

How oft do I admire with fond delight
 The curious piece, and wish like you to write !
 Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire
 To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :
 Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,
 And I in vain to imitate them try ;
 Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,
 To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.



The ART of DANCING. A POEM.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730. By the Same.

Incessu patuit Dea.

VIRG.

CANTO I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
 Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
 To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
 And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
 I teach ; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
 Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre ;
 When FIELDING bids your kind assistance bring,
 And at her feet the lowly tribute fling ;

Oh

Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)

What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!

Hail loftiest art! thou can'st all hearts insnare,

And make the fairest still appear more fair.

Beauty can little execution do,

Unless she borrows half her arms from you!

Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeless charms,

Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;

But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,

When art and motion wake the sleeping fire:

A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,

May for awhile our wond'ring eyes command,

But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,

The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;

So fair a nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,

Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,

But when her charms are in the dance display'd,

Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid:

This sets her beauty in the fairest light,

And shews each grace in full perfection bright;

Then, as she turns around, from every part,

Like porcupines she sends a piercing dart;

In vain, alas! the fond spectator tries

To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,

For Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind,

With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd:

Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,

Or the slow Louvre's more majestick pace,

Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
 Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
 At every step new beauties we explore,
 And worship now, what we admir'd before:
 So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
 Fair Venus met, the charming queen of Love,
 The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
 Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood;
 But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien
 And graceful step confess'd bright Beauty's queen,
 New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
 And all the Goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
 What dresses best become the dancer, say;
 The rules of dress forget not to impart,
 A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldiers scarlet glowing from afar,
 Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
 Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
 As plainly speaks divinity within;
 The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
 Wrapt in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
 Whilst the soft Belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
 Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
 The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
 Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
 But load the dancer with too great a weight,
 And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;

Rather

Rather let him his active limbs display

In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy.

Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press;

But airy, light, and easy be his dress;

Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,

So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,

Precepts which use will better teach, than song;

For why should I the gallant spark command,

With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?

Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,

And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?

Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,

Should from its filken bandage be unty'd?

Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,

Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise;

So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,

And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?

Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,

Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,

The pointed steel shall oft' their stocking rend,

And oft' th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,

With pleasing smiles my useful labours view:

For you the silkworms fine-wrought webs display,

And lab'ring spin their little lives away,

For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,

Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow,

For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
 And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore ;
 In vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows,
 Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
 One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all ;
 One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
 To make the finish'd piece compleatly fine ;
 When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
 And rich in native beauties, wants no arts :
 In some are such resistless graces found,
 That in all dresses they are sure to wound ;
 Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
 And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair Nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
 A constant blush, be clad in chearful green ;
 In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go ;
 So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow :
 The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
 With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own :
 While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
 The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear ;
 So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
 Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
 That wound with painted charms unwary hearts,
 Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
 Nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies :

Tho'

Tho' for awhile we may with wonder view
 The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
 Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow :
 So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground,
 Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow ;
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes :
 Till Zeyhyr breathes, then all at once decay
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size,
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round,
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a wound.
 Nor shou'd the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,
 In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist ;
 Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,
 Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear ;
 Oft' will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
 On the approaching button rough with gold,
 Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
 When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd :

So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r,
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
 Ever be sure to tye her garter fast,
 Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
 A wish'd for prize to some proud fop should fall,
 Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,
 And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
 She humbles many, some delights to raise)
 It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
 By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
 And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
 BRITANNIA'S nobles grace, if Fame says true:
 Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
 Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,
 Still thy lost Garter is thy sov'reign's care,
 And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
 Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
 Lay not, ye fear, the pretty toy aside,
 A toy at once display'd, for use and pride,
 A wond'rous engine, that by magick charms,
 Cools your own breast, and ev'ry other's warms,
 What daring hard shall e'er attempt to tell
 The pow'rs, that in this little weapon dwell?

What

What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
 Its numerous uses, motions, charms and arts ?
 Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
 Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
 When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
 If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill :
 Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
 And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
 When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
 Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame ;
 Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
 Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap ?

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
 Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing ;
 Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
 From whence this engine took its form and name,
 Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
 How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
 There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,
 A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly blooming face,
 FANNY the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair ;
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string,
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
 Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,
 And spreads on every tree, inclos'd in knots of love ;

}
As

As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun, now mounted high,
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was lay'd;
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
A blush, that added to their native red,
And her fair breasts, as polish'd marble white,
Were half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight;
ÆOLUS the mighty God, whom winds obey,
Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay,
O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight;
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
Would not command one Zephyr to repair
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,
With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name,

C A N T O II.

NOW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
 The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths advance;
 The spacious room receives each jovial guest,
 And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd;
 Thick rang'd on every side, with various dyes
 The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize;
 So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
 A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
 Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
 And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
 High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
 Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
 Their sparkling beams that still more brightly glow,
 Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
 Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair
 With breathing Zephyrs move the circling air,
 The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre
 Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
 Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
 While music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But

But stay, rash pair, not yet untaught advance,
First hear the Muse, ere you attempt to dance:

* By art directed o'er the foaming tide
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein:
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd, and free,
Hence lost in error and uncertainty,
No precepts did in mind, or rules obey,
But every master taught a diff'rent way;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,
Thro' various hands in wild confusion tofs'd,
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,
And did the dance in characters compose,
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And every step in lasting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And every dance in ev'ry clime be read.

* *Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,
Arte leves currus.*

OVID.

† ——— *Nec audit currus habenas.*

VIRG.

