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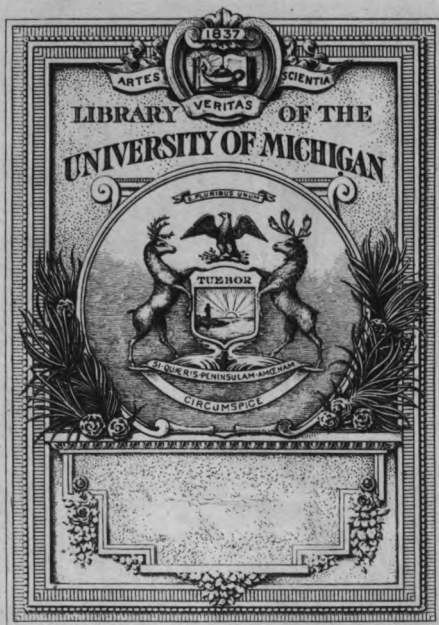
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# Art of Dancing.

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# P O E M,

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In Three CANTO's.

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*Incessu patuit Dea.*

*Virg.*

---



L O N D O N

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# THE Art of Dancing, &c.

## CANTO I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Proposition. An Invocation of several Deities concern'd in this Art. The Rise and Progress of Dancing. An Encomium upon the Ancients, who admir'd this Art. Habits proper for Men in Dancing, with several useful Rules and Cautions. Habits proper for the Ladies, with a Caution against Painting; as also against Hoops, Lappets, Ruffles, Fringes, &c. A Memorandum to the Fair, to tie their Garters fast, which introduces the Story of the Institution of the Star and Garter by K. Edw. III. The Description and Praise of the Fann, with an Episode on the invention of that Instrument; which concludes this Canto.*



[ ful Mein,  
IN the smooth *Dance* to move with grace-  
Easy, with Care, and spritely, tho' serene;  
To mark th' Instructions ecchoing Strains convey,  
And with Just Steps each tuneful Note obey;

B

With

With *Nicest Art* to tread the circling Round ;  
 Where use the lowly *Sink*, or nimble *Bound*,  
 I sing. ——— Be present all ye sacred Choir,  
 Blow the soft *Flute*, and strike the sounding *Lyre*.  
 When                bids, your kind Assistance bring,  
 And at her Feet the humble Tribute fling :  
 Oh ! may her Eyes (to her this Verse is due)  
 What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view !

And You, Celestial *Venus*, Power divine !  
 Around whose Throne, and ever-sacred Shrine,  
 Unnumber'd Loves, and Smiles, and Graces fly,  
 Fanning with painted Wings the Crystal Sky ;  
 \* If ever you with Pleasure have survey'd  
 The sacred Dance beneath the *Cretan* Shade,  
 Hither with all your little sportive Throng  
 Descend, fair Queen, and aid your *Poet's* Song.

[bove,

Nor Thou, that rul'st the spacious Heav'ns a-  
 Disdain this humble Theme, Almighty *JOVE* !

---

\* *Hom. Iliad. lib. 18, v. 590.*



Pleas'd with the holy Pomp, all Heav'n attends,  
And wing'd with Musick ev'ry Pray'r ascends.

Hail happier Age! hail illustrious Days!  
Then Arts receiv'd their just Rewards of Praise.  
Then *Musick, Sculpture, Painting* did abound,  
And Fame and Profit ev'ry Artist crown'd.  
Then *Laurel's* Wreaths adorn'd the Victor's Head,  
Whilst humbler *Bays* poetick Brows o'erspread.  
Nor did the Dancer's generous Science claim  
Inferiour Gains, or a less Share of Fame:  
To him the Great did all their Stores disclose;  
To him erected Marble Statues rose:  
Heroes and Kings the pleasing Art approv'd,  
And glory'd to excel in what they lov'd.  
To curb the Steed, and hurl the pointed Dart,  
Was then esteem'd but half the Warriour's Part;  
Each perfect Hero equally was skill'd  
To grace the Ball, and glitter in the Field:  
Not all his Triumphs gain'd, and Battels won,  
Nations subdu'd, and flaming Towns o'erthrown,

E'er

E'er purchas'd *Pyrrhus* half that Share of Fame,  
¶ As that one *Dance*, that yet records his Name.

Nor did *Philosophers*, more learn'd than wife,  
In those bless'd Times this useful Art despise :  
They taught, the *pleasing Exercise* was good  
To clear the Brain, and purifie the Blood,  
To make the languid Spirits briskly flow,  
And ruddy Cheeks with healthful Blushes glow.  
\* Th' *Athenian* Sage, for Learning ever known,  
Whom sacred *Phæbus* from the *Delphick* Throne  
The wisest of Mankind did once declare,  
Thought not the *Dance* unworthy of his Care,  
Ev'n when Old-age and withering Years had shed  
Their hoary Honours on his snowy Head,  
The wise Philosopher this Art pursu'd  
To string his Nerves, and warm his freezing Blood,

Then *Poetry* was too the Dancer's Friend,  
And all the Muses did his Steps attend :

---

¶ The *Pyrrhick* Dance.

\* *Socrates.*

With





The *Soldier's* nodding Plumes, and Scarlet red,  
Shew that his Life in Blood and Slaughter's led :  
Whilst the Lawn Band, beneath a double Chin,  
As plainly speaks Divinity within :  
Thus each Man's Habit with his Bus'ness suits ;  
Nor must we ride in Pumps, or dance in Boots.

