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Poems On Several Occasions

Gay, John

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The Fan. A Poem. Book III.

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THE
F A N.
A
P O E M.

BOOK III.



HUS *Momus* spoke. When sage *Minerva*
rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution
flows,

Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.

VOL. I.

D

A

As Gods are blest'd with a superior skill,
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,
 Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
 To bid the paint express her great design.
 Th' assembled Pow'rs consent. She now began,
 And her creating pencil stain'd the fan.

5

10

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,
 Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
 Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.
 Thus have I seen woods, hills and dales appear,
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
 In darken'd Rooms, where light can only pass
 Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
 The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.

15

20

She various Fables on the piece design'd,
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.

The fate of Pride in *Niobe* she drew:
 Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue:

In

In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30
 She made *Latona's* altars cease to flame,
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name,
 To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.
 Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loyns were born, 35
 Sev'n graceful Sons her nuptial bed adorn,
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
 Were by *Latona's* double offspring slain.
 Here *Phæbus* his unerring arrow drew,
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw, 40
 His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;
 When heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.



This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
 The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 55
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
 And o'er their grasping brothers weeping flood ;
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60
 Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,
 With her wide robe protects her only care ;
 To save her only care in vain she tries,
 Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose,
 Fixt in astonishment she weeping flood,
 The plain all purple with her children's blood ;
 She stiffens with her woes ; no more her hair
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air ; 70
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide ;

All

All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display, 75
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similies adore,
Though from your features *Cupid* borrows arms,
And Goddesses confess inferior charms, 80
Do not, vain Maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours *Procris*' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives; bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent your peace.



For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents,
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the *Volscian* Queen expir'd,
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd ; 100
 Gay *Chlorens'* arms attract her longing eyes,
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody ground, 105
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays ; 110
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wandering eyes ;
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young *Narcissus* o'er the fountain stood, 115
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood ; The

The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,
Eccho in vain the flying boy pursu'd, 120
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires :
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows. 126

Let vain *Narcissus* warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130
 Oh *Araminta*, cease thy wonted pride,
 No longer in thy faithless charms confide ;
 E'en while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies ! 135

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine,
 And all the pow'rs applaud the wise design.

The *Cyprian* Queen the painted gift receives,
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves,



To the low World she bends her steepy way
 Where *Strephon* pass'd the solitary day; 140
 She found him in a melancholy grove,
 His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love,
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
 And ev'ry tree bore false *Corinna's* name;
 In a cool shade he lay with folded Arms, 145
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
 When *Venus* to his wondring eyes appears,
 And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,
 Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway, 150
 This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
 And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
 And various fashions learn from various lands.
 For this, shall elephants their ivory shed; 155
 And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
 His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
 And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
 On this shall *Indians* all their art employ,
 And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; 160
 Their

Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
 Their dress, their customs, their religion show,
 So shall the *British* fair their minds improve,
 And on the fan to distant climates rove.
 Here *China's* ladies shall their pride display, 165
 And silver figures gild their loose array ;
 This boasts her little feet and winking eyes ;
 That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies :
 Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
 There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170
 The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,
 Through which unseen the female ogle flies ;
 This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
 And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
 Gay *France* shall make the fan her artist's care, 175
 And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
 As learned orators that touch the heart,
 With various action raise their soothing art,
 Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,
 And humour each expression of the tongue. 180
 So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
 From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While *Venus* spoke, joy shone in *Strephon's* eyes,
 Proud of the gift, he to *Corinna* flies.

D 5

But

But *Cupid* (who delights in am'rous ill, 185
 Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
 With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
 Which to *Leander's* panting bosom flew:
Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame
 In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame; 190
 Sweet smiles *Corinna* to his sighs returns,
 And for the sop in equal passion burns.

Lo *Strephon* comes! and with a suppliant bow,
 Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of *Niobe* beheld, 195
 Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?
 She sighing cry'd: Disdain forsook her breast,
 And *Strephon* now was thought a worthy guest.

In *Procris's* bosom when she saw the dart;
 She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200
 Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
 And knows her *Strephon's* constancy sincere.

When on *Camilla's* fate her eye she turns,
 No more for show and equipage she burns;
 She

She learns *Leander's* passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

205

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies,
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.

210

Thus *Pallas* taught her! *Strepbon* weds the dame,
And *Hymen's* torch diffus'd the brightest flame.



THE

20

And look on me, with differing eyes,
The former looks, and smiles to see

How often change to the vain wife is shown,
Who trusts to beauty, with the fading of
Whom time has spent, with youth her beauty flies,
How often ye witness, on the look and die

Thus Falter taught her, how to wear the down,
And youth's torch kindled the bright flame.

T H D



