Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

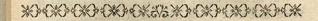
Digitalisierung von Drucken

A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

Tuesday. St. James's Coffee-House.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1969



TUESDAY.

ST. JAMES'S Coffee-House.

SILLIANDER and PATCH.

THOU, who so many favours hast receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd,
Oh! H—D, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boastingly contend:
Like thee successful, such their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for gallantry and truth.

St. James's bell had toll'd fome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could fin)

The happier finners now their charms put out,
And to their manteaus their complexions fuit;
The opera queens had finished half their faces,
And city-dames already taken places;
Fops of all kinds, to see the Lion, run;
The beauties stay till the first act's begun,
And beaux step home to put fresh linen on.
No well-dres'd youth in coffee-house remain'd,
But pensive Patch, who on the window lean'd;
And Silliander, that alert and gay,
First pick'd his teeth, and then began to say.

F 3

SILLIANDER.

[86]

SILLIANDER.

Why all these sighs; ah! why so pensive grown? Some cause there is why thus you sit alone.

Does haples passion all this forrow move?

Or dost thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy must pursue, 'Tis true, at least, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, Pm unhappy, you are in the right,

'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they flight.

Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boaft,

A club of ladies where 'tis me they toaft.

PATCH.

Toasting does feldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toast the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With chearful pledges round the room it run,
Till the young Sylvia, press'd to drink it too,
Started and vow'd she knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! she dy'd with shame;
Yet blush'd whenever she pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER. In vall estimated at

The dice propitious, or the ladies kind, blood-load If fair Miss Flippy's fan I did not tear, And one from me she condescends to wear.

PATCE.

PATCH. PATCH STATE OF STATE

Women are always ready to receive;

"Tis then a favour when the fex will give.

A lady (but she is too great to name)

Beauteous in person, spotless in her fame,

With gentle strugglings let me force this ring;

Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I cou'd fay fomething—fee this billet-doux—
And as for prefents—look upon my shoe—
These buckles were not forc'd, nor half a thest,
But a young counters fondly made the gift.

Ратсн.

My countess is more nice, more artful too,

Affects to fly, that I may fierce pursue:

This fnuff-box which I begg'd, she still deny'd,

And when I strove to snatch it, seem'd to hide;

She laugh'd and fled, and as I fought to seize,

With affectation cram'd it down her slays;

Yet hop'd she did not place it there unseen,

I press'd her breasts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Last night, as I stood ogling of her grace,

Drinking delicious poison from her face,

The soft enchantress did that face decline,

Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;

With sudden art some secret did pretend,

Lean'd cross two chairs to whisper to a friend,

F 4

While

[88]

While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose, And thousand beauties to my sight expose.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was afk'd to come)

I drank bohea in Cælia's dreffing-room:

Warm from her bed, to me alone within,

Her night-gown faften'd with a fingle pin;

Her night-cloaths tumbled with refiftles grace,

And her bright hair play'd careles round her face;

Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,

She wore no waistcoat, and her shift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See TITIANA driving to the park! Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark; In her all beauties of the fpring are feen, Her cheeks are rofy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See, TINTORETTA to the opera goes!

Hafte, or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ftar-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in Cælia's flockings shine?
Reveal that secret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

and erots two chang to whither to a friend,

What are her garters? tell me if you can;
I'll freely own thee far the happier man,

Thus