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# Poems

Poems on several occasions

**Gay, John**

**Edinburgh, 1773**

The funera[l]. A town eclogue

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THE

# FUNERA

## A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

TWICE had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast 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 see 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 flush, 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 soothe her troubled baeast.

SABINA.

What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn,
Give back his passion with the seal untorn.

To break our ſoft repoſe has man a right,
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the ſex my firm reſolves ſhall move;
My life's a life of ſorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleneſs ſicken o'er my face,
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boaſt,
And coquets triumph in my honour loſt;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May theſe curs'd eyes behold a matadore!
Break china, periſh Shock, die Paroquet!
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment ſcorn'd the foppiſh train,
His air was eaſy, and his dreſs was plain,
His words ſincere, reſpect his preſence drew,
And on his lips ſweet converſation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace;
That eaſy air was then an aukward pace:
Have not your ſighs in whiſpers often ſaid,
His dreſs was ſlovenly, his ſpeech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a ſecret tear,
Call that ſweet converſe ſullen and ſevere?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part;
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris ſhare his heart.
Let Chloe's love in ev'ry ear expreſs
His graceful perſon, and genteel addreſs.
All well may judge what ſhaft has Daphne hit,
Who ſuffers ſilence to admire his wit.
His equipage and liv'ries Doris move,
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.

Sooner ſhall cits in faſhions guide the court,
And beaux upon the buſy 'Change reſort;
Sooner the nation ſhall from ſnuff be freed,
And fops apartments ſmoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wiſh and ſigh through nunn'ry grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA.

Becauſe ſome widows are in haſte ſubdu'd;
Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian ſong?
Did not his roſy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as ſteams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curſe
Than ſqualls of children for an abſent nurſe.
Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kiſs
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miſs?

SABINA.

Love, I thy pow'r defy; no ſecond flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might loſe her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his preſence but at board.
And why ſhould ſorrow ſit 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 ſep'rate 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 teazing fondneſs jealouſy betray'd!

When at the play the neighb'ring 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 ſallies of his heart withſtand,
Why ſhould he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handſome, yet he ſlights 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 dealt love; he only dealt the cards;
Doris was touch'd with ſpleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the tabble, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris, doſt thou curſe Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo 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 op'ras 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!