‡ *Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by characters in French,
since translated by Weaver.*

By

By distant masters shall each step be seen,
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
 Hence, with her sister arts, shall Dancing claim
 An equal right to universal fame,
 And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,
 As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
 Dispenses various gifts to every land,
 To every nation frugally imparts
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
 To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
 Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms;
 BRITANNIA justly glories to have found
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around:
 But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,
 Whether she forms, or executes the dance;
 To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
 The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
 Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,
 * That from their native country take their name,
 With these let every ball be first begun,
 Nor country dance intrude till these are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
 First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing,

* *French dances.*

And

And if he finds that with uncommon fire
 The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
 At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
 And sings alone of heroes and of gods ;
 But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
 He then descends to softer elegy ;
 And if in elegy he can't succeed,
 In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed :
 So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
 With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove ;
 Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
 Endowments proper for the dancing art,
 If in himself he feels together join'd,
 An active body and ambitious mind,
 In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
 Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance ;
 If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
 Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace :
 Is this too hard ? this too let him forbear,
 And to the Country-dance confine his care.

Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
 To keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd ;
 All other errors they in vain shall mend,
 Who in this one important point offend ;
 For this, when now united hand in hand
 Eager to start the youthful couple stand ;
 Let them awhile their nimble feet restrain,
 And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain :

So for the race prepar'd two courfers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where Nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise;
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
A stupid dulness, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning-tops, run round and round;
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only to advantage dress'd;
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye,
Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that every stander-by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to your feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,

Not

Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
 In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien :
 'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
 When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball ;
 Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,
 And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
 (Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
 And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
 Her charms, declines the circulating hand ;
 Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
 And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :
 But ere they come, permit me to disclose,
 How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)
 When Albion's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,
 In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,
 Where the pule moon diffus'd her silver light,
 On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
 The sporting fairies their assemblies held :
 Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,
 Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
 And music warble thro' the groves around ;
 Oft' lonely shepherds by the forest side,
 Belated peasants oft' their revels spy'd,
 And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale,
 Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.

Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
 And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
 Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,
 And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,
 The ruddy maids, and sun-burnt swains resort,
 And practise every night the lovely sport;
 On every side Æolian artists stand,
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command,
 The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
 And blow in ev'ry breast a generous fire.

Thus taught at first the country-dance began,
 And hence to cities and to courts it ran,
 Succeeding ages did in time impart
 Various improvements to the lovely art:
 From fields and groves to palaces remov'd;
 Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd;
 Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,
 Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
 Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,
 To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic Muse appear'd,
 Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
 Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made
 The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade,
 The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
 And in a cart the strolling actors rode:
 Till time at length improv'd the great design,
 And bade the scenes with painted landships shine;

Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
 And theatres of Parian marble rose,
 Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
 And Gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let every youth prepare
 To choose a partner from the mingled fair;
 Vain would he hear th' instructed Muse's voice,
 If she pretended to direct his choice:
 Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,
 And charms in different forms each different breast;
 A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
 Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires.
 Small waists and slender limbs some hearts ensnare,
 While others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments sway,
 Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
 And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
 Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:
 Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
 When she should move, and when she should be still,
 Who uninstructed can perform her share,
 And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.
 Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
 Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state
 With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
 Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
 And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
 A moving puppet, but without a mind:

Still

Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
 Yet ne'er can teach so fast, as she can stray,
 Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
 And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
 Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
 Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight:
 While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
 And snowy bubbles pull'd above the stays,
 Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare,
 The fond impatience of the starting fair.
 And see the sprightly dance is now begun!
 Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
 Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
 Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:
 So, in a wheel with rapid fury toss'd,
 The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a guide,
 To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
 The Muse's precepts here wou'd useless be,
 Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
 Let him but to the musick's voice attend,
 By this instructed, he can ne'er offend;
 If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
 In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
 If others lead, let him their motions view,
 And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In every Country-dance a serious mind,
 Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find ;
 In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
 Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :
 Thus in Round-dances, where our partners change,
 And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
 As soon as one from his own consort flies,
 Another seizes on the lovely prize :
 Awhile the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
 Till the next comer steals her from his arms,
 New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;
 How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
 Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
 A model more exact than dancing name,
 Of the creation's universal frame ?
 Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
 In a bright regular confusion stray ;
 Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
 Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
 Now meet in the same order they began,
 And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the mor'lif find a juster plan
 Of the vain labours, and the life of man ?
 Awhile thro' justling crowds we toil, and sweat,
 And eagerly pursue we know not what,
 Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
 Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho'

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
 Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
 Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
 That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
 Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
 Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
 When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
 Nor for your joys all others steps delay:
 But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
 And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,
 There rest awhile: there snatch the fleeting blifs,
 The tender whisper, and the balmy kifs;
 Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
 And her moist palm with eager fingers press;
 With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
 When musick melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
 Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
 Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
 And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
 Then when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
 And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
 With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare
 Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
 And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
 Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
 And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,

}

Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
 Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;
 With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
 Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry snow;
 While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,
 Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
 To chill their mantling blood with cold small beer;
 Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
 When thus forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muse;
 Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
 No^r hazard future pains, for present joy,
 Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
 A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
 The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
 Thro' every maze her pupils she has led,
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread;
 No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
 But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
 On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;
 Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
 And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work completely finish'd lies,
 Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
 Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
 Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;

As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear;
So long the brightest eye shall oft peruse
The useful lines of my instructive Muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.



THE MODERN
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746. By the Same.

*Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.*

JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and raw;
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,
His honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,
Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance.
Thence having quick thro' various countries flown,
Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before: