

WINE

A

POEM.

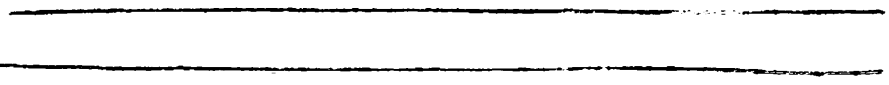
By John Gay

*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ Scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

Epist. 19. Lib. 1 Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the Water-side. 1708.



W I N E

A

P O E M.

O F Happiness Terrestrial, and the Source
Whence human Pleasures flow, sing *Heavenly Muse*,
Of sparkling juices, of th' enliv'ning Grape,
Whose quickning Taste adds Vigour to the Soul,
Whose Sov'raign pow'r revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen Blood of Hoary Age

A kindly warmth diffusing, Youthful fires
 Gild his dim Eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
 His Wrizzled Visage, ghastly wan before :
 Cordial restorative to mortal Man
 With copious Hand by bounteous Gods bestow'd.

Bacchus Divine, aid my adventrous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar.
 Inspir'd, Sublime on *Pegasean* Wing
 By thee upborn, I draw *Miltonic* Air.

When fummy Vapours clog our loaded Brows
 With furrow'd Frowns, when stupid downcast Eyes
 Th' external Symptoms of remorse within,
 Our Grief express, or when in fullen Dumps
 With Head Incumbent on Expanded Palm,
 Moaping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd :
 Whether Inviegling *Hymen* has trapand
 Th' unwary Youth, and ty'd the *Gordian* Knot
 Of jangling Wedlock *Indissoluble* ;
 Worried all Day by loud *Xantippes* Din,
 And when the gentle Dew of sleep inclines
 With slumbrous Weight his Eye-lids She inflam'd
 With Uncloy'd Lust, and Itch Insatiabile,
 His Stock exhausted, still yells on for more ;

Nor fails She to exalt him to the Stars,
 And fix him there among the Branched rew
 (*Taurus*, and *Aries*, and *Capricorn*,)
 The greatest Monster of the *Zodiac* ;
 Or for the los of Anxious Worldly Pelf,
 Or *Celia's* scornful flights, and cold disdain
 Had check'd his Am'rous flame with coy repulſe,
 The worſt Events that mortals can beſal ;
 By cares depreſ'd in penſive *Hypoſiſh* mood,
 With ſloweſt pace, the tedious minutes Roll.

Thy charming ſight, but much more charming^{ing}
 (Guſt
 New Life incites, and warms our chilly Blood,
 Strait with pert Looks, we raiſe our drooping Fronts;
 And pour in Chryſtal pure, thy purer Juice,
 With chearful Countenance, and ſteady Hand
 Raiſe it Lip-high, then fix the ſpacious Rith
 T' expecting Mouth, and now with Grateful Taſt,
 The ebbing Wine glides ſwiftly o're the Tongue,
 The circling Blood with quicker motion flies;
 Such is thy pow'rful influence, thou ſtrait
 Diſpell'ſt thoſe Clouds that lowring dark eclips'd
 The whilom Glories of our gladſom Face,
 And dimpled Cheeks, and ſparkling rolling Eyes,
 Thy chearing Virtues, and thy worth proclaim.

So *Mists* and *Exhalations* that arise
 From Hills or steamy Lake, Dusky or Gray
 Prevail, till *Phæbus* sheds *Titanian* Rays,
 And paints their Fleecy Skirts with shining Gold,
 Unable to resist the Foggy Damps
 That veild the Surface of the verdant Fields,
 At the Gods penetrating Beams disperse:
 The Earth again in former Beauty smiles,
 In gaudiest Livery drest, all Gay and Clear.

When disappointed *Stephen* meets Repulse,
 Scofft at, despis'd, in melancholic mood
 Joyless he wafts in sighs the lazy Hours,
 Till Reinforc't by thy Almighty Aid,
 He Storms the Breach, and wins the Beauteous Fort.

To pay thee Homage, and receive thy Blessings,
 The *British* Marriner quits native shore,
 And ventures through the tractless vast Abyfs,
 Plowing the Ocean, whilst the *Uzbeav'd* Oak
 With beaked Prow, Rides tilting ore the Waves;
 Shockt by Tempestuous jarring Winds she Rolls
 In dangers Imminent, till she arrives
 At those blest *Climes*, thou favourst with thy pre-
 (fence;

Whether, at *Lusitanian* sultry Coasts,
 Or lofty *Teneriff*, *Palma*, *Ferro*,
Provence, Or at the *Celtiberian* Shores;

With

With gazing Pleasure and Astonishment
 At *Paradice*, (Seat of our antient fire,)
 He thinks himself arriv'd, the Purple *Grape*
 In largest Clusters Pendant, grace the *Vines*
 Innumeros, in Fields *Grottesque* and *Wild*
 They with Implicit Curles the *Oak* entwine,
 And load with Fruit Divine her spreading Boughs;
 Sight most delicious, not an Irksom Thought,
 Or of left native *Isle*, or absent Friends,
 Or dearest Wife, or tender sucking Babe,
 His kindly treach'rous mem'ry now presents;
 The Jovial *God* has left no room for Cares.

Celestial Liquor, thou that didst inspire
Maro and *Flaccus*, and the *Grecian* Bard,
 With lofty Numbers, and Heroic strains
 Unparalell'd, with Eloquence profound,
 And Arguments Convincive didst enforce
 Fam'd *Tully*, and *Demosthenes* Renown'd :
Ennius first fam'd in *Latin* Song, in vain
 Drew *Heliconian* Streams, Ungrateful whet
 To Jaded Muse, and oft' with vain attempt
 Heroic Acts in Flagging Numbers dull
 With pains essay'd, but abject still and low,
 His *Unrecruited* Muse could never reach
 The mighty Theme, till from the Purple Font

Of bright *Lenæan* fire, Her barren drought
 He quench'd, and with inspiring Nest'rous Juice
 Her drooping Spirits chear'd, aloft she towres
 Born on stiff *Pennons*, and of Wars alarms,
 And *Trophies* won, in loftiest Numbers sings :
 'Tis thou the Hero's breast to Martial Acts,
 And resolution bold, and ardour brave
 Excit'st, thou check'st Inglorious lolling ease,
 And sluggish minds with gen'rous fires inflam'st,
 O *thou*, that first my quickned Soul engag'd,
 Still with thy Aid assist me, What is *dark*
 Illumin, What is low raise and support,
 That to the height of this great Argument,
 Thy Universal Sway o're all the World,
 In everlasting Numbers, like the Theme
 I may record, and sing thy matchless Worth.

Had the *Oxonian* Bard thy Praise rehears'd,
 His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height ;
 Such as of late o're *Blenbeims* Field she soard
Aerial, now in *Ariconian* Bogs
 She lies Inglorious floundring like her Theme
 Languid and Faint, and on damp Wing immerg'd
 In acid Juice, in vain attempts to rise.

With

With what sublimest Joy from noisy Town,
 At Rural Seat, *Lucretius* retir'd,
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing Cares,
 Where the white *Poplar*, and the lofty *Pine*
 Join Neighbouring Boughs, sweet Hospitable shade
 Creating, from *Phæbean* Rays secure,
 A cool Retreat, with few well chosen Friends
 On flowry Mead Recumbent, spent the Hours
 In Mirth Innocuous, and Alternate Verse!
 With Roses Interwoven, Poplar wreaths
 Their Temples bind, dress of *Sylvestrian* Gods;
 Choicest *Nectarian* Juice Crown'd largest Bowles,
 And overlook'd the lid, alluring sight,
 Of fragrant Scent, attractive, tast Divine!
 Whether from *Formian* Grape depress'd, *Falern*
 Or *Setin*, *Massic*, *Gauran* or *Sabine*,
Lesbian or *Cæcuban*, the chearing Bowl
 Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heightned
 (Wit
 To sing *Mecenas* praise their Patron kind.

But *we*, not as our Pristin fires repair
 T' *umbrageous* Grot or Vale, but when the Sun
 Faintly from Western Skies his Rays oblique
 Darts slopping, and to *Thetis* watry Lap
 Hastens in prone Career, with Friends Select
 Swiftly we hie to Devil Young or Old

Jocund

Jocund and Boon, where at the entrance stands
 A Stripling, who with Scrapes and *Humil* Cringe,
 Greets us in winning Speech and Accent Bland;
 With lightest bound, and safe unerring step
 He skips before, and nimbly climbs the Stairs :
Melampus thus, panting with lolling Tongue,
 And wagging Tail, Gambloes, and frisks before
 His sequel Lord from pensive Walk return'd,
 Whether in Shady Wood, or Pastures Green,
 And waits his coming at the well known Gate.
 Nigh to the Stairs ascent, in regal Port
 Sits a *Majestick* Dame, whose looks denounce
 Command and *Sov'reignty*, with haughty Air,
 And *Studied* Mien, in *Semicirc'lar* Throne
 Enclos'd, she deals around her dread Commands ;
 Behind her (*Dazling sight*) in order Rang'd,
 Pile above Pile *Chrystallin* Vessels shine ;
 Attendant Slaves with eager stride advance,
 And after Homage paid, bawl out aloud
 Words Unintelligible, noise confus'd :
 She knows the *Jargon* Sound, and strait describes
 In Characters Mysterious Words obscure ;
 More legible are *Algebraic* Signs,
 Or *Mythic* Figures by *Magicians* drawn,
 When they Invoke aid *Diabolical*.

Drive

Drive hence the Rude and Barb'rous Diffonance
 Of Savage *Ibracians*, and *Creatian* Boors;
 The loud *Centaurean* Broiles with *Lapithæ*
 Sound harsh, and grating to *Lenæan* God:
 Chase brutal Feuds of *Belgian* skippers hence,
 (Amid their Cups, whose Innate Tempers shown)
 In clumsy Fist wielding *Scymetrian* Knife,
 Who slath each others Eyes, and Blubber'd Face,
 Prophaning *Bacchanalian* solemn Rites:
Musicks Harmonious Numbers better suit
 His Festivals, from Instrument or Voice,
 Or *Gasperini's* Hand the trembling string
 Should touch, or from the *Tuscan* Dames,
 Or warbling *Tofts* more soft Melodious Tongue
 Sweet Symponies should flow, the *Delian* God
 For Airy *Bacchus* is Associate meet.

The Stairs Ascant now gain'd, our Guide unbars
 The Door of Spacious Room, and creaking Chairs
 (To ear offensive) round the Table sets,
 We sit, when thus his Florid Speech begins:
 Name, Sirs, the *W I N E* that most invites your
 (Taste,

Champaign or *Burgundy*, or *Florence* pure,
 Or *Hoc* Antique, or *Lisbon* New or Old,
Bourdeaux, or neat *French* White, or *Alicant* :

For *Bordeaux* we with Voice Unanimous
 Declare, (such Sympathy's in Boon *Compeers.*)
 He quits the Room *Alert*, but soon returns,
 One hand Capacious glitt'ring Vessels bore
 Resplendant, th' other with a grasp secure,
 A Bottle (mighty charge) upstaid, full Fraught
 With goodly Wine, *He* with extended Hand
 Rais'd high, pours forth the Sanguin frothy Juice,
 O'respred with Bubbles, dissipated soon:
 We strait t' our Arms repair, experienc'd Chiefs;
 Now Glasses clash with Glasses, (Charming Sound,)
 And Glorious *ANNA*'s Health the first the best
 Crowns the full Glas, at Her inspiring Name
 The sprightly Wine Results, and seems to Smile,
 With hearty Zeal, and with Unanimous
 The Health we drink, and in her Health our own:

A Pause ensues, and now with grateful Chat
 W' improve the Interval, and Joyous Mirth
 Engages our rais'd Souls, Pat Repartee,
 Or Witty Joke our airy Senses moves
 To pleasant Laughter, strait the Ecchoing Room
 With Universal Peals and Shouts resounds.

The *Royal Dane*, blest Consort of the blest *QUEEN*,
 Next Crowns the Rubied Nectar, all whose Bliss

In *ANNA*'s plac't, with Sympathetic Flame,
 And Mutual Endearments, all her Joys,
 Like the kind Turtles pure untainted Love,
 Center in Him, who shares the grateful Hearts.
 Of Loyal Subjects, with his Sov'reign *QUEEN*;
 For by his Prudent Care, united shores
 Were sav'd from Hostile Fleets Invasion dire.

The Hero *Malbro* next, whose vast Exploits
 Fames Clarion sounds, fresh Laurels, Triumphs new
 We wish, like those he won at *Hockley's* Field.

Next *Devonshire* Illustrious, who from Race
 Of Noblest Patriots sprung, whose Soul's endow'd,
 And is with ev'ry Vertuous gift Adorn'd
 That shon in his most worthy Ancestors,
 For then distinct in sep'rate Breasts were seen
 Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.

Prudent *Godolphin*, of the Nations weal
 Frugal, but free and gen'rous of his own.
 Next Crowns the Bowl, with Faithful *Sunderland*,
 And *Halifax*, the Muses darling Song,
 In whom Conspicuous, with full Lustre shine
 The surest Judgment, and the brightest Wit,
 Himself *Mecænas* and a *Flaccus* too,
 And all the Worthies of the *British* Realm

In order rang'd succeeded, Healths that ting'd
The *Dulcet* Wine with a more charming Gust.

Now each the Mistress by whose scorching Eyes
Fir'd, tosts *Cosmelia* Fair, or *Dulcibella*,
Or *Sylvia* Comely Black with jetty Eyes
Piercing, or Airy *Celia* sprightly Maid.
Insensibly thus flow *Unnumber'd* Hours ;
Glas's succeeds Glas's, till the *Dircean* God
Shines in our Eyes, and with his Fulgent Rays
Enlightens our glad Looks with lovely Die ;
All Blithe and Jolly that like *Arthur's* Knights
Of Rotund Table, Fam'd in Pristin Records,
Now most we seem'd, such is the Power of Wine.

Thus we the winged Hours in harmless Mirth,
And Joys Unfully'd pass, till Humid Night
Has half her Race perform'd, now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the Rumbling Noise
Of Coach or Cart, or smoaky Link-Boys call
Is heard ; but Universal Silence Reigns :
When we in Merry Plight, Airy and Gay,
Surpriz'd to find the Hours so swiftly flie,
With hasty knock, or Twang of Pendant Cord
Alarm the Drowsy Youth from slumb'ring Nod ;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o're the Stairs
Erroneous, and with busie Knuckles plies

His yet clung Eyelids, and with stagging Reel
Enters Confus'd, and Mutt'ring asks our Wills ;
When we with Lib'ral Hand the Score discharge,
And Homeward each his Course with steady step
Unerring steer'd of Cares and Coin bereft.

F I N I S.
