

Oliver Goldsmith (?1730-74)

2 *An Elegy on the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize*

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door, 5
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor —
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please 10
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways —
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new, 15
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew —
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver, 20
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her —
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead —
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore, 25
For Kent Street well may say
That had she lived a twelvemonth more —
She had not died to-day.

1759

(From George Barnett Smith, ed. *Illustrated British Ballads, Old and New*. Vol. 2. London, 1881)