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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Friday. The Tolette.

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F R I D A Y.

The TOILETTE.

LYDIA.

NOW twenty springs had cloth'd the park with green,
 Since LYDIA knew the blossoms of fifteen ;
 No lovers now her morning hours molest ;
 And catch her at her toilette half undrest.
 The thund'ring knocker wakes the street no more,
 Nor chairs, nor coaches crowd the silent door ;
 Nor at the window all her mornings pass,
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass :
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of man too late.

“ Oh youth ! O spring of life for ever lost !

“ No more my name shall reign the fav'rite toast ;

“ On glass no more the diamond grave my name,

“ And lines mis-spelt record my lover's flame :

“ Nor shall side-boxes watch my wand'ring eyes,

“ And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise

“ With humble bows ; nor white-glov'd beaus encroach

“ In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.

“ What shall I do to spend the hateful day ?

“ At chapel shall I wear the morn away ?

“ Who there appears at these unmodish hours,

“ But ancient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,

“ And

" And grey religious maids? my presence there
 " Amidst that sober train, would own despair;
 " Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance
 " As yet fix'd wholly on devotion's trance:
 " Strait then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
 " Thro' India shops, to Motteux's, or the Change,
 " Where the tall jar erects its stately pride,
 " With antick shapes in China's azure dy'd;
 " There careles lies a rich brocade unroll'd,
 " Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold.
 " But then, alas! I must be forc'd to pay,
 " And bring no penn'orths, not a fan away!
 " How am I curs'd, unhappy and forlorn!
 " My lover's triumph, and my sex's scorn!
 " False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs;
 " False are the loose coquet's inveigling airs;
 " False is the crafty courtier's plighted word;
 " False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board;
 " False is the sprightly widow's publick tear;
 " Yet these to DAMON's oaths are all sincere.
 " For what young flirt, base man, am I abus'd?
 " To please your wife am I unkindly us'd;
 " 'Tis true, her face may boast the peach's bloom;
 " But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
 " I own her taper shape is form'd to please;
 " But don't you see her unconfid'd by stays?
 " She doubly to fifteen may claim pretence;
 " Alike we read it in her face and sense.



- " Inſpid, fervile thing! whom I diſdain!
 " Her phlegm can beſt ſupport the marriage chain.
 " DAMON is praſtis'd in the modiſh life;
 " Can hate, and yet be civil to his wife;
 " He games, he drinks, he ſwears, he fights, he roves!
 " Yet CLOE can believe he fondly loves!
 " Miſtreſs and wife by turns ſupply his need;
 " A miſs for pleaſure, and a wife for breed.
 " Powder'd with diamonds, free from ſpleen or care,
 " She can a fullen huſband's humour bear;
 " Her credulous friendſhip, and her ſtupid eaſe,
 " Have often been my jeſt in happier days:
 " Now CLOE boaſts and triumphs in my pains;
 " To her he's faithful; 'tis to me he feigns.
 " Am I that ſtupid thing to bear neglect,
 " And force a ſmile, not daring to ſuſpect?
 " No, perjur'd man! a wife may be content,
 " But you ſhall find a miſtreſs can reſent."

Thus love-ſick LYDIA rav'd; her maid appears,
 And in her faithful hand the band-box bears;
 (The Ceſtos that reform'd inconstant JOVE
 Not better fill'd with what allur'd to love)

- " How well this ribband's gloſs becomes your face!"
 She cries in rapture; " then, ſo ſweet a lace!
 " How charmingly you look! ſo bright! ſo fair!
 " 'Tis to your eyes the head-dreſs owes its air!"
 Strait LYDIA ſmil'd; the comb adjusts her locks;
 And at the play-houſe HARRY keeps her box.

S A T U R-