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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Saturday. The Small-Pox.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1969**

## S A T U R D A Y.

## The SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,  
 Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind;  
 A glafs revers'd in her right hand she bore,  
 For now she shun'd the face she fought before.

' How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown  
 ' A frightful spectre, to myself unknown!  
 ' Where's my complexion? where my radiant bloom,  
 ' That promis'd happiness for years to come?  
 ' Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd!  
 ' To look once more, my visits oft delay'd!  
 ' Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,  
 ' And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes!  
 ' Ah! faithless glafs, my wonted bloom restore;  
 ' Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!  
 ' The greatest good the gods on men bestow,  
 ' Ev'n youth itself to me is useless now.  
 ' There was a time (oh! that I cou'd forget!)  
 ' When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;  
 ' And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,  
 ' The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.  
 ' Witness, O Lilly; and thou, Motteux, tell  
 ' How much japan these eyes have made ye sell.

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' With



' With what contempt ye saw me oft despise  
 ' The humble offer of the raffled prize;  
 ' For at the raffle still each prize I bore,  
 ' With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore!  
 ' Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more!  
     ' For me the Patriot has the house forfook,  
 ' And left debates to catch a passing look:  
 ' For me the Soldier has soft verses writ:  
 ' For me the Beau has aim'd to be a wit.  
 ' For me the Wit to nonsense was betray'd;  
 ' The Gamester has for me his dun delay'd,  
 ' And overseen the card he would have play'd.  
 ' The bold and haughty by success made vain,  
 ' Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:  
 ' The bashful 'Squire touch'd by a wish unknown,  
 ' Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own:  
 ' Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore;  
 ' Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!  
     ' As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,  
 ' New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise!  
 ' Far from my sight that killing picture bear,  
 ' The face disfigure, and the canvas tear!  
 ' That picture, which with pride I us'd to show,  
 ' The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.  
 ' And thou, my toilette! where I oft have fate,  
 ' While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,  
 ' How curls should fall, or where a patch to place;  
 ' If blue or scarlet best became my face;  
 ' Now

' Now on some happier nymph your aid bestow ;  
 ' On fairer heads, ye uselefs jewels, glow !  
 ' No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore ;  
 ' Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more !  
   ' Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine ;  
 ' Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine ;  
 ' But 'midst your triumphs with confusion know,  
 ' 'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.  
 ' Wou'd pitying heav'n restore my wonted mein,  
 ' Ye still might move unthought of and unseen :  
 ' But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boast  
 ' Of beauty faded, and of empire lost !  
 ' What now is left but weeping, to deplore  
 ' My beauty fled, and empire now no more !  
   ' Ye cruel chymists, what with-held your aid !  
 ' Could no pomatums save a trembling maid ?  
 ' How false and trifling is that art ye boast ;  
 ' No art can give me back my beauty lost !  
 ' In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,  
 ' Mask'd o'er, and trembled at the sight of day ;  
 ' MIRMILLIO came my fortune to deplore,  
 ' (A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)  
 ' Cordials, he cry'd, my spirits must restore !  
 ' Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more !  
   ' GALEN, the grave ; officious SQUIRT, was there,  
 ' With fruitless grief and unavailing care :  
 ' MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known  
 ' By his red cloak and his superior frown ;



- ‘ And why, he cry’d, this grief and this despair,  
 ‘ You shall again be well, again be fair;  
 ‘ Believe my oath; (with that an oath he swore)  
 ‘ Falſe was his oath; my beauty is no more!  
   ‘ Ceafe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue,  
 ‘ Forſake mankind, and bid the world adieu!  
 ‘ Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway;  
 ‘ All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:  
 ‘ Alike unpitied when depos’d they grow,  
 ‘ Men mock the idol of their former vow.  
   ‘ Adieu! ye parks!—in ſome obſcure receſs,  
 ‘ Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,  
 ‘ Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,  
 ‘ And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;  
 ‘ There let me live in ſome deſerted place,  
 ‘ There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face,  
 ‘ Ye operas, circles, I no more muſt view!  
 ‘ My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!

