

**Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

**Digitalisierung von Drucken**

**Poems On Several Occasions**

**Gay, John**

**London, 1745**

The Lady's Lamentation. A Ballad.

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



THE  
LADY'S LAMENTATION.  
A BALLAD.

## I.

**P**HYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream  
In the grove, or by the stream;  
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.  
What, alas! should fill her head  
But a fountain or a mead,  
Water and a willow?

## II.

Love in cities never dwells,  
He delights in rural cells  
Which sweet wood-bine covers.  
What are your *Assemblies* then?  
There, 'tis true, we see more men;  
But much fewer lovers.

## III.

Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows!  
Flocks and herds to Fops and Beaus,  
Coxcombs without number!

G 5

Moon



Moon and stars that shone so bright,  
 To the torch and waxen light,  
 And whole nights at *Ombre*.

## IV.

Pleasant as it is, to hear  
 Scandal tickling in our ear,  
 Ev'n of our own mothers;  
 In the chit-chat of the day,  
 To us is pay'd, when we're away,  
 What we lent to others.

## V.

Though the fav'rite *Toast* I reign;  
 Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,  
 Heightens defamation.  
 Must I live 'twixt spight and fear,  
 Ev'ry day grow hanfomer,  
 And lose my reputation?

## VI.

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,  
 Her empty purse beside her lay.  
 Nymph, ah cease thy sorrow.  
 Though curst fortune frown to-night;  
 This odious town can give delight  
 If you win to-morrow.

DAMON