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Poems On Several Occasions

Gay, John

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The Fan. A Poem. Book II.

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THE
F A N.
A
P O E M.

BOOK II.



LYMPUS' gates unfold; in heav'ns high
towers
Appear in council all th' immortal Powers;
Great *Jove* above the rest exalted fate,
And in his mind revolvy'd succeeding fate,

His

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 strow with odoriferous flowers the way,
 In her right-hand she waves the flutt'ring 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 gen'rous 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 in *Pomona's* care.
 I first taught women to subdue mankind, 25
 And all her native charms with dress refin'd :

Celestial

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 levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
 From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.
 The royal scepter 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 seen,
 And the strung bow points out the *Cynthia* Queen;
 Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,
 The waving fan supply the scepter'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 flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
 Let *Cupid's* arrows strow the smiling plains 45
 With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:
 May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
 To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Diana rose; with silver crescent crown'd,
 And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground; 50
 Then

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 man against her charms too pow'rful 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 women 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 oar is ripen'd into gold;

Or

Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
 Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
 Does not the di'mond 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 fantastick 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 locks dishevell'd waving in the wind, 85
 The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
 The perjurd youth unfurls his treach'rous 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 desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
 His les'ning vessel plows the foamy main,
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint



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* hov'ring o'er her stands,
 Accuses heav'n 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 streams shall sooner to their fountain move, 115
 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 dang'rous 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 hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes,

See,

See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
 And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
 No more her hand the glitt'ring Jav'lin 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 flow'ry bank be laid,
 Where meeting beeches weave a grateful shade,
 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 vig'rous *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

Nor looks, nor pray'rs, 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 flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its pow'r, 165
And soften *Danae* in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous 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 shrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.

With a 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

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 chaf.



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