor bestrow,
 And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
 Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
 That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast;
 No dread events upon this fate attend,
 Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
 Though certain omens oft' forewarn a state,
 And dying lions show the monarch's fate;
 Why should such fears bid Cælia's sorrow rise?
 For, when a Lap-dog, falls no lover dies.

Cease, Cælia, cease ; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you 'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He 's dead. Oh lay him gently in the ground !
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd :
" Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid ;
" Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL
TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard.

Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest Captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In every port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.
 If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white.
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
 Though battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Sufan mourn ;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his Dear return.
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Sufan's eye.
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

A B A L L A D,
FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind ;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, venturous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear ?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear ;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear ;
 When o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
 In the grove, or by the stream ;
 Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
 What, alas ! should fill her head,
 But a fountain, or a mead,
 Water and a willow ?
 Love in cities never dwells,
 He delights in rural cells
 Which sweet woodbine covers.

What are your assemblies then ?
 There, 'tis true, we see more men ;
 But much fewer lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows !
 Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
 Coxcombs without number !
 Moon and stars that shone so bright,
 To the torch and waxen light,
 And whole nights at ombre.

Pleasant as it is, to hear
 Scandal tickling in our ear,
 Ev'n of our own mothers ;
 In the chit-chat of the day,
 To us is pay'd, when we 're away,
 What we lent to others.

Though the favourite Toast I reign ;
 Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
 Heightens defamation.
 Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
 Every day grow handsomer,
 And lose my reputation ?

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
 Her empty purse beside her lay.
 Nymph, ah ! cease thy sorrow,
 Though curst fortune frown to-night,
 This odious town can give delight,
 If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE fun was now withdrawn,
 The shepherds home were sped;
 The moon wide o'er the lawn
 Her silver mantle spread;
 When Damon stay'd behind,
 And faunter'd in the grove.
 Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
 And give me love for love?
 Oh! those were golden hours,
 When Love, devoid of cares,
 In all Arcadia's bowers
 Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs:
 But now from wood and plain
 Flies every sprightly lass;
 No joys for me remain,
 In shades, or on the grass.
 The winged boy draws near,
 And thus the swain reproves:
 While Beauty revel'd here,
 My game lay in the groves;
 At court I never fail
 To scatter round my arrows,
 Men fall as thick as hail;
 And maidens love like sparrows.

Then,

Then, swain, if me you need,
 Straight lay your sheep-hook down;
 Throw by your oaten reed,
 And haste away to town.
 So well I 'm known at court,
 None asks where Cupid dwells;
 But readily resort
 To Bellenden's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
 Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes
 My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
 Yet why should you your song forbear?
 Your mates delight your song to hear;
 But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.

I feel the sound; my heart-strings move.
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
 No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
 Hark, hark, what says my love?

How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
 Who trifles with her lover's pain!
 Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
 Our artful lips were made to feign.
 O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
 Come back, dear youth, again.

As t' other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with thrilling motion flew;
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his hold withdrew.
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
 Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 That lip should other pleasures seek:
 Much, much thy musick I approve;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
 Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone ;
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart obey.
 Ah, Chloe, thou art won !

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
 At last, in broken words, she cry'd ;
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to-day !

THE COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A S O N G.

AT the close of the day,
 When the bean-flower and hay
 Breath'd odours in every wind ;
 Love enliven'd the veins
 Of the damsels and swains ;
 Each glance and each action was kind.
 Molly, wanton and free,
 Kifs'd, and fate on each knee,
 Fond extasy swam in her eyes.

See,

See, thy mother is near :

Hark ! she calls thee to hear

What age and experience advise.

Hast thou seen the blithe dove

Stretch her neck to her love,

All glossy with purple and gold ?

If a kiss he obtain,

She returns it again :

What follows, you need not be told.

Look ye, mother, she cry'd,

You instruct me in pride,

And men by good-manners are won.

She who trifles with all

Is less likely to fall

Than she who but trifles with one.

Pr'ythee, Molly, be wise,

Left by sudden surprize

Love should tingle in every vein :

Take a shepherd for life,

And when once you 're a wife,

You safely may trifle again.

Molly smiling reply'd,

Then I'll soon be a bride ;

Old Roger has gold in his chest.

But I thought all you wives

Chose a man for your lives,

And trifled no more with the rest.

MOLLY

M O L L Y M O G:
 O R, T H E
 F A I R M A I D O F T H E I N N.

A B A L L A D*.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover
 What hath been the cause of your woes;
 Why you pine and you whine like a lover?
 — I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.

O Nephew! your grief is but folly,
 In town you may find better prog;
 Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
 That women are best at a clog;
 But I am not so easily frightened
 From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day;
 The school-master's joy is to flog;
 The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
 But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

* This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast: she lived to a very advanced age, dying so lately as the month of March, 1766. — See the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, Vol. V. p. 45.

Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can fet me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I 'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give-up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those

Those faces want nature and spirit,
 And seem as cut out of a log;
 Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
 Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
 In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
 Have hearts not more true or more loyal
 Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
 And writing another Eclogue;
 Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
 He 'd give-up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
 Then jealousy sets me agog;
 To be sure she 's a bit for the Vicar,
 And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

B A L L A D.

OF all the girls that e'er were seen,
 There 's none so fine as Nelly,
 For charming face, and shape, and mien,
 And what 's not fit to tell ye:
 Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin,
 Of lovely dearest Nelly!
 For many a swain it well had been
 Had she ne'er been at Calai-.

For

For when as Nelly came to France
 (Invited by her cousins),
 Across the Tuilleries each glance
 Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens,
 The king, as he at dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his huffar,
 And bid him bring his tabby cat,
 For charming Nell to bufs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
 To see her fo respected ;
 The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
 And pufs her tail erected.
 But not a man did look employ,
 Except on pretty Nelly ;
 Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
 " Ah ! qu' elle est bien jolie !"

But who 's that great philosopher,
 That carefully looks at her ?
 By his concern it should appear,
 The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier fly,)
 He on his child does leer too :
 I wish he has no mind to try
 What some papa's will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*,
 (Which are your *termes Françoises*).

Then

Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly ;
She like the pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allée* :

But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian :
Lord ! how those foreigners would stare !
But I should turn Pygmalion :
For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left-toe and her right-toe.

A B A L L A D
O N Q U A D R I L L E.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free ;

When Ay said ay, and No said no,
Without or place or fee ;

Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille.

Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings,

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore ;
 His troops they were with red and black
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er ;
 And every house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by this imp' Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
 Which well court-cards they name,
 And, statesman-like, calls-in the king,
 To help out a bad game ;
 But, if the parties manage ill,
 The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
 Though they ne'er meant to marry,
 They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
 And call'd a Partie Quarrée ;
 But now, meet when and where you will,
 A Partie Quarrée is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, and knight, and peer,
 Men of all ranks and fame,
 Leave to their wives the only care
 To propagate their name ;
 And well that duty they fulfill,
 When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous case,
 In comes th' Apothecary ;
 And to the Doctor cries, Alas !
Non debes Quadrillare :

The patient dies without a pill :
 For why ? the Doctor 's at Quadrille, &c.
 Should France and Spain again grow loud,
 The Muscovite grow louder ;
 Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
 Would want both ball and powder ;
 Must want both sword and gun to kill :
 For why ? the General 's at Quadrille, &c.

The King of late drew forth his sword
 (Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
 And made, of many a 'squire and lord,
 An unwash'd Knight of Bath :
 What are their feats of arms and skill ?
 They 're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
 Which drew all Europe's eyes ;
 'Twas call'd in Post-Boy and Gazette
 The Quadruple Allies ;
 But somebody took something ill,
 So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now God save this noble realm,
 And God save eke Hanóver ;
 And God save those who hold the helm,
 When as the King goes over ;
 But let the King go where he will,
 His subjects must play at Quadrille,
 Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A N E W S O N G
O F N E W S I M I L E S .

MY passion is as mustard strong ;
I fit all fober fad ;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For, though as drunk as David's fow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I 'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber, could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck-pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake with figs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
But as a groat now thin !

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee ;
Hearts, found as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ay me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet :

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit, like pepper, bites :

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee ;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing.

But, false as hell ! she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I 'm dull as any post ;
Let us, like burs, together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You 'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped ;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she 'll drop a tear,
And sigh perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND;

BEING

A NEW BALLAD,

SHEWING

How Mr. JONATHAN WILD'S Throat was cut from
Ear to Ear with a Penknife, by Mr. BLAKE, alias
BLUE-SKIN, the Bold Highwayman,

As he stood at his Trial in the OLD-BAILY, 1725.

To the Tune of, "The Cut-purse."

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;
Ye honest poor rogues, who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.
When to the Old-Baily this Blue-skin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
 Who steal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown;
 Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
 Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again :

Let them all take their swing,

To pillage the King,

And get a blue-ribbon instead of a string.

Now Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
 And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Knives of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
 Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;
 Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
 To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering, fees :

Since this happy day,

Now every man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.

For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
 And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise,
 But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
 Church-wardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
 As yet only venture to steal from the altar :

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold.

For Blue-skin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
 And every man round me may rob, if he please.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

P R O L O G U E,

Designed for the Pastoral Tragedy of *DIONE*.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
 Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will subdued;
 Then Nature rul'd; and Love, devoid of art,
 Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
 Love uncontrol'd! insipid, poor delight!
 'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
 Behold the beasts who range the forests free;
 Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
 In their amours see Nature's power appear!
 And do they love? Yes — one month in the year.
 Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
 And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?
 I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
 Such harmless swains! — I'm e'en content with ours.
 But yet there 's something in these sylvan scenes,
 That tells our fancy what the lover means.
 Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
 Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country-fare :
 Then for your lover's sake our author spare.
 He draws no Hemkirk boors, or home-bred clowns,
 But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the three his judgement pass'd ;
 I hope, you 'll own the shepherd shew'd his taste :
 And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
 Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty ;
 Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
 See what strange revolutions time can bring !

Yet still methinks our author's fate I dread,
 Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
 Of Tragedy ; than o'er wide heaths to stray,
 And seeking strange adventures lose his way ?
 No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine start,
 And tears the foldier from her bleeding heart.
 He, foolish bard ! nor pomp nor show regards.
 Without the witness of a hundred guards
 His lovers sigh their vows. — If sleep should take ye,
 He has no battle, no loud drum to wake ye.
 What, no such shifts ? there 's danger in 't, 'tis true ;
 Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

A CON-

A
 C O N T E M P L A T I O N
 O N
 N I G H T.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
 Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
 Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
 Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
 The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
 No distant land-kips draw our curious eyes,
 Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.

Yet still, e'en now, while darkness clothes the land,
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
 Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
 And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere:
 The silver moon her western couch forfakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,

Her

Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.

But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his Word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful Word shall hear.

When to the Western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known:
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame;
But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT

A
T H O U G H T
O N
E T E R N I T Y.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
 Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
 Thou wert ; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
 From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
 Thou still shalt be ; still as thou wert before,
 And know no change, when Time shall be no more.
 O endless thought ! divine eternity !
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee ;
 For thou wert present when our life began,
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah ! what is life ? with ills encompass'd round,
 Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound :
 To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow Death destroys his airy schemes ;
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;

Then

Then feeble age will all thy nerves difarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wifh to ftretch this narrow fpan,
 To fuffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous foul purfues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
 She longs to wake, and wifhes to get free,
 To launch from earth into eternity.
 For, while the boundlefs theme extends our thought,
 Ten thoufand thoufand rolling years are nought.

A N

EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION*.

FROM Mohock and from Hawkubite,
 Good Lord, deliver me ;

Who wander through the ftreets by night,
 Committing cruelty.

They flafh our fons with bloody knives,
 And on our daughters fall ;
 And if they ravifh not our wives,
 We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
 Nay carts moft eafily :
 Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
 Good Lord, deliver me !

* Annexed, in 1712, to Gay's "Wonderful Prophecy, &c." a humourous treatife on the Mohocks.

E P I T A P H

E P I T A P H
O F
B Y E - W O R D S.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty *odd*
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God*, the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held *Nature* more *clever*.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other, she found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, she despis'd every soul she met here,
And now she 's in t'other, she thinks it but *queer*.

M Y O W N E P I T A P H.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

A M O T T O

FOR THE OPERA OF MUTIUS SCÆVOLA *.

WH O here blames words, or verses, songs, or
fingers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

* An opera by Mr. Rolli, performed in 1721.

W I N E :

A P O E M.

“ Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
 “ Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

OF happiness terrestrial, and the source
 Whence human pleasures flow, sing, Heavenly Muse;
 Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
 Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
 Whose sovereign power revives decaying Nature, 5
 And thaws the frozen blood of hoary age,
 A kindly warmth diffusing; — youthful fires
 Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
 His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before :
 Cordial restorative to mortal man, 10
 With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd !
 Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar :
 Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
 By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air. 15
 When fummy vapours clog our loaded brows
 With furrow'd frowns; when stupid, downcast eyes,
 Th' external symptoms of remorse within,
 Express our grief; or when in fullen dumps,
 With head incumbent on expanded palm, 20
 Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd :
 Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd

Th'

Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
 Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd ;
 Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din, 25
 Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
 And fix him there among the branched crew
 (Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
 The greatest monsters of the Zodiac):
 Or for the loss of anxious worldly self, 30
 Or Cælia's scornful flights, and cold disdain,
 Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse ;
 The worst events that mortals can befall :
 By cares depress'd, in pensive hyppish mood,
 With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll. 35
 Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
 New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
 Strait with pert looks, we raise our drooping fronts,
 And pour in crystal pure, thy purer juice ; —
 With chearful countenance and steady hand 40
 Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
 To the expecting mouth ; — with grateful taste,
 The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue ;
 The circling blood with quicker motion flies :
 Such is thy powerful influence, thou strait 45
 Dispell'st those clouds, that, lowering dark, eclips'd
 The whilom glories of the gladfome face ; —
 While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling, rolling eyes,
 Thy chearing virtues and thy worth proclaim.
 So mists and exhalations, that arise 50
 From *hills or steamy lake, dusky or grey,*
 Prevail ; till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,

And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold :
 Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
 That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields, 55
 At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
 The earth again in former beauty smiles,
 In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.

When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
 Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood, 60
 Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours;
 Till, reinforc'd by thy most potent aid,
 He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.

To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
 The British seaman quits his native shore, 65
 And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
 Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
 " With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves ;"
 Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
 In dangers imminent, till she arrives 70

At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.
 Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
 Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,

Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores ;
 With gazing pleasure and astonishment 75
 At Paradise (seat of our ancient fire)

He thinks himself arriv'd ; the purple grapes,
 In largest clusters pendant, grace the vines
 Innumerable ; in fields grotesque and wild
 They with implicit curls the oak entwine, 80
 And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs ;
 Sight most delicious ! not an irksome thought,

Or

Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
 Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
 His kindly-treacherous memory now presents; 85
 The jovial God has left no room for cares.

Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
 Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
 With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
 Unparallel'd, with eloquence profound, 90
 And arguments convictive, didst enforce
 Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
 Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
 Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
 To jaded Muse, and oft', with vain attempt, 95
 Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
 With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
 His unrecruited Muse could never reach
 The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
 Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought 100
 He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice,
 Her drooping spirits cheer'd; — aloft the towers,
 Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
 And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings:
 'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts, 105
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
 Excit'ft: thou check'ft inglorious, lolling ease,
 And sluggish' minds with generous fires inflam'ft.
 O thou, that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
 Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise, 110
 Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
 In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
 I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
 His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height; 115
 Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
 Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs

She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
 Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
 In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise. 120

With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
 At rural feat, Lucretelus retir'd:
 Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
 Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
 Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade 125

Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
 A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
 On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
 In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!

With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths 130
 Their temples bind, drefs of sylvestrian gods!
 Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
 And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
 Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!

Whether from Formain-grape deprest'd, Falern, 135
 Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
 Lesbian or Cœcuban, the chearing bowl
 Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd wit
 To sing Mæcenas' praise, their patron kind.

But we not as our pristine fires repair 140
 T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the sun
 Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
 Darts sloping, and to Thetis' watery lap

Hastens

Hastens in prone career, with friends select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil *, young or old, 245
 Jocund and boon, where at the entrance stands
 A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
 Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland ;
 With lightest bound, and safe, unerring step,
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs : 150
 Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
 And wagging tail, gambols, and frisks before
 His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
 Whether in shady wood, or pasture green,
 And waits his coming at the well-known gate. — 155
 Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
 Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
 Command and sovereignty; with haughty air,
 And studied mien, in semi-circular throne
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands ; 160
 Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
 Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine ;
 Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
 And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
 Words unintelligible, noise confus'd : 165
 She knows the jargon sounds, and strait describes,
 In characters mysterious, words obscure ;
 More legible are algebraic signs,
 Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
 When they invoke th' infernal spirits aid. 170

* The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
 Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
 The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
 Sound harsh and grating to Lenæan god;
 Chace brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence 175
 (Amid their cups, whose innate temper 's shewn),
 In clumsy fist wielding Scymmetrian knife,
 Who flash each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
 Profaning Bacchanalian, solemn rites:
 Music's harmonious numbers better suit 180
 His festivals, from instruments or voice,
 Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
 Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
 Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
 Sweet symphonies should flow, the Delian god 185
 For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
 The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the table sets.
 We sit, when thus his florid speech begins: 190
 " Name, Sirs, the wine that most invites your taste,
 " Champagne, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
 " Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
 " Bourdeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant."
 For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous 195
 Declare (such sympathy 's in boon compeers).
 He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
 One hand capacious glistening vessels bears
 Resplendent; t'other, with a grasp secure,
 A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full fraught 200

With

With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
 O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon :
 We strait to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs ;
 Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound !) 205
 And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
 Crowns the full glass ; — at her inspiring name,
 The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile ;
 With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
 Her health we drink, and in her health our own. 210

A pause ensues ; and now with grateful chat
 We' improve the interval ; and joyous mirth
 Engages our rais'd souls, pat repartee,
 Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
 To pleasant laughter ; straight the echoing room 215
 With universal peals and shouts resounds.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the queen,
 Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose blifs
 In Anna's plac'd : — with sympathetic flame,
 And mutual endearments, all her joys, 220
 Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
 Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
 Of loyal subjects with his sovereign queen ;
 For, by his prudent care, united shores
 Were sav'd from hostile fleets invasion dire. 225

The hero Marlborough next, whose vast exploits
 Fame's clarion sounds ; fresh laurels, triumphs new,
 We wish, like those he won at Hochsted's field.

Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
 Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul 30

Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors;
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent Godolphin, of the *nation's* weal 235
Frugal, but free and generous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgement, and the brightest wit, 240
Himself Mæcenus and a Flaccus too. —

And all the worthies of the British realm,
In order rang'd, succeed; such Healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.

Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye 250
He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing; or airy Cælia, sprightly maid! —
Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glasses succeeds glasses, till the Dircean god 250
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
Now most we seem'd—such is the power of WINE. 255

Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
And joys unfully'd pass, till humid night
Has half her race perform'd, now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
Of coach or cart, or smoaky link-boy's call, 260

Is heard — but universal silence reigns :
 When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
 Surpriz'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
 With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
 Alarm the drowzy youth from slumbering nod ; 265
 Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
 Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
 His yet clung eye-lids, and with staggering reel
 Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills ;
 When we with liberal hand the score discharge, 270
 And homeward each his course with steady step
 Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE
LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH
FOR THE
LOSS OF GRILDRIG.
A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
 She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
 No British miss sincerer grief has known,
 Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
 She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd-in her thread, 5
 And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed ;
 Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
 Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
 In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
 She gently whimpers like a lowing cow : 10
 Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
 Her locks dishevel'd, and her flood of tears,
 Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
 When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
 In vain she search'd each cranny of the house, 15
 Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
 " Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily care
 " Within thy reach I set the vinegar ;
 " And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
 " While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd, 20
 " Where

LAMENTATION OF GRILDRIG. 293

" Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
 " And all the little monsters of the brook ?
 " Sure in that lake he dropt : My Grilly 's drown'd."—
 She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
 " Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast : 25
 " But little creatures enterprize the most.
 " Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
 " Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
 " Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew :
 " Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you. 30
 " Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth !
 " Who from a page can ever learn the truth ?
 " Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
 " To some lord's daughter sold the living toy ;
 " Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play, 35
 " As children tear the wings of flies away.
 " From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
 " And never will return, or bring thee home.
 " But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind ?
 " How then thy fairy footsteps can I find ? 40
 " Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
 " In the green thicket of a mossy stone ;
 " Or, tumbled from the toad-stool's slippery round,
 " Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground ?
 " Dost thou imbosom'd in the lovely rose, 45
 " Or funk within the peach's down, repose ?
 " Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
 " Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head :
 " O shew me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower
 " Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower ! 50
 " But

" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
 " On little females, and on little loves ;
 " Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
 " The baby-playthings that adorn thy house,
 " Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
 " Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
 " Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
 " Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar ?
 " Or in thy box now bounding on the main ?
 " Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again ? 60
 " And shall I fet thee on my hand no more,
 " To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
 " My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
 " Mimic the actions of a real man ?
 " No more behold thee turn my watch's key, 65
 " As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh ?
 " How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
 " A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head ?
 " How chace the mite that bore thy cheese away,
 " And keep the rolling maggot at a bay ?" 70
 She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
 Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise.
 She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
 Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!—
 O! squander not thy grief; those tears command 75
 To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland :
 The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
 And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,
THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

I.

IN amaze
Loft, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy fize?
May my lays
Swell with praife,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies:
See! and believe your eyes?

II.

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake,

Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed.
Troops, take heed!
Left and right
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be loft.

III.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows;
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me stand,
So shall I
(Lofty Poet!) touch the sky.

VERSES

V E R S E S

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE
OF

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE,
ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET;

CONTAINING

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read :
Who first sang (1) Arthur, then sang (2) Alfred;
Prais'd great (3) Eliza in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cry'd, Hang her !
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd-up Marlborough in (4) arras;
Then, hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite :
Made every reader curse the (5) light :
Maul'd human wit in one thick (6) satire,
Next in three books spoil'd (7) human nature ;
Undid (8) creation at a jirk,
And of (9) redemption made damn'd work.

- (1) Two Heroic Poems, in folio, twenty books.
- (2) Heroic Poem, in twelve books.
- (3) Heroic Poem, in folio, ten books.
- (4) Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry-weaver.
- (5) Hymn to the light.
- (6) Satire against wit.
- (7) Of the nature of man.
- (8) Creation, a Poem, in seven books.
- (9) Redemption, another Heroic Poem in six books.

Then

Then took his Muse at once and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the Scripture.
 What wonders there the man, grown old, did!
 Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded,
 Made (10) David seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought king Achiz.
 No mortal read his (11) Solomon,
 But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
 Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah (12), as She Sife-rah:
 Made (13) Jeremy full sore to cry,
 And (14) Job himself curse God and die.

What punishment all this must follow?
 Shall Arthur use him like king Tollo?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him?
 Or dextrous Deborah Sifera-him?
 Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
 To treat him like her sifter Scot?
 Shall William dub his better end*,
 Or Marlborough serve him like a *friend*?
 No!—none of these!—Heaven spare his life!
 But fend him, honest Job, thy wife!

(10) Translation of all the Psalms.

(11) Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

(12) Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

(13) The Lamentations.

(14) The whole Book of Job, a Poem.

* Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.
WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or steal.

In a few pieces cut it :

In a stewing-pan put it.

Salt, pepper, and mace

Must season this knuckle ;

Then * what 's join'd to a place

With other herbs muckle ;

That which killed king † Will :

And what never ‡ stands still.

Some § sprigs of that bed

Where children are bred,

Which much you will mend, if

Both spinnage and endive,

And lettuce, and beet,

With marrygold meet.

Put no water at all ;

For it maketh things small,

Which, lest it should happen,

A close cover clap on.

* Vulgo, salary.

† Supposed sorrel.

‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.

§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.

Put

RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL. 299

Put this pot of * Wood's mettle
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be

(Mark the doctrine I teach)

About—let me see—

Thrice as long as you preach † :

So skimming the fat off,

Say grace with your hat off.

O, then ! with what rapture

Will it fill dean and chapter !

* Of this composition, see the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.

† Which we suppose to be near four hours.

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

S E R E N A T A.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART THE FIRST.

A rural prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea seated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and shepherds, distributed about the landscape; and Polyphemus discovered sitting upon a mountain.

C H O R U S.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:

For



ACIS AND GALATEA. 301

For us the winters rain ;
For us the summers shine ;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which you yield ;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, to cool my love.

A I R.

Hush, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire :
Cease your song, and take your flight ;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

Da Capo.

A I R.

ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming Fair ?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains :
O tell me if you saw my dear ;
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains ?

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
 See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
 What means this melancholy air?
 No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

A I R.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing,
 Heedless running to thy ruin?
 Share our joy, our pleasure share:
 Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
 Let the day be free from sorrow,
 Free from love, and free from care.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo here, my Love!
 Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
 See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

A I R.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
 And sheds delicious death;
 Love in her lips is straying,
 And warbling in her breath:

Love

ACIS AND GALATEA. 303

Love on her breast fits panting,
And swells with soft desire :
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

A I R.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked spray ;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove ;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

D U E T.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we !
What joys I feel ! — What charms I see !
Of all youths, thou dearest boy !
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair !
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy !

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Happy we, &c.

X 2

ACIS

ACIS AND GALATEA,

A

S E R E N A T A.

PART THE SECOND.

A Concerto on the ORGAN.

C H O R U S.

WRETCHED lovers ! Fate has pass'd
 This sad decree ; no joy shall last.
 Wretched lovers ! quit your dream ;
 Behold the monster Polypheme.
 See what ample strides he takes ;
 'The mountain nods, the forest shakes ;
 The waves run frighten'd to the shores :
 Hark ! how the thundering Giant roars !

R E C I T A T I V E accompanied.

P O L Y P H E M E.

I rage, I melt, I burn,
 The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart.
 Thou trusty pine,
 Prop of my god-like steps, I lay thee by.

Bring

Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
 To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
 In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
 Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

A I R.

O ruddier than the cherry!
 O sweeter than the berry!
 O Nymph more bright
 Than moon-shine night,
 Like kidlings blithe and merry!
 Ripe as the melting cluster!
 No lily has such lustre;
 Yet hard to tame
 As raging flame,
 And fierce as storms that bluster!

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, Fairest, art thou running,
 Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey;
 Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

POLY. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
 Calls to empire, and to love:
 To his palace in the rock,
 To his dairy, to his flock;

X 3

To

G A Y ' S P O E M S .

To the grape of purple hue,
 To the plumb of glossy blue;
 Wildings which expecting stand,
 Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant-limbs to make my food,
 And swill full draughts of human blood!
 Go, monster! bid some other guest:
 I loath the host; I loath the feast.

A I R .

POLYPHEMUS.

Cease to beauty to be suing:
 Ever whining love disdain,
 Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
 Still be conquering, not complaining.
Da Capo.

A I R .

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
 Suffering is the lover's part:
 Beauty by constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the blessing,
 Lifeless charms without the heart.
Da Capo.

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
 Weak as I am, I must engage :
 Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
 The God of Love will lend his arms.

A I R.

Love sounds th' alarm,
 And fear is a flying :
 When beauty 's the prize,
 What mortal fears dying ?
 In defence of my treasure,
 I 'd bleed at each vein :
 Without her no pleasure ;
 For life is a pain.

Da Capo.

A I R.

DAMON.

Consider, fond shepherd,
 How fleeting 's the pleasure,
 That flatters our hopes
 In pursuit of the fair :
 The joys that attend it,
 By moments we measure ;
 But life is too little
 To measure our care.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth;
 Trust my constancy and truth;
 Trust my truth, and powers above,
 The powers propitious still to Love.

T R I O.

ACIS, GALATEA, and POLYPHEME.

ACIS and GAL. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
 The woods the turtle-dove,
 The nymphs forsake the fountains,
 Ere I forsake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
 I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS and GAL. Not showers to larks so pleasing,
 Nor sunshine to the bee;
 Not sleep to toil so easing,
 As these dear smiles to me.

POLY. Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly:
 Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
 And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Mourn, all ye Muses; weep, ye swains;
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring shore,
Ah! — the gentle Acis is no more.

S O N G A N D C H O R U S.

GALATEA.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

C H O R U S.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddesses soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roH his urn.

R E C I T A T I V E.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

A I R.

A I R.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight !
Be thou now a fountain bright ;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood ;
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose :
The bubbling fountain, lo ! it flows..
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

C H O R U S.

Galatea, dry thy tears :
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed ;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail ! thou gentle murmuring stream,
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme ;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE
S T O R Y
OF
ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

From OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. BOOK IX.

A R G U M E N T.

Theſeus, returning from a great hunting-match in Calydon, is ſtopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the river Acheloüs. — The god of the ſtream courteouſly invites him into his cave, where they paſs the time in diſcourſing of various metamorphoſes. At laſt, to prove the poſſibility of ſuch changes, he aſſerts that he has himſelf the power of varying his form within certain limitations, among which he mentions his having loſt one of his horns when in the ſhape of a bull; and this gives riſe to the following ſtory.

THESEUS requests the God to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans
arose ?

