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Poems

Poems and fables

Gay, John

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Miscellanies

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MISCELLANIES.

Vol. II. A

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MISCELLANIES



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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 his 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 ev'ry Grecian chief and town ;
Sure Lownds his 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 C—— 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 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 boasts a longer date ?
 Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
 That with their verses they could raise a tower
 But in thy prose a greater force is found ;
 What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound ?

Cadmus, by sowing 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 curs'd hard to lay.

PANTHEA.

AN ELEGY.

LONG had Panthea felt Love's secret smart,
 And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
 Consenting glances had her flame confess'd,
 (In woman's eyes her very soul's express'd).
 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 am'rous 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.

MISCELLANIES.

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, fallen 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 out-blush'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'd,
 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 wat'ry 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;

MISCELLANIES.

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 perjurd 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 murm'ring music 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 murm'ring music flow,
 And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
 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 ?

A R A M I N T A.

A N E L E G Y.

NOW Phoebus rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumb'ring 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 blifs compleat,
And all her rivals envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her pray'rs,
Flew to the glafs, 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 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 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, 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.

*Ab 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 treach'rous 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?

*Ab 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 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 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 flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,
 A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.

*Oh 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.

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

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,
 In some retreat far from this hateful town!
 Vain drefs and glaring equipage, adieu!
 Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue;
 Me, let some melancholy shade furround,
 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? slow 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.

*Ab faithless youth! since eyes the soul explain,
 Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?*

MISCELLANIES
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 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, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of heav'n, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantick with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlen 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 his fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend,
Tho' certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate:

Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise?
For when a lap-dog falls no lover dies.

Cease, Celia, 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,

WITH SOME LAMPS

WITH LOVERS' LOVE OF OLD THE FISHION

By presents to prove their passion;
No matter what the gift they bring,
The lady that love was weary of
For instance, as a favour,
Took the poet's head, but then gave part
Nor could the pretty thing abstract from
I was a fit present from a poet,
When quires had worn out to the frame,
It never to show their school days
Some by a slip of wood, and some
In paper covers, with the light
This many metres, and the
I've found them in wood, and
But hold—a large amount, a
I'd find an ounce or more
He should find some that
Nor even be prodigal of thought.

TO A
YOUNGLADY,

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 fend woodcocks to the dame,
 It serves to show their absent flame :
 Some by a snip of woven hair,
 In pos'd lockets bribe the fair ;
 How many mercenary matches
 Have sprung 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.

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 fago-cream,

' 'Twould make me blush to tell my dream;

' If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,

' That ev'ry 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 pow'r ?

' 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, controuls her palate ;

' Should Dian's maids turn liqu'rish livers,

' And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,

' Then all beside each glade and vifto,

' You'd see 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 sent you what I well might spare :

VOL. II.

B

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.



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TO
A L A D Y,

ON HER

Passion for OLD CHINA.

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,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.

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.

Philosophers, more grave than wise,
 Hunt science 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 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 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 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
Fix'd 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 slight,
'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 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.

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 subdu'd;
Then nature rul'd, and love, devoid of art,
Spoke the contenting language of the heart,
Love uncontroll'd! inspid, 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 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 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 Hemskirk-boors; or home-bred clowns,
But the soft 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:

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 trumpet's clangor makes his heroine start,
 And tears the soldier 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.

B.

III

MISCELLANIES

Sweet WILLIAM's Farewell to Black-
eyed SUSAN.

A B A L L A D.

I.
ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard:
O! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among the crew.

II.

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.

III.

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 lips those kisses sweet.

IV.

○ Sufan, Sufan, 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 say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors, 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 sail,
Thy eyes are seen 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 Sufan mourn ;
Though canons 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.

VIII.

The boatwain 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 lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

T H E

LADY'S LAMENTATION,

A B A L L A D.

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 sweet woodbine covers.
What are your assemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we see more men;
But much fewer lovers.

III.

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.

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 vein,
 Heightens defamation.
 Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
 Ev'ry day grow handsomer,
 And lose my reputation?

VI.

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

DAMON AND CUPID.

A S O N G.

I.

THE sun 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.

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 grafs.

III.

The winged boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves:
While beauty revell'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.

IV.

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 B——n's or L——ll's,

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A S O N G.

I.

DAPHNIS stood penfive in the shade,
With arms acrofs and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-fick mind :
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions feem'd to fay,
My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats ?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceafe your ftrains ;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains :
Yet why fhould you your fong forbear ?
Your mates delight your fong to hear,
But Chloe mine difdains.

III.

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

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

V.

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!

VI.

'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 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.

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!

Vol. II.

T H E

III

COQUET MOTHER and DAUGHTER.

A S O N G.

I.

AT 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 damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

II.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstacy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

Prithee, Molly, be wife,
Lest by sudden surprize
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, 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.

MISCELLANEA

A

CONTEMPLATION

O N

N I G H T.

W H E T H E R amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face inform my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.

When the gay sun 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 smiling year ;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning 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 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 silver moon her western couch forsakes,
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
 Her solid globe beats back the funny 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 bid this universe from nothing spring,
 Can at his word bid num'rous worlds appear,
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful 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.

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 herse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.

Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken 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 soul pursues a nobler aim,
 And life regards but as a fleeting dream :
 She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
 To launch from earth into eternity.
 For while the boundless 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.