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Poems

Poems and fables

Gay, John Edinburgh, 1773

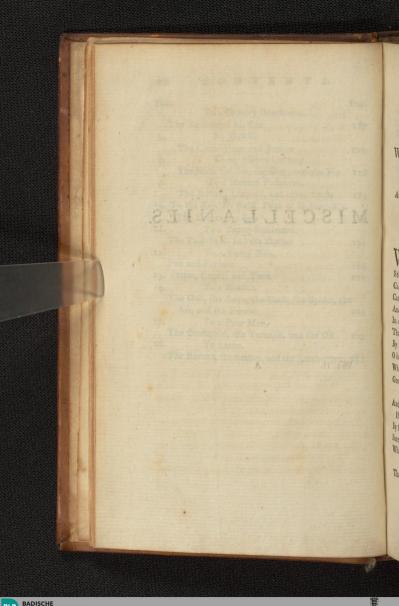
Miscellanies

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161 173 178 183 MISCELLANIES. 181 191 194 190 he 90) Vol. II. A



BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK



To my ingenious and worthy friend

WILLIAM LOWNDS, Efq;

Author of that celebrated Treatife in Folio called the Land tax Bill.

WHEN poets print their works, the feribbling

Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas pew:
Can meagre poetry such same deserve?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that samous head,
In which the senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true same acquires.
O had I Virgil's force to sing the man,
Whose learned lines can millions raise per ann.
Great Lownds his praise should swell the trump of
fame,

And rapes and Wapentakes refound his name.

If the blind poet gain'd a long renown

By finging ev'ry Grecian chief and town;

Sure Lownds his profe much greater fame requires,

Which fweetly counts five thousand knights and

squires,

Their seats, their cities, parishes and shires.

A 2

BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK

MISCELLANIES.

Thy copious preamble fo smoothly runs;
Taxes no more appear like legal duns,
Lords, knights, and squires, th' assertion's power obey,
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.

Ah why did C—thy works detame!

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 wifs are nought compar'd to thee, Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea, While Thou thro' Britain's distant isle shall spread, In ev'ry Hundred and Division read. Critics in classics oft' interpolate. But ev'ry 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 S- (when unassisted by a friend), But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate: And where's your author boafts a longer date? Poets of old had fuch a wondrous power, That with their verses they could raise a tower But in thy profe a greater force is found; What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?

MISCELLANIES.

Cadmus, by fowing dragon's teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the pois'nous seed.
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 cursod hard to lay.

A 3

obey,

read,

PANTHEA.

ANELEGY.

ONG had Panthea felt Love's fecret fmart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Confenting glances had her fiame confefs'd,
(In woman's eyes her very foul's express'd).
Perjur'd Alexis faw the bluthing maid,
He faw, he fwore, 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 folitude enjoys the shade;
There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
fittains.

While fighing Zephyrs shar'd her am'rous pains.
Pale settled forrow 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.

MISCELL'ANIES.

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 confcious shade. Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid. Worn out with watching, fullen with defpair, And see each eye swell with a gushing tear? Could you behold me on this mosfy bed, From my pale cheek the lively crimfon fled, Which in my fofter hours you oft have fworn, With rofy beauty far out-blush'd the morn : Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear, And would not lost Panthea claim a tear? You could not, fure-tears from your eyes would steal, And unawares thy tender foul reveal. Ah, no !- thy foul with cruelty is fraught, No tenderness disturbs thy favage thought; Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs, And wolves with pity hear their bleeting dams; Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly, Then false Alexis for Panthea sigh. Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confes'd, Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast; But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains, And the foft drops diffolve their folid veins; While thy relentless heart more hard appears, And is not foften'd by a flood of tears.

Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reason slown!
And when I view me in the wat'ry glass,
I find Panthea now not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blass,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;

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MISCELLANIES.

As fudden 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 forrow in thy foft embraces dies : There, fpite 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 fecret grove, Where all our looks, and all our talk is love. Oh could I thus confume each tedious day, And in fweet sumbers dream my life away; and back But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes, To my fad foul the dear deceit denies.

Why does the fun dart forth its chearful rays? Why do the woods refound with warbling lays? Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield, And yellow cowflips paint the fmiling field? Why do the streams with murm'ring music flow, And why do groves their friendly shade bestow? Let fable clouds the chearful fun 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 murm'ring music flow, And let not groves a friendly shade bestow: With fympathifing grief let nature mourn, And never know the youthful fpring's return : And shall I never more Alexis see? Then what is spring, or grove, or stream to me?