When

When thus the Calydonian Stream reply'd,
 With twining reeds his careless tresses tied :
 " Ungrateful is the tale ; for who can bear, 5
 " When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful war ?
 " Yet I 'll the melancholy story trace ;
 " So great a Conqueror softens the disgrace :
 " Nor was it still so mean the prize to yield,
 " As great and glorious to dispute the field. 10
 " Perhaps you 've heard of Deïanira's name,
 " For all the country spoke her beauty's fame.
 " Long was the nymph by numerous suitors woo'd,
 " Each with address his envy'd hopes pursued :
 " I join'd the loving band ; to gain the fair, 15
 " Reveal'd my passion to her father's ear.
 " Their vain pretensions all the rest resign ;
 " Alcides only strove to equal mine :
 " He boasts his birth from Jove, recounts his spoils,
 " His step-dame's hate subdued, and finish'd toils. 20
 " Can mortals then (said I), with gods compare ?
 " Behold a god ; mine is the watery care :
 " Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
 " Branch into streams, and o'er the region stray :
 " No foreign guest your daughter's charms adores, 25
 " But one who rises in your native shores.
 " Let not his punishment your pity move ;
 " Is Juno's hate an argument for love ?
 " Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
 " Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true. 30
 " Choose then ; confess thy mother's honour lost,
 " Or thy descent from Jove no longer boast."

While

While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern disdain,
 Nor could the sallies of his wrath restrain,
 Which thus broke forth: "This arm decides our right: 35
 " Vanquish in words: be mine the prize in fight!"
 " Bold he rush'd on. My honour to maintain,
 " I fling my verdant garments on the plain,
 " My arms stretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
 " And with bent hands expect the furious war. 40
 " O'er my sleek skin now gather'd dust he throws,
 " And yellow sand his mighty muscles strows.
 " Oft' he my neck and nimble legs assails,
 " He seems to grasp me, but as often fails:
 " Each part he now invades with eager hand; 45
 " Safe in my bulk, immoveable I stand.
 " So when loud storms break high, and foam and roar
 " Against some mole that stretches from the shore;
 " The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
 " Defies the warring winds, and driving waves. 50
 " Awhile we breathe, then forward rush amain,
 " Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
 " Foot strove with foot, I prone extend my breast,
 " Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead press'd.
 " Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage, 55
 " Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
 " Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
 " And conquest only can decide their love:
 " The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
 " Till victory decides th' important war. 60
 " Three times in vain he strove my joints to wrest;
 " To force my hold, and throw me from his breast;
 " The

" The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him round,
 " Then with new force he stretch'd me on the ground;
 " Close to my back the mighty burden clung, 65
 " As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
 " Believe my tale ; nor do I, boastful, aim
 " By feign'd narration to extol my fame.
 " No sooner from his grasp I freedom get,
 " Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling sweat, 70
 " But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
 " As my exhausted bosom pants for life :
 " My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains ;
 " I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.
 " O'er-match'd in strength, to wiles and arts I take, 75
 " And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake ;
 " Who, when I wreath'd in spires my body round,
 " Or shew'd my forky-tongue with hissing sound,
 " Smiles at my threats. Such foes my cradle knew,
 " He cries ; dire snakes my infant-hand o'erthrew ; 80
 " A dragon's form might other conquests gain,
 " To war with me you take that shape in vain.
 " Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
 " Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented strength ?
 " He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air ; 85
 " When one I lopp'd, up-sprung a dreadful pair.
 " By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
 " Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
 " What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
 " To rouze my rage with terrors not thy own ?" 90
 " He said ; and round my neck his hands he cast,
 " And with his straining fingers wrung me fast :

" My

" My throat he tortur'd, close as pincers clasp,
 " In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.
 " Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains, 95
 " Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
 " Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
 " Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down ;
 " Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
 " And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land. 100
 " Nor yet his fury cool'd ; 'twixt rage and scorn,
 " From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn ;
 " This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naiads bear,
 " Sacred to plenty, and the bounteous year."

He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears, 105
 Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
 The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stor'd,
 And ruddy apples for the second board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the sun's bright fire
 Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire ; 110
 Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides,
 And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
 But Achelœus in his oozy bed
 Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head :
 No real wound the victor's triumph show'd, 115
 But his lost honours griev'd the watery god ;
 Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
 And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS,
THE CENTAUR.

THIS virgin too, thy love, O Nessus, found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise;
Where from her slopy urn Evenus pours 5
Her rapid current, swell'd by wintery showers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all pass deny'd.
As for himself, he stood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares. 10
The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cry'd
(For he the shallows of the stream had try'd),
Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care.
Th' Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife, 15
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life:
Cloath'd as he stood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his shoulder ty'd
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast):
Swift he plung'd in; these billows shall he pass'd. 20
He said, nor saught where smoother waters glide,
But stem'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach'd: again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS. 317

Nessus, to thee I call (aloud he cries); 25
Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wife :
Thou monster double-shap'd, my right set-free :
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly, 30
Though wing'd with horse's speed; wounds shall pursue :
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew :
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breast the barbed weapon flood ;
Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he tore, 35
From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy gore,
Mix'd with Lernæan venom ; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forfook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouse love's passion, he presents the bride. 40

T H E D E A T H
O F
H E R C U L E S.

NOW a long interval of time succeeds,
 When the great son of Jove's immortal deeds,
 And step-dame's hate, had fill'd earth's utmost round;
 He from Oechalia, with new laurels crown'd,
 In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares, 5
 And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
 When Fame (who falsehood cloaths in truth's disguise,
 And swells her little bulk with growing lyes)
 The tender ear, O Deianira, mov'd,
 That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd. 10

Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
 Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
 The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
 Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief?
 She cries; indulge not thus these fruitless cares, 15
 The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
 Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's time;
 My bed not conscious of a rival's crime.
 In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?
 Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain? 20
 What though, ally'd to Meleager's fame,
 I boast the honours of a sister's name?
 My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
 Some desperate deed, by which the world shall view

How

THE DEATH OF HERCULES. 319

How far revenge and woman's rage can rise, 25
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies.

Thus various passions rul'd by turns her breast.
She now resolves to send the fatal vest,
Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whose power might move
His soul anew, and rouze declining love. 30

Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
When she to Lichas trusts her future woes ;
With soft endearments she the boy commands
To bear the garment to her husband's hands.

Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste, 35
And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast.

As first the fire with frankincense he strows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows ;
And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
Pours forth the grapy stream ; the rising flame 40
Sudden dissolves the subtle poisonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.

With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was subdued by pain, 45

He rends the sacred altar from the plain ;
Oete's wide forests echo with its cries !
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.

Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares, 50
(A ghastly sight !) or, raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.

As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.

Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow, 55
 And livid sweats down all his body flow;
 The cracking nerves burnt-up are burst in twain,
 The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.

Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
 Glut thy revenge, dread empress of the skies; 60
 Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
 Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.

Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hostile breast
 (For here I stand thy enemy profess),
 Take hence this hateful life, with tortures-torn, 65
 Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.

Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
 And such a gift a step-dame may bestow.
 Was it for this Buphris was subdued,
 Whose barbarous temples reek'd with strangers' blood?
 Press'd in these arms, his fate Antæus found,
 Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
 Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
 Or did I fear the triple dog of hell?

Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead hold? 75
 Are not our mighty toils in Elis told?
 Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
 And fair Parthenian woods resound my name?

Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
 And who the dragon-guarded apples won? 80
 Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force withstand,
 Or the fell boar that spoil'd th' Arcadian land?
 Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
 Who from his wounds to double fury grew?

What

THE DEATH OF HERCULES. 321

What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore, 85
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I saw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain?—
The female partner of the thunderer's reign, 90
Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh commands;
Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands.
But now new plagues pursue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails strays, 95
And on my lungs and shrivel'd muscles preys;
Yet still Eurystheus breathes the vital air!
What mortal now shall seek the gods with prayer?

THE
 TRANSFORMATION
 OF
 L Y C H A S
 INTO
 A R O C K.

THE hero said ; and, with the torture stung,
 Furious o'er Oete's lofty hills he sprung :
 Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
 And seeks the flying author of his wound.
 Now might you see him trembling, now he vents 5
 His anguish'd soul in groans and loud laments ;
 He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
 And with up-rooted forests strews the plain ;
 Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
 And to his kindred gods directs his prayers. 10
 When Lychas, lo, he spies ; who trembling flew,
 And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
 Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
 His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again :
 Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe, 15
 Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe.
 The youth all pale with shivering fear was stung,
 And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue.
 Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
 He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace : 20
 He

TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS. 323

He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the skies.
So showery drops, when chilly tempests blow, 25
Thicken at first, then whiten into snow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling fleeces bound,
In solid hail result upon the ground.

Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through distant air
The purple tide forsook his veins with fear; 30
All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
Still the small rock in human form appears,
And still the name of hapless Lychas bears. 35 }

THE APOTHEOSIS
OF HERCULES.

BUT now the hero of immortal birth
 Fells Oete's forests on the groaning earth;
 A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
 He leaves his deathful instruments of war;
 To him commits those arrows, which again 5
 Must see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
 The son of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
 High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
 Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
 With the Nemæan spoils thy careless head; 10
 Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
 Here thou, dread hero of cælestial line,
 Wast stretch'd at ease; as when, a chearful guest,
 Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples dress.
 Now on all sides the potent flames aspire, 15
 And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.
 A sudden tremor seiz'd th' immortal host,
 Who thought the world's profest defender lost.

This when the thunderer saw, with smiles he cries,
 'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleasures rise; 20
 Joy swells my breast, that my all-ruling hand
 O'er such a grateful people boasts command,
 That you my suffering progeny would aid;
 Though to his deeds this just respect be paid,
 Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn, 25
 Th' Oetean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.

Who

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES. 325

Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame.
That part alone of gross maternal frame
Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force subdue; 30
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honours of the heavenly seat,
Ev'n he shall own, his deeds deserve the sky, 35
Ev'n he, reluctant, shall at length comply.
Th' assembled powers assent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all consum'd, his body's nervous frame 40
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
Wreathes in the sun, in youthful glory drest;
So when Alcides mortal mould resign'd 45
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
August his visage shone; almighty Jove
In his swift carr his honour'd offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the courfers fly,
And lodge the hero in the starry sky. 50

THE TRANSFORMATION
OF GALANTHIS.

ATLAS perceiv'd the load of Heaven's new guest.
 Revenge still rancour'd in Eurystheus' breast
 Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
 To Iole, to vent maternal woes ;
 Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils 5
 Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
 This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
 Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
 Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd ;—
 To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd : 10
 O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
 When midst thy throes thou call'st th' Ilithyan power !
 May no delays prolong thy racking pain,
 As when I sued for Juno's aid in vain !
 When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh, 15
 And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
 My womb extends with such a mighty load,
 As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
 I could no more th' increasing smart sustain :
 My horror kindles to recount the pain ; 20
 Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
 And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
 Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
 Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repose ;

TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS. 327

When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd, 25
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.

She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.

She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she fits, 30

O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast :
'This stay'd the birth; in muttering verse she pray'd,
The muttering verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.

Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain, 35
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.

How did I wish for death ! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.

Now the Cadmeian matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress. 40

Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my commands :
She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose.

As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees 45
The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees
Her fast-knit hands she leans; with chearful voice

Galanthis cries, Whoe'er thou art, rejoice ;
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest,

At length the gods Alcmena's womb have blest. 50

Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings ;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd ;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.

Fame

Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid 55
Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore-feet her shrinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is lost; her strength remains; 60
Who, since the lye did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her breed;
Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam.

THE STORY OF IOLAÛS
RESTORED TO YOUTH.

A R G U M E N T.

Iöle having related the fable of her sister Dryope, who was changed into a tree for violating the blossoms of the plant Lotis (once a nymph); while she is discoursing on these matters with Alcmena, she finds new matter of wonder, in the sudden change of Iolaüs to a youth.

WHILE Iolé the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft' wip'd her tears.

Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow flies,
And rising joy the trickling moisture dries :
Lo Iolaüs stands before their eyes. }
5 }

A youth he stood; and the soft down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
Hebe submitted to her husband's prayers,
Instill'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

THE

T H E P R O P H E C Y
O F T H E M I S.

NOW from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
 That Iolaüs the gift alone should taste,
 Had not just Themis thus maturely said
 (Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming maid):
 Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands 5
 Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
 Ambition shall the guilty * brothers fire,
 Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire.
 The reeling earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
 Where the † yet breathing bard shall find his tomb.—
 The † son shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
 And in one act be both unjust and good.
 Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies,
 The furies and his mother's ghost he spies.
 His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore, 15
 And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
 Callirhoe shall then with suppliant prayer
 Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
 Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
 And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire. 20

* Eteocles and Polynices.

† Amphiaraus.

‡ Alcmaeon.

T H E D E B A T E
O F T H E G O D S.

WHEN Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke,
 Among the gods a various murmur broke ;
 Dissention rose in each immortal breast,
 That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.
 Aurora for her aged spouse complains, 5
 And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins ;
 Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew ;
 Her future race the care of Venus drew,
 She would Anchises' blooming age restore ;
 A different care employ'd each heavenly power. 10
 Thus various interests did their jars increase,
 Till Jove arose ;—he spoke, their tumults cease,
 —Is any reverence to our presence given ?
 Then why this discord 'mong the powers of Heaven ?
 Who can the settled will of Fate subdue ? 15
 'Twas by the Fates that Iolaüs knew
 A second youth. The Fates determin'd doom
 Shall give Callirhœ's race a youthful bloom.
 Arms nor ambition can this power obtain :
 Quell your desires ; even Me the Fates restrain. 20
 Could I their will control, no rolling years
 Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs ;
 Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
 And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd.

Jove's

Jove's words the synod mov'd ; the powers give o'er,
 And urge in vain unjust complaint no more.
 Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
 And Æacus and Minos bore the load ;
 Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
 Made mighty nations tremble at his name, 30
 Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
 Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years ;
 And now, regarding all his realms as lost,
 He durst not force him from his native coast.
 But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign, 35
 And your swift vessel plow'd th' Ægean main ;
 On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
 Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
 Here you Cyanëe knew, the beauteous maid,
 As on her father's winding banks she stray'd : 40
 Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
 The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE STORY OF ARACHNE,
FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

A R G U M E N T.

Pallas, visiting the Muses on their hill to see the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the nine sisters in song.—This stimulating the Goddesses to take vengeance on Arachne the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives rise to the following story.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the Muses' song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their wrong :
Reflecting thus,—A vulgar soul can praise,
My fame let glorious emulation raise :
Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride 5
That dares my sacred Deity deride ;
Revenge the Goddesses in her breast revolves ;
And strait the bold Arachne's fate resolves ;
Her haughty mind to Heaven disdain'd to bend,
And durst with Pallas in her art contend. 10
No famous town she boasts, or noble name ;
But to her skillful hand owes all her fame ;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd ;

Her mother, whom the shades of death confine, 15
Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.

At small Hypæpe though she did reside,
Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd :
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city speaks Arachne's praise. 20

Nymphs of Timolus quit their shady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft' with pleasure round her gazing stand,
Admire her work, and praise her artful hand :
They view'd each motion, with new wonder seiz'd ; 25
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.

Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round,
Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece, 30
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part ;
'Twas plain from Pallas she deriv'd her art.

But she, unable to sustain her pride,
'The very mistress of her art defy'd.—
Pallas obscures her bright cœlestial grace, 35
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.

Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains. 40

She thus accosts the nymph : “ Be timely wife,
“ Do not the wholesome words of age despise, }
“ For in the hoary head experience lies :
“ On earth contend the greatest name to gain ;
“ To Pallas yield ;—with Heaven you strive in vain.”