But you, that oft in circling Dances wheel,  
Thin be your yielding Sole, and low your Heel :  
Let no unweildy Pride your Shoulders press,  
But airy, light, and easie be your Drefs ;  
Let not the Sword, in silken Bondage ty'd,  
An useles Weight, hang lugging at your Side ;  
No such rough Weapons here will gain the Prize,  
No Wounds we fear, but from the Fair-one's Eyes.  
The woolly Drab, and English Broad-cloth warm,  
Guard well the Horseman from the beating Storm,  
But load the Dancer with too great a Weight,  
And call from ev'ry Pore a dewy Sweat ;  
Rather let him his active Limbs display  
In Camblet thin, or glossy Puddisway.

But

But let not vulgar Rules delay my Song,  
Nor Precepts known to All my Verse prolong :  
Why shou'd I now the gallant Spark command  
With clean white Gloves to fit his ready Hand;  
Or in his Fobb enlivening Spirits wear,  
And quick'ning Salts, to raise the fainting Fair ?  
Why shou'd my Lays the youthful Tribe advise,  
Lest snowy Clouds from out their Wiggs arise ?  
So shall their Partners mourn their Laces spoil'd,  
And shining Silks with greasy Powder soil'd.  
Nor need I sure bid prudent Youths beware  
Lest with erected Tongues their Buckles stare ;  
The pointed Steel shall oft their Stockins rend,  
And oft th' approaching Petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful Fair, I sing to you ;  
With pleasing Smiles my useful Labours view ;  
For you the Silkworms fine-wrought Webs display,  
And lab'ring spin their little Lives away :  
For you bright Gems with radiant Colours glow,  
Fair as the Dyes that paint the Heav'nly Bow :

For

For you the Sea resigns its pearly Store,  
 And Earth unlocks her Mines of treasur'd Oar;  
 In vain yet Nature thus her Gifts bestows,  
 Unless those Gifts your selves with Art dispose.

But think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring  
 One Form of Dress prescrib'd can suit with all :  
 One brightest shines when *Wealth* and *Art* com-  
 To make the lovely Piece compleatly fine.  
 In *Dishabille* another steals our Hearts,  
 And, rich in Native Beauties, wants not Art's.  
 In some are such resistless Beauties found,  
 That in all Dresses they are sure to wound :  
 Their Heav'nly Forms all foreign Aids despise,  
 And Gems but borrow Lustre from their Eyes.  
 Such oft, *Britannia*, in thy Court appear,  
 Fam'd ev'n in Beauty's Seat, where all are fair,  
 And blaze like Planets in a Starry Night,  
 'Midst vulgar Beauties, with distinguish'd Light.  
 So *Queensburgh*, *Manchester*, and *Bedford* shine;  
 Such Charms are *Cootes*, such lovely *Feilding* thine.

C

Let

[is seen  
Let the fair Nymph, in whose plump Cheeks  
A constant Blush, be clad in verdant Green ;  
In such a Dress the sportive Sea-Nymphs go ;  
So in their grassy Beds fresh Roses blow :  
The Lads whose Skin is like the Hazle brown,  
With brighter Yellow shou'd o'ercome her own,  
But the fair Maid, in whose pale Cheeks of Snow  
No Blushes rise, nor blooming Roses glow,  
Far above all should potent Scarlet fly,  
And soonest chuse the Sable's mournful Dye :  
So the pale Moon still shines with purest Light  
Cloath'd in the dusky Mantle of the Night.

But far from You be all those treach'rous Arts,  
That wound with painted Charms unwary Hearts.  
*Dancing's* a Touchstone that true Beauty tries,  
Nor suffers Charms that Nature's Hand denies.  
Tho' for a while we may with Wonder view  
The rosy Blush, and Skin of lovely hue,  
Yet soon the *Dance* will cause the Cheeks to glow,  
And melt the Coral Lips, and Neck of Snow.

So

So shine the Fields in Icy Fetters bound,  
Whilst frozen Gems bespangle all the Ground ;  
Thro' the clear Crystal of the glitt'ring Snow,  
With scarlet Red the blushing Hawthorns glow ;  
O'er all the Plain unnumber'd Glories rise,  
And a new bright Creation charms the Eyes ;  
Till Spring at length, with *Zephyr's* gentle Winds  
And warming Gales, the frozen Glebe unbinds ;  
Then strait at once the glitt'ring Scenes decay,  
And all the transient Glories fade away ;  
The Fields resign the Beauties not their own,  
And all their Snowy Charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous Points advise,  
I shou'd condemn the *Hoop's* enormous size :  
Oft hath my self the Inconvenience found ;  
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable Round,  
And mourn'd my Shins bruised black, with many  
[a Wound.  
Nor shou'd the tighten'd Stays, too straitly lac'd,  
In Whalebone Bondage gaul the slender Waist ;

C 2

Nor

Nor waving Lappets shou'd the dancing Fair  
 Nor Ruffles edg'd with dangling Fringes wear;  
 Oft will the Cobweb Ornaments catch hold  
 On the approaching Button rough with Gold;  
 Nor Force, nor Art can then the Bonds divide  
 When once th'entangled Gordian Knot is ty'd;  
 So th' Unhappy Pair, by *Hymen's* Pow'r,  
 Together joyn'd in some ill-fated Hour,  
 The more they strive their Freedom to regain,  
 The faster binds th' indissoluble Chain,

Let each fair Nymph that fears to be disgrac'd,  
 Ever be sure to tie her Garters fast,  
 Lest the loos'd String, amidst the publick Ball,  
 A wish'd-for Prize to some proud Fop shou'd fall,  
 Who the rich Treasure shall triumphant show,  
 And make her Cheeks with burning Blushes glow,

'Tis hence the Royal *George and Garter* blue,  
*Britannia's* Nobles grace (if Fame says true)  
 Once Valiant *Edward*, of illustrious Fame,  
 The Third of *England's* Kings that bore the Name,

With

With fam'd *Plantagenet*, divinely fair,  
Once *Britain's* Glory, and her Monarch's Care,  
Led up the Royal Ball with courteous Air:  
Loos'd with the pleasing Toil (as Stories tell)  
Down on the Floor her loosen'd Garter fell;  
The gallant King catch'd up the lovely Prize,  
Whilst crimson Blushes o'er her Cheeks arise,  
And bearing it aloft with joyful Pride,  
" Mourn not, my Fair, so small a Loss, he cry'd;  
" When all those blooming Charms, [decay'd,  
" And flowing Tresses shall in Dust be laid;  
" When those all-conquering Eyes, [Breath,  
" Themselves shall yield (as yield they must) to [Death,  
" This Garter bright, with never-dying Fame,  
" To endless Ages shall record your Name:  
" This Mark of Honour *Britain's* Chiefs shall [bear,  
" And Sovereign Kings themselves be proud to [wear,

Now let the Muse my lovely Charge remind,  
Lest they, forgetful, leave their Fanns behind.

Oh!



Oh! lay not, Nymphs, the pretty Toy aside,  
A Toy at once display'd for Use and Pride ;  
A wondrous Engine, that by Magick Charms  
Cools your own Breasts, and ev'ry others warms!

What daring Bard shall e'er attempt to tell  
The Pow'rs that in this little Engine dwell ?  
What Verse can e'er explain its various Parts,  
Its num'rous Uses, Motions, Charms, and Arts ?  
Its painted Folds that oft, extended wide,  
Th' afflicted Fair-ones blubber'd Beauties hide ;  
When secret Sorrows her sad Bosom fill,  
When *Strephon* is unkind, or *Shock* is ill :  
Its Sticks, on which her Eyes dejected pore,  
And pointing Fingers number o'er and o'er ;  
When the kind Virgin burns with secret Shame,  
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her Flame ;  
Its Shake triumphant, its victorious Clap,  
Its angry Flutter, and its wanton Tap.

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive Theme to sing,  
Nor trust in such a Flight your tender Wing ;

Rather

Rather do you in humble Lines proclaim  
From whence this Engine took its Form and  
Say from what Cause it first deriv'd its birth, [ Name :  
How form'd in Heav'n, how thence deduc'd to  
[Earth.

Once in *Arcadia*, that fam'd Seat of Love,  
There liv'd a Nymph, the Pride of all the Grove,  
A lovely Nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,  
An easie Shape, and sweetly-blooming Face ;  
*Fanny* the Damsel's Name, as chaste as fair,  
Each Virgin's Envy, and each Swain's Despair:  
To charm her Ear the rival Shepherds sing,  
Blow the soft Flute, and wake the trembling String.  
For her they leave their wand'ring Flocks to  
Whilst *Fanny*'s Name resounds thro' ev'ry Grove, [ rove,  
And spreads on ev'ry Tree enclos'd with Knots [ of Love.  
As *Feilding*'s now, her Eyes all Hearts enflame,  
Like her in Beauty, as alike in Name.

'Twas

[ high,  
'Twas when the Summer Sun, now mounted  
With fiercer Beams had warm'd the sultry Sky,  
Beneath the Covert of a cooling Shade,  
To shun the Heat, this lovely Nymph was laid :  
The sultry Weather o'er her Cheeks had spread  
A Blush, that added to their native red :  
And her fair Breast, as polish'd Marble white,  
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to Sight.  
Whilst thus she lay, the potent God pass'd by  
Who rules the Winds, and calms the troubled Sky,  
*Aeolus*, whose Nod provokes the sleeping Main,  
And bids the raging Waves be still again :  
He stop'd a while, and gaz'd with fond Delight,  
And suck'd in Poyson at the dang'rous Sight :  
He lov'd, and ventur'd to declare his Pain,  
But still he lov'd, and still he woo'd in vain ;  
The cruel Nymph, regardless of his Moan,  
Minds not his Flame ; uneasie with her own,  
Still she complains, that he who rul'd the Air  
Wou'd not command one *Zephyr* to repair

A round

A round Face, nor gentle Breeze to play  
Thro' the dark Glade, and cool the sultry Day :  
By Love incited, and the Hopes of Joy,  
Th' ingenious God contriv'd this pretty Toy,  
Which 'might, with Zephyr's, cool her glowing  
And called *Fann* from lovely *Fanny's* Name.



**D**

# THE





# THE Art of Dancing, &c.

## CANTO II.

### The ARGUMENT. Of French Dancing.

*The Assembly-Room and Company describ'd. The Ball to be begun with French Dances. An Encomium upon the Genius of the Nation. The Description of a Masquerade. Of the writing Dances in Characters, first found by Mons. Feuillet. Each Dancer ought to consult his own Genius and Abilities; compar'd to a Poet. Of Stage-dancing and Rope-dancing. Several Useful Rules. An Encomium upon this Art.*

**N**OW see prepar'd to lead the spritely Dance  
The lovely Nymphs and well-dress'd  
Youths advance :

The spacious Room receives its jovial Guest,  
And the Floor shakes, with pleasing weight oppress'd ;  
D 2 Thick

Thick rang'd on every side with various Dyes  
 The Fair in shining Silks our Sight surprize :  
 So, on a grassy Bed profuse of Flow'rs,  
 With warming Gales refresh'd, and genial Showrs,  
 The lovely Lillies, deck'd in Silver Snow,  
 And Tulips that with painted Beauties glow,  
 The blushing Rose, and Pinks of various hue,  
 The crimson Hyacinth, and Violet blue,  
 Cloath'd in their richest Robes, together 'rise  
 And in a gay Confusion charm our Eyes.

[ bright

High o'er their Heads, with num'rous Candles  
 Large Branches shed their golden Beams of Light;  
 Their golden Beams, that still more brightly glow,  
 Reflected back from Gems and Eyes below.  
 Unnumber'd Fanns, to cool the crowded Fair,  
 With breathing Zephyrs move the circling Air.  
 The spritely Fiddle, and the ecchoing Lyre,  
 Each youthful Breast with gen'rous Warmth in-  

[ spire:

 Fraught with all Joys, the blisful Moments fly,  
 Whilst *Musick* melts the Ear, and *Beauty* charms  
 the Eye.

Now

Now let the Youth, to whose superior Place  
It first belongs the glitt'ring Ball to grace,  
With humble Bow and ready Hand prepare  
Forth from the Croud to lead his chosen Fair :  
The Fair shall not his kind Request deny,  
But to the pleasing Toil with equal Ardour fly.

But stay, rash Pair, nor yet untaught advance,  
First hear the *Muse* e're you attempt to dance.  
By Art directed, o'er the foaming Tide,  
Secure from Rocks the painted Vessels glide.  
By Art the Chariot scours the dusty Plain,  
Springs at the Whip, and hears the freight'ning  
[ Rein.  
To Art our Bodies must obedient prove,  
If e'er we hope with graceful Ease to move :  
Nor think, *ye Fair*, that any native Charm  
Can e'er our Eyes attract, or Bosoms warm,  
Unless you learn the Rules these Lines impart,  
The Useful Precepts of the *Dancing Art*.

First,



First, with *French-Dancing* be each *Ball* begun,  
Nor *Country-Dance* intrude till these are done :  
With these the *Muse* shall her first Labours grace,  
And those come after, in their proper Place.

The *French* (if right all ancient Legends tell)  
In *Dances* form'd by Rule did first excell :  
They first this Art to full Perfection brought,  
And certain Steps by certain Precepts taught :  
Hence all those pleasing artful Dances came  
That, from their Authors, we *French-Dances*  
name.

Wise Nature, ever with a prudent Hand,  
Dispenses various Gifts to ev'ry Land ;  
To ev'ry Nation frugally imparts  
A Genius fit for some peculiar Arts.  
The *Germans* in Mechanics best succeed ;  
The *Dutch* in Traffick, and in War the *Swede* :  
*Britannia* justly glories to have found  
The farthest Isles, and sail'd the Globe around :

Soft

Soft Arts of Peace adorn *Italia's* Plains ;  
There *Painting*, *Poetry*, and *Musick* reigns ;  
There sweet *Corelli* first his Viol strung ;  
There *Raphael* painted, and there *Vida* sung.

But *Gallia* all superiour must confess  
To ev'ry Clime in *Dancing*, and in *Dress* :  
Let great *Italia* boast her Sons of Fame,  
And *England* shew her *Drake's* and *Candish's*  
[Name ;  
*Germania* glory to have first begun  
The Printing Art, and form'd the murd'ring Gun,  
*France* for one Worthy will produce them ten,  
Alike illustrious both for Arts and Men.

From her the Sword-knot sprung, and smart [Toupée,  
From her *Legar* arose, and fam'd *L'oblée*.

From her, ye Beaux, ye learn to charm the Fair  
With poulder'd Shoulders and a janty Air.

From her, ye Fair, you learn a thousand Arts  
To conquer and secure your Lovers Hearts ;  
To frown, and smile, and lean the Head aside,  
Lisp, scream, and whisper, with a deal beside.

To

To her we all our *Noblest Dances* owe,  
The spritely *Rigadoon*, and *Louvre* flow,  
The *Borée*, and *Courant*, unpractis'd long,  
Th' immortal *Minuet*, and the sweet *Britange*.

But most her happy Genius is display'd  
In forming first the splendid *Masquerade* ;  
Where all the Pow'rs of Art united joyn  
To make the *Ball* with perfect Lustre shine :  
There, as in *Mahomet's* well-fancy'd Heav'n,  
Rapture at once to ev'ry Sense is giv'n :  
Ten thousand Habits please the wand'ring Sight,  
With blazing Gold, and glitt'ring Jewels bright :  
In lofty piles *Ambrosial* Sweetmeats stand,  
And ripen'd Fruits in clusters court the Hand ;  
Nectareous Wines in sparkling currents flow, }  
Whate'er *Champaign's* aspiring Hills bestow, }  
Or on *Burgundia's* Plains delicious grow. }  
*Dancing* the happy Night with Pleasure crowns,  
And *Musick* thro' the vaulted Roofs resounds ;  
Unnumber'd yielding Nymphs compleat our Joy,  
For here severest Prudes no more are coy ;

No

No more they fear their careful Parent's Eye,  
The jealous Cuckold, or the watchful Spy;  
Here coldest Maids are without Blushes kind,  
The Mask that hides the Face reveals the Mind:  
Or, shou'd the Tyrants strive to give us Pain,  
Pretend to blush, or frown, 'twere all in vain;  
How shou'd the Lover fear? The kind Disguise  
Hides threat'ning Frowns, but shews consenting  
[ Eyes.

Long was the *Dancing Art* unfix'd and free;  
Hence lost in Error and Uncertainty:  
No Precepts did it mind, or Rules obey,  
But ev'ry Master taught a diff'rent Way:  
[ try'd,  
Hence, e're each new-born Dance was fully  
The lovely Product, ev'n in blooming, dy'd:  
Thro' various Hands in wild Confusion tofs'd,  
Its Steps were alter'd, and its Beauties lost:  
Till \* *Faillet* at length, Great Name! arose,  
And did the Dance in Characters compose:

---

\* He first publish'd the *Art of Dancing by Characters* in French, since translated into English by Mr. *Weaver*.