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MISCELLANIES.

Why fport the skipping lambs on yonder plain? Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain? Why frisk those heisers in the cooling grove? Their happier life is ignorant of love.

Oh lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my forrows 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?

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ARAMINTA.

ANELEGY.

NOW Phoebus rose, and with his early beams Wak'd flumb'ring Delia from her pleasing dreams;

Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd, And in her fleep the nuptial knot was ty'd. With fecret joy she faw 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 hafte the rose, forgetful of her pray'rs. 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 difplay, Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray: The filver knot o'erlooks the Mechlen lace. And adds becoming beauties to her face: Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay mantua shine, And the rich stays her taper shape confine; Thus all her drofs 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;

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This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares, Shall fwell a thousand eyes with secret tears.

Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve, and thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve? Disdain his perj'ries, and no longer mourn:

Recall my love, and find a fure return.

But fill the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with refentment cherifies her woes;
Alone she pines, and in these mountful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own sate complains.

Was it for this I fparkled at the play,
And loiter'd in the ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle fhone,
Our mutual paffion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pais thy grareful eyes purfue.

Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain; For eyes the language of the soul explain.

Think, Daphnis, think that fearce five days are fled,

Since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you faid; or you have

How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy slame,
And in soft sights breathe Araminta's name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling, say,——I love?

Ab faithless youth! too well you sam 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 satal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confes'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart expres'd;
My looks spoke love; while you with answ'ring 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 same blown up by stat'ry stronger grew,
A gale of love in ev'ry whisper shew.

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 & lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's same 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 sted!
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.

Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain:

Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain; For eyes the language of the soul explain.

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O might I by my cruel fate be thrown, In fome retreat far from this hateful town ! Vain drefs 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 fleeping ftrings call forth the found : Music adjeu, farewell Italian airs! The croaking raven now shall footh my cares: On some old ruin lost in thought I rest, And think how Araminta once was bleft; There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse, And all my grief in one kind fentence lofe: 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 yows 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 tangue could seign?

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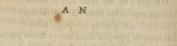
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ELEGY on a LAP-DOG.

CHOCK'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 tye the fav'rite 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, forfaken maid; All mortal pleafures in a moment fade: Our furest hope is in an hour destroy'd, And love, bett gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.

Methinks I fee her frantick with despair, Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and slowing hair; Her Mechlen pinners rent the floor bestrow, And her torn fan gives real figns of woe. Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest, That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breaft ; No dread events upon his fate attend, Stream eyes no more, no more thy trefles rend. Tho' certain omeus oft forewarn a state, And dying lions show the monarch's fate:

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More And u He "Wh Why should such fears bid Celia's forrow rise? For when a lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Ceafe, Celia, ceafe; restrain thy flowing tears, Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares. In man you'll find a more substantial blis, More grateful toying, and a sweeter kis.

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.

TATITE lovers lewar of old the falkion

Not even be predigal of thought, and never not

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YOUNGLADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

TITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion By presents to convey their passion; No matter what the gift they fent, The lady faw that love was meant. Fair Atalanta, as a favour, Took the boar's head her hero gave her: Nor could the briftly thing affront her, 'I was a fit present from a hunter. When fquires fend woodcocks to the dame. It ferves to show their abfent flame : Some by a fnip of woven hair, In possed lockets bribe the fair : How many mercenary matches Have fprung from di'mond 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 even be prodigal of thought.

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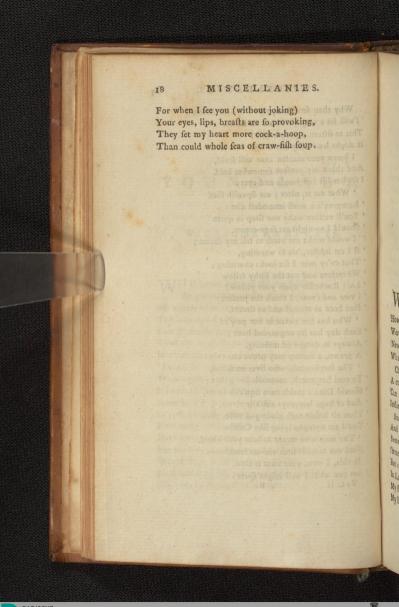
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Litent

