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Poems On Several Occasions

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Eclogues.

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ECLOGUES.



RECHENKUNDE





T H E
BIRTH of the *SQUIRE*,
An ECLOGUE.

In Imitation of the POLLIO of VIRGIL.



E fylvan Muses, loftier strains recite,
Not all in shades, and humble cott's delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant
grounds

The driving gales convey the swelling founds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn!
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.

VOL. II.

E

Mourn.

Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all the beasts of chase,
 This hour destruction brings on all your race :
 See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
 Turkeys and geese, and grocers sweetest ware;
 With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
 And old *October* reddens ev'ry nose.
 Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
 Kifs his moist lip and gently lick his hand ;
 He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
 And learns to list the names of all the hounds.
 With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
 Barley shall in paternal acres grow ;
 The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
 To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
 For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
 And his own orchard sparkle in his bowles.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
 The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ;
 How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
 He rode the mighty *Nimrod* of the plains :
 He leads the staring infant through the hall,
 Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ;

Tells,

Tells, how this stag thro' three whole Countys fled,
 What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
 Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
 Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats ;
 How in one day beneath his furious speed,
 He tir'd seven courfers of the fleetest breed ;
 How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
 When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch !
 These stories which descend from son to son,
 The forward boy shall one day make his own.

[Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
 That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;
 How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
 And the long tyranny of grammar schools ?
 Let younger brother's o'er dull authors plod,
 Lash'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod ;
 No, let him never feel that smart disgrace :
 Why should he wiser prove than all his race ?

When rip'ning youth with down o'er shades his chin,
 And ev'ry female eye incites to sin ;

* *The most common accident to Sportsmen ; to hunt a
 witch in the shape of a hare.*



The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
 With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
 The dairy, barn, the hay-loft and the grove
 Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
 But think, *Priscilla*, on that dreadful time,
 When pangs and watry qualms shall own thy crime;
 How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
 To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
 Nine moons shall publickly divulge thy shame,
 And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
 With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
 On fam'd *St. Hubert's* feast, his winding horn
 Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn!
 This memorable day his eager speed
 Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
 O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
 Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
 Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
 Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
 Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
 Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone;

O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay,
 Mayst thou survive the perils of this day !
 He shall survive ; and in late years be sent
 To snore away Debates in *Parliament*.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
 With nod important shall the laws dispense ;
 A Justice with grave Justices shall sit,
 He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
 No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
 No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace ;
 Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
 Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear ;
 Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
 Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, *Bacchus*, and ye drunken Pow'rs,
 To sing his friendships and his midnight hours !

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
 Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year ;
 Brew'd or when *Phæbus* warms the fleecy sign,
 Or when his languid rays in *Scorpio* shine.

E 3

Think

Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung !
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue ;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wisdom, when by this o'erpower'd ?
The State is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd !
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong ?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore ;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands ;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.



T H E



THE
TOILETTE,
A Town ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.



OW twenty springs had cloath'd the
Park with green,
Since *Lydia* knew the blossom 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,
No chairs, no coaches croud her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and *Hazard* fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.

E 4

Around



Around her wait Shocks, monkeys and mockaws,
 To fill the place of Pops, and perjurd Beaus ;
 In these she views the mimickry of man,
 And smiles when grinning *Pug* gallants her fan ;
 When *Poll* repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
 For sounds, like his, once told her *Damon's* care,
 With these alone her tedious mornings pass ;
 Or at the dumb devotion of her glass,
 She smooths her brow, and frizles forth her hairs,
 And fancys youthful drefs gives youthful airs ;
 With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
 That not a blush can discompose her face,
 Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive fate,
 And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.

O Youth ! O spring of life ! for ever lost !
 No more my name shall reign the fav'rite Toast,
 On glass no more the di'mond grave my name,
 And rhymes misspell'd record a lover's flame :
 Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
 And as they catch the glance in rows arise
 With humble bows ; nor white glov'd Beaus encroach
 In crouds behind, to guard me to my coach.

Ah

Ah hapless nymph! such conquests are no more,
For *Cbloë's* now what *Lydia* was before!

'Tis true, this *Cbloë* boasts the peach's bloom,
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own her taper shape is form'd to please;
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young Coquet.
Why will ye then, vain Pops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.

What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But antient matrons with their frizled tow'rs,
And gay religious maids? my presence there
Amid that sober train would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.



Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
 Through ev'ry *Indian* shop, through all the *Change* ;
 Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
 With antick shapes in *China's* azure dy'd ;
 There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
 Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold ;
 But then remembrance will my grief renew,
 'Twas there the raffling dice false *Damon* threw ;
 The raffling dice to him decide the prize.
 'Twas there he first convers'd with *Chloe's* eyes ;
 Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
 To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
 But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
 The shiver'd *China* dropt upon the ground ;
 Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove ;
 Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.

O happy *Pall*, in wiry prison pent ;
 Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
 And *Pug* with pleasure can his fetters bear,
 Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear !
 How am I curs'd ! (unhappy and forlorn)
 With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn !

False

False are the loose Coquet's inveigling airs,
 False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
 False is the cringing 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.

Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
 Let servile *Chloe* wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
 Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
 He games, he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
 Yet *Chloe* can believe he fondly loves.
 Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
 A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
 But *Chloe's* air is unconfin'd and gay,
 And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
 Perhaps her patient temper can behold
 The rival of her love adorn'd with gold,
 Powder'd with di'monds; free from thought and care,
 A husband's fullen humours she can bear.

Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
 Is love the cause? no, I the sex despise;

I hate,

I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But *Chloe* boasts and triumphs in my pains,
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.

Thus love-sick *Lydia* rav'd. Her maid appears :
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face,
She cries, in raptures! then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight *Lydia* smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the Play-house *Harry* keeps her box.



T H E



THE
TEA-TABLE,
A Town ECLOGUE.

DORIS and MELANTHE.



AIN'T James's noon-day bell for pray'rs
had toll'd,
And coaches to the Patron's *Levée* roll'd,
When *Doris* rose. And now through all
the room

From flow'ry Tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For *Doris* here, and there *Melantbe* sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others fame ;

Melantbe's

Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
 And sooner gave than funk a circumstance :
 Lock'd in her mem'ry secrets never dy'd ;
Doris begun, *Melanthe* thus reply'd.

D O R I S.

Sylvia the vain fantastick Fop admires,
 The Rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires ;
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
 In liking them she but her self approves.

M E L A N T H E.

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
 Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
 Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
 Since men at her with equal freedom rail ?

D O R I S.

Last *Masquerade* was *Sylvia* nymph-like seen,
 Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green ;
 An am'rous shepherd led her through the croud,
 The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd ;
 But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust ;
 So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

M E L A N T H E.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage ;

The

The whining Tragic love she scarce can bear,
 But nauseous Comedy ne'er shock'd her ear ;
 Yet in the gall'ry mobb'd, she sits secure,
 And laughs at jests that turn the Box demure.

D O R I S.

Trust not, ye Ladies, to your beauty's pow'r,
 For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flow'r ;
 Yet those fair flow'rs that *Sylvia's* temples bind,
 Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind ;
 Like those her face defies the rolling years,
 For art her roses and her charms repairs.

M E L A N T H E.

Laura despises ev'ry outward grace,
 The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face ;
 The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
 For other beauties nature has deny'd ;
 If affectation show a beauteous mind,
 Lives there a man to *Laura's* merits blind ?

D O R I S.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
 Whose *Deshabille* is foil'd in hackney coach ;
 What though the fast was clos'd, must we conclude,
 That she was yielding, when her Fop was rude ?

M E L A N-

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost.

What Fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost ?
 Secret she loves ; and who the nymph can blame,
 Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame ?

DORIS.

Though *Laura's* homely taste descend so low ;
 Her footman well may vye with *Sylvia's* Beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why should *Laura* think it a disgrace,
 When proud *Miranda's* groom wears *Flander's* lace ?

DORIS.

What, though for musick *Cynthio* boasts an ear ?
Robin perhaps can hum an *Opera* air.
Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well,
Robin talks common sense, can write and spell ;
Sylvia's vain fancy drefs and show admires,
 But 'tis the man alone whom *Laura* fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wife morals *Laura's* soul improve :
 And this no doubt must be *Platonic* love !
 Her soul to gen'rous acts was still inclin'd ;
 What shows more virtue than an humble mind ?

DORIS.

D O R I S.

What though young *Sylvia* love the Park's cool shade,
 And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
 Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark,
 That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

M E L A N T H E.

But *Laura* for her flame has no pretence;
 Her footman is a footman too in sence.
 All Prudes I hate, and those are rightly curst
 With scandal's double load, who censure first.

D O R I S.

And what if *Cynthia Sylvia's* garter ty'd!
 Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
 When crook-kneed *Phillis* can expose to view
 Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

M E L A N T H E.

