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Poems On Several Occasions

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London, 1745

The Toilette, A Town Eclogue. Lydia.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1716



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

80 E C L O G U E S.

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