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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

Araminta, an Elegy.

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## ARAMINTA.

## An ELEGY.

NOW *Phæbus* rose; and with his early beams  
 Wak'd slumb'ring *Delia* from her pleasing dreams;  
 Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,  
 And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.  
 With secret joy she saw the morning ray  
 Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;  
 The happy morn that shall her bliss compleat,  
 And all her rivals envious hopes defeat.  
 In haste she rose; forgetful of her pray'rs,  
 Flew to the glafs, and practis'd o'er her airs:  
 Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,  
 Some in a brilliant buckle bind her wait;  
 Some round her neck a circling light display,  
 Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;  
 The silver knot o'erlooks the *Mechlen* lace,  
 And adds becoming beauties to her face:

Brocaded

Brocaded flow'rs o'er the gay manteau shine,  
 And the rich stays her taper shape confine :  
 Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,  
 And sporting Loves surround th' expecting bride,  
 For *Daphnis* now attends the blushing maid,  
 Before the Priest their solemn vows are paid ;  
 This day which ends at once all *Delia's* cares,  
 Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.  
 Cease, *Araminta*, 'tis in vain to grieve,  
 Canst thou from *Hymen's* bonds the youth retrieve ?  
 Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn :  
 Recall my love, and find a sure return.

But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,  
 And with Resentment cherishes her woes ;  
 Alone she pines, and in these mournful strains,  
 Of *Daphnis' vows*, and her own fate complains.

Was it for this I sparkled at the *Play*,  
 And loiter'd in the *Ring* whole hours 'away ?  
 When if thy chariot in the circle shone,  
 Our mutual passion by our looks was known :  
 Through the gay croud my watchful glances flew,  
 Where-e'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.

Ab





116 MISCELLANIES.

*Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;  
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

Think, *Daphnis*, think that scarce five days are fled,  
Since (O false tongue!) those treach'rous things you said;  
How did you praise my shape and graceful air!  
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.  
Didst not thou then in rapture speak thy flame,  
And in soft sighs breathe *Araminta's* name?  
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,  
And with an awful trembling, say---I love?

*Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain:  
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?  
How could I thus, unguarded maid, believe?  
Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,  
When subtle love first enter'd at my fight:  
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,  
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!  
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,  
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;

My

My looks spoke love ; while you with answ'ring eyes,  
 In killing glances made as kind replies.  
 Think, *Daphnis*, think, what tender things you said,  
 Think what confusion all my soul betray'd ;  
 You call'd my graceful presence *Cynthia's* air,  
 And when I sung, the *Syrens* charm'd your ear ;  
 My flame blown up by flatt'ry stronger grew,  
 A gale of love in ev'ry whisper flew.

*Oh faithless youth ! too well you saw my pain ;  
 For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,  
 Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name ;  
 Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,  
 That thy dear image rose before my view ;  
 She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,  
 And wounded *Delia's* fame to sooth my spleen :  
 When she beheld me at the name grow pale,  
 Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale ;  
 And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,  
 I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.  
 Oh, *Daphnis* ! from thy *Araminta* fled !  
 Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead !

Like



Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,  
And ever part me from the man I love.

*Ab faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;  
For eyes the language of the soul explain.*

O might I by my cruel fate be thrown,  
In some retreat far from this hateful town! \*  
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!  
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue,  
Me, let some melancholy shade surround,  
Where not the print of human step is found.  
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,  
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove;  
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,  
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound;  
Musick adieu, farewell *Italian* airs!  
The croaking raven now shall sooth my cares,  
On some old ruine lost in thought I rest,  
And think how *Araminta* once was blest;  
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,  
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose,  
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,  
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles;