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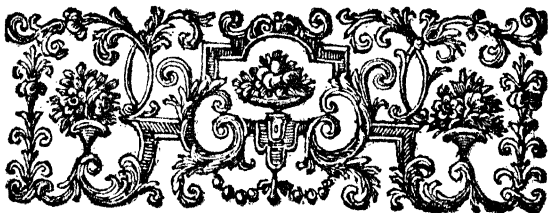
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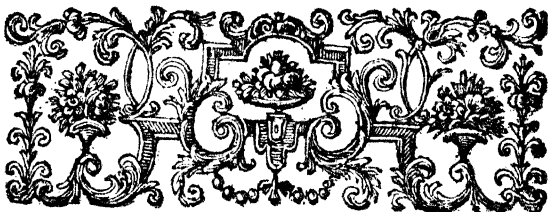
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“**T**HE debt which the man of liberal education owes to the great minds of former ages is incalculable. They have guided him to truth ; they have filled his mind with noble and graceful images. They have stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides by ; fortune is inconstant ; tempers are soured ; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity.”—LORD MACAULAY.





OVID

ART OF LOVE



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Introduction

OVID was the poet of the days of Roman decadence, when the people of the great empire of Rome were seeking those pleasures which ultimately overthrew the old virtue and force of character of a race that ruled the world. The smooth-flowing, gaily-tripping, harmonious metres of Ovid were admirably suited to the luxurious sentiments of that age, and perhaps the best example of his poetic skill is "The Art of Love." As an amatory poem it is unsurpassed, and even in those days of license it was considered more powerful and startling than anything either Ovid or any of the other writers of his school had attempted. It contains much genuine poetry and displays considerable artistic refinement, while it is valuable in common with Ovid's other works for the mythological information it conveys in so attractive a guise. A great many translations of his poetry were produced in English in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the pens of Dryden, Congreve, the Earl of Rochester, and many other writers being employed upon them. The translation we now present is mainly from such

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sources, but the coarseness and indelicacy of expression then too often evident have been carefully expunged, and the original poem thereby more nearly reproduced. To all students of the decadent period of Roman history and literature, "The Art of Love" must be of great interest as an expression of the Pagan view of human morality and the relations of the sexes, apart altogether from its literary value, much of which is naturally lost in translation.

Publius Ovidius Naso was born at Sulmo, B.C. 48. He was trained for the Bar, but never practised in the courts, being indolent and of weak constitution. His exalted birth and independent fortune gave him easy access to the fashionable and cultured society of Rome, and early developing poetic talent, he devoted his art to the service of pleasure and luxurious taste. The great Roman wits Tibullus, Severus, Sabinus, Horace, and others were among the intimate admirers of his genius; but amid an environment of sensual enjoyment, it was not surprising that Ovid should himself become addicted to the many forms of licentiousness then prevalent. His vagrant amours were probably not of long duration, as we find that he married when young, but divorced his first and second wives and then married a third, Perilla, whom he has frequently celebrated in verse for her beauty, virtue, and constancy.

But at the age of fifty the gay-hearted, gallant, reckless and amatory Ovid, suddenly incurring the displeasure of the Emperor Augustus, became transformed into a broken-hearted exile wearing out a burdensome life on the shores of the Danube, seeking

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in vain for sympathy, and striving by fulsome adulation to move the clemency and obtain the forgiveness of the Emperor. The exact cause of Ovid's banishment in 9 A.D. can only be surmised. He himself mentions two charges, a "song" and an "error." The song probably refers to "The Art of Love," to which the Emperor may have traced references to evil influences in the imperial family, though this seems somewhat improbable, as the poem had been written ten years before the banishment. The "error" may have reference to an amour of great profligacy in which Ovid detected Augustus, and of which the Emperor dreaded exposure. But whatever may have been the offence, Augustus would never consent to pardon him, and the poet was forced to end his days in exile.

Ovid died in the sixtieth year of his age. The people raised a tomb to his memory, and paid him many superstitious honours.

CHARLES W. RYLE.



The Art of Love

BOOK I

IN Cupid's school, whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments by reading me.
Seamen with sailing art their vessels move,
Art guides the chariot ; art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule ;
But I am master in Love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god : but yet the god's a child
Easy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupilage ;
That hero, born for conquest, trembling stood
Before the Centaur, and received the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art ; and taught his warlike hands to wind
The silver strings of his melodious lyre,
So Love's fair goddess does my soul inspire
To teach her softer arts ; to soothe the mind,
And smooth the rugged breasts of human kind.

Yet Cupid and Achilles, each with scorn
And rage were fill'd ; and both were goddess-born.

THE ART OF LOVE

The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws ;
The horse receives the bit within his jaws.
And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my sway,
Though struggling oft he strives to disobey.
He shakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts ;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my soul, or wounds my sight,
The more he teaches to revenge the spite.

I boast no aid the Delphian god affords,
Nor auspice from the flight of chatt'ring birds.
Nor Clio, nor her sisters, have I seen,
As Hesiod saw them on the shady green :
Experience makes my work a truth so try'd,
You may believe ; and Venus be my guide.

Far hence ye vestals be, who bind your hair ;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear :
I sing of amours loose and unconfin'd,
Th' unpunishable pleasures of the kind ;
Which all alike, for love or money, find.

You, who in Cupid's roll inscribe your name,
First seek an object worthy of your flame ;
Then strive with art your lady's mind to gain ;
And, last, provide your love may long remain.
On these three precepts all our work shall move ;
These are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppress'd,
Make choice of one who suits your humour best ;
And such a damsel drops not from the sky :
She must be sought for with a curious eye.

THE ART OF LOVE

The wary angler in the winding brook,
Knows what the fish, and where to bait the hook.
The fowler and the huntsman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game;
So must the lover beat the likeliest grounds,
Th' assemblies where his quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my novice wander far astray,
These rules shall put him in the ready way ;
Thou shalt not sail around the continent,
As far as Perseus, or as Paris went ;
For Rome alone affords thee such a store,
As all the world can hardly shew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer stars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman sphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning sweetness, in unartful truth,
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth ;
Here may'st thou find thy full desires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties please thy sight
(An age that knows to give and take delight),
Millions of matrons of the graver sort,
In common prudence will not balk the sport.

In summer's heats thou need'st but only go
To Pompey's cool and shady portico ;
Or Concord's fane, or that proud edifice,
Whose turrets near the shady suburbs rise ;
Or to that other portico, where stands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of rest,

THE ART OF LOVE

To plunge their poignards in the bridegroom's breast ;
Or Venus' temple ; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Assyrian rites.
Nor shun the Jewish walk, where the foul dove
On Sabbaths, rests from everything but love.
But, above all, the playhouse is the place ;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chase,
There take thy stand, and sharply looking out,
Soon may'st thou find a mistress in the rout ;
For length of time, or for a single bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair ;
Like ants on mole-hills, thither they repair :
Like bees to hives, so numerously they throng,
It may be said, they to that place belong.
Thither they swarm, who have the public voice ;
There choose, if plenty not distracts thy choice ;
To see, and to be seen, in heaps they run ;
Some to undo, and some to be undone.

From Romulus the rise of plays began,
To his new subjects a commodious man :
Who, his unmarried soldiers to supply,
Took care the commonwealth should multiply ;
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of slaves.
His playhouse, not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it spread with purple sails for shade,
The stage with rushes or with leaves they strew'd ;
No scenes in prospect, no machining god.
On rows of homely turf they sat to see,
Crown'd with wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they sat in rustic majesty,

THE ART OF LOVE

Each lover had his mistress in his eye :
And whom he saw most suiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape design'd,
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haste,
But ere the dances and the songs were past,
The monarch gave the signal from his throne ;
And rising bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like soldiers ready press'd,
Just at the word (the word too was the best),
With joyful cries each other animate ;
Some choose, and some at hazard seize their mate :
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawless lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear ;
Some rend the lovely tresses of their hair,
Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb despair.
Her absent mother one invokes in vain ;
One stands amaz'd, not daring to complain ;
The nimbler trust their feet, the slow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and blushing to the genial bed.
She who too long resisted or deny'd,
The lusty lover made by force a bride ;
And with superior strength, compell'd her to his side.
Then sooth'd her thus : " My soul's far better part,
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart ;
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that solemn vow I pass ! "
Thus Romulus became so popular ;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war ;
To pay his army, and fresh loves to bring :
Who would not fight for such a gracious king ?

THE ART OF LOVE

Thus love in theatres did first improve,
And theatres are still the scene of love.
Nor shun the chariots and the courser's race ;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there for taking on the hand,
Nor nods, nor signs, which lovers understand ;
But boldly next the fair your seat provide,
Close as you can to hers, and side by side.
Pleas'd or displeas'd no matter ; crowding sit,
For so the laws of public shows permit.
Then find occasion to begin discourse ;
Inquire whose chariot this, and whose that horse ?
To whatsoever side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind :
Like what she likes, from whence your court begin ;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the statues of the deities
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize ;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion rise.
If dust be on her lap, or grains of sand,
Brush both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet brush that nothing thence ;
And still to touch her lap make some pretence.
Touch anything of hers : and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not sweep in vain ;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean.
Observe who sits behind her : and beware,
Lest his encroaching knee should press the fair.
Light service takes light minds ; for some can tell
Of favours won by laying cushions well :
By fanning faces, some their fortune meet ;
And some for laying footstools for their feet.

THE ART OF LOVE

These overtures of love the Circus gives ;
Nor at the sword-play less the lover thrives ;
For there the son of Venus fights his prize ;
And deepest wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying dart ;
And of the spectacle is made a part.

Cæsar would represent a naval fight,
For his own honour, and for Rome's delight.
From either sea the youths and maidens come ;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome !
In this vast concourse, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame ?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad ;
And the remaining east to Rome will add.
Rejoice ye Roman soldiers in your urns,
Your ensigns from the Parthians shall return ;
And the slain Crassi shall no longer mourn.
A youth is sent those trophies to demand,
And bears his father's thunder in his hand :
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unseen,
In childhood, all of Cæsar's race are men,
Celestial seeds shoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no full delay.
Thus infant Hercules the snakes did press,
And in his cradle did his sire confess.
Bacchus a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early spoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops shall lead to fight :
And thus shall vanquish in your father's right.

THE ART OF LOVE

These rudiments you to your lineage owe ;
Born to increase your titles as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren slain,
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country, and restore his throne.
Your enemies assert an impious cause ;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cause they are o'ercome !
Subject them too by force of arms to Rome.
Great father Mars, with greater Cæsar join,
To give a prosp'rous omen to your line :
One of you is, and one shall be, divine.
I prophesy you shall, you shall o'ercome,
My verse shall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verse, exhort to loud alarms,
O were my numbers equal to your arms !
Then would I sing the Parthians' overthrow ;
Their shot averse sent from a flying bow,
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O, when will come the day, by heav'n design'd,
When thou the best and fairest of mankind,
Drawn by white horses shall in triumph ride,
With conquer'd slaves attending on thy side ;
Slaves, that no longer can be safe in flight ;
O glorious object ! O surprising sight !
O day of public joy, too good to end in night !
On such a day, if thou, and next to thee,
Some beauty sits the spectacle to see ;
If she inquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden springs,

THE ART OF LOVE

Answer to all thou know'st ; and if need be,
Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly :
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds ; and there
Flows the swift Tigris with his sea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before ;
Call this Armenia ; that the Caspian shore ;
Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth :
Talk probably, no matter for the truth.

In feasts, as at our shows, new means abound ;
More pleasure there than that of wine is found !
The Paphian goddess there her ambush lays,
And Love, betwixt the horns of Bacchus, plays :
Desires increase at ev'ry swelling draught,
Brisk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford,
But wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He shakes his pinions, but he cannot move ;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin love ;
Wine warms the blood, and makes the spirits flow ;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go :
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak ;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a rosy cheek.
Bold truth it speaks, and, spoken, dares maintain ;
And brings our old simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the cup, and fills it higher ;
Wine feeds the flame, and fuel adds to fire.
But choose no mistress in the drunken fit ;
Wine gilds too much their beauty and their wit.
Nor trust thy judgment when the tapers dance ;
But sober, and by day, thy suit advance ;
By daylight Paris judg'd the beauteous three,

THE ART OF LOVE

And for the fairest did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark disguise.
The sun's fair light each error will confess,
In face, in shape, in jewels, and in dress.
Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound ?
'Tis loss of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ships at anchor ride,
And wholesome streams from sulphur fountains glide ;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are less healthful than they thought ;
Or Dian's fane, which near the suburb lies,
Where priests, for their promotion, fight a prize ;
That maiden goddess is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his subjects undergo.

Thus far the sportful Muse, with myrtle bound,
Has sung where lovely lasses may be found.
Now let me sing, how she who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend,
And all you vulgar to my school attend :

First then, believe all women may be won ;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The grasshopper shall first forbear to sing
In summer season, or the birds in spring,
Than women can resist your flatt'ring skill ;
E'en she will yield, who swears she never will.
To secret pleasure both the sexes move ;
But women most, who most dissemble love.
'Twere best for us, if they would first declare,

THE ART OF LOVE

Avow their passion, and submit to pray'r.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame ;
The neighing mare invites the stallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his lust than they,
And more than woman, can his passion sway.
All women are content that men should woo,
She who complains, and she who will not do.
Rest then secure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love :
And yet how can'st thou miss, since womankind
Is frail in vain ; and still to change inclin'd ?
Old husbands and stale gallants they despise ;
And more another's than their own they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field,
More milk his kine from swelling udders yield.
First gain the maid ; by her thou shalt be sure
A free access, and easy to procure :
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the secret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promises, and pray'rs ;
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy suit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is when they find her in a merry mood,
When all things at her wish and pleasure move,
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Troy stood the siege, when fill'd with anxious care ;
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If some fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy service to revenge in kind.
Instruct the damsel, while she combs her hair,

THE ART OF LOVE

To raise the choler of the injur'd fair :
And, sighing, make her mistress understand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand.
Then naming thee, thy humble suit prefer,
And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
Then let her lose no time, but push at all,
For women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall,
Give their first fury leisure to relent,
They melt like ice, and suddenly repent.

All things the stations of their seasons keep :
And certain times there are to sow and reap.
Ploughmen and sailors for the season stay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the sea ;
So should the lover wait the lucky day.
Then stop thy suit, it hurts not thy design,
But think another hour she may be thine.
And when she celebrates her birth at home,
Or when she views the public shows at Rome,
Know all thy visits then are troublesome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to sea,
For that's a boding and a stormy day.
Else take thy time, and when thou can'st begin,
To break a Jewish Sabbath think no sin ;
Nor e'en on superstitious days abstain ;
Not when the Romans were in Allia slain.
Ill omens in her frowns are understood,
When she's in humour, ev'ry day is good.
But then her birthday, seldom comes a worse ;
When bribes and presents must be sent of course :
And that's a bloody day, that costs thy purse.
Be staunch ; yet parsimony will be vain :

THE ART OF LOVE

The craving sex will still the lover drain.
No skill can shift them off, nor art remove ;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who shall before thy face his wares display.
To choose for her she craves thy kind advice ;
Then begs again to bargain for the price :
But when she has her purchase in her eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
" 'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too ;
In many years I will not trouble you."
If you complain you have no ready coin :
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line :
A little bill not to be paid at sight :
(Now curse the time when you were taught to write).
She keeps her birthday ; you must send the cheer ;
And she'll be born a hundred times a-year ;
With daily lies she dribs thee into cost !
That ear-ring dropt a stone, that ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay ;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be weary'd ere I told a part.
By letters not by words thy love begin ;
And ford the dang'rous passage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by pray'rs did Hector's body gain,
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her easy mind bewitch ;
For e'en the poor in promise may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will stay,

THE ART OF LOVE

'Tis a deceitful but commodious way.
Who gives is mad ; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.
E'en barren lands fair promises afford,
But the lean harvest cheats the starving lord.
Buy not thy first enjoyment, lest it prove
Of bad example to thy future love :
But get it *gratis* ; and she'll give thee more,
For fear of losing what she gave before.
The losing gamester shakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy letter, as I said,
Let her with mighty promises be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid,
She read herself into a marriage vow ;
(And every cheat in love the gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome ;
It will not only at the Bar o'ercome :
Sweet words the people and the Senate move ;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts ;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts :
None but vain fools to simple women preach ;
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar style your thoughts convey ;
And write such things as present you would say ;
Such words as from the heart may seem to move ;
'Twas wit enough to make her think you love.
If seal'd she sends it back, and will not read ;
Yet hope, in time, the bus'ness may succeed.

THE ART OF LOVE

In time the steer will to the yoke submit ;
In time the restive horse will bear the bit ;
E'en the hard ploughshare use will wear away,
And stubborn steel in length of time decay.
Water is soft, and marble hard ; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd,
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanswer'd she retain'd ;
No matter : there's a point already gain'd ;
For she who reads in time will answer too ;
Things must be left by just degrees to grow.
Perhaps she writes, but answers with disdain ;
And sharply bids you not to write again :
What she requires she fears you should accord ;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.

Meantime, if she be carried in her chair,
Approach ; but do not seem to know she's there.
Speak softly to delude the standers by ;
Or, if loud, then speak ambiguously.
If saunt'ring in the portico she walk,
Move slowly too, for that's a time for talk :
And sometimes follow, sometimes be her guide ;
But when the crowd permits, go side by side.
Nor in the playhouse let her sit alone ;
For she's the playhouse and the play in one.
There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
Thy suit, and seem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains.
For her sweet sake the loss of time despise ;

THE ART OF LOVE

Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
But dress not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theseus found;
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wishes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care;
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-fashion'd clothes like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow or be foul;
Nor in wide shoes your feet too loosely roll.
Of a black muzzle and long beard beware,
And let a skilful barber cut your hair;
Dress not, in short, too little or too much:
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.

Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow when a god invites!
He helps the poet and his pen inspires;
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the shore
Forsaken now, and Theseus loves no more;
Loose was her gown, dishevell'd was her hair,
Her bosom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink she stood,
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She shriek'd and wept, and both became her face;
No posture could that heavenly form disgrace.
She beat her breast: "The traitor's gone," said she,
"What shall become of poor forsaken me?
What shall become——" she had not time for more,

THE ART OF LOVE

The sounding symbols rattled on the shore,
She swoons for fear, she falls upon the ground ;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her stood,
And scudding satyrs ran before their god.
Silenus on his ass did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the god was clear),
The drunken sire pursues, the dames retire,
Sometimes the drunken dames pursue the drunken
sire.

At last he topples over on the plain,
The satyrs laugh, and bid him rise again.
And now the god of wine came driving on,
High on his chariot, by swift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and sense forsook the fair ;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She shook like leaves of corn when tempests blow ;
Or slender reeds that in the marshes grow.
To whom the god—"Compose thy fearful mind ;
In me a truer husband thou shalt find.
With heav'n I will endow thee : and thy star
Shall with propitious light be seen afar ;
And guide on seas the doubtful mariner,"
He said : and from his chariot leaping light,
Lest the grim tigers should the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waist he threw ;
(For gods whate'er they will with ease can do) :
And swiftly bore her thence : th' attending throng
Shout at the sight, and sing the nuptial song.
Now in full bowls her sorrow she may steep :
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride asleep.

THE ART OF LOVE

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is seated by thy side ;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy suit prefer ;
Which she may know were all address'd to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name :
Which she may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confess your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell desires).
Whene'er she drinks, be first to take the cup ;
And where she laid her lips the blessings sup.
When she to carving does her head advance,
Put out thine own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service e'en her husband must attend ;
(A husband is a most convenient friend) ;
Seat the fool cuckold in the highest place ;
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company ;
And what he says be seconded by thee,
'Tis common to deceive through friendship's name ;
But common though it be, 'tis still to blame.
Thus factors frequently their trust betray,
And to themselves their master's gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er :
Thy tongue and feet may stumble drinking more
Of drunken quarrels in her sight beware ;
Pot-valour only serves to fright the fair.
Eurytion justly fell, by wine oppress'd,
For his rude riot at a wedding feast.
Sing, if you have a voice ; and shew your parts

THE ART OF LOVE

In dancing, if endow'd with dancing arts.
Do anything within your power to please,
Nay, e'en affect a seeming drunkenness ;
Clip ev'ry word, and if by chance you speak
Too home, or if too broad a jest you break,
In your excuse the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenness is subject to offend ;
But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then safely you may praise her beauteous face ;
And call him happy who is in her grace.
Her husband thinks himself the man design'd,
But curse the cuckold in your secret mind.
When all are risen, and prepared to go,
Mix with the crowd and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court ;
For now she's in the vein and fit for sport ;
Lay bashfulness, that rustic virtue, by ;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold ;
Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford ;
Only begin and trust the following word,
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover, let thy speech abound
In dying words that represent thy wound ;
Distrust not her belief ; she will be mov'd ;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jest,
And after feels the torment he profess'd ;

THE ART OF LOVE

For your own sakes be pitiful, ye fair ;
For a feign'd passion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind ;
As hollow banks by streams are undermin'd,
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are sweet ;
Her taper fingers praise, and little feet.
Such praises e'en the chaste are pleas'd to hear ;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd,
And still they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praise the proud peacock, and he spreads his train :
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courser in his rapid race,
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promise, and devoutly swear ;
And if need be, call every god to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a smile
The perjuries that easy maids beguile.
He swore to Juno by the Stygian lake ;
Forsworn he dares not an example make,
Or punish falsehood for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our int'rest that the god should be ;
Let us believe them : I believe they see,
And both reward and punish equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, supine upon their thrones :
Lead then your lives as present in their sight ;
Be just in dealings, and defend the right ;
By fraud betray not, nor oppress by might.
But 'tis a venial sin to cheat the fair :
All men have liberty of conscience there.

THE ART OF LOVE

On cheating nymphs a cheat is well design'd ;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis said that Egypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heav'n did rain supply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That slaughter'd guests would kindly moisture bring.
The king reply'd : " On thee the lot shall fall,
Be thou, my guest, the sacrifice for all."
Thus Phalaris, Perillus taught to low,
And made him season first the brazen cow.¹
A rightful doom the laws of Nature cry,
'Tis the artificers of death should die.
Thus justly women suffer by deceit ;
Their practice authorises us to cheat.
Beg her with tears thy warm desires to grant ;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be squeez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids and seem at least to cry.
Kiss if you can, resistance if she make,
And will not give you kisses, let her take.
" Fie, fie, you naughty man ! " are words of course ;
She struggles but to be subdu'd by force.
Kiss only soft, I charge you, and beware
With your hard bristles not to brush the fair.
If once she kiss, her meaning is express'd ;
There wants but little pressing for the rest ;
The sex is cunning to conceal their fires ;

¹ Busiris, king of Egypt, son of Neptune and Libya, whose story is told at large by Herodotus, and in the 4th book of Seneca's Natural Questions ; as is also that of Phalaris, tyrant of Sicily, and Perillus, who invented the brazen bull for that tyrant ; an invention to put poor wretches to a cruel death ; and by a just judgment from heaven the inventor was the first who made trial of it.

THE ART OF LOVE

They would be forc'd e'en to their own desires.
They seem t' accuse you with a downcast sight,
But in their souls confess you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curse you with their heart.

What Deidamia did in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the just judge fair Helen had obtain'd :
When she with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful while the Grecians griev'd :
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cause ;
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Disguis'd his sex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What means Æacides to spin and sow ?
With spear and sword in field thy valour shew,
And leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why dost thou in that hand the distaff wield,
Which is more worthy to sustain the shield ?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The same the fates for Hector's thread assign !
Brandish thy falchion in thy pow'ful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the same room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and by his seeming sex betray'd,
Close to her side the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtship he began ;
But, to her cost, she found it was a man.
'Tis thought she struggled, but withal 'tis thought
Her wish was to be conquer'd when she fought.

THE ART OF LOVE

For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the field,
He laid his distaff down and took the shield,
With tears her humble suit she did prefer,
And thought to stay the grateful ravisher
She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part ;
And now 'tis nature what before was art.
She strives by force her lover to detain,
And yearns for his embraces once again.
This is the sex ; they will not first begin,
But when compell'd are pleas'd to suffer sin.
Is there who thinks that women first should woo ?
Lay by thy self-conceit, thou foolish beau.
Begin, and save their modesty the shame !
Tis well for thee if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to speak his mind,
They but expect th' occasion to be kind.
Ask that thou may'st enjoy ; she waits for this :
And on thy first advance depends thy bliss.
E'en Jove himself was forc'd to sue for love ;
None of the nymphs did first solicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increase her pride,
Strike sail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we pursue ; but make delay,
And when they see you slacken they will stay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end,
Name not yourself her lover but her friend.
How many skittish girls have thus been caught,
He prov'd a lover who a friend was thought.
Sailors by sun and wind are swarthy made ;
A tann'd complexion best becomes their trade.
'Tis a disgrace to ploughmen to be fair,
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.

THE ART OF LOVE

The ambitious youth who seeks an olive crown,
Is sun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown,
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face,
That colour from the fair compassion draws :
She thinks you sick, and thinks herself the cause.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love,
His paleness did the nymphs to pity move ;
His ghastly visage argu'd hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap in full health to wear,
Neglect thy dress and discompose thy hair.
All things are decent that in love avail :
Read long by night and study to be pale.
Forsake your food, refuse your needful rest,
Be miserable that you may be bless'd.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most ?
Faith, truth, and friendship in the world are lost ;
A little and an empty name they boast.
Trust not thy friend, much less thy mistress praise,
If he believe, thou may'st a rival raise.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd,
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous still was chaste.
But hope not thou in this vile age to find
Those rare examples of a faithful mind.
The sea shall sooner with sweet honey flow,
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We sin with gust, we love by fraud to gain,
And find a pleasure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend,

THE ART OF LOVE

But would you ward the blow, beware your friend.
Beware your brother and your next of kin,
But from your bosom friend your care begin.

Here had I ended, but experience finds,
That sundry women are of sundry minds ;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to please,
They therefore must be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any soil ;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in womenkind,
Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind ;
But wise men shift their sails with ev'ry wind.
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his shape,
And did in sundry forms and figures 'scape.
A running stream, a standing tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fish with harpoons, some with darts are struck,
Some drawn with nets, some hang upon the hook :
So turn thyself, and, imitating them,
Try sev'ral tricks, and change thy stratagem.
One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold,
The jades grow cunning as they grow more old.
Then talk not boldly to the bashful maid ;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning speak,
She thinks you conjure when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often seen the simple shun
The learn'd, and into wild embraces run.

Part of my task is done, and part to do :
But here 'tis time to rest myself and you.

THE ART OF LOVE

BOOK II

Now Io Pœan sing ! now wreaths prepare !
And with repeated Ios fill the air :
The prey has fall'n in my successful toils,
My artful nets inclose the lovely spoils.
My numbers now, ye smiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathless in renown :
With lasting fame my verse shall be enroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their stolen bride to Ida's distant shore ;
Victorious Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquish'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.

Stay, eager youth ; your bark's but under sail,
The distant port requires a prosp'rous gale,
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found,
And with my aid your artful passion crown'd :
The conquest our successful conduct gain'd,
With art must be secur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard than win the prize ;
There all the toil and threat'ning danger lies.
If ever, Cupid now indulgent prove,
O Venus ! aid ; thou charming queen of love !
Kind Erato, let thy auspicious name
Inspire the work, and raise my gen'rous flame.
The labour's great ! a method I design
For love ; and will the fetter'd god confine :
The god that roves the spacious world around,
In ev'ry clime and distant region found ;
Active and light his wings elude our guard,

THE ART OF LOVE

And to confine a deity is hard.
His guest from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring passage found.
Said he, "Just Minos, best of human kind,
Thy mercy let a prostrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native shores to fly,
Permit me where I durst not live to die.
Enlarge my son, if you neglect my tears,
And shew compassion to his blooming years :
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh, free the son, or let his sire return !"
Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he sought obtain.
Convinc'd at length : "Now, Dædalus," he cry'd,
"Here's subject for thy art that's yet untried.
Minos the earth commands, and guards the sea,
No pass the land affords, the deep no way :
Heav'n's only free, we'll heav'n's auspicious height
Attempt to pass where kinder Fates invite ;
Favour, ye pow'rs above, my daring flight !"
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Instruct our wit, and aid the lab'ring mind :
For who can credit men, in wild despair,
Should force a passage through the yielding air !
Feathers for wings design'd the artist chose,
And bound with thread his forming pinions close :
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finish'd wings his smiling offspring views,
Admires the work not conscious of their use ;
To whom the father said, "Observe aright,
Observe, my son, these instruments of flight.

THE ART OF LOVE

In vain the tyrant our escape retards,
The heav'ns he cannot, all but heav'n he guards ;
Though earth and seas elude thy father's care,
These wings shall waft us through the spacious air.
Nor shall my son celestial signs survey,
Far from the radiant virgin take your way :
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his falchion dread Orion stands :
I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
Where'er I lead, securely make your flight.
For should we upward soar too near the sun,
Dissolv'd with heat the liquid wax will run ;
Or near the seas a humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will suffer by the steaming main.
A medium keep, the winds observe aright ;
The winds will aid your advantageous flight."'
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds instruct their tender young :
The spreading wings then to his shoulders bound,
His body pois'd and rais'd him from the ground,
Prepar'd for flight his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilst tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was from whence the anxious pair
Essay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air :
Now his expanded plumes the artist plies,
Regards his son and leads along the skies ;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upwards springs with joy.
The angler views them from the distant strand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand ;
Samos they pass, and Naxos, in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's presence bright.

THE ART OF LOVE

Now on their right Lebinthos' shores they found,
For fruitful lakes and shady groves renown'd.
When the aspiring boy forgot his fears,
Rash with hot youth and unexperienc'd years :
Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty stroke,
And his directing father's way forsook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings sustain that blaze of sun.
From heav'n he views the fatal depth below,
Whilst killing fears prevent the distant blow.
His struggling arms now no assistance find,
Nor poise the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight and sinking limbs sustain :
His name invokes, till the expiring sound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And seeks the absent youth on every shore ;
" Where's my lov'd son, my Icarus ! " he cries,
" Say in what distant region of the skies,
Or faithless clime, the youthful wand'rer flies ? "
Then view'd his pinions scatter'd o'er the stream,
The shore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying guests, but did attempt in vain :
Yet the wing'd god shall to our rules submit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.

Thessalian arts in vain rash lovers use,
In vain with drugs the scornful maid abuse ;
The skilful'st potions ineffectual prove,
Useless are magic remedies in love ;

THE ART OF LOVE

Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jason's heart.
Nor tempt with philtres the disdainful dame,
They rage inspire, create a frantic flame ;
Abstain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your passion worthy of her love.
Distrust your empty form and boasted face,
The nymph engage a thousand nobler ways ;
To fix her vanquish'd heart entirely thine,
Accomplish'd graces to your native join.
Beauty's but frail, a charm that soon decays,
Its lustre fades as rolling years increase,
And age still triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but short-liv'd lily shews,
And prickles that survive the faded rose.
Learn, lovely boy, be with instruction wise !
Beauty and youth misspent are past advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with wit and fame,
Those lasting charms survive the fun'ral flame.

With arts and sciences your breast improve,
Of high import are languages in love :
The fam'd Ulysses was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue ;
And yet for him contending beauties strove,
And ev'ry sea-nymph sought the hero's love.
Calypso mourn'd when he forsook her shores,
And with fond waves detain'd his hasty oars.
Oft she inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wond'rous tale relate ;
Which with such grace his florid tongue could frame,
The story still was new, though still the same.

THE ART OF LOVE

Now standing on the shores, "Again declare,"
Calypso cry'd, "your fam'd exploits in war."
He with a wand, a slender wand he bore,
Delineates ev'ry action on the shore.
"Here's Troy," says he, then draws the walls in sand
"There Simois flows, here my battalions stand.
A field there was (and then describes the field),
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Just thus intrench'd imagine Rhesus lies,
And here we make his warlike steeds our prize."
Much he describ'd, when a destructive wave
Wash'd off the slender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rhesus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue she heard,
The well-rais'd passion in her looks appear'd ;
The goddess weeps to view his spreading sails,
So much a soldier with the sex prevails.
Distrust thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There's more requir'd in love than empty show.
With just disdain she treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaisance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that ev'ry flock alarms ;
But the mild swallow none with toils infest,
And none the soft Chaonian bird molest.
Debates avoid, and rude contention shun ;
A woman's with submissive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd husband swear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair ;
Discord and strife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion justifies a clam'rous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,

THE ART OF LOVE

And let her only sighs and wishes hear.
Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.

I no instructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that prevents my useless art :
The giving lover's handsome, valiant, wise,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy sing ; though poor, I love,
And wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door :
I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor.
With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess ;
Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I banish'd by th' injur'd fair ;
Long mournful nights for this consum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point I tore ;
Falsely she vow'd, but I must purchase more.
Make not your guilty master's crime your own,
But by my punishment my error shun.
Indecent fury from her sight remove,
No passion let your mistress know but love.

Yet, if the haughty nymph's unkind and coy,
Or shuns your sight, have patience and enjoy.
By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bough,
What force resists with art will pliant grow.
In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,
But swim with ease, complying with its course.
By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,

THE ART OF LOVE

And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.
Fiercely Atalanta o'er the forest rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeless flame,
And weeping, in the woods pursu'd the scornful
dame :

On his submissive neck her toils he wore,
And with his mistress chas'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the savage fair :
My soft injunctions less severe you'll find,
Easy to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry mind.
Her wishes never, nor her will withstand ;
Submit, you conquer ; serve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what she denies ;
Like where she likes, and where she scorns despise ;
Laugh when she smiles, when sad dissolve in tears ;
Let ev'ry gesture sympathise with hers.
If she delights, as women will, in play,
Her stakes return, your ready losings pay.
When she's at cards, or rattling dice she throws,
Connive at cheats, and generously lose.
A smiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd mistress ev'ry conquest gain.
In heat, with an umbrella ready stand ;
When walking offer your officious hand,
Her trembling hands, though you sustain the cold,
Cherish, and to your warmer bosom hold.
Think no inferior office a disgrace,
No action that a mistress gains is base.
The hero that eluded Juno's spite,
And ev'ry monster overcame in fight ;

THE ART OF LOVE

That past so many bloody labours o'er,
And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he bore,
Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands,
And grasps the distaff with obedient hands ;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys ;
And who disdains to act like Hercules ?
If she's at law, be sure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause,
With patience at the assignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from supper she's returning home,
And calls her servant, as a servant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down :
Let not the sultry season of the year,
The falling snows or constant rain, deter.
Love is a warfare, and ignoble sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both :
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares ;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd ;
And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd ;
No servile offices the god deny'd ;
Learn this, ye lovers, and renounce your pride.
When all access is to your mistress hard,
When ev'ry door secur'd, and window barr'd ;
The roof untile, some desp'rate passage find :
You cannot be too bold to make her kind :

THE ART OF LOVE

Oh, how she'll clasp you when the danger's o'er ;
And value your deserving passion more.
Thus through the boisterous seas Leander mov'd,
Not to possess, but shew how much he lov'd.

Nor blushing think how low you condescend
To court her maids, and make her slave your friend ;
Each by their names familiarly salute,
And beg them to promote your am'rous suit.
Perhaps a bribe's requir'd ; your bounty shew,
And from your slender fortune part bestow.
A double bribe the chambermaid secures,
And when the fav'rite's gained, the fair is yours.
She'll add to everything you do a grace,
And watch the wanton hours and time her praise.
When the servants merry make, and feast and play,
Then give her something to keep holiday.
Retain them ev'ry one, the porter most,
And her who nightly guards the happy coast.

I no profuse nor costly gifts commend,
But choose and time it well, whate'er you send ;
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural present bear :
Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your manor brought,
Though stale and in the suburb market bought.
The first ripe cluster let your mistress eat,
With chesnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat ;
Some larger fish, or choicer fowl present ;
They recommend your passion where they're sent.
'Tis with these arts the childless miser's caught,
Thus future legacies are basely bought.

THE ART OF LOVE

But may his name with infamy be curst,
That practis'd them on love and women first.

In tender sonnets most your flame rehearse,
But, who, alas ! of late are mov'd by verse ?
Women a wealthy treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but costly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worship gold,
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not present, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the sex have sense, their numbers small,
Most ignorant, yet vain pretenders all :
Flatter alike ; smooth, empty stanzas send,
They seldom sense, but sound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compose each polish'd line,
And make her like your numbers all divine,
Yet she'll a treat or worthless toy prefer,
To all th' immortal poet's boasted care.

But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art :
With lasting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the subject of his praise.
Purple commend when she's in purple dress'd ;
In scarlet, swear she looks in scarlet best ;
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing those eyes transcend the sparkling ore.
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
Or when she combs, or when she curls her hair,

THE ART OF LOVE

Commend her curious art, and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing her step, admire,
Applaud when she desists, and still desire :
Let all her words and actions wonder raise,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praise.
Fierce as Medusa though your mistress prove,
These arts will teach the stubborn beauty love.

Be cautious lest you overact your part,
And temper your hypocrisy with art :
Let no false actions give your words the lie,
For, once deceiv'd, she's ever after shy.
In autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and shews the vintage near ;
When sultry heats, when colder blasts arise,
And bodies languish with inconstant skies :
If vicious heav'n infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood some fever reigns ;
Then your kind vows, your pious care bestow,
The blessings you expect to reap, then sow ;
Weep in her sight, then fonder kisses give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her safety vow, but louder speak,
Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make.
As health returns, so let your joys appear,
Oft smile with hope, and oft confess your fear,
This in her breast remains, these pleasing charms,
Secure a passage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauseous to her taste or sight,
Officious only when you most delight :
Nor bitter draughts nor hated med'cines give ;
Let her from rivals what she loathes receive.

THE ART OF LOVE

Those prosp'rous winds that launch'd our bark from
shore,

When out at sea, assist its course no more :
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give strength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf when young ;
The lofty oak but from an acorn sprung :
From narrow springs the noblest currents flow,
But swell their floods and spread them as they go.
Be conversant with love, no toils refuse,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent use,
Still let her hear your sighs, your passion view,
And night and day the flying maid pursue.
Then pause awhile, by fallow fields we gain ;
A thirsty soil receives the welcome rain.
Phillis was calm while with Demophoon bless'd,
His absence wounded most her raging breast :
Thus his chaste consort for Ulysses burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her absent husband mourn'd.
With speed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth will soon supply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone ?
She in her bed receiv'd her am'rous guest,
And nightly clasp'd him to her panting breast.
Unthinking cuckold ! to a proverb blind !
What, trust a beau and a fair wife behind ?
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy sheep ;
Helen is guiltless, and her lover's crime
But what yourself would act another time.
The youth was pressing, the dull husband gone ;

THE ART OF LOVE

Let ev'ry woman make the case her own ;
Who could a prince by Venus sent refuse ?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuse.

What you conceal, her more observing eye
Perhaps betrays : with oaths the fact deny,
And boldly give her jealousy the lie ;
Not too submissive seem, nor over kind ;
These are the symptoms of a guilty mind ;
But no caresses, no endearments spare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.

You that conceal'd your secret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publish each amour,
Nor tax me with inconstancy ; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind :
Now northern blasts we court, now southern gales,
And ev'ry point befriends our shifted sails.
Thus chariot drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their steeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless dame,
Secure from rivals she neglects your flame :
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauseate pleasures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire whose wasted strength declines,
Converts to ashes, and but faintly shines ;
When sulphur's brought, the spreading flames return,
And glowing embers with fresh fury burn :
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames.
Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
And tease her often with some new amour.

THE ART OF LOVE

Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures bless'd
Too great, too exquisite to be express'd !
That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast.
Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
She swoons ; her voice and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Assault my locks, and with her nails engage ;
Then how she'd weep, what piercing glances cast !
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn ;
Neglected fondness will to fury turn.
But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
And on your breast her drooping head sustain ;
Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleasure as she died with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She'll sign a pardon in your active arms.
Go on, brave youth, thy gen'rous vigour try,
To the resenting maid this charm apply :
Love's soft'ning pleasures ev'ry grief remove,
There's nothing that can make your peace like
love :
The love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was false, but mine is sure.

Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre ;
His hand a branch of spreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore ;
Around he cast diffusive rays of light,

THE ART OF LOVE

Confessing all the god to human sight.
"Thou master of lascivious arts," he said,
"To my frequented fane thy pupils lead ;
And there, inscrib'd in characters of gold,
This celebrated sentence you'll behold,
'First know yourself' ; who to himself is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wishes crown.
Where Nature has a handsome face bestow'd,
Or graceful shape, let both be often shew'd ;
Let men of wit and humour silence shun,
The artist sing, and soldier bustle on :
Of long harangues, ye eloquent take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teasing poet, read."
Thus Phoebus spake ; a just obedience give,
And these injunctions from a god receive.

I mysteries unfold ; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wise.
The thriving grain in harvest often fails,
Oft prosp'rous winds turn adverse to our sails ;
Few are the pleasures, though the toils are great ;
With patience must submissive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed ;
As shells on sandy shores, as stars above,
So num'rous are the sure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you're told, though seen ;
Distrust your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are close,
Resent it not, but on the earth repose.
Her maid will cry, with an insulting tone,
What makes you saunter here ? you sot, begone.

THE ART OF LOVE

With moving words the cruel nymph entreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.

Why do I light and vulgar precepts use?
A nobler subject now inspires my Muse :
Approaching joys I sing, ye youths draw near,
Listen, ye happy lovers, and give ear ;
The labour's great, and daring is my song ;
Labours and great attempts to love belong.
As from the sacred oracles of Jove,
Receive these grand mysterious truths in love.
Look down when she the ogling spark invites,
Nor touch the conscious tablets when she writes.
Appear not jealous, though she's much from home,
Let her at pleasure go, unquestion'd come.
This crafty husbands to their wives permit,
And learn when she's engag'd to wink at it.
I own my frailties, modestly confess,
And blushing, give those precepts I transgress ;
Shall I with patience the known signal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there ?
What, tamely suffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to use my hand or tongue ?
Corinna's husband kiss'd her in my sight ;
I beat the saucy fool, and seiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a madman, when I miss her, rage.
My passion still prevails, convinc'd, I yield !
He that submits to this, is better skill'd.

Expose not, though you find her guilty flame,
Lest she abandon modesty and shame ;

THE ART OF LOVE

Conceal her faults, no secret crime upbraid,
Nothing's so fond as a suspected maid :
Discover'd love increases with despair,
When both alike the guilt and scandal share ;
All sense of modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's crime.

In heav'n this story's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal drolls a standing jest ;
How Vulcan two transgressing lovers caught,
And ev'ry god a pleas'd spectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name ;
To his desires the queen of love inclin'd,
No nymph in heav'n's so willing, none so kind.
Oft the lascivious fair, with scornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and sooty hands deride.
Yet both with decency their passion bore,
And modesty conceal'd the close amour.
But by the sun betray'd in their embrace
(For what escapes the sun's observing rays ?)
He told th' affronted god of his disgrace.
Ah, foolish sun ! and much unskill'd in love,
Thou hast an ill example set above ;
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way.
The crafty spouse around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and secret snares
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And both were then expos'd in Vulcan's net.
The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And scarce from tears the queen of love refrains ;

THE ART OF LOVE

To surly Mars a gay spectator said,
"Why so uneasy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains: I'll freely come
For your release, and suffer in your room."
At length kind Neptune freed by thy desires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos she retires.
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires;
Now conversant with infamy and shame
They set no bounds to their licentious flame.
But honest Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act so much unlike a god of sense?
They sin in public, you the shame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increase with punishment.
Though in your pow'r, a rival ne'er expose.
Never his intercepted joys disclose:
This I command, Venus commands the same,
Who hates the snares she once sustain'd with
shame.

What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expose,
Or Juno's solemn mysteries disclose!
His witty torments Tantalus deserves,
That thirsts in waves, and viewing banquets starves,
But Venus most in secrecy delights;
Away, ye babblers, from her silent rites!
No pomp her mysteries attends, no noise!
No sounding brass proclaims the latent joys!
With folded arms the happy pair possess,
Nor should the fond betraying tongue confess
Those raptures which no language can express.
Love darkness courts, at most a glimm'ring light,
To raise our joys, and just oblige the sight.

THE ART OF LOVE

Ere happy men beneath the roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and shade ;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the am'rous pair :
For light too modest, and unshaded air !
From public view they prudently retir'd,
And secretly enjoy'd their love inspir'd.
Now scarce a modish fop you chance to meet,
But boasts of his nocturnal amours sweet ;
They taste no pleasure, relish no delight,
Till they recount what pass'd the happy night :
But men of honour always thought it base,
To whisper even of a nymph's embrace :
To blast her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furnish scandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I must some guilty arts accuse,
And disingenuous shifts that lovers use,
To wrong the chaste, and innocent abuse.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtship vain,
Her character with infamy they stain ;
Deny'd her person, they besmirch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public shame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let ev'ry door be lock'd, and window barr'd ;
The suff'ring nymph remains expos'd to wrong ;
Her name a byword is to ev'ry tongue,
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wishes true believe.

With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults seem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,
He saw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.

THE ART OF LOVE

Andromache was tall, yet some report
Her Hector was so blind, he thought her short.
At first what's nauseous lessens by degrees ;
Young loves are nice and difficult to please.
The infant plant that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with ev'ry breath of wind :
But shooting upward to a tree at last,
It stems the storm, and braves the strongest blast.
Time will defects and blemishes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear ;
Unusual scents at first may give offence,
Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd sense ;
Her vices soften with some kinder phrase ;
If she is swarthy as the negro's face,
Call it graceful brown, and that complexion praise.
The ruddy lass must be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praise her shape and youth,
Active, when small ; when gross, she's plump and
smooth.
Ev'ry excess by soft'ning terms disguise,
And in some neighb'ring virtue hide each vice.

Nor ask her age, consult no register,
Under whose reign she's born, or what's the year.
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight ;
In her embrace sublimer joys are found,
A fruitful soil, and cultivated ground !
The hours enjoy whilst youth and pleasure last,
Age hurries on, and death pursues too fast ;
Or plough the seas, or cultivate the land,

THE ART OF LOVE

Or wield the sword in thy advent'rous hand :
Or much in love thy nervous strength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy ;
Pleasure and wealth reward thy pleasing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve,
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And still preserve them in their charming prime ;
In vary'd ways they act the pleasure o'er,
Nor pictur'd postures can instruct you more.
They want no courtship to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite ;
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glow with desires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the soft transporting joys,
The frequent sighs, the tender murm'ring voice ;
To see her eyes with vary'd pleasure move,
And all the nymph confess the power of love.
Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
These joys alone to riper years belong.
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and sprightly juice refine,
Mellow their sweets, and make their taste divine.
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorge think beyond her mother fair ;
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briseis' flame.

THE ART OF LOVE

Ah, could those arms, those fatal hands delight,
Inspire kind thoughts, and raise thy appetite !
Could'st thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his
 embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half the royal race.

Nor yet with speed the fleeting pleasures waste,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haste ;
The bashful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid lustre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight,
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye she charms, and wounds the list'ning ear.
Defer not then the clasping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace ;
Raise to her heights the transports of your soul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Observe these precepts when with leisure bless'd,
No threat'ning fears your private hours molest ;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager speed the hasty joy.
Then ply your oars, then practise this advice,
And strain with whip and spur to gain the prize.

The work's complete, triumphant palms prepare,
With flow'ry wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with med'cines the afflicted part ;
Nestor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon, for chariot-driving skill'd ;
As Chalcas could explain the mystic bird,

THE ART OF LOVE

And Telamon could wield the brandish'd sword ;
Such to the town my fam'd instructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love.
Me ev'ry youth shall praise, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuse my lasting fame.
I arms provide against the scornful fair ;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth shall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home ;
Let him that conquers and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his instructed flame,
Inscribe the spoils with my auspicious name.

The tender girls my precepts next demand,
Them I commit to a more skilful hand.

BOOK III

THE men are arm'd and for the fight prepare ;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd to shew
Unequal force against a naked foe :
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.

But some exclaim, " What frenzy rules your mind !
Would you increase the craft of womankind !
Teach them new wiles and arts ! as well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey."

THE ART OF LOVE

But sure too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine, first, impartially each fair,
Then as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With justice of their sister-wives complain ;
If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death ;
Penelope was loyal still and chaste,
Though twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
Reflect how Laodamia's truth was try'd ;
Who, though in bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,
Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
"Receive me, Capaneus," Evadne cry'd ;
"Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide :
To join thy ashes, pleased I shall expire" ;
She said, and leap'd amidst the funeral fire.
Virtue herself a goddess we confess,
Both female in her name and in her dress ;
No wonder then, if to her sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But these exalted souls exceed the reach
Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little sail.
Of sportful loves I sing, and shew what ways
The willing nymph must use, her bliss to raise,
And how to captivate the man she'd please.
Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart ;

THE ART OF LOVE

Man has a breast robust, and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false? and if you search with care,
You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
And made Creusa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear
It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
Inquire the cause, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phillis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times in vain upon the promis'd day,
She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea.
Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found :
To thee, forlorn and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes?—'twas want of needful art.
Love, of itself, too quickly will expire ;
But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said : " What have poor women done ?
Why is that weak defenceless sex expos'd ;

THE ART OF LOVE

On ev'ry side, by men well arm'd, inclos'd ?
Twice are the men instructed by the muse,
Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
The bard who injur'd Helen in his song,
Recanted after and redress'd the wrong.
And you, if on my favour you depend,
The cause of women, while you live, defend."
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore),
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfi'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind.
E'en now, in bloom of youth and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time :
Now while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable sweet delight :
For rolling years like stealing waters glide ;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide :
Think not hereafter will the loss repay ;
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay.
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see how leafless now, and how decay'd :
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect,
None then will press upon their midnight hours,
Nor wake to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your doors will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer then may rest in peace.

THE ART OF LOVE

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades !
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades !
And what avails it, though the fair one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs ?
Her locks grow snowy in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigour past :
But no receipt can human kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
Continued harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays, too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian swain ;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus disdain ;
The Paphian queen, who, for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since ;
Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuse not those delights which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False though they prove, what loss can you sustain ?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Though constant use e'en flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny ?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry ?
Still women lose, you cry, if men obtain :
What do they lose that's worthy to retain ?

THE ART OF LOVE

Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
And first we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine ;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found
Alone to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride !
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd ?
Art helps a face ; a face though heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too and lik'd it less.
If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Sev'n lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides ;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd ?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This capitol with that of old compare ;
Some other Jove you'd think was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile where senates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw :
And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a tract of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight ;
But me the modern please, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought :
Not for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains.

THE ART OF LOVE

But that the world is civilis'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry or brocade appear ;
Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
And cleanliness more animate love's fire.
The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
And much become or misbecome the face.
What suits your features, of your glass inquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head attire.
A face too long should part and flat the hair,
Lest, upward comb'd, the length too much appear :
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
Should shew the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either shoulder, one, her locks displays ;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays :
Another, all her tresses ties behind :
So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Dishevell'd locks, most graceful are to some :
Others, the binding fillet more become :
Some plat, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the several dresses worn,
Which artfully each sev'ral face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are who seem to slight all care,
And with a pleasing negligence ensnare ;
Whole mornings oft in such a dress are spent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With such disorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.

THE ART OF LOVE

So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain, by various ways.
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
And art gives colour which with nature vies :
The well-wove tow'rs they wear their own are thought,
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,
And choose at public shops what suits them best.

Costly apparel let the fair one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly must in such expense appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear !
One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, through air serene, the sky we view ;
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread.
Some, of the sea-green wave the cast display ;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array :
And some, the saffron hue will well adorn ;
Such is the mantle of the blushing morn.
Of myrtle berries, one, the tincture shews,
In this, of amethysts, the purple glows,
And that more imitates the paler rose.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silv'ry plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the chesnut dye disclaim,

THE ART OF LOVE

Nor others which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find with various flow'rs o'erspread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled ;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wood imbibes the dye.
Try ev'ry one, what best becomes you wear ;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best,
In black, the lovely fair Briseis dress'd :
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring sight.
Though not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring ;
Yet let me warn you, that through no neglect
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, lost colour to repair ;
Imperfect eyebrows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair one be asham'd who tries,
By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair.
In that the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May see what pains to please them I've employ'd.
But still beware that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply :
Though art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest whom it would invite it should forbid.
For many things when done afford delight,
Which yet while doing may offend the sight.

THE ART OF LOVE

E'en Myro's statues, which for art surpass
All others, once were but a shapeless mass ;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn,
Think how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
Which now a perfect Venus shews to view.
While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from observers in some secret place :
Add the last hand before yourselves you shew ;
Your need of art why should your lover know ?
For many things when most conceal'd are best ;
And few of strict inquiry bear the test,
Those figures which in theatres are seen,
Gilded without are common wood within.
But no spectators are allowed to pry,
'Til all is finish'd which allures the eye.

Yet I must own, it oft affords delight
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight :
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders spread.
But let her look that she with care avoid
All fretful humours while she's so employ'd ;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her woman does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen that her maid assails,
And scratches with her bodkin or her nails ;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn,

THE ART OF LOVE

A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead,
And as ungraceful is a hairless head.
But think not these instructions are design'd
For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind :
Not to a Semele or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, these my rules I write ;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up Atrides and all Greece to arms ;
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won ;
What lover, or what husband, would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right ?

The crowd I teach, some homely and some fair ;
But of the former sort the larger share.
The handsome least require the help of art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.
Faults in your person or your face correct ;
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short her seat should seldom quit,
Lest when she stands she may be thought to sit ;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should
choose,
And fuller made than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply,
If swarthy, to the Pharian varnish fly.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends ;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.

THE ART OF LOVE

Too masculine a motion shocks the sight ;
But female grace allures with strange delight.
One has an artful swing, and just behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind ;
Swell'd with the wanton wind they loosely flow,
And ev'ry step and graceful motion shew.
Another, like Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
Between extremes in this a mien adjust,
Nor shew too nice a gait nor too robust.
If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That and the shoulder of the left arm bare.
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the snowy part.

Syrens, though monsters of the stormy main,
Can ships when under sail with songs detain :
Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
Singing insinuates : learn all, ye maids ;
Oft when a face forbids, a voice persuades :
Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian air,
Well shall she sing of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were stirr'd, and beasts to listen stay'd
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd,
E'en Cerberus and hell that sound obey'd.
And stones officious were, thy walls to raise,
O Thebes, attracted by Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.

THE ART OF LOVE

Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read Phileras' and Anacreon's verse ;
Terentian plays may much thy mind improve,
But softest Sappho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verse to these succæd.
Then mighty Maro's works with care peruse ;
Of all the Latin bards the noblest muse :
E'en I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd lines some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.
Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with the lover's voice and lover's heart.
Tender epistles, too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought of and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine !
Such thine, Apollo ! and Lycæus thine !
Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught :
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.

Of some odd trifles I'm asham'd to tell,
Though it becomes the sex to trifle well ;
To raffle prettily, or slur a die,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful, sometimes most divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of use ;
Parties begun at play, may love produce :
But easier 'tis to learn how best to lay,

THE ART OF LOVE

Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breast is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears ;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the gods defy ;
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every cast ;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay, weep at
last.

Good Jove avert such shameful faults as these,
From ev'ry nymph whose heart's inclined to please.
Soft recreations fit the female kind ;
Nature for men has rougher sports design'd ;
To wield the sword and hurl the pointed spear,
To stop or turn the steed in full career.

Though martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams ;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive
And at the glowing virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the shady groves
Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves :
Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory complete ;
Or seek those shades where monuments of fame
Are rais'd to Livia's and Octavia's name ;
Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Isis' fane, to theatres resort :

THE ART OF LOVE

And in the Circus see the noble sport,
In ev'ry public place by turns be shewn,
In vain you're fair while you remain unknown.
Should you in singing Thamyrras transcend,
Your voice unheard who could your skill commend ;
Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
Her beauties still beneath the waves had been.

Poets inspir'd write only for a name,
And think their labours well repaid with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the most peculiar care ;
Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And next his own, the poet's statue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still there's a pleasure that proceeds from praise ;
What could the high renown of Homer raise,
But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays ?
Who could have been of Danæ's charms assur'd,
Had she grown old within her tower immur'd ?
That 'tis her interest oft to come in view,
This is a rule let every nymph pursue.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes through many to make sure of one.
So let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In ev'ry place to please be all her thought ;
Where sometimes least we think, the fish is caught.

THE ART OF LOVE

Sometimes all day we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon the stag himself shall seek the toil.

How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief !
The widow'd fair who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd ;
And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.
Such tools, to you and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er ;
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And, never fixed, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I say is for your good,
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.

Many with base designs will passion feign,
Who know no love, but sordid love of gain ;
But let not powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lovers burn with fierce desire,
Your jewels to enjoy and best attire.
Poor Chloe robb'd runs crying through the streets ;
And as she runs, " Give me my own ! " repeats.
How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries ?

THE ART OF LOVE

Some, so notorious are their very name,
Must ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou Demophoon, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.
Promise for promise equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word :
For she for any act of hell is fit,
And undismay'd may sacrilege commit ;
With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband in her arms for hire,
Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
But hold, my muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.

If love-epistles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent to sound your heart,
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confidant, be secretly convey'd.
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require ;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire :
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain ;
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
Be sure avoid set phrases when you write,

THE ART OF LOVE

The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd !
A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (though chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd ;
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose ;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd !
Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discoveries sure as lightning blast.
Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid :
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But as your letters may be brought to light,
What if in sev'ral hands you learn to write ?
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind ;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now greater things to tell, my muse prepare,
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.

THE ART OF LOVE

Let no rude passion in your looks find place,
For fury will deform the finest face :
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horror reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek, she flung it quite aside,
"Nor is thy music so much worth," she cry'd.
Look in your glass, when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess you scarce yourself can know.
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate ?
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
And when your lover bows incline your head :
So Love, preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms ;
Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms.
Let mournful beauties sullen heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety and love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who in bewailing Troy wastes all the night.
Had they not both borne children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
My life, my soul, or speak endearing words.

THE ART OF LOVE

Why from comparisons should I refrain,
Or fear small things by greater to explain?
Observe what conduct prudent gen'ral use,
And how their sev'ral officers they choose :
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horse is thought more fit.
So you your sev'ral lovers should select,
And as you find them qualify'd direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send,
The lawyer should in courts your cause defend.
We who write verse, with verse alone should bribe,
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame shall through the world be blaz'd ;
So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west Lycoris' praises ring ;
Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear ;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere :
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar, and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas ! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove ;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The god that fills him, and the muse revere ;
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact ;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.

THE ART OF LOVE

As skilful riders reign with diff'rent force
A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse ;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone ;
With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heart enjoy.
Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware,
Nor love nor empire can a partner bear.
Men more distinctly love when more mature,
And many things which youth disdains, endure ;
No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own or mistresses attire.
In youth the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs resent :
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies ;
Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How surely to enslave ourselves we shew.
To trust a traitor you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake.

Who yields too soon will soon her lover lose ;
Would you retain him long ? then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore ;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a married life,

THE ART OF LOVE

The husband when he pleases has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
"Here's no admittance, sir, I must deny";
The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid aside,
I now sharp weapons for the sex provide;
Nor doubt against myself to see them try'd.

When first a lover you design to charm,
Beware lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish and too soon grow old.
Then strains the courser to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one behind.
Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
I own when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive,
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your husband's spies beset the door:
Though free as Thais, still affect a fright;
For seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window steal,
Though he might enter at the door as well.
And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,

THE ART OF LOVE

And let him taste of happiness sincere ;
Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the husband and the spy.

That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law :
But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies.
For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me you shall elude his care.

When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write ?
Or can his caution against such arts provide,
Which in her breast your confidante may hide ?
Can he the note beneath the garter view,
Or that which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe ?
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And, writing on her skin, your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen.
Fair will the paper shew, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.
Acrisius was with all his care betray'd !
And in his tow'r of brass a grandsire made.

Can spies avail when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport ?

THE ART OF LOVE

Or can you be to Isis' fane pursu'd,
Or Cybele's, whose rights all men exclude?
Though watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room.
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick-bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beside the door.
Sometimes with wine your watchful follower treat ;
When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat :
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes :
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign ;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.

But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd ;
E'en angry Jove with off'rings is appeas'd.
With presents, fools and wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy ;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.
Once I remember I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy occasion'd by a friend ;
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,

THE ART OF LOVE

Lest she herself should intercept the youth.
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place

But, whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But all self-ends and int'rest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art ;
Defenceless and unarm'd expose my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.

Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard belief to gain ;
Full of himself, he your design will aid ;
To what we wish 'tis easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay :
Now drop a tear, your sorrows to assuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love.
Scarce to himself, will he forbear to cry,
" How can I let this poor fond creature die ?"
But chiefly one such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires ;
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.
Light wrongs be sure you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out when you a rival fear ;
Let not your passions o'er your sense prevail,

THE ART OF LOVE

Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be,
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shews,
And flow'ring hills a sacred fountain flows,
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'er-shade.
There rosemary and bays their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
There tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And Cytisus and garden pines abound.
While through the boughs soft winds of zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppress'd :
And thus to air the panting youth would pray ;
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
But some tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him as he thus complain'd ;
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd ;
Repeating word for word what she had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies like death supply'd the place.
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or when, unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.

THE ART OF LOVE

Now all dishevell'd to the wood she flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,
And all alone the shady hill ascends.
"What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage thus fatally to be conceal'd?
Whoe'er this Aura be (such was thy thought),
She now shall in the very fact be caught."
Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
And now to go, and now to stay, inclines;
Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find.
But still the rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more suspicious still the place appears:
But more than all excessive love deceives,
Which all it fears too easily believes.

And now a chillness runs through ev'ry vein,
Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd to shun
The scorching ardour of the mid-day's sun:
With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual place.
Procris, with anxious but with silent care,
View'd him extended with his bosom bare;
And heard him soon th' accustom'd words repeat,
"Come, zephyr, Aura come, allay this heat."
Soon as she found her error from the word,
Her colour and her temper was restor'd.
With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms;
But Cephalus the rustling noise alarms;
Some beast he thinks he in the bushes hears,

THE ART OF LOVE

And straight his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold ! hold ! unhappy youth !—I call in vain !
With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
Me, me," she cries, " thou'st wounded with thy dart,
But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
Since, though untimely, I unrivall'd die !
Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath."
Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And wash'd with streaming tears the wound he made ;
At length the springs of life their currents leave,
And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

The Remedy of Love

THE title of this book when Cupid spy'd,
"Treason ! a plot against our state !" he cry'd.
Why should you thus your loyal poet wrong,
Who in your war has serv'd so well and long ?
So savage and ill-bred I ne'er can prove,
Like Diomede, to wound the queen of love.
Others by fits have felt your am'rous flame,
I still have been, and still your martyr am ;
Rules for your vot'ries I did late impart,
Refining passion, and made love an art.
Nor do I now of that or thee take leave,
Nor does the muse her former web unweave.
Let him who loves where love success may find,
Spread all his sails before the prosp'rous wind ;
But let poor youths, who female scorn endure,
And hopeless burn, repair to me for cure :
For why should any worthy youth destroy
Himself because some worthless nymph is coy ?
Love should be Nature's friend, let hemp and steel
Hangmen and heroes use, whose trade's to kill.
Where fatal it would prove, let passion cease ;
Nor love destroy, who should our race increase.
A child you are, and like a child you play ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

And gentle as your years should be your sway.
Keen arrows, and to wound the hardest hearts,
You are permitted—but no mortal darts.
Let your step-father, Mars, on sword and spear
The crimson stains of cruel conquest wear ;
You should your mother's milder laws observe,
Who ne'er did childless parent's curse deserve.
Or if you must employ your wanton pow'r,
Teach youths by night to force their mistress' door ;
How lovers safe and secretly may meet,
And subtle wives the cautious husband cheat.
Let now th' excluded youth the gate caress,
A thousand wailing, soothing plaints express ;
Then on th' ill-natur'd timber vent your spite,
And to some doleful tune weep out the night.
For tears, not blood, love's altar should require :
Love's torch, design'd to kindle kind desire,
Must seem profan'd to light a fun'ral fire.
Thus I—The god his purple wings display'd,
And, *forward*, " Finish your design," he said.
To me, ye injur'd youths, for help repair,
Who hopeless languish for some cruel fair :
I'll now unteach the art I taught before,
The hand that wounded shall your health restore.
One soil can herbs and pois'nous weeds disclose ;
The nettle oft is neighbour to the rose.
Such was the cure th' Arcadian hero found ;
The Pelian spear that wounded, made him sound.
But know the rules that I to men prescribe,
In like distress may serve the female tribe ;
And when beyond your sphere my methods go,
You may at least infer what you should do.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

When flames beyond their useful bounds aspire,
'Tis charity to quench the threat'ning fire.
Nine visits to the shore poor Phyllis made ;
Had I advis'd the tenth she should have paid.
Nor had Demophoon, when return'd from sea,
For his expected bride embrac'd a tree.
Nor Dido from her flaming pile by night
Discover'd her ungrateful Trojan's flight.
Nor had that mother dire revenge pursu'd,
Who in her offspring's blood her hands imbru'd.
Fair Philomel, preserv'd from Tereus' rape,
Her honour she had kept, and he his shape.
Pasiphæ ne'er had felt such wild desire ;
Nor Phædra suffer'd by incestuous fire.
Let me the wanton Paris take in hand,
Helen shall be restor'd, and Troy shall stand.
My wholesome precepts had lewd Scylla read,
The purple lock had grown on Nisus' head.
Learn, youths, from me to curb the desp'rate force
Of love ; and steer by my advice your course.
By reading me, you first receiv'd your bane ;
Now for an antidote read me again :
From scornful beauties' chains I'll set you free ;
Consent but you to your own liberty.
Phœbus, thou god of physic and of verse,
Assist the healing numbers I rehearse ;
Direct at once my med'cines and my song,
For to thy care both provinces belong.

While the soft passion plays about your heart,
Before the tickling venom turns to smart,
Break then (for then you may) the treach'rous dart :
Tear up the seeds of the unrooted ill,

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

While they are weak and you have power to kill.
Beware delay : the tender bladed grain,
Shot up to stalk, can stand the wind and rain ;
The tree whose branches now are grown too big
For hands to bend, was set a slender twig :
When planted, to your slightest touch 'twould yield,
But now has fix'd possession of the field.
Consider ere to love you give the reins,
If she's a mistress worth your future pains.
While yet in breath, ere yet your nerves are broke,
Cast from your gen'rous neck the shameful yoke :
Check love's first symptoms, the weak foe surprise,
Who once entrench'd, will all your arts despise.
Think, wretch, what you hereafter must endure,
What certain toil for an uncertain cure.
Slip not one minute : who defers to-day,
To-morrow will be harden'd in delay.
'Tis love's old practice still to soothe you on,
Till your disease get strength, and till your strength
is gone.

Rivers small fountains have, and yet we find
Vast seas of those small fountain'd rivers join'd.
Lock'd up in bark poor Myrrha ne'er had been,
Had she the progress of her crime foreseen ;
But pleas'd with the soft kindling of love's fire,
We day by day indulge the fond desire ;
Till like a serpent it has eat its way,
And uncontroll'd does on our entrails prey.

Yet if the proper season you have pass'd,
Though hard the task, I'll use my skill at last ;
Nor see my patient perish by his grief,
Because no sooner call'd to his relief,

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

When Philoctetus first receiv'd his wound,
The venom'd part cut off had sav'd the sound :
Yet he, e'en after tedious years of grief,
Was cur'd, and brought the fainting Greeks relief.
Thus I, who charg'd you speedy means to use,
Will none in last extremities refuse ;
Or try to quench the kindling flames, or stay
Till their spent fury on itself does prey.
While in its full career gives scope to rage,
And circumvent the force you can't engage.
What pilot would against the current strive,
When with a side-course he may safely drive ?
Distemper'd minds, distracted with their grief,
Take all for foes who offer them relief ;
But when the first fermenting smart is o'er,
They suffer you to probe the ripen'd sore.
'Tis madness a fond mother to dissuade
From tears, while on his hearse her son is laid :
But when grief's deluge can no higher swell,
Declining sorrow you'll with ease repel.
Cures have their times ; the best that can be try'd
Inflame the wound, unseasonably apply'd.

If therefore you expect to find redress,
In the first place take leave of idleness.
'Tis this that kindled first your fond desire,
'Tis this brings fuel to the am'rous fire.
Bar idleness, you ruin Cupid's game,
You blunt his arrows, and you quench his flame.
What wine to plane-trees, streams to poplars prove,
Marshes to reeds, is idleness to love.
Mind business if your passion you destroy ;
Secure is he who can himself employ.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Sleep, drinking, gaming, for the foe make way,
And to love's ambuscade the roving heart betray.
The slothful he seeks out and makes his prize,
Surely as he the man of business flies.
Make business then (no matter what) your care ;
Some dear friend's cause may want you at the bar ;
Or if your courage tempts you to the field,
Love's wanton arms to rough campaigns will yield.
Parthia fresh work for triumphs does afford,
Half conquer'd to your hands by Cæsar's sword.
Cupid's and Parthian darts at once o'ercome,
And to your country's gods bring double trophies home.
Your sword as dreadful will to love appear,
As to his mother the Ætolian spear.
Th' adult'rous lust that did Ægisthus seize,
And brought on murder, sprang from wanton ease :
For he the 'only loiterer remain'd
At home, when Troy's long war the rest had drain'd.
He revell'd then at his luxurious board,
And ne'er embark'd, and ne'er unsheath'd his sword ;
But while the Grecians did for glory rove,
He wasted all his idle hours on love.

Or country-work and tillage can disarm
Your am'rous cares, for ev'ry grief a charm.
Yoke oxen, plough the painful field, you'll find
The wounded earth will cure the love-sick mind.
Then trust your grain to the new-furrow'd soil,
That with large int'rest will requite your toil.
Behold what kind returns your fruit trees send,
Down to your hand the burden'd branches bend.
Behold a murm'ring brook through pastures glide,
Behold the grazing sheep on either side ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

While in the shade his pipe the shepherd tries,
The watchful dog his master's care supplies.
With loud complaints, another grove is filled,
Of heifers lowing for their firstlings kill'd.
What pleasure 'tis with smoke of yew to drive
The murm'ring swarm, and seize the loaded hive.
All seasons friendly to the swain are found ;
Autumn with fruit, with harvest summer's crowned :
The spring's adorn'd with flow'rs to charm the eye,
And winter fires the absent sun supply.
At certain times you'll see the vintage full,
And for the wine-press may choice clusters cull.
At certain times your pond'rous sheaves may bind,
Yet for the rake leave work enough behind.
In mellow ground your plants no wat'ring need ;
The thirsty you from neighb'ring springs may feed.
Then grafting make old stocks sprout fresh and green,
And various fruits on one proud branch be seen.
When once these pleasures have your mind possess'd,
Love soon departs like a neglected guest.
Hunt, if the dull distemper you'd remove :
Diana will too hard for Venus prove.
Through all her doubling shifts the hare pursue,
Or spread your toils upon the mountain's brow.
E'en when the stag's at bay provoke his rage :
Or with your spear the foaming boar engage.
Thus tir'd, your rest at night will prove so deep,
Dreams of your mistress ne'er will haunt your sleep.
'Tis easier work, yet 'twill require your care,
The feather'd game with bird-lime to ensnare ;
Or else for fish your bearded hook to bait,
And for your art's success with patience wait.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Through sports like these you'll steal into relief,
And while your time you cozen, cheat your grief.
Or travel (though you find your fetters strong);
Set out betimes, your journey must be long.
You'll weep at thought of her you left behind,
And, halting, to return be oft inclin'd.
But how much more unwilling to proceed,
Compel your feet to so much greater speed.
Advance, let nothing interrupt your way,
No wind, nor weather, nor unlucky day.
Nor count the miles you've past, but what remain;
For loit'ring nigh no fond pretences feign.
Nor reckon time, nor once look back on Rome,
But fly, and Parthian like, by flight o'ercome.
You'll call my precepts hard; I grant they are,
But for dear health who would not hardship bear?
When sick; the bitter potion I have ta'en;
And for the food I fancied begg'd in vain:
Both steel and fire you'll patiently endure,
And thirst, more scorching, for your body's cure.
Can you who thus your earthly part redeem,
For your immortal mind have less esteem?
Yet for my patient's comfort I must own,
When this first stage he manfully has run,
The half, the worst half of his task is done.
Gall'd with the yoke, at first the heifer draws;
The curb's first trial frets the courser's jaws.
Perhaps to leave your father's house you'll mourn;
Yet go: and think, when tempted to return,
Your kindred but the false pretence is made,
'Tis absence from your mistress does persuade.
When once set out, diversion you will meet,

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Fair country prospects and companions sweet.
Not only travel far, but tarry long ;
Nor once look homewards while your passion's strong.
Rebellious love, if he perceives you halt,
With greater fury will renew th' assault,
Half famish'd passion will more fiercely prey,
And all your labour past be thrown away.

You'll think when through Hæmonian fields you
rove,

That magic arts may yield a cure for love.
Old tales of witchcraft strange effects rehearse ;
The only charm I bring is sacred verse.
By my advice, no jargon shall be read,
Nor midnight hag, blaspheming, raise the dead :
No standing crop to other fields shall range,
No sick eclipse the sun's complexion change ;
Old Tyber shall his sacred course retain,
And Cynthia, unmolested, gain her wain.
No suff'ring heart to spells shall be oblig'd,
Nor love resign, by sulphur streams besieg'd.
Think on Medea of all hopes bereft,
When fled from home, and by her lover left.
And what did Circe's pow'rful drugs avail,
When she beheld Ulysses under sail ?
She try'd her magic, charm on charm renew'd ;
He with a merry gale his course pursu'd :
Nor force nor skill the fatal dart removes,
She raves to find she loves—but still she loves.
To thousand shapes she could transform mankind,
No means to change her hated self could find.
In these soft terms to her departing guest,
Her passion (to detain him) was express'd :

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

"I now no more (as when I first receiv'd
Those hopes and you, by both alike deceiv'd),
Except that you with me should pass your life,
No more ambitious to be made your wife
(Though sure my pedigree you cannot scorn,
The daughter of the sun, a goddess born),
I but entreat you for a time to stay,
And urge, for your own sake, the short delay.
The seas are rough, which you have cause to fear ;
Wait but a friendlier season of the year.
What haste? this isle does no new Troy afford,
No second Rhesus to employ your sword.
Love revels here, with peaceful myrtle crown'd,
And mine the only heart that feels a painful wound."
She said—his crew the swelling sails display,
That bear him and her fruitless pray'rs away :
In vain to her enchantments she returns,
Tries all, yet still in hopeless flames she burns.
For Circe's sake all lovers I advise,
That spells as senseless things they would despise.
The benefits of travel I have told,
Which for sick minds the best relief I hold.
But if, through business, you must still remain
In town, and near the author of your pain :
Though 'tis a dang'rous neighbourhood, I'll shew
What methods there the lover must pursue.
He takes the wisest course who, from his heart, -
Does by mere force wrest out th' offensive dart,
Resolved severely once for all to smart.
A master of such courage I'll admire :
Such patients will no more advice require.
Who wants this resolution to be freed

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

At once, by slower methods must proceed.
To milder remedies I'll him direct,
Which yet in time will have the wish'd effect.
Think, till the thought your indignation move,
What damage you've receiv'd by her you love :
How she has drain'd your purse, nor yet content
Till your estate's in costly presents spent,
And you have mortgag'd your last tenement.
How she did swear, and how she was forsworn ;
Not only false, but treated you with scorn :
And since her avarice has made you poor,
Forc'd you to take your lodgings at her door.
Reserv'd to you, but others she'll caress :
The foreman of a shop shall have access.
Let these reflections on your reason win,
From seeds of anger hatred will begin :
Your rhet'ric on these topics should be spent ;
Oh, that your wrongs could make you eloquent !
But grieve, and grief will teach you to enlarge,
And like an orator draw up the charge.

A certain nymph did once my heart incline,
Whose humour wholly disagreed with mine
(I, your physician, my disease confess),
I from my own prescriptions found redress.
Her still I represented to my mind,
With what defects I could suppose or find.
Oh, how ill-shap'd her legs, how thick, and short !
(Though neater limbs did never nymph support).
Her arms, said I, how tawny brown they are !
(Though never iv'ry statue had so fair),
How low of stature ! (yet the nymph was tall).
Oh, for what costly presents will she call !

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

What change of lovers !—And, of all the rest,
I found this thought strike deepest in my breast.
Such thin partitions good and ill divide,
That one for t'other may be misapply'd.
E'en truth and your own judgment you must strain,
Those blemishes you cannot find, to feign :
Call her blackmoor, if she's but lovely brown ;
Monster, if plump ; if slender, skeleton.
Censure her free discourse as confidence ;
Her silence, want of breeding and good sense.
Discover her blind side, and put her still
Upon the task which she performs but ill.
Court her to sing, if she wants voice and ear ;
To dance, if she has neither shape nor air :
If talking misbecomes her, make her talk ;
If walking, then in malice make her walk.
Commend her skill when on the lute she plays,
'Tis vanity her want of skill betrays.
Take care if her large breasts offend your eyes,
No dress does that deformity disguise.
Ply her with merry tales of what you will,
To keep her laughing, if her teeth are ill.
Or if blear-ey'd some tragic story find,
Till she has read and wept herself quite blind.
But one effectual method you may take ;
Enter her chamber ere she's well awake :
Her beauty's art, gems, gold, and rich attire,
Make up the pageant you so much admire ;
In all the specious figure which you see,
The least, least part of her own self is she.
In vain for her you love, amidst such cost,
You search ; the mistress in the dress is lost ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Take her disrob'd, her real self surprise,
I'll trust you then, for cure, to your own eyes.
(Yet have I known this very rule to fail,
And beauty most, when stripp'd of art, prevail.)
Steal to her closet, her close tiring place,
While she makes up her artificial face,
All colours of the rainbow you'll discern,
Washes and paints, and what you're sick to learn.

I now should treat of what may pall desire,
And quench, in love's own element, the fire,
(For all advantages you ought to make,
And arms from love's own magazine to take :)
But modesty forbids, at full extent,
To prosecute this luscious argument :
Which to prevent your blushes I shall leave,
For your own fancy better to conceive.
For some of late censoriously accuse
My am'rous liberty and wanton muse.
But envy did the wit of Homer blame,
Malice gave obscure Zoilus a name,
Thus sacrilegious censure would destroy
The pious muse, who did her art employ
To settle here the banish'd gods of Troy.
But you, who at my freedom take offence,
Distinguish right, before you speak your sense.
Mæonian strains alone can war resound,
No place is there for love and dalliance found.
The tragic style requires a tale distress'd,
And comedy consists of mirth and jest.
The tender elegy is love's delight,
Which to themselves pleas'd mistresses recite.
Callimachus would do Achilles wrong ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Cydippe were no theme for Homer's song ;
What mortal patience could endure to see
Thais presenting chaste Andromache ?
Kind Thais (none of Vesta's nuns) supplies
My song : with Thais all my bus'ness lies :
The actress, if my muse performs with art,
You must commend, though you dislike the part.
Burst envy, I've already got a name ;
And writing more shall more advance my fame.
Despair not then, for as I longer live,
Each day fresh fuel for your spleen shall give.
Thus fame's increasing gale bears me on high,
While tir'd and grovelling on the ground you lie.
Soft elegy in such esteem I've plac'd,
Not Virgil more the epic strain has grac'd.
Censure did us to this digression force ;
Now muse pursue thy interrupted course.
When first the nymph admits your visit, stay,
And take some other beauty in your way ;
More safely thus your passion you may trust,
When you approach her charms with fainter gust :
You'll otherwise misconstrue, for delight,
The eagerness of your own appetite.
Desire does all ; the grotto's cool retreat,
And shady grove relieve in summer's heat ;
Warm fires in winter, thirst makes water sweet.

Now is the time your artifice to try,
Act not so much the lover as the spy :
For vanity makes all the fair presume
There's nothing which their charms can misbecome.
Take this occasion her defects to find,
When you can fix them deeply in your mind :

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

In the dull minute of your discontents
(The pensive mood when sated love repents),
To your sick thoughts her blemishes display,
And for aversion, by those means make way.
These helps you'll say are trivial ; I confess,
Singly they are, but join'd will have success.
By one small viper's bite an ox is kill'd ;
The forest-boar by a less dog is held.
Unite my precepts if apart they fail,
And by resistless numbers you prevail.

But diff'rent minds for diff'rent methods call,
Nor what cures most will have effect on all.
E'en that which makes another's flame expire,
Perhaps may prove but fuel to your fire.
For one disgusted with the nymph's undress,
Grows cold and weary of her warm caress.
Another from his wanton mistress flies,
When he his rival's recent raptures spies,
Like warm desire ! and he but little loves,
Whom ev'ry trifle shocks, and nothing moves.
To those I write (for my advice they need),
Whose hardy passion can unbalk'd proceed.
What think you of that lover who could lie
Conceal'd to see what custom must deny ?
I to no such indecent means direct,
Not to be practis'd, though of sure effect.

If to excess you find your passion rise,
I would, at once, two mistresses advise.
Divided care will give the mind relief ;
What nourish'd one, may starve the twins of grief.
Large rivers, drain'd in many streams, grow dry :
Withdraw its fuel and the flame will die.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

What ship can safely with one anchor ride ;
With several cables she can brave the tide.
Who can at once two passions entertain,
May free himself at will from either chain.
If treated ill by her whom you adore,
A kinder nymph your freedom must restore.
No sooner Minos did fair Procris view,
But scandal on Pasiphæ's fame he threw.
From his first charmer soon Alcmaeon fled,
Callirrhoe once admitted to his bed.
Cenone still had Paris' mistress been,
Had Paris but fair Helen never seen.
So Progne's beauty, though a wife, endear'd
Her Tereus, till Philomel appear'd.
But I too long on dry examples dwell :
Some new desire your former must expel.
A fruitful mother with one child can part,
(The rest surviving to support her heart) :
But she's impatiently of one bereft,
Who has, alas ! no second comfort left.
But lest you think that I new laws decree
(Though proud of the invention I could be),
The same long since wise Agamemnon saw,
(What saw he not who held all Greece in awe ?)
The beauteous captive to himself he kept ;
Her father fondly for his daughter wept.
Why dost thou grieve, old sot ? thy daughter's bless'd,
A royal mistress—But (to quell the pest)
When with his lover he was forc'd to part,
The prudent prince ne'er laid the loss to heart.
Achilles kept as fair a lass as he,
Their form, their very names almost agree :

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

"Let him," said he, "resign her by consent,
Or he shall feel my kingly power's extent.
If to my subjects this shall give offence,
The name of monarch is a vain pretence.
Rather than reign, and have my love confin'd,
My throne shall to Thersites be resign'd."
He said ; and, for a charming mistress lost,
Repair'd his suff'rings at another's cost.
Do you this royal precedent pursue,
And quench your former passion by a new.

If you're a stranger to the sex, inquire
Where you may find a mistress to admire.
To learn their haunts my books of love peruse,
Where from a swarm of beauties you may choose.
But if my precepts have the least pretence
To truth, and if I speak Apollo's sense,
Though Ætna's fires within your bosom glow,
Dissemble, and appear more cold than snow.
In spite of torture, still from tears refrain ;
Laugh when you have most reason to complain.
Nor do I such severe commands impart,
At once to bid you tear her from your heart :
But counterfeit ; you'll prove in the event,
That careless lover whom you represent.
Oft when the merry round I would not keep,
I've seem'd to nod, and, seeming fall'n asleep,
I've laugh'd at him who fool'd away his heart,
Dissembling passion till he felt the smart.
Love comes by use ; disuse will love expel :
Learn to feign health, and you will soon be well.

If she has bid you come, and fix'd the night,
Though sure that she to mock you did invite,

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Yet go : and if you find the door fast lock'd,
Endure the disappointment ; be not shock'd,
Nor curse the gate, nor fond entreaties make,
Nor on the threshold a hard lodging take ;
And when you see her next, complaints forbear,
Nor in your looks the least resentment wear.
Her pride will stoop and give your feign'd neglect,
What she deny'd to your sincere respect.
Nor is't enough your mistress thus to cheat,
You on yourself must put the same deceit ;
Acquaint not your own thoughts with the design,
Till the work's done, and you have sprung the mine,
For else 'tis odds but nature in your heart
Will faction raise, and take your mistress' part.
What you propose will soon effected be,
Your progress sure, if made with secrecy.
Conceal your nets ; if they are spread in sight,
The bird you meant to take you'll only fright.
Nor suffer her you love so much to prize
Her charming self that she may you despise ;
Take courage, conscious of your merit seem,
And worthy you'll appear of her esteem.
Even then when you her door wide open spy,
Nay, then call'd in, yet pass regardless by ;
She'll offer you her bed ; refuse to take
The favour, or a doubtful answer make.
Let wisdom once but teach you to abstain
From what you wish, you may your wish obtain.
Perhaps at my severe advice you'll start,
But know I act a reconciler's part.
Diseases in a thousand forms are rang'd :
As tempers vary, med'cines must be chang'd.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Some bodies must a sharp long course endure,
A single drug on others works a cure.

If your soft nature yields to Cupid's stroke,
And strength is wanting to support his yoke,
Forbear against the wind and tide to strive,
Slacken your sail, and with the current drive,
For, first, the raging thirst in which you fry
Must be assuag'd ere other means you try ;
Drink freely then ; nor can you safely trust
To satisfaction, drink e'en to disgust.

Visit your mistress, keep her in your sight,
Lock'd up all day, and in your arms all night,
Still sit at board, though appetite decay,
And though you find you could be absent, stay ;
Indulge desire, till your desires are cloy'd,
And love by too much plenty is destroy'd.

E'en fear with passion will some minds inspire,
Remove distrust, and passion will retire.

Who fears some rival should his mistress gain,
Machaon's skill can scarce relieve his pain ;
Since no fond mother for her darling son
Feels greater pangs, when to the wars he's gone.

Near the Salarian gate a temple's placed,
With Erycinian Venus' worship grac'd :
'Tis there Lethæan Jove cures Love's desire,
Bedews his lamps, and water blends with fire :
There sweet forgetfulness griev'd lovers find,
And injur'd nymphs whose husbands prove unkind ;
There in a vision (if a vision 'twere),
I heard thee, Cupid, speak, or seem'd to hear.
"O thou who dost sometimes teach youth to love,
Then rules prescribe their passion to remove ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

One powerful precept more let me impart,
Unknown to you a master in the art.
Bid him who loves, and would love's yoke reject,
On his own life's misfortunes oft reflect :
For all have crosses, 'tis the common lot.
Let him who deeply into debt is got,
Think on a gaol, and how he shall sustain
Confinement more severe than Cupid's chain.
Let him who serves a rigid father's will
And sees his filial duty treated ill
(Whate'er success in other things he find),
Keep still his father's angry looks in mind.
Let him who has that double curse of life,
At once a shrew and beggar to his wife,
Instead of gallantry abroad, contrive
Domestic famine from his door to drive.
You that are master of a gen'rous soil,
Look to your vines, employ your careful toil,
Lest sudden frosts the hopeful vintage spoil.
One has a trading vessel homeward bound,
Let him imagine storms, his ship unsound,
Bulg'd, founder'd, wreck'd, and more, some barb'rous
coast
Enrich'd with the dear cargo he has lost.
Fear for your son, who serves in this campaign,
And for your daughter be in greater pain.
For mortifying cares you need not roam,
By thousands they will throng to you at home.
If, Paris, Helen's charms you would abhor,
Behold your brothers welt'ring in their gore."
Thus spake the god, till from my fancy's view
His youthful form, sleep from my eyes withdrew,

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

What shall I do, my Palinurus gone,
And left to steer through untry'd seas alone?
But solitude must never be allow'd ;
A lover's ne'er so safe as in a crowd.
For private places private griefs increase,
What haunts you there, in company will cease.
If to the gloomy desert you repair,
Your mistress' angry form will meet you there.
What makes the night less cheerful than the day ;
Your griefs are present, and your friends away.
Nor shun discourse, nor make your house a cell :
Despair and darkness still together dwell.
To comfort you some Pylades¹ admit,
Which is of friendship the chief benefit.
To death's cold arms what made poor Phyllis fly ?
'Twas less her grief than want of company.
Wild as a Bacchanal, her way she took,
With hair dishevell'd and distracted look ;
Far out at sea she cast her prying eyes ;
Now stretch'd upon the sandy beach she lies :
" Faithless Demophoon ! " to deaf waves she cry'd,
While sighs her interrupted words divide.
Hard by a lonesome tree its shadow cast,
As if for solitary mischief plac'd ;
'Twas now her ninth sad visit to the shore ;
No sail appears, and she'll expect no more :
Her nuptial girdle round her waist was ty'd,
Just o'er her head a stretching bough she spy'd ;

¹ Pylades, son of king Strophius, and faithful friend of Orestes, whom he would have saved from being sacrificed to Diana, pretending he was Orestes ; Orestes affirming to the contrary ; but the generous strife was ended by the priestess Iphigenia, who knowing her brother Orestes, both were saved.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

She offers, and flies back, dreads what she dares ;
And, thus confused, the fatal knot prepares.
Now, wretched Phyllis, while this deed was done,
I could have wish'd thou hadst not been alone.
Let disappointed lovers warning take
By thee, and never company forsake.

But while society I do prescribe,
I mean not those of your own sighing tribe :
For nothing sure can so injurious be
To one in love as lovers' company.
A patient, who my orders did obey,
And to his cure was in a hopeful way,
By keeping lovers' company one night,
Relaps'd beyond my skill to set him right.
Such dang'rous neighbourhood you must avoid :
A flock's by one contagious sheep destroy'd.
If health you'd keep, shun those who are unsound,
By looking on sore eyes, our own we wound ;
Dry lands are oft by neighb'ring rivers drown'd.
Love's pest allows no safety but in flight ;
And the infected, to infect, delight.

Another, who quite through his course had gone,
By living near his mistress was undone.
Rashly his strength, ere well confirm'd, he tries,
'Too weak to stand the encounter of her eyes.
She meets, and conquers with one single view ;
And all his fresh-skin'd wounds gush forth anew.
To save your house from neighb'ring fire is hard,
Distance from danger is the surest guard.
Avoid your mistress' walks, and e'en forbear
The civil offices you paid to her.
Change all your measures, new affairs pursue :

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Find out (if possible) a world that's new.
A table spread in view gives appetite ;
To see a gushing rill does thirst excite.
To leap their females in a neighb'ring plain,
Your bull will break his fence, your steed his rein.
Nor is it enough to quit the nymph, but you
Must to her friends and kindred bid adieu ;
Nor to your sight admit the page or maid,
By whom the tender billet-doux's convey'd.
And, though impatient, stifle your desire ;
Nor of her health, nor what she does, inquire.
Ev'n you who pow'rful reasons can assign,
That 'twas ill treatment made your love decline,
Forbear complaints, and no invectives make ;
By scornful silence best revenge you'll take.
Bury your passion in a speechless grave,
Desist from love, but do not say you have ;
If over-much you boast, the symptom's ill ;
Who always cries " I've done with love," loves still.

To make sure work, quench leisurely the fire ;
He's safe who can by just degrees retire.
A torrent's swift, a stream does gently glide,
But that's a short and lasting tide ;
That love must irrecoverably decay
Which does by atoms waste itself away.

Yet e'en humanity must needs abhor,
That you should hate the nymph you did adore ;
For he discovers a mere brutal mind
Whose love to enmity the way can find.
A gentle cure is what I recommend ;
For he whose passion can in hatred end,
As soon may to his first desire return !

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

His fire does still beneath the embers burn.
To see two lovers at outrageous odds,
Is scandal and offence to men and gods ;
Many have rail'd, and yet been reconcil'd
That minute they their mistresses revil'd.
Others I've known, who, parting without strife,
Have fairly taken leave—but ta'en for life.

A nymph but lately passing in her chair
Met with her lover ; (I by chance was there,)
He storm'd, and with reproaches fill'd the air.
At last, "Come forth, thou wanton, come," he cry'd.
She came ; at sight of her his tongue was ty'd,
The writings in his hand he flings away,
Runs to her arms, and has but power to say,
"You've conquer'd, and no more I'll disobey."

Let her the presents you have sent retain,
And to a less prefer the greater gain.
Weigh the advantage by that loss you reap,
And think the purchase of your freedom cheap.

If to her presence you by chance are driv'n,
Straight recollect the precepts I have giv'n ;
Since with your Amazon you must engage,
To whet your courage muster all your rage.
Think on your rival in her chamber kept,
While you, excluded, on her threshold slept.
How falsely she has treated you ; and then
More falsely sworn to draw you in again.

Study no dress when she is to be seen,
But wear your garments careless as your mien.
Or, if the sparkish mode your fancy seize,
Take care it be some other nymph to please.
What most retards your cure, I'll now reveal ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

And to your own experience dare appeal ;
Hoping to be at last belov'd (though vain
Those hopes), we linger and indulge our pain.
T' our own defects, through self opinion blind,
We wonder how the fair can be unkind.

Ne'er think that what she says or swears is true ;
She fears the gods no more than she fears you.
Nor trust her tears, though plenteous tears distil ;
Their eyes are disciplin'd to weep at will.
With various arts they storm a lover's mind,
Like some bleak rock, expos'd to waves and wind.

Nourish the just resentments in your heart,
But ne'er declare the reason why you part :
For tax'd with crimes, she'll plead her innocence,
And you'll too much incline to her defence.
Contract th' indictment, spinning out the charge
But shews you'd have her clear herself at large.
Nor yet abruptly should you leave the fair,
And, like Ulysses, drive them to despair :
To no such violent measures I'll advise,
Nor aid a lover while his mistress dies.
I mean not Cupid's purple wings to clip,
Nor break his bow, or feather'd arrows strip.
The counsels that I give are just and true,
Do you as faithfully my rules pursue.
Phœbus, to thee once more for aid I run ;
Assist me, as thou hast already done.
He comes, he comes, he'll instantly appear,
His quiver and his sounding harp I hear,
Both signs most certain that the god is near.
Compare your bastard scarlet with the right,
The difference will appear though both are bright.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Your charmer so by first-rate beauties place,
And her defects by brighter lustre trace.
Pallas was tall and graceful, sternly fair,
And Juno carried a majestic air ;
Singly they pleas'd, and by each other charm'd,
But both by Venus' presence were disarm'd.

No manhood yet must you so far disgrace,
As to become the vassal of a face.
Nor to mere beauty your devotion pay,
Her breeding, humour, and her manners weigh ;
But in the scale of an impartial mind,
Or inclination will your judgment blind.

What more I have to say will lie compris'd
In little room, but must not be despis'd.
Those short receipts have cures on many done,
And of that number I myself am one.

The letters sent you, when your nymph was kind,
Revise not, for they'll shake your constant mind :
But say, when you commit them to the fire,
" Be this the fun'ral pile of my desire :
Perish, my love ; in this just flame expire."
Althæa burnt the fatal brand, and knew,
The brand consuming, her own son she slew.
Can you, whose kindness had a worse return,
Repine a few deceitful words to burn ?
No ; make a total sacrifice, nor spare
The very seal that does her image bear.

From all such places too you must remove.
As ever have been conscious to your love.
You'll say (and grieve to think those joys are fled),
This was th' apartment, this the happy bed.
The dear remembrance will renew desire,

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

And to fresh blaze blow up the sleeping fire.
The Greeks could wish t' have shunn'd th' Eubœan
coast¹

And vengeful fire by which their fleet was lost.
Wise sailors tack when Scylla's rock they spy :
So you should from your mistress' dwelling fly.
There stands the rock on which you split before,
Imagine there you hear Charybdis roar.

But chance itself sometimes may stand your friend.
And give your griefs an unexpected end.
Had Phædra's wealth to poverty declin'd,
She never for Hippolitus had pin'd.
Or were Medea born a rural maid,
No faithless Jason had implor'd her aid.
But love in pamper'd palaces is bred,
By pleasure and luxurious riches fed.
Not Hecale or Irus could arrive
At Hymen's joys, though long they did survive :
For both were poor, and Cupid still shoots high,
His shafts above the humble cottage fly.
Yet so severe a cure I can't approve,
Or bid you starve yourself, to starve your love.

But ne'er frequent the wanton theatre,
Where vain desires in all their pomp appear ;
From music, dancing, and an am'rous part,
Perform'd to the life, how can you guard your heart ?

¹ Nauplius, king of Eubœa, and Seriphas, the father of Palamedes, to revenge the death of his son, set up a watch-light upon a promontory, which the Greeks, being overtaken in a storm, took for a signal of a safe landing-place, and so fell in among the rocks, as Nauplius intended it ; but he finding Ulysses had escaped, in a rage threw himself into the sea. These lights are now used to shew where the rocks lie.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

Against myself I frank confession make,
Into your hands no am'rous poet take ;
Whose Syren Muses draw the list'ning throng,
And charm them into ruin by their song.
Callimachus first from your sight remove,
Banish Philetas next ; they're friends to love.
How oft have Sappho's odes set me on fire !
Who can contain that hears Anacreon's lyre !
Who reads Tibullus must his passion feel ;
Propertius can dissolve a heart of steel :
Nor Gallus fails the coldest breast to warm :
And e'en my muse has found the art to charm.

But if Apollo, who conducts my song,
Secure me in this point from guessing wrong ;
The pain with which most sensibly you're griev'd,
Is on th' account of jealousy conceiv'd.
No fear of rivals must your heart torment ;
For, true or false, yet for your own content,
At least, persuade yourself that you have none,
And that the harmless creature sleeps alone.
Orestes ne'er could find his nymph had charms,
Till he beheld her in another's arms.

Why, Menelaus, dost thou now take on ?
In Crete you long could saunt'ring stay alone ;
Your Helen's absence ne'er disturbed your rest :
No sooner fled she, with her Trojan guest,
The royal cuckold raves, and he must make
A ten years' war to fetch the wanton back.
'Twas on this score the fierce Achilles wept ;
With Agamemnon his Briseis slept.
Good cause to weep, the maiden toy was got,
Or great Atrides was a sov'reign sot ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

His game of love were Ovid to have play'd,
The poet had the better hero made.
At last with gifts he did the loss restore,
And that she was untouch'd profoundly swore,
Swore by his sceptre ;—nor can that seem odd ;
He knew his sceptre but a wooden god.

O could you once arrive but to the pow'r,
As unconcern'd to pass your mistress' door !
Strongly resolve, though ne'er so loath to stir,
For now's the time to stretch with whip and
spur,

Think there's the Syren's den, the deadly bay,
Make all the sail you can and scud away.
Your fond resentment quit, and condescend
To take your very rival for your friend.
Salute him kindly, though with deep regret ;
Embrace him, I'll pronounce your cure complete.

Now to perform a true physician's part,
And shew I'm perfect master of my art ;
I will prescribe what diet you should use,
What food you ought to take, and what refuse.
Mushrooms of ev'ry sort provoke desire,
Salacious rockets set your veins on fire :
The plant I recommend is wholesome rue,
It clears the sight and does the blood subdue :
But, in a word, of all the herbs that grow,
Take only such as keep the body low.
If my opinion you would have of wine,
It quenches love, and does to love incline.
A little breath of wind but fans the fire,
Whose flame will in a greater blast expire.
In wine you must no moderation keep ;

THE REMEDY OF LOVE

You must not drink at all ; or drink so deep,
So large a dose, as puts your cares to sleep.

Now to our port we are arriv'd ; bring down
The jolly wreath our weary bark to crown.
Your grief redress'd, and now a happy throng,
Ye nymphs and youths applaud my healing song.

The Art of Beauty

ONCE more, ye fair, attend your master's song,
And learn what method will your charms prolong ;
What happy art best recommends the face ;
What heightens beauty ; what preserves a grace.
Art improves nature ; 'twas by art we found
The vast advantage of the furrow'd ground ;
The soil manur'd, a fruitful harvest bore,
Where thorns and hungry brambles grew before ;
By art the gard'ner grafts his trees, to bear
A kinder fruit, and recompense his care.
A gilded roof delights our captive eyes,
And stately monuments the sight surprise,
The sordid earth beneath the polish'd marble lies.
The fleece may be with royal purple dy'd,
And India precious ivory provide,
To please your fancies, and supply your pride.

When Tatius rul'd the ancient Sabine race,
Then, rough, and careless of a handsome face,
The women took more pains to earn their bread
At plough and cart, than how to dress their head ;
All day their task the busy matrons ply'd,
Or spinning sat, as to their distaffs ty'd.
The mother then at night would fold the sheep

THE ART OF BEAUTY

Her little daughter us'd by day to keep :
And, when at home, would cleave out logs of wood,
Or kindle up a fire to boil their food.

But you, by nature form'd in finer moulds,
Must wrap your tender limbs in silken folds ;
Wear lawns and tissue, sleep in damask beds,
And with gay knots and wires adorn your heads,
Your ears with pendants, lockets on your arms,
Besides a thousand other nameless charms ;
Nor need this care to please a blush create :
The men themselves have learn'd to dress of late.
You are not now particular in clothes,
The husband and the bridegroom both are beaux.
Dress then (and 'tis no sin to dress with art),
For that's the way to wound the lover's heart ;
E'en those that live remote in country towns
Will dress their hair with flow'rs, and daisy crowns,
And deck and prank themselves to please the
clowns.

Besides, all women take a secret pride
In being fine (or else they are bely'd) ;
For when the conscious maid her glass explores,
And finds she's handsome, she herself adores.
Thus Juno's bird with silent pride will raise
And spread his starry plumes, whene'er he meets with
praise.

This method will oblige our sex to love,
And more than magic herbs their passion move.
Trust not to philters, all such stuffs forbear,
Nor try the venom of the lustful mare ;
'Tis all a jest—no snakes by such a force
Enchanted burst, no rivers change their course :

THE ART OF BEAUTY

Nor can they make the moon from heaven descend,
Whate'er some superstitious fools pretend.

First learn good breeding, that I first advise ;
Good carriage oft the other wants supplies.
For when ill-natur'd age shall rudely plough
Injurious furrows on your wrinkl'd brow,
You then perhaps may chide the tell-tale glass,
That shews the frightful ruins of your face :
But if good humour to the last remain,
E'en age may please, and love his force retain.
Now on, my muse ; and tell them, when they rise,
When downy sleep forsakes their tender eyes,
How they may look as fair as morning skies.
Vetches and beaten barley let them take,
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make,
Then dry the precious paste with sun and wind,
And into powder very gently grind.
Get hartshorn next (but let it be the first
That creature sheds), and beat it well to dust.
Six pounds in all ; then mix and sift them well,
And think the while how fond Narcissus fell ;
Six roots to you that pensive flow'r must yield,
To mingle with the rest, well bruis'd, and cleanly
peel'd.

Two ounces next of gum and thural seed,
That for the gracious gods does incense breed,
And let a double share of honey last succeed.
With this whatever damsel paints her face,
Will need no flatt'ring glass to shew a grace.

Nor fear to break the lupine shell in vain,
Take out the seeds, then close it up again,
But do it quick, and grind both shell and grain.

THE ART OF BEAUTY

Six pounds of each ; take finest ceruse next,
With fleur-de-lis, and snow of nitre mix'd :
These let some brawny beater strongly pound,
That makes the mortar with loud strokes resound,
Till just an ounce the composition's found.
Add next the froth of which the Halcyon builds
Her floating nest : a precious balm it yields,
That clears the face from freckles in a trice :
Of this about three ounces may suffice.
But ere you use it, rob the lab'ring bee,
To fix the mass, and make the parts agree.
Then add your nitre, but with special care,
And take of frankincense an equal share :
Though frankincense the angry gods appease,
We must not waste it all their luxury to please.
To this put a small quantity of gum,
With so much myrrh as may the rest perfume.
Let these, well beat, be through a searce refin'd,
And see you keep the honey all behind.

A handful too of well dry'd rose-leaves take,
With frankincense and sal ammoniac ;
Of frankincense a double portion use ;
Then into these the oil of malt infuse.
Thus in short time a rosy blush will grace,
And with a thousand charms supply the face ;
Some too, in water, leaves of poppies bruise,
And spread upon their cheeks the purple juice.

Of Love and War

TRUST me, my Atticus, in love are wars ;
And Cupid has his camp as well as Mars ;
The age that's fit for war best suits with love,
The old in both unserviceable prove,
Infirm in war, and impotent in love.
The soldiers which a general does require
Are such as ladies would in love desire ;
Who, but a soldier and a lover, can
Bear the night's cold, in show'rs of hail and rain ?
One in continual watch his station keeps,
Or on the earth in broken slumbers sleeps ;
The other takes his still repeated round
By 's mistress' house—then lodges on the ground.
The soldiers long and tedious marches make ;
The active lover, for his mistress' sake,
Will any toils and dangers undergo :
Not rugged mountains, or untrodden snow,
Rivers by floods increas'd, no raging sea,
Nor adverse winds, can ever make him stay,
When love commands, and beauty leads the way.
Soldiers and lovers, with a careful eye,
Observe the motions of the enemy :
One to the walls makes his approach in form,

OF LOVE AND WAR

Pushes the siege, and takes the town by storm :
The other lays his close to Celia's fort,
Presses his point, and gains the wished-for port ;
As soldiers when the foe securely lies
In sleep and wine dissolv'd, their camp surprise ;
So when the jealous to their rest remove,
And all is hush'd—the other steals to love ;
Uncertain is the state of love and war,
The vanquish'd rally and their loss repair,
Regain the ground, and rout the conqueror.
You then, who think that love's an idle fit,
Know that it is the exercise of wit :
In flames of love the fierce Achilles burns,
And, quitting arms, absent Briseis mourns ;
From the embraces of Andromache,
Went Hector arm'd for war and victory.
As Agamemnon saw Cassandra pass
With hair dishevell'd, and disorder'd dress,
He admir'd the beauties of the prophetess.
The god of war was caught in th' act of love ;
A story known to all the court above.
Once did I pass my hours in sloth and ease,
Cool shades and beds of down could only please ;
When a commanding beauty rais'd my mind,
I left all trifling thoughts behind,
And to her service all my heart resign'd :
Since, like an active soldier have I spent
My time in toils of war, in beauty's tent ;
And for so sweet a pay all dangers underwent.
You see, my Atticus, by what I prove,
Who would not live in idleness—must love.

An Elegy to Love

O LOVE! how cold, and slow to take my part,
Thou idle wanderer about my heart!
Why thy old faithful soldier wilt thou see
Oppress'd in thy own tents? they murder me,
Thy flames consume, thy arrows pierce thy friends;
Rather on foes pursue more noble ends.
Achilles' sword would certainly bestow
A cure as certain as it gave the blow.
Hunters, who follow flying game, give o'er
When the prey's caught, hopes still lead on before;
We thine own slaves feel thy tyrannic blows,
Whilst thy tame hand's unmov'd against thy foes.
On men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by love.
Millions of dull men live, and scornful maids;
We'll own love valiant, when he these invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide world snatch'd
A laurel, or 't had been to this day thatch'd:
But the old soldier has his resting-place,
And the good batter'd horse is turn'd to grass.
For me then, who have truly spent my blood
(Love) in thy service, and so boldly stood
In Celia's trenches, were't not wisely done,
E'en to retire, and live in peace at home?
No—might I gain a godhead to disclaim
My glorious title to my endless flame,

AN ELEGY TO LOVE

Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
Such sweet dear tempting devils women are.
Whene'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind ;
Headlong I'm hurl'd like horsemen, who in vain
Their fury-flaming coursers would restrain.
As ships, just when the harbour they attain,
Are snatch'd by sudden blasts to sea again.
So Love's fantastic storms reduce my heart,
Half rescu'd, and the god resumes his dart.
Strike here, this undefended bosom wound,
And for so brave a conquest be renown'd.
Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
You'll scarce discern the quiver from my heart.
What wretch can bear a live-long night's dull rest,
Or think himself in lazy slumbers bless'd ?
Fool—is not sleep the image of pale death ?
There's time for rest when fate hath stopt your breath ?
Me, may my soft deluding dear deceive, ,
I'm happy in my hopes while I believe :
Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtful steps the god of war does move,
By thy example, in ambiguous love.
Blown to and fro, like down from thy own wing,
Who knows when joy or anguish thou wilt bring ?
Yet at thy mother's and thy slave's request,
Fix an eternal empire in my breast :
And let th' inconstant charming sex,
Whose wilful scorn does lovers vex,
Submit their hearts before thy throne,
The vassal world is then thy own.

The Love of Women

VICE by my verse I never will defend,
Nor by false arms to fence my own pretend.
Frankly my failings I with shame confess ;
To hide my errors would not make them less.
My faults, whate'er I suffer by 't, I own,
That others, if they please, those faults may shun.
I hate myself, my follies, and would fain
Be, were it in my pow'r, another man.
How difficult it is, ye righteous gods,
Against our wills to bear such heavy loads.
I have no strength to guard myself from ill,
And, as I wish, to rule my wicked will.
I'm hurry'd on, as by the boist'rous sea
The driving bark is swiftly borne away.
No certain form inflames my am'rous breast,
All beauty is alike to me the best.
A hundred causes kindle my desires,
And love ne'er wants a torch to light my fires.
When on the earth the modest virgin looks,
That very modesty of hers provokes :
And if I chance to meet a forward fair,
I'm taken with her frank and easy air ;
I figure to myself a thousand charms,

THE LOVE OF WOMEN

A thousand raptures in her wanton arms.
If, like the damsels of the Sabine race,
She's rude, I look upon it as grimace.
That sullen as she seems at first, 'tis art,
That I the more may prize the conquest of her heart.
New joys, if she's a wit, I hope to find ;
And with her body to possess her mind :
If foolish, I in that can see no harm,
And in her very folly find a charm.
I know a maid so very fond and dull,
To me she thinks Callimachus a fool.
I soon am pleas'd with one, that's pleas'd with me ;
Alike we in our taste and wish agree.
But if the fair my verses don't approve,
I, bragging, tell her, she will like my love ;
If with her tongue, or with her heel she's brisk,
Her prattle pleases, and her gamesome frisk.
But if she's heavy, I suppose at night
She'll change, and prove, as I would have her, light.
The fair that sings, enchants me with her voice ;
Oh, what a gust it gives a lover's joys !
When her shrill shakes afresh his bosom wound,
And from her lips he kisses off the sound ;
When her soft fingers touch the silver strings,
And sweetly to the sounding lute she sings ;
Who can resist such strong redoubled charms ?
Her music melts me, as her beauty warms.
If in the dance the nimble nymph I find,
And view how she her pliant limbs does wind,
How artfully she to the music moves,
I cry, " How happy is the man she loves !"
My humour in a word, is plainly this,

THE LOVE OF WOMEN

All objects please, and nothing comes amiss
To love, and be beloved's my sole employ;
Dispos'd to be enjoy'd and to enjoy.
This lady's like the lusty heroines of old,
And with a strong embrace her lover will enfold.
This lass, because she's little, I approve :
The least are lightest in the sports of love.
With every size my passion does agree,
And tall and short are both alike to me.
I fancy, when undress'd I find the fair,
'Tis less her want of charms than want of care.
If with her dishabille, I cry, I'm pleas'd,
How beauteous would she be, if she were dress'd !
And when she does her best apparel wear,
I think her riches in her pride appear.
The fair, the olive, are to me the same,
Alike the swarthy, and the sandy dame.
When her black curls adown her shoulders flow,
Such Leda's were, her skin as white as snow :
And when her golden locks her head adorn,
I straight compare her to the saffron morn.
My love with no complexion disagrees,
But all alike my ready passion please.
The younger by their bloom my heart secure,
The elder win it, as they're more mature ;
And though the younger may excel in charms :
The elder clasp you with experienc'd arms.
What all the city like, is lik'd by me,
And I with them and all my loves agree.
I'm proud to be the rival of the town,
And to their taste will still conform my own.

I'll Love Thee Still

So much I've suffer'd, and so long, no more
I'll bear the wrongs which I have borne before.
Begone, vile Cupid, I'll no more endure
Thy slavish labours and fatigues impure ;
From hence I'll put an end to all the pains
Thou'st cost me, and from hence shake off thy chains.
I hate the liv'ry I with pleasure wore,
And blush at bonds which once with pride I bore :
But this, methinks, should have been done before.
To leave my wicked courses I begin,
As years deprive me of the gust of sin.
On Cupid's neck I should have trod when young,
And vanquish'd him, when my desires were strong.
In that there had been virtue ; now there's none,
The world will say so ; let the world say on.
Much opposition I shall meet ; perhaps,
The lewd will laugh, and threaten a relapse :
To bear reproaches I must be prepared,
Easy's the end, when the beginning's hard ;
Content let me the present pain endure,
For the sharp medicine is the patient's cure ;
How oft you have expos'd me to the cold,
While in your arms you did my rival hold !

I'LL LOVE THEE STILL

How like a slave have I been forc'd to wait
All weathers, and how oft have watch'd the gate !
As if your house was trusted to my care,
And I, your sentinel, did duty there.
Oft have I seen your sated lover come
With looks, as if he longed to be at home.
But what most grated on my jealous mind,
Was that he there the waiting fool should find.
This aggravated most the cruel curse ;
I would not wish my greatest foe a worse.
How oft have I attended you abroad,
Or in the city, cirque, or on the road ?
They took me for your husband by my care,
Or that your guardian, or your slave, I were.
I by the people's glances, and your own,
Observ'd you were acquainted with the town ;
That of your love, if I possess'd a part,
'Twas plain, I shar'd with many more your heart.
What need I of your perjuries bring proof,
Suppose the common talk was not enough ?
What do your ogles and your gestures mean,
Your carriage at th' assembly, and the scene ?
There's scarce a fop you meet with in your way,
To whom you have not something soft to say ;
Some token which you either understand
By mystic words, or motion of the hand.
They tell me you are sick ; I run to see,
And find, as ill as you pretend to be,
It is not for my rival, but for me.
I seldom told you of your faults, but strove
To cover all your failings with my love.
Of this I might remind you, and much more,

I'LL LOVE THEE STILL

But what avails it now? th' affair is o'er;
A fond you found me, and a patient man,
And get you such another if you can.
I fear not now your frowns; my bark defies
The storm of words, and tempest of your eyes;
No coaxing now, your hardest phrases use,
Your looks, your language all their terrors lose.
I am not such a fool as I have been,
To dread your spirit, and to soothe your spleen.
But, ah, by diff'rent passions I'm oppress'd,
Fierce love and hate contend within my breast;
My soul they thus divide, but love, I fear,
Will prove too strong, and get the mast'ry there;
I'll strive to hate her, but if that should prove
A fruitless strife, in spite of me I'll love.
The bull does not affect the yoke, but still
He bears the thing he hates against his will;
I hate, I fly the faithless fair in vain,
Her beauty ever brings me back again.
She always in my heart will have a place,
I hate her humour, but I love her face.
No rest I to my tortur'd soul can give,
Nor with her, nor without her, can I live.
Oh that thy mind we in thy face did view,
Less lovely that thou wert, or else more true!
How diff'rent are thy manners and thy sight!
Thy deeds forbid us, and thy eyes invite.
Thy actions shock us, and thy beauty moves;
And he who hates thy faults, thy person loves.
Happy, ah ever happy, should I be
If I no charms, or no defects could see.
Thee I conjure, by all our past delights,

I'LL LOVE THEE STILL

Our cheerful days, and our transporting nights,
By all the imprecated gods above,
To whom thou art forsworn, but most by Love,
By thy fair face, which I as much adore
As all those gods, and own as much its pow'r,
Forgive me this offence, and I'll offend no more.
Be what thou wilt, thy humour good or ill,
I'll love thee, thou shalt be my mistress still.
Ah let my passion ever favour find,
Or be it with, or be't against, my mind,
But rather let me sail before the wind.
Ah let thy wishes with my will agree,
Since surely I thy slave must ever be ;
In thee since I have centred all my joys,
Oh; Venus! let my love be still my choice.

L.B.S. National Academy of Administration, Li

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