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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Sparrow and Diamond. A Song. By the Same.

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And from his sweet'ning art derive

A better scent than when alive :

He wax-work made to please the sons,

Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.



The SPARROW and DIAMOND.

A S O N G. By the Same.

I.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,

Fair Lucia's hand display'd;

This finger grac'd a diamond ring,

On that a sparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,

She stroak'd its head and wings;

And while it nestled on her breast,

She list'd the dearest things.

III.

With chizzel bill a spark ill set

He loos'n'd from the rest,

And swallow'd down to grind his meat,

The easier to digest.

K 2

IV. She

IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
 Her diamond to descry:
 'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
 Moaning her bird would die.

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
 The curtains none undraw,
 The footmen went without their shoes,
 The street was laid with straw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art
 Of strong emetick kind,
 Th' apothecary play'd his part,
 And engineer'd behind.

VII.

When physick ceas'd to spend its store
 To bring away the stone,
 Dicky, like people given o'er,
 Picks up, when let alone.

VIII.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
 He peck'd behind his wing;
 Lucia recov'ring at the news,
 Relapses for the ring.

IX.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breast

Two different passions strove ;

When av'rice ended the contest,

And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,

Thy pains the sex display,

Who only to repair a ring

Could take thy life away !

XI.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,

Monster of foulest mein,

Ye would not let it harbour there,

Could but its form be seen.

XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,

Truth's image break her word,

A Lucia's face forbear to smile,

A Venus kill her bird.