Why then fend lampreys? fye for shame!
'Twill fet a virgin's blood on shame.
This to sifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden aunt will feold, And think my prefent somewhat bold. I see her lift her hands and eyes:

- 'What eat it, niece; eat Spanish slies!
- " Lamprey's a most immodest diet :
- "You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
- Should I to-night eat fago-cream,
- "Twould make me blush to tell my dream;
- " If I eat lobster, 'tis fo warming,
- That ev'ry man I fee 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 pow'r?
- Each day has its unguarded hour;
- Always in danger of undoing,
- " A prawn, a shrimp may prove our ruin!
 - The shepherdess, who lives on fallad,
- 6 To cool her youth, controuls her palate;
- 6 Should Dian's maids turn liqu'rish livers,
- 6 And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
- "Then all beside each glade and visto;
- 6 You'd fee nymphs lying like Calisto.
 - 'The man who meant to heat your blood,
- Need not himself such vicious food.'---In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
- I fent you what I well might spare:



TO

A L A D Y,

ONHER

Paffion for OLDCHINA.

WHAT excludies 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 foul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl
Can kindle wishes in her breast.

Inflame with joy, or break her reft.

Some gems collect, some medals prize,
And view the rust with lover's eyes;
Some count the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on nature's charms in flowers!
But ev'ry beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere;
My lilly and my rose is here.

B 2,

BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK Philosophers, more grave than wife, Hunt feience down in butterflies: 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 despite?

When I some antique jar behold, Or white, or blue, or fpeck'd with gold, Vessels so pure, and so refin'd, Appear the types of womankind: Are they not valu'd for their beauty, Too fair, too fine for household-duty ? With flowers, and gold, and azure dy'd, Of ev'ry house the grace and pride? How white, how polish'd is their skin. And valu'd 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 fo rare-The treasure cannot cost too dear! But man is made of coarfer stuff, And ferves convenience well enough: He's a strong earthen vessel made, For drudging, labour, toil, and trade ; And when wives lose their other felf. With ease they bear the loss of delf.

Husbands, more covetous than fage, Condemn this China-buying rage; No

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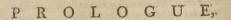
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Love

They count that woman's prudence little, Who fets her heart on things fo brittle. But are those wise men's inclinations Fix'd on more strong, more fure foundations? If all that's frail we must despife, No human view or scheme is wife. Are not ambition's hopes as weak ? They swell like bubbles, shine and break. A courtier's promise is so slight, 'Tis made at noon, and broke at night. What pleasure's fure ? The miss you keep Breaks both your fortune and your fleep. The man who loves a country-life, Breaks all the comforts of his wife; And if he quit his farm and plow, 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.

B 3



Defigned for the Pastoral Tragedy of DIONE.

HERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!) Le Ere tyrant laws had woman's will fubdu'd; Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art, Spoke the contenting language of the heart. Love uncontroul'd! insipid, poor delight! 'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite. Behold the beafts who range the forests free; Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree : In their amours fee nature's pow'r 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 am'rous bowers: Such harmless swains !- I'm ev'n content with ours, But yet there's fomething in these fylvan scenes That tells our fancy what the lover means; Name but the mosfy bank, and moon-light grove, Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To night we treat you with fuch country-fare,
Then for your lover's fake our author spare.
He draws no Hemskirk-boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the fost shepherds of Arcadia's downs,

When Paris on the three his judgment pass'd; I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:

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And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty, Who made the nymph Calista 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 trumper's clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;
He, soolish 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.

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Sweet WILLIAM'S Farewell to Black-

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He, foolill bard ! not competer thewregards.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, the model of the freemers waving in the wind, and any of all When black-ey'd furfan came aboard: and on and all Ohd where shall I my true love find! and on the William et al. Tell me, we jovial failors, tell me true, and any of the first find for the first find in the first state of the first sta

II.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He figh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides fwiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

III.

So the fweet 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 sleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

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IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kifs 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.

V.

Believe not what the landmen fay,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They'll tell thee, failors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

VI.

If to fair India's coast we fail,
Thy eyes are feen in diamonds bright.
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

VII.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though canons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me sly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

ds.



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VIII.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The fails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kis'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her les'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and way'd her lilly hand.



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> > Flocks Coase Moon: To the

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LADY'S LAMENTATION,

A BALLAD.

I.

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?

II.

Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which fweet woodbine covers.
What are your affemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we fee more men;
But much fewer lovers.

III.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows!

Flocks and herds to sops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number!

Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.



and,

BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK

Baden-Württembe

IV.

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 paid, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

V.

Though the fav'rite toast I reign,
Wine, they say, that prompts the veia,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and sear,
Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?

VI.

Thus far the fair to fighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah, cease thy forrow.
Though curs'd fortune frown to-night:
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to-morrow.

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DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

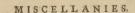
THE fun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread;
When Damon staid behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?
II.
Ohlshofe were golden hours.

Oh! those were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bow'rs
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.
III.
The winged boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves:

While beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves;



B BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK



At court I never fail

To featter round my arrows,

Men fall as thick as hail;

And maidens love like sparrows.

[V.]

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Then, fwain, if me you need,
Straight lay your fheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And hafte away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
None afks where Cupid dwells.

None asks where Cupid dwells; But readily refort

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DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

I.

APHNIS 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 feem'd to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

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.

III.

As thus he melancholy flood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet founds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the found; my heart-firings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that fung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's fweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what fays my love!



BADISCHE LANDESBIBLIOTHEK

IV.

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 seign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
Come back, dear youth, again.

VEHNIS Good per.V.

As t'other day my hand he feiz'd,

My blood with thrilling motion flew ;
Sudden I put on looks difpleas'd,
And hafty from his hold withdrew.

Twas fear alone, thou fimple fwain,
Then hadft thou preft my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

VI. die aboow advante will

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That fwell'd thy lip and rofy check;
Think not thy fkill in fong defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures feek:
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forebodes 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.

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B

Now, now, dear shepherd, come away, My tongue would now my heart obey. Ah Chloe, thou art won!

VIII.

The youth step'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!

Voz. II.

My tongue would be H. T. ober.

Coquet Mother and DAUGHTER.

A S O N G.

A T the close of the day, When the bean-flow'r and hay Breath'd odours in every wind: Love enliven'd the veins Of the damfels and fwains; Each glance and each action was kind.

II.

Molly, wanton and free, Kifs'd, and fat on each knee, Fond ecstafy fwam in her eyes. 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 gloffy with purple and gold? If a kifs he obtain,

She returns it again :

What follows, you need not be told.

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IV.

Look ye, mother, the cry'd,
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won;
She who trifles with all
Is lefs likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one.

V.

Prithee, Molly, be wife,
Left by fudden furprife
Love should tingle in ev'ry vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.

VI.

Molly, fmiling, reply'd,
Then I'll foon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his cheft;
But I thought all you wives
Chofe a man for your lives,
And trifted no more with the reft.

Cz

TEL



CONTEMPLATION

THETHER amid the gloom of night I ftray, Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day, Still Nature's various face inform my fense, Of an all-wife, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay fun first breaks the shade of night, And strikes the distant eastern hills with light, Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear, And a bright verdure clothes the fmiling year; The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glows And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show, The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arife, 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 boaft, But weep in dewy tears their beauty loft;

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No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes, Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies." Yet still, even now, while darkness clothes the land, We view the traces of th' Almighty hand; Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear, And with new glories hang the boundless sphere: The filver moon her western couch forsakes, And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes, Her folid globe beats back the funny rays, And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send, Are funs, and rolling worlds those funs attend, Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare, Yet all his fystems but conjectures are; But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King, Who bid this universe from nothing spring, Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear. And rifing worlds th' all-pow'rful word shall hear;

When to the western main the sun descends, To other lands a rifing day he lends, The fpreading 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 foil. While we in fleep's embraces waste the night, The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light : And when those lands the bufy fun forfakes, 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 foul is from the body flown, No more shall night's alternate reign be known :

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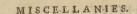
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The fun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory slow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employs
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his stame,
But thou, O God; for ever shine the same.

Hall derous believes like the steems water back

Shall

And Oen A MISCELL ARIES.

THOUGHT

No more the blood its We of words warm.

ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd, Thou wert; and when the fubterraneous 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 foul shares but a part of thee; For thou wert prefent when our life began, When the warm dust shot up in breathing man. Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round, Amidft our hopes Fate firikes the fudden 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 herse, And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.

C.A

MISCELLANIES.

Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will ficken and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves difarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer 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 wiles to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundlefs theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it:

I thought so once, but now I know it.

II