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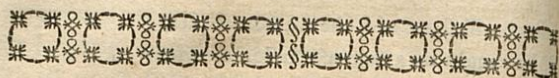
**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Gentleman's Answer. An Epistle to Lord B. By the Same.

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## The GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

**W**HILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame  
 In ev'ry state and ev'ry age the same;  
 With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toast,  
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most;  
 No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;  
 And her that seems, yet is not really lewd;  
 While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,  
 And taste no joys but what their fancies give:  
 Let this great maxim be my action's guide,  
 May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd;  
 Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.



## An EPISTLE to Lord B——.

By the Same.

**H**OW happy you! who varied joys pursue;  
 And every hour presents you something new?  
 Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,  
 For six long months have gain'd upon your heart;

Of colonades, of corridores you talk,  
 The winding stair-case, and the cover'd walk ;  
 You blend the orders with Vitruvian toil,  
 And raise with wond'rous joy the fancy'd pile :  
 But the dull workman's slow performing hand  
 But coldly executes his lord's command.  
 With dirt and mortar soon you grow displeas'd,  
 Planting succeeds, and avenues are rais'd,  
 Canals are cut, and mountains level made ;  
 Bowers of retreat, and galleries of shade ;  
 The shaven turf presents a lively green ;  
 The bordering flow'rs in mystick knots are seen :  
 With studied art on nature you refine—  
 The spring beheld you warm in this design,  
 But scarce the cold attacks your fav'rite trees,  
 Your inclination fails, and wishes freeze :  
 You quit the grove, so lately you admir'd ;  
 With other views your eager hopes are fir'd,  
 Post to the city you direct your way ;  
 Not blooming paradise could bribe your stay :  
 Ambition shews you power's brightest side,  
 'Tis meanly poor in solitude to hide :  
 Tho' certain pains attend the cares of state,  
 A good man owes his country to be great ;  
 Should act abroad the high distinguish'd part,  
 Or shew at least the purpose of his heart.  
 With thoughts like these the shining courts you seek ;  
 Full of new projects for almost a week :

You



You then despise the tinsel glittering snare ;  
 Think vile mankind below a serious care ;  
 Life is too short for any distant aim ;  
 And cold the dull reward of future fame :  
 Be happy then, while yet you have to live ;  
 And love is all the blessing heav'n can give.  
 Fir'd by new passion you address the fair ;  
 Survey the opera as a gay parterre :  
 Young Cloe's bloom had made you certain prize,  
 But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes :  
 Your beating heart acknowledges her pow'r ;  
 Your eager eyes her lovely form devour ;  
 You feel the poison swelling in your breast,  
 And all your soul by fond desire possess'd.  
 In dying sighs a long three hours are past ;  
 To some assembly with impatient haste,  
 With trembling hope, and doubtful fear you move,  
 Resolv'd to tempt your fate, and own your love :  
 But there Belinda meets you on the stairs,  
 Easy her shape, attracting all her airs ;  
 A smile she gives, and with a smile can wound ;  
 Her melting voice has musick in the sound ;  
 Her ev'ry motion wears resistless grace ;  
 Wit in her mein, and pleasure in her face :  
 Here while you vow eternity of love,  
 Cloe and Celia unregarded move.

Thus on the sands of Afric's burning plains,  
 However deeply made, no long impress remains ;

The lightest leaf can leave it's figure there ;  
 The strongest form is scatter'd by the air.  
 So yielding the warm temper of your mind,  
 So touch'd by ev'ry eye, so tofs'd by wind ;  
 Oh ! how unlike the heav'n my soul design'd !  
 Unseen, unheard, the throng around me move ;  
 Not wishing praise, insensible of love :  
 No whispers soften, nor no beauties fire ;  
 Careless I see the dance, and coldly hear the lyre.

}

So num'rous herds are driven o'er the rock ;  
 No print is left of all the passing flock :  
 So sings the wind around the solid stone :  
 So vainly beat the waves with fruitless moan.  
 Tedious the toil, and great the workman's care,  
 Who dare attempt to fix impressions there :  
 But should some swain more skilful than the rest,  
 Engrave his name upon this marble breast,  
 Not rolling ages cou'd deface that name ;  
 Thro' all the storms of life 'tis still the same :  
 Tho' length of years with moss may shade the ground,  
 Deep, tho' unseen, remains the secret wound.