If pure Devotion center in the face,
 If cens'ring others show intrinsic grace,
 If guilt to publick freedoms be confin'd,
 Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

D O R I S.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint:
 She neither is, nor would be thought a Saint,

M E L A N-

MELANTHE.

Love is a trivial passion, *Laura* cries,
 May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties ;
 To such a breast all secrets we commend ;
 Sure the whole *Drawing-room* is *Laura's* friend.

DORIS.

At marriage *Sylvia* rails ; who men would trust ?
 Yet husband's jealousies are sometimes just.
 Her favours *Sylvia* shares among mankind,
 Such gen'rous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
 With thund'ring raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura with *Sylvia* came ; the nymphs arise :
 This unexpected visit, *Doris* cries,
 Is doubly kind ! *Melantbe* *Laura* led,
 Since I was last so blest, my dear, she said,
 Sure 'tis an age ! they fate ; the hour was set ;
 And all again that night at *Ombre* met.



T H E



THE
FUNERAL,
A Town ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.



WICE had the moon perform'd her
monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast *Sabina's* face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.

And lives *Sabina* when *Fidelio's* dead?

Fidelio's dead, and yet *Sabina* lives.

But see the tribute of her tears she gives;

Their absent Lord her rooms in sable mourn,

And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;

Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,

While oft the snowy Cambric wipes her eyes.

Now

Now enter'd *Lucy*, trusty *Lucy* knew,
 To roll a sleeve, or bear a *Billet-doux* ;
 Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
 With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd,
 She well could flush, or humble a gallant,
 And serve at once as maid and confidant ;
 A letter from her faithful stays she took :
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
 And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
 While *Lucy* strove to sooth her troubled breast.

S A B I N A .

What, still *Myrtillo's* hand ! his flame I scorn,
 Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
 To break our soft repose has man a right,
 And are we doom'd to read whate're they write ?
 Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move,
 My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
 May *Lydia's* wrinkles all my forehead trace,
 And *Celia's* paleness sicken o'er my face,
 May Fops of mine, as *Flavia's* favours, boast,
 And Coquets triumph in my honour lost ;
 May cards employ my nights, and never more
 May these curst eyes behold a Matadore !

Break

Break *China*, perish *Shock*, die *Perroquet*!
 When I *Fidelio*'s dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
 His air was easy, and his dress was plain,
 His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
 And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
 Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
 Alas! they're now no more; *Fidelio*'s dead!

L U C Y.

Yet when he liv'd, he wanted ev'ry grace;
 That easy air was then an aukward pace:
 Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
 His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bread?
 Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
 Call that sweet converse fullen and severe?
 Think not I come to take *Myrtillo*'s part,
 Let *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris* share his heart.
 Let *Chloe*'s love in ev'ry ear express
 His graceful person and genteel address.
 All well may judge, what shaft has *Daphne* hit,
 Who suffers silence to admire his wit.
 His equipage and liv'ries *Doris* move,
 But *Chloe*, *Daphne*, *Doris* fondly love.



Sooner shall Cits in fashions guide the Court,
 And Beaus upon the busy *Change* resort;
 Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
 And fops apartments smoke with *India's* weed,
 Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunn'ry grates,
 Than recommend the flame *Sabina* hates.

S A B I N A.

Because some widows are in haste subdu'd;
 Shall ev'ry fop upon our tears intrude?
 Can I forget my lov'd *Fidelio's* tongue,
 Soft as the warbling of *Italian* song?
 Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
 Fragrant as steams from *Tea's* imperial bloom?

L U C Y.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
 Than squawles of children for an absent nurse.
 Have you not fancy'd in his frequent kiſs
 Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy Miſs?

S A B I N A.

Love, I thy pow'r defy; no second flame,
 Shall ever raze my dear *Fidelio's* name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her Lord,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.

And why should sorrow sit on *Lesbia's* face?
 Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
 No friend, no lover is to *Lesbia* dead,
 For *Lesbia* long had known a sep'rate bed.
 Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast;
 My days, my nights were by *Fidelio* blest!

L U C Y.

You cannot sure forget how oft you said
 His teasing fondness jealousy betray'd!
 When at the Play the neighb'ring box he took,
 You thought you read suspicion in his look;
 When cards and counters flew around the board,
 Have you not wish'd the absence of your Lord?
 His company was then a poor pretence,
 To check the freedoms of a wife's expence!

S A B I N A.

But why should I *Myrtillo's* passion blame,
 Since Love's a fierce involuntary flame?

L U C Y.

Could he the fallies of his heart withstand,
 Why should he not to *Chloe* give his hand?
 For *Chloe's* handfom, yet he flights her flame;
 Last night she fainted at *Sabina's* name.

Why,

Why, *Daphne*, dost thou blast *Sabina's* charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
 At *Crimp Myrtyllo* play'd, in kind regards
Doris dealt love; he only dealt the cards;
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan she rent,
 Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
 Why, *Doris*, dost thou curse *Sabina's* eyes?
 To her *Myrtyllo* is a vulgar prize.

S A B I N A.

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail,
 So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
 No, sooner Plays and Op'ras I'd forswear,
 And change these *China* jars for *Tunbridge* ware;
 Or trust my mother as a Confidant,
 Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt,
 Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
 Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day!





THE
E S P O U S A L,
A Sober ECLOGUE,

Between two of the People called Quakers.

C A L E B. T A B I T H A.



U N D E R the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek *Caleb* at a silent meeting sat ;
His eye-balls off' forgot the holy trance,
While *Tabitha* demure, return'd the
glance.

The Meeting ended, *Caleb* silence broke,
And *Tabitha* her inward yearnings spoke.

C A L E B.

Beloved, see how all things follow love,
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove ;

V O L. II.

F

Yet

Yet fondled lambs their innocenee secure,
 And none can call the turtle's bill impure;
 O fairest of our sisters, let me be
 The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

T A B I T H A.

But, *Caleb*, know that birds of gentle mind
 Eleſt a mate among the ſober kind,
 Not the mockaws, all deck'd in ſcarlet pride,
 Entice their mild and modeſt hearts aſide;
 But thou, vain man, beguil'd by Popiſh ſhows,
 Doateſt on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
 If thy falſe heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
 Go, wed the painted arch in ſummer ſkies;
 Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
 Strong at the firſt, but paſſeth ſoon away.

C A L E B.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
 When vice miſ-led me through the harlot's ways;
 When I with wanton look thy ſex beheld,
 And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
 Then parti-colour'd pride my heart might move
 With lace; the net to catch unhallow'd love.
 All ſuch-like love is fading as the flower,
 Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:

But

But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sifter holds a sin.

T A B I T H A.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falshood own, and say I am betray'd ;
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes ;
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine !
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine !

C A L E B.

How bitter are thy words ! forbear to tease,
I too might blame — but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of *Newington*,
Jesiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk ?
Ah Jealousy ! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side ?
For verily no gift the sifers take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

T A B I T H A.

I own, *Jesiah* gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of *Quare* employ ;



When *Caleb* hath assign'd some happy day,
 I look on this and chide the hours delay :
 And when *Josiah* would his love pursue,
 On this I look and shun his wanton view.
 Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move,
 The only present love demands is love.

C A L E B.

Ah *Tabitha*, to hear these words of thine
 My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine !
 When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
 Thy spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
 How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
 Red as the cherry from the *Kentish* tree ;
 When Extasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
 Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
 With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
 How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs !
 Words that with holy sighs might others move,
 But, *Tabitha*, my sighs were sighs of love.

T A B I T H A.

Is *Tabitha* beyond her wishes blest ?
 Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast ?
 Then hear me, *Caleb*, witness what I speak,
 This solemn promise death alone can break ;

Sooner

Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
 And with immodest fav'rites shade my face,
 Sooner like *Babylon's* lewd whore be drest
 In glaring di'monds and a scarlet vest,
 Or make a curtsy in Cathedral pew,
 Than prove inconstant, while my *Caleb's* true.

C A L E B.

When I prove false, and *Tabitha* forsake,
 Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
 Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
 And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

T A B I T H A.

If that *Josiah* were with passion fir'd,
 Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
 In steady love though he might persevere,
 Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
 And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
 Light as the feather on the head of Beaus;
 Yet I for thee would all the sex resign,
 Sisters, take all the rest — be *Caleb* mine.

C A L E B.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
 And all the concubines of all the Lords,



Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
 Whose velvet chairs are with adult'ry lame;
 Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
 The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
 I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
 More sweet than powder which the merchants sell;
 O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
 Enjoy, ye Lords, the wanton concubine,
 The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
 To see the primrose and the daisy bloom,
 Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
 Sisters esteem the brethrens word sincere.

T A B I T H A.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
 For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw.
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
 This tenet all the holy sect allows;
 So *Tabitha* took earnest of a spouse.

M I S C E L-