Each lovely Grace by certain Marks he taught,  
And ev'ry Step in lasting Volumes wrote.  
Hence o'er the World this pleasing Art shall <sup>[spread,</sup>  
And ev'ry Dance in ev'ry Clime be read ;  
By *distant Masters* shall each Step be seen,  
Tho' Mountains rise, and Oceans roar between.  
Hence with her Sister-Arts shall *Dancing* claim  
An equal Right to Universal Fame,  
And *Isaac's Rigadoon* shall last as long  
As *Raphael's Painting*, or as *Virgil's Song*.

Each cautious Bard, e're he attempts to sing,  
First gently flutt'ring, trys his tender Wing,  
And if he finds that with uncommon Fire  
A daring Genius does his Soul inspire,  
At once to Heav'n he soars in lofty Odes,  
And sings alone of Heroes, and of Gods ;  
Or makes his Muse in solemn Tragick Verse  
The Acts of Princes, and of Kings rehearse :

But

But if she trembling fears to soar so high,  
He then descends to softer Elegy ;  
And if depairing still he finds his Wit,  
For am'rous Tales and Elegy unfit,  
Yet still he may in Pastoral succeed,  
And deftly tune it on an Oaten Reed.

So shou'd each *Dancer*, e're he <sup>[move,</sup> trys to  
With Care his Strength, his Weight, and Genius  
    prove,  
And if he finds kind Nature's Gifts impart  
Endowments proper for the *Dancing Art*,  
If in himself he feels together joyn'd  
An active Body, and a spritely Mind ;  
In nimble *Rigadoons* let him advance,  
Or in the *Louvre's* flow majestick Dance :  
But if, for want of Genius, Warmth, and Fire,  
He dares not to such Noble Acts aspire,  
Let him, contented with an easie pace,  
The gentle *Minuet's* circling Mazes trace ;

If this too hard shall seem, let him forbear,  
And to the *Country-Dance* confine his Care.

True Dancing, like true Wit, is best express'd  
By Nature, only to Advantage drest ;  
'Tis not a nimble Bound, or Caper high,  
That can pretend to please a curious Eye ;  
Good Judges no such Tumblers Tricks regard,  
Or think them beautiful because they're hard ;  
Yet in *Stage-dancing*, if perform'd with Skill,  
Such active Feats our Eyes with Wonder fill ;  
And some there are, that of uncommon Frame  
Have thro' these arduous Paths fought out for  
That Pindar *Rich* despises Vulgar Roads,  
And soars an Eagle's height among the Clouds,  
Whilst humbler Dancers, fearful how they climb,  
But buzz below amidst the flow'ry Thyme :  
Now soft and slow he bends the circling Round,  
Now rises high upon the spritely Bound,

Now

Now springs aloft, too swift for Mortal sight,  
Now falls unhurt from some stupendous Height;  
Like *Proteus*, in a thousand Forms is seen,  
Sometimes a *God*, sometimes an *Harlequin*.

Nor here, my Muse, must we forget to name  
Those bold Advent'urers on the *Rope* for Fame.  
See how the nimble Youth, now mounted high,  
Appears without the Aid of Wings to fly!  
Like *Maia's* Son, the Messenger of *Jove*,  
He seems to bring some Orders from above;  
And unconcern'd looks down on Crowds below,  
That gaze, and tremble, but to see him go.  
So 'Thousands on the Shore admiring stood,  
When *Dadalus* flew o'er the *Cretan* Flood.

[ Fame?

What will not Man attempt when led by  
What Toils or Dangers can Ambition tame?

In



In vain has prudent Nature's wise Commands  
With foaming Seas divided distant Lands ;  
Proud o'er th' inviolable Bounds to leap,  
With Sails and Oars they travel o'er the Deep :  
In vain high-tow'ring Pinions she denies,  
Art by a slender Cord the Want supplies ;  
Secure on this the nimble Artist fwings,  
Nor fears the Sun shou'd melt his waxen Wings.

In vain we learn to trace a certain Round,  
And know exactly where to sink and bound ;  
In ev'ry Movement there must still be seen  
A nameless Grace, and a becoming Mein :  
In vain a *Master* shall employ his Care  
Where Nature once has fix'd a clumsy Air ;  
Rather let such, to Country Sports confin'd,  
Pursue the flying Hare, and tim'rous Hind :  
To chase his fellow-Beasts be still his Game,  
And rural Conquests his sublimest Fame,

But

But ne'er to these politer Arts aspire,  
Or hope to soar above a Country Squire.

Nor yet, while I an awkward Clown despise,  
Wou'd I a soft effeminate Air advise ;  
With equal Scorn I wou'd the Fopp deride,  
Nor let him Dance, but on the Woman's side.

And You, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal Care  
A Stupid Dulness, and a Coquet Air ;  
Neither with Eyes that ever love the Ground,  
Asleep, like spinning Tops, run round and round ;  
Nor yet with giddy Looks, and wanton Pride,  
Stare all around, and skip from Side to Side.

Wou'd you in Dancing ev'ry Fault avoid,  
To keep true Time be your First Thoughts em-  
[ ploy'd ;

All

All other Errors they in vain shall mend  
 Who in this one important Point offend.  
 For this, when now united Hand in Hand,  
 Eager to start the youthful Couple stand,  
 Let them a while their nimble Feet refrain,  
 And with soft taps beat Time to ev'ry Strain :  
 So two sleek Racers on *Newmarket* Plains,  
 Whom scarce the Bitt can hold, or freight'ning  
 [ Reins,  
 Impatient o'er the velvet Turf to bound,  
 With trampling Feet spurn up the verdant  
 Ground.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry Stander-by  
 No glaring Errors in your Steps can 'spy ;  
 The *Dance* and *Musick* must so nicely meet,  
 Each Note must seem an Eccho to your Feet :  
 [ dwell,  
 A nameless Grace must in each Movement  
 Which Words can ne'er express, nor Precepts tell ;

Not

Not to be taught, but ever to be seen

In sweet *Camarten's* Air, and *Gore's* engaging  
Mein :

'Tis such an Air that makes her Thousands fall

When *Feilding* dances at a Birth-night Ball ;

Smooth as *Camilla* she skims o'er the Plain,

And flies, like her, thro' Crowds of Heroes slain.

Hail loveliest *Art* ! that canst all Hearts en-  
snare,

And make the fairest still appear more fair !

Beauty can little Execution do

Unless she borrows half her Arms from You :

Few like *Pygmalion* doat on lifeless Charms,

Or care to clasp a Statue in their Arms ;

But Breasts of Flint must melt with soft Desire

When Art and Motion wake the sleeping Fire.

A *Venus* drawn by great *Apelles's* Hand

May for a while our wond'ring Eyes command,

F

But

But still, tho' form'd with all the Pow'rs of Art,  
The Lifeless Piece can never warm the Heart :  
So a fair Nymph, perhaps, may please the Eye,  
Whilst all her beauteous Limbs unactive lie ;  
But when her Charms are in the *Dance* display'd,  
Then ev'ry Heart adores the lovely Maid :  
This sets her Beauty in the fairest Light,  
And shews each Grace in full Perfection bright ;  
Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,  
Like Porcupines, she sends a piercing Dart :  
In vain, alas ! the fond Spectator tries  
To shun the pleasing Dangers of her Eyes,  
For, *Parthian* like, she wounds as sure behind  
With lovely Curls, and Iv'ry Neck reclin'd ;  
Whether her Steps the *Minuet's* Mazes trace,  
Or the slow *Louvre's* more majestic Pace ;  
Whether the *Rigadoon* employs her Care,  
Or spritely *Jigg* displays the nimble Fair ;

A1





T H E  
Art of Dancing, &c.

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C A N T O III.

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The A R G U M E N T.

Of Country-Dancing.

*The Rise and Progress of Country-Dancing : Compar'd to the Theatre. Rules to be observ'd in chusing our Partners. Old Folks cause much Mischief in Balls ; illustrated by the Example of Herodia dancing before Herod. The Country-Dance describ'd. Useful Morals to be learn'd from several Country-Dances. Several Rules to be observ'd in and after Dancing. The Conclusion of the Wwole.*

**W** H E N good King *Arthur*, in the Days  
of *Tore*,  
The *British* Crown and Royal Sceptre bore,

In

In some fair op'ning Glade, each Summer's Night,  
Where *Cynthia* shed her silver Beams of Light,  
The jocund *Fairies* spritely Dances led  
On the soft Carpet of a grassy Bed :  
Some, with the pigmy King, and little Queen,  
In circling Ringlets mark'd the level Green :  
Some bade soft Flutes and mellow Pipes re-  
found,  
And Musick warble thro' the Groves around.

Oft lonely Shepherds, as they piping fate,  
Oft from their daily Toil returning late,  
Belated Peasants, by the Forest's side,  
Their wanton Sports and merry Revels 'spy'd.  
Instructed hence, throughout the *British* Isle,  
And fond to imitate the pleasing Toil,  
The nut-brown Maids and nimble Swains re-  
fort  
To ev'ry Wake to try the pretty Sport.

Oft



Oft as returns the merry Month of *May*,  
When the green Plains their richest Robes  
display

'Round, where the trembling Pole is fix'd on  
high,

And bears its flow'ry Honours to the Sky :

The youthful Couples nimble Dances lead,  
And rural *Belles* the verdant Fields o'erspread.

Here *Bumkinet*, array'd in Doublet new,  
With ruddy *Marian*, fine with Ribbons blue ;

There *Bloufilinda*, deck'd in Pinnars clean,  
With gentle *Colin* treads the level Green :

On ev'ry side *Æolian* Artists stand,  
Whose lab'ring Elbows swelling Winds com-  
mand :

The swelling Winds harmonious Pipes inspire,  
And wake in ev'ry Breast a gen'rous Fire.

Thus taught at first the *Country-Dance* be-  
And hence to Cities and to Courts it ran :

Succeed-

Succeeding Ages did in time impart  
Various Improvements to the *Noble Art* :  
From Fields and Groves to Palaces remov'd,  
Great-ones the pleasing Exercise approv'd :  
Hence spritely Fiddles and shrill Trumpets  
    found,  
And ecchoe thro' the vaulted Roofs around :  
Bright Gemms and Silks, Brocades and Ribbons  
    joyn  
To make the Ball with perfect Glory shine.

So rude at first the tragick Muse appear'd,  
Her Voice alone by rustick Rabble heard,  
Where twisting Trees a cooling Arbour made,  
The pleas'd Spectators fate beneath a Shade :  
The homely Stage with Rushes green was  
    strow'd,  
And in a Cart the stroling Actors rode :  
Till Time at length improv'd the great Design,  
And bade the Scenes with painted Landskips  
    shine :

Then

Then Art did all the bright Machines dispose,  
And Theatres of *Parian* Marble 'rose :  
Then mimick Thunder shook the trembling Sky,  
And Gods descended from their Tow'rs on high.

With Caution now let ev'ry Youth prepare  
To chuse a Partner from the mingled Fair :  
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's Voice  
If she pretended to direct his Choice,  
Beauty by Fancy is alone exprest,  
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent  
Breast :

A snowy Skin this am'rous Youth admires,  
Whilst nut-brown Cheeks another's Bosom fires.  
Small Waists and slender Limbs some Hearts en-  
snare,  
Whilst others love the more substantial Fair.

G

But

But let not outward Charms your Judgments  
fway,  
Your Reason rather than your Eyes obey ;  
And in the Dance, as in the Marriage Noose,  
Rather for *Merit* than for *Beauty* chuse :  
Be her your Choice who knows with perfect  
Skill  
When she shou'd move, and when she shou'd be  
still ;  
That uninstructed can perform her Share,  
And kindly half the pleasing Burthen bear.  
Unhappy is that hopeless Wretch's Fate  
Who, fetter'd in the Matrimonial State,  
With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd Wife  
Is forc'd to lead the tedious Dance of Life :  
And such is his with such a Partner joyn'd ;  
A moving Puppet, but without a Mind :  
Still must his Hand be pointing out the Way,  
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray ;

Beneath

Beneath her Follies he must ever groan,  
And ever blush for Errors not his own.

But now behold ! united Hand in Hand,  
Rang'd on each side the well-pair'd Couples  
stand :

With secret Joy, and with a fond Delight,  
Each gen'rous Youth expects the pleasing Fight ;  
Whilst lovely Eyes, that flash unusual Rays,  
And snowy Bubbles pull'd above the Stays ;  
Whilst busie Hands and bridling Heads declare  
The eager Nymphs, and the impatient Fair ;  
Far hence remov'd be ev'ry Stander-by,  
That views our Pleasures with a cens'ring Eye :  
Far hence be all on whose feverer Brow  
Old-age has left the Furrows of his Plow ;  
Those furlly Criticks ever Mirth destroy,  
And spoil all Pleasures which they can't enjoy.

Let no discreet Mamma call Miss aside,  
And her unguarded pretty Freedoms chide,  
With angry Frowns compel her to be coy,  
And all her Partner's pleasing Hopes destroy ;  
'Tis such that fill each harmless Virgin's Brain  
With Affectation, and with cold Disdain,  
And strive their native Innocence to hide  
With all their Sex's Artifice and Pride ;  
That gravely preach to the good-natur'd Fair,  
A Squeeze is more than Virtue ought to bear ;  
A Kiss so much a Lady's Honour stains,  
Marriage, or Death alone, her Fame regains :  
And of *Lucretia* talk, that foolish Prude,  
Who stabb'd her self because her Spark was  
rude :

'Tis from such Notions that old Folks instill  
That frequent Quarrels our Assemblies fill,  
And *Balls*, design'd for Mirth, too oft conclude  
By sad Mishap in Marriage, or in Blood.

Thus,

Thus, when *Herodia* (that fair fatal Name,  
At once the *Dancers* Glory, and their Shame )  
In the smooth Dance her beauteous Form display'd,  
All *Herod's* Court admir'd the lovely Maid :  
A thousand Hearts her beauteous Form ador'd,  
But *Herod's* most, *Judea's* Tyrant-Lord :  
With Joy he view'd her trace the winding  
Round,  
And felt at ev'ry Step a pleasing Wound.  
Now on her flowing Hair he fix'd his Eyes ;  
Now on her Breasts, that gently fall and rise ;  
Now views her Cheeks, with pure Vermilion  
red,  
And balmy Lips, with blooming Roses spread :  
Where-e'er she mov'd, his Heart and Eyes  
pursu'd,  
Till *Love*, the greater Tyrant, had the less  
subdu'd.  
Scarce had she done, when to the lovely Maid,  
Grasping her Hand, the royal Captive said,  
" By

“ By Heav’n, and all its gracious Pow’rs, I  
“ swear,

“ May Heav’n th’ irrevocable Promise hear ;

“ By those all-conquering Eyes, and this fair  
“ Hand,

“ Which can the Hearts of captive Kings com-  
“ mand,

“ If in the pow’r of *Herod*’s awful Throne,

“ Name but your Wish, and ’tis already done.

Her watchful Mother heard the sacred Vow,

Whilst fierce Revenge fate heavy on her Brow ;

(For long had *John*’s reforming Voice decry’d

Her impious Life, her Incest, and her Pride,)

Close to her Side she call’d the lovely Maid,

And forc’d her to demand the Baptist’s Head.

The lovely Maid with Tears and Sighs comply’d,

And for her Wish the holy Martyr dy’d :

Oh, cruel Mother ! too obedient Fair !

How cou’d you thus a tender Heart ensnare ?

You,



You, pretty Miss, had not her Counsels sway'd,  
For a fine *Watch*, or sparkling *Ring*, had pray'd ;  
A gilded *Chariot* you perhaps had chose,  
A Diamond *Necklace*, or a Suit of *Clothes* ;  
Or had you your most fav'rite Wish pursu'd,  
For a fine *Monkey*, or a *Husband* su'd ;  
But sure your tender Heart, unus'd to ill,  
Cou'd ne'er have plotted sacred Blood to spill,  
Had not your Tongue Mamma's Commands  
obey'd,  
Led by her Counsels, of her Threats afraid.

When mortal Breasts Revenge and Malice fill,  
What won't they render Instruments of Ill ?  
*Religion* long has been profanely made  
By *Hypocrites* and *Priests* a gainful Trade ;  
And *Law*, which by its Founders was design'd  
To be the careful Guardian of Mankind,

Is, long since, grown but a Pretence to cheat,  
T' oppress the Poor, and shield th' oppressing  
Great.

Thus *Dancing* too, we find, was forc'd to be  
Bawd to a Woman's Lust and Cruelty.

But see ! the spritely *Dance* is now begun ;  
Now here, now there the giddy *Maze* they run :  
Now with swift Steps they pace the circling  
*Ring* ;  
Now all confus'd too swift for Sight they spring :  
So, in a Wheel with rapid Fury tofs'd,  
The undistinguish'd Spokes are in the motion  
lost.

The Dancer here no more requires a Guide,  
To no strict Steps his nimble Feet are ty'd :  
The Muse's Precepts here wou'd useless be,  
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free :

Let

Let him but to the *Musick's* Voice attend,  
By this instructed, he can ne'er offend.  
If to his share it falls the Dance to lead,  
In well-known Paths he may be sure to tread;  
If others lead, let him their Motions view,  
And in their Steps the winding *Maze* pursue.

A thoughtful Head, and a reflecting Mind,  
Can in each Dance an useful Moral find :  
In *Hunt-the-Squirrel* thus, the Nymph we view,  
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :  
Thus in *Round-Dances*, where our Partners  
change,  
And unconfin'd from Fair to Fair we range :  
As soon as one from his own Confort flies,  
Another seizes on the lovely Prize ;  
A while the fav'rite Youth enjoys her Charms,  
'Till the next-comer steals her from his Arms ;

H

The

The former then no more is worth her Care :  
How true an Emblem of th' inconstant Fair !

Where can Philosophers and Sages wife,  
That read the curious Volumes of the Skies,  
A Model more exact than *Dancing* name  
Of the Creation's universal Frame ?

Where Worlds unnumber'd o'er th' Ætherial  
Way

In a bright regular Confusion stray :  
Now here, now there they whirl along the Sky,  
Now near approach, and now far distant fly ;  
Now meet in the same Order they begun,  
And then the great celestial *Dance* is done.

Where can the Moralist find a juster Plan  
Of the vain Errors and the Life of Man ?  
A while thro' juffling Crowds we toil and sweat,  
And eagerly pursue we know not what ;

Then

Then, when our little trifling Race is run,  
Quite tir'd, sit down just where we first begun.

Tho' to your Arms kind Fate's indulgent Care  
Has giv'n a Partner exquisitely fair,  
Let not her Charms so much engage your Heart  
That you neglect the skilful *Dancer's* Part :  
Be not, when you the tuneful Notes shou'd  
hear,  
Still whisp'ring idle Prattle in her Ear :  
Whilst you shou'd be employ'd, be not at play,  
Nor for your Joys all others Steps delay ;  
But when the finish'd Dance you once have done,  
And with Applause thro' ev'ry Couple run,  
There rest a while : ——— There snatch the  
fleeting Bliss,  
The tender Whisper, and the balmy Kiss ;  
Each secret Wish, each softer Hope confess,  
And with your Hand her panting Bubbles press ;

H 2

With

With Smiles the Fair shall hear your warm De-  
fires,

Whilst *Musick* softens, and while *Dancing* fires,

Thus, mix'd with Love, the pleasing Toil  
pursue

Till the unwelcome Morn appears to view,

Then when approaching Day its Beams displays,

And the dull Candles shine with fainter Rays;

Then when the Sun just rises o'er the Deep,

And each bright Eye is almost sett in Sleep,

With ready Hands, obsequious Youths, prepare

Safe to their Homes to lead each chosen Fair,

And guard her from the Morn's inclement Air.]

Let a warm Hood enwrap her lovely Head,

And o'er her Neck a Handkercheif be spread ;

Around her Shoulders let this Arm be cast,

While that defends from Cold her Slender  
Waist;

With

With Kisses warm her balmy Lips shall glow,  
Unchill'd by nightly Damps, or wint'ry Snow;  
Whilst gen'rous Whitewine, mull'd with Ginger  
warm,  
Shall safely guard her inward Frame from Harm.

But ever let my lovely Pupils fear  
To chill their mantling Blood with cold Small-  
Beer :

Ah, thoughtless Fair ! the tempting Draught re-  
fuse,

When thus 'forewarn'd by my experienc'd Muse.  
Let the ill Consequence your Thoughts employ,  
Nor hazard future Pains for present Joy ;  
Destruction lurks within the poys'nous Dose,  
A fatal *Fever*, or a *pimpled Nose*.

Thus thro' each Precept of the *Dancing Art*  
The Muse has play'd the kind *Instructor's* Part ;

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry Maze her Pupils she has led,  
And pointed out the surest Paths to tread ;  
No more remains, no more the Goddess sings,  
But drops her Pinions, and unfurls her Wings ;  
On downy Beds the wearied *Dancers* lie,  
And Sleep's silk Cords tie down each drowsie Eye,  
Delightful Dreams their pleasing Sports restore,  
And, ev'n in Sleep, they seem to *dance* once more.

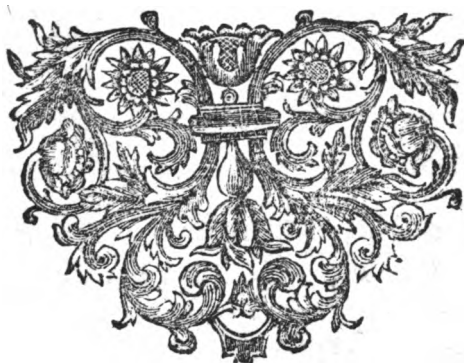
And now compleat my gen'rous Labours lie,  
Which shall the Pow'r of Death and Time defie,  
So long as Birds shall cleave the yielding Air,  
And gallant Youths to glitt'ring *Balls* repair ;  
So long as Fish in silver Streams we find,  
And Damsels fret with aged Partners joyn'd ;  
So long as Nymphs shall, with attentive Ear.  
A *Fiddle*, rather than a *Sermon*, hear ;

So



So long the brightest Eyes shall oft peruse  
These Useful Lines of my instructive Muse :  
Each *Belle* shall wear them wrote upon her Fan,  
And each bright *Beau* shall read 'em — if he can.

*F I N I S.*



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