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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Horace, Book 2. Ode II.

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Visual Library

Gently the waters flowing,
The winds now ceas'd their blowing,
In silence listening to their tuneful lay.
Around the bark's sea-beaten side,
The sacred dolphin play'd,
And sportive dash'd the briny tide,
The joyous omen soon the bard survey'd.
Nor fear'd with bolder leap to try the watry way.
On his scaly back now riding,
O'er the curling billow gliding,
Again with bold triumphant hand
He bade the notes aspire,
Again to joy attun'd the lyre,
Forgot each danger past, and reach'd secure the land.

HORACE, Book 2. Ode II.

Quid belliosus Cantaber, &c.

Imitated by Lord B—H.—— PAUL to FAZ.

I.

NEVER dear Faz, torment thy brain
With idle fears of France or Spain,
Or any thing that's foreign:
What can Bavaria do to us,
What Prussia's monarch, or the Russ,
Ore'en prince Charles of Lorrain.

II. Let

II.

Let us be chearful whilſt we can,
And lengthen out the ſhort-liv'd ſpan,
Enjoying every hour,
The moon itſelf we ſee decay,
Beauty's the worſe for every day,
And ſo 's the ſweeteſt flower.

III.

How oft, dear Faz, have we been told,
That Paul and Faz are both grown old,
By young and wanton laſſes?
Then, ſince our time is now ſo ſhort,
Let us enjoy the only ſport
Of toſſing off our glaſſes.

IV.

From White's we'll move th' expenſive ſcene,
And ſteal away to Richmond Green;
There free from noiſe and riot,
Polly each morn ſhall fill our tea,
Spread bread and butter——and then we
Each night get drunk in quiet.

V.

Unleſs perchance earl L——— comes,
As noiſy as a dozen drums,
And makes an horrid pother;
Elſe might we quiet ſit and quaff,
And gently chat, and gayly laugh
At this and that and t' other.

VI.

Br—— ſhall ſettle what's to pay,
Adjuſt accompts by algebra ;
I'll always order dinner——
Br—— tho' ſolemn, yet is ſly,
And leers at Poll with roguiſh eye
To make the girl a ſinner.

VII.

Powell, d'ye hear, let's have the ham,
Some chicken and a chine of lamb—
And what elſe ?—let's ſee—look ye—
Br—— muſt have his damn'd boullie,
B—— fattens on his fricaſſee
I'll have my water-ſuchy.

VIII.

When dinner comes we'll drink about,
No matter who is in, or out,
'Till wine or ſleep o'ertake us;
Each man may nod, or nap, or wink,
And where it is our turn to drink,
Our neighbour then ſhall wake us.

IX.

Thus let us live in ſoft retreat,
Nor envy, nor deſpiſe the great,
Submit to pay our taxes ;
With peace or war be well content,
'Till eas'd by a good parliament
'Till Scroop his hand relaxes.