Contempt

Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
 Wrath and disdain inflame her rolling eyes :
 At once the tangling thread away she throws,
 And scarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.
 " Worn-out with age, and by disease declin'd, 50
 " (She cries) thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind ;
 " These lectures might thy fervile daughters move,
 " And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove :
 " My counsel's from myself, my will commands,
 " And my first resolution always stands : 55
 " Let her contend ; or does her fear impart
 " That conquest waits on my superior art ?"
 The Goddess's trait throws off her old disguise,
 And heavenly beauty sparkles in her eyes,
 A youthful bloom fills-up each wrinkled trace, 60
 And Pallas smiles with every wonted grace.
 The nymphs, surpriz'd, the Deity adore,
 And Lydian dames confess her matchless power ;
 The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
 Yet a swift blush her guilty feature stains ; 65
 In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,
 And her check'd pride a short confusion knows.
 So when Aurora first unveils her eyes,
 A purple dawn invests the blushing skies ;
 But soon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height, 70
 And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.
 Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,
 To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd :
 The Goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,
 And deign'd by trial to convince her pride. 75

Both take their stations, and the piece prepare,
 And order every slender thread with care.
 The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
 While through the widening space the shuttle glides,
 Which their swift hands receive; then, pois'd with lead,
 The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread.
 They gird their flowing garments round the waist,
 And ply their feet and arms with dextrous haste.
 Here each inweaves the richest Tyrian dye,
 There fainter shades in soften'd order lie; 85
 Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
 Set-off the work, and brighten each design.
 As when the sun his piercing rays extends,
 When from thin clouds some drizzling shower descends,
 We see the spacious humid arch appear, 90
 Whose transient colours paint the splendid air:
 By such degrees the deepening shadows rise
 As pleasingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
 And though the same th' adjoining colour seems,
 Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes. 95
 Here heightening gold they 'midst the woof dispose,
 And in the web this antique story rose.

Pallas the lofty mount of Mars designs,
 Cœlestial judgement guides th' unerring lines;
 Here, in just view, th' Athenian structures stand, 100
 And there the gods contend to name the land;
 Twelve deities she frames with stately mien,
 And in the midst superior Jove is seen;
 A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
 The figures in the picture seem to live. 105

Heaven's

Heaven's thundering monarch fits with awful grace,
 And dread omnipotence imprints his face :
 There Neptune stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
 And with his trident smote the trembling ground;
 The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose, 110
 From whence a fiery, prancing steed arose ;
 And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
 To grace the city with his honour'd name.
 See her own figure next with martial air,
 A shining helmet decks her flowing hair ; 115
 Her thoughtful breast her well-pois'd shield defends,
 And her bare arm a glittering spear extends,
 With which she wounds the plain ; from thence arose
 A spreading tree ; green olives load the boughs.
 The powers her gift behold with wondering eyes, 120
 And to the Goddess give the rightful prize.

Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to dissuade
 By others fate the too presumptuous maid,
 With miniatures she fills each corner space,
 To curb her pride, and save her from disgrace. 125

Hæmus and Rhodopé in this she wrought,
 The beauteous colours spoke her lively thought ;
 With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
 They to the sacred names of gods aspir'd ;
 To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads arise, 130
 And lose their lessening summits in the skies.

In that, in all the strength of art was seen
 The wretched fate of the Pygmæan queen ;
 Juno, enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
 And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame ; 135

In that voracious shape she still appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this, Antigone for beauty strove
With the bright consort of imperial Jove:
Juno, incens'd, her royal power display'd, 140
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Ilion's fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely skin white feathers rise;
Chang'd to a clamorous stork, she mounts the skies. 145

In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childless Cynaras display'd,
A settled anguish in his look appears,
And from his bloodshot eyes flow streams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown, 150
He for his daughters clasp'd the polish'd stone.
And, when he sought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree incloses the design. 155

Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the God disguis'd his love;
A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the shore:
In fair Europa's face appears surprize, 160
To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
And seems to call her maids, who wondering stood,
And with their tears increas'd the briny flood;
Her trembling feet she by contraction saves
From the rude insult of the rising waves. 165

Here

Here amorous Jove dissolving Læda trod,
 And in the vigorous swan conceal'd the god.
 Love lends him now an eagle's new disguise,
 Beneath his fluttering wings Asteria lies,
 Th' enlivening colours here with force express'd 170
 How Jove the fair Antiope cares'd.

In a strong satyr's muscled form he came
 Instilling love transports the glowing dame,
 And lusty twins reward his nervous flame. }

Here how he sooth'd the bright Alcmena's love, 175
 Who for Amphitryon took th' impostor Jove,
 And how the God in golden shower allur'd
 The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:

How, in a swain, Mnemosyne he charms;
 How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms: 180
 And how with various glittering hues inlaid
 In serpent's form Deïis he betray'd.

Here you, great Neptune, with a short-liv'd flame
 In a young bull enjoy th' Æolian dame.
 Then in Enipeus' shape intrigues pursue: 185
 'Tis thus th' Aroids boast descent from you.

Here to Bifaltis was thy love convey'd,
 When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
 Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear; 190

And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
 (From whom the Pegasæan courser sprung)

Thee in a snuffling stallion's form enjoy,
 Exhaust thy strength, and every nerve employ;

Melantho as a dolphin you betray, 195
 And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea ;
 Such just proportion graces every part,
 Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
 Here in disguise was mighty Phœbus seen,
 With clownish aspect, and a rustic mien ; 200
 Again transform'd, he 's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
 And now the lion's noble shape assumes ;
 Now, in a shepherd's form, with treacherous smiles
 He Macareian Iffe's heart beguiles.
 Here his plump shape enamour'd Bacchus leaves, 205
 And in the grape Erigone deceives.
 There Saturn, in a neighing horse, she wove,
 And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
 Festoons of flowers, inwove with ivy, shine,
 Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture twine.
 Not Pallas, nor ev'n spleen itself, could blame, 211
 The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame ;
 With grief her vast success the Goddess bore,
 And of cœlestial crimes the story tore.
 Her boxen shuttle now, enrag'd, she took, 215
 And thrice the proud Idmonian artist struck :
 Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
 Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain :
 Around her neck a fatal noose she ty'd,
 And sought by sudden death her guilt to hide. 220
 Pallas with pity saw the desperate deed,
 And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed :
 " Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
 " Suspended thus to waste thy future time,

" Thy

TRANSLATIONS. 341

“ Thy punishment involves thy numerous race, 225

“ Who for thy fault shall share in thy disgrace.”

Her incantation magic juices aid,

With sprinkling drops she bath'd the pendent maid, }

And thus the charm its noxious power display'd. }

Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs, 230

With these her nose, and next her rising ears.

Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,

The potent juice contracts her changing trunk ;

Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,

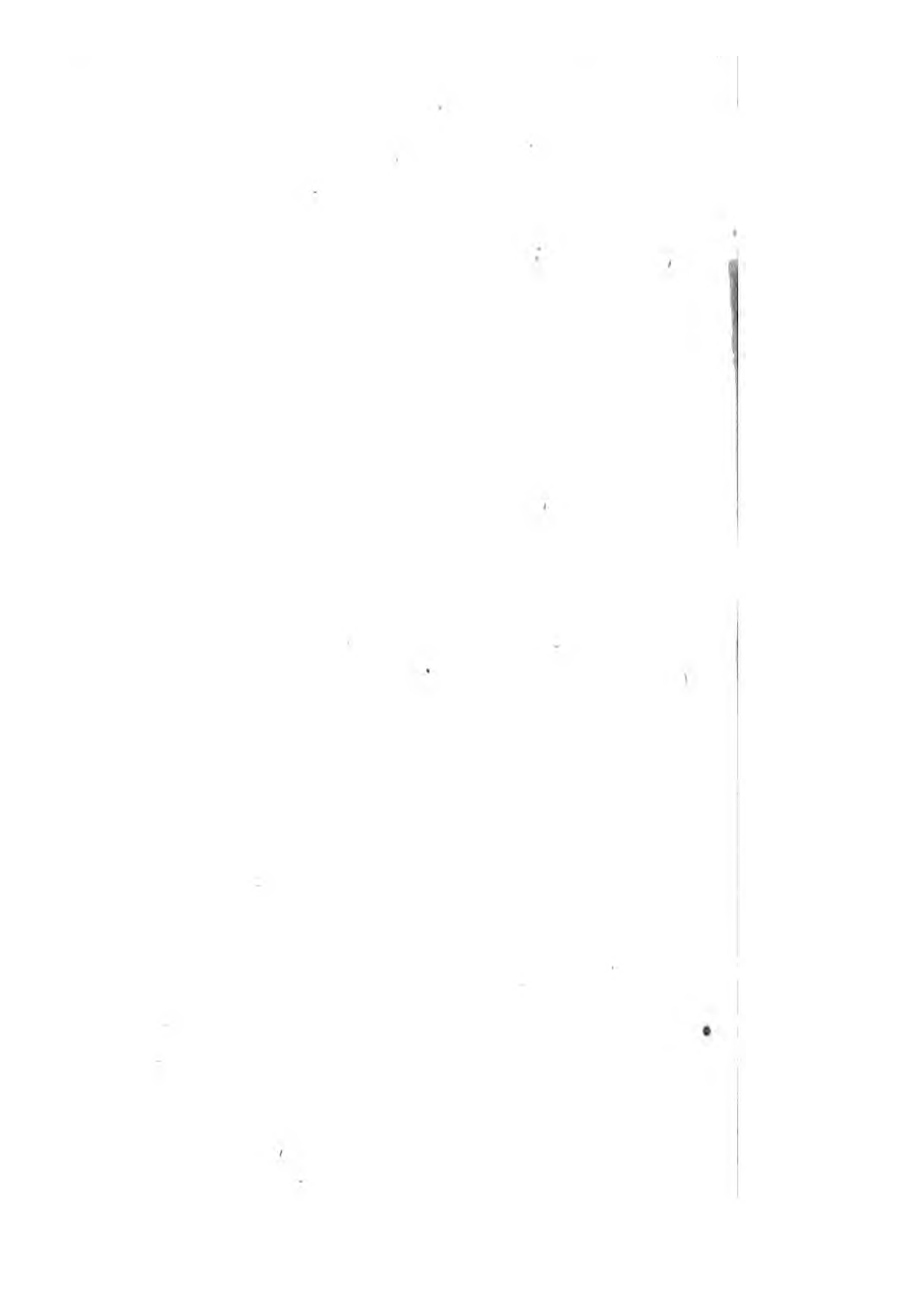
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung ; 235

Her bloated belly swells to larger size,

Which now with smallest threads her work supplies ;

The Virgin in the Spider still remains ;

And in that shape her former art retains.



C O N T E N T S

O F

T H E F I R S T V O L U M E .

R URAI, Sports. A Georgic. To Mr. Pope.	
Canto I.	Page 1
Canto II.	11
The FAN. Book I.	19
Book II.	28
Book III.	35
The SHEPHERD'S WEEK, in Six Pastorals.	
The Proeme.	45
Prologue. To Lord Bolingbroke.	51
Monday : or, The Squabble.	55
Tuesday : or, The Ditty.	62
Wednesday : or, The Dumps.	66
Thursday : or, The Spell.	73
Friday : or, The Dirge.	79
Saturday : or, The Flights.	86
Index to the Shepherd's Week.	92
TRIVIA. Book I.	99
Book II.	109
Book III.	130
Index to Trivia.	145

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES.

- I. To a Lady. Occasioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. 157
- II. To the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington. A Journey to Exeter 1716. 163
- III. To the Right Honourable William Pulteney, Esq. 1717. 169
- IV. To the Right Honourable Paul Methuen, Esq. 178
- V. To her Grace Henrietta, Dutches of Marlborough. 1722. 182
- VI. To Mr. Pope, on his having finished his Translation of Homer's Iliad. A Welcome from Greece. 185
- VII. To Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldsmith, near Temple Bar. A Panegyrick, occasioned by his buying and selling of the Third South-sea Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors at a thousand per cent. 193
- VIII. Mary Gulliver to Captain Lemuel Gulliver. 196
- IX. Bounce to Fop. From a dog at Twickenham to a dog at court. 201
- X. To my ingenious and worthy friend William Lownds, Esq. Author of that celebrated Treatise in Folio, called The Land-tax-bill. 205
- XI. To a Young Lady, with some Lampreys. 208
- XII. To a Lady on her passion for old China. 210

EPISTLES.

THE FIRST VOLUME. 345

EPISTLES.

- XIII. On a Miscellany of Poems. To Bernard
Lintott. 213
- XIV. To the most Honourable the Earl of
Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer. The
Epigrammatical Petition of John Gay. 217

EEOLOGUES.

- The Birth of the Squire, in imitation of the
Pollio of Virgil. 219
- The Toilette. A town eclogue. Lydia. 224
- The Tea Table. A town eclogue. Doris and
Melanthe. 228
- The Funeral. A town eclogue. Sabina. Lucy. 233
- The Espousal. A sober eclogue between two
of the people called Quakers. Caleb. Ta-
bitha. 238

ELEGIES.

- Panthea. 243
- Araminta. 247
- On a Lap-Dog. 251

SONGS AND BALLADS.

- Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan. 253
- Ballad from the What-d'ye-call-it. 255
- The Lady's Lamentation. 256
- Damon and Cupid. 258
- Daphnis and Chloe. 259
- The Coquette Mother and Daughter. 261
- Molly Mog; or, The Fair Maid of the Inn. 263

SONGS and BALLADS.

Ballad.	265
Ballad on Quadrille.	267
A New Song of New Similies.	270
Newgate's Garland ; being a new Ballad, shewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife, by Mr. Blake, alias Blue-skin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.	273

MISCELLANIES.

Prologue designed for the pastoral tragedy of Dione.	275
A Contemplation on Night.	277
A Thought on Eternity.	279
Epigrammatical Expostulation.	280
Epitaph of Bye-words.	281
My own Epitaph.	ibid.
A Motto for the Opera of Mutius Scævola.	ibid.
Wine : a poem.	282
The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the loss of Grildrig. A pastoral.	292
To Quinbus Flestrin, the man-mountain. A Lilliputian ode.	295
Verses to be placed under the picture of Sir Richard Blackmore, England's arch-poet, containing a complete catalogue of his works.	296
A receipt for stewing veal. With notes by the author.	298
Acis and Galatea. A ferenata. Part I.	300
Part II.	304

THE FIRST VOLUME. 347

TRANSLATIONS.

The story of Achelous and Hercules.	311
The death of Nessus, the centaur.	316
The death of Hercules.	318
The transformation of Lychas into a rock.	322
The apotheosis of Hercules.	324
The transformation of Galanthis.	326
The story of Iolaüs restor'd to youth.	329
The prophecy of Themis.	330
The debate of the Gods.	331
The story of Arachne, from the beginning of the sixth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.	333

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



