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**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

To a young Lady with some Lampreys.

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T O A

*Young Lady, with some LAMPREYS.*

**W**ITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion  
 By presents to convey their passion :  
 No matter what the gift they sent,  
 The Lady saw that love was meant.  
 Fair *Atalanta*, as a favour,  
 Took the boar's head her Hero gave her ;  
 Nor could the bristly thing affront her,  
 'Twas a fit present from a hunter.  
 When Squires send woodcocks to the dame,  
 It serves to show their absent flame :  
 Some by a snip of woven hair,  
 In posed lockets bribe the fair ;  
 How many mercenary matches,  
 Have sprung from Di'mond-rings and watches !  
 But hold — a ring, a watch, a locket,  
 Would drain at once a Poet's pocket ;  
 He should send songs that cost him nought,  
 Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.

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G

Why

Why then send Lampreys? fy, for shame!  
 'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.  
 This to fifteen a proper gift!  
 It might lend sixty-five a lift.

I know your maiden Aunt will scold,  
 And think my present somewhat bold.  
 I see her lift her hands and eyes.

' What eat it, Niece; eat *Spanish* flies!  
 ' Lamprey's a most immodest diet:  
 You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.  
 ' Should I to-night eat Sago cream,  
 ' 'Twould make me blush to tell my dream;  
 ' If I eat Lobster, 'tis so warming,  
 ' That ev'ry man I see looks charming;  
 ' Wherefore had not the filthy fellow?  
 ' Laid *Rochester* upon your pillow?  
 ' I vow and swear, I think the present  
 ' Had been as modest and as decent.

, Who has her virtue in her power?  
 ' Each day has its unguarded hour;

Always



‘ Always in danger of undoing,  
 ‘ A prawn, a shrimp may prove our ruin!

‘ The shepherdes, who lives on fallad,  
 ‘ To cool her youth, controuls her palate ;  
 ‘ Should *Dian's* Maids turn liqu’rish livers,  
 ‘ And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,  
 ‘ Then all beside each glade and Visto  
 ‘ You’d see Nymphs lying like *Calisto*.

‘ The man who meant to heat your blood,  
 ‘ Needs not himself such vicious food —

In this, I own, your Aunt is clear,  
 I sent you what I well might spare :  
 For when I see you, (without joking)  
 Your eyes, lips, breasts are so provoking,  
 They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,  
 Than could whole seas of cray-fish soupe.

