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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Seeker. By the Same.

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The S E E K E R.

By the Same.

WHEN I first came to London, I rambled about
 From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out,
 Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
 Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride ;
 And urging their various opinions, intended
 To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's Inn,
 Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin ;
 Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,
 Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies ;
 Ah pity your soul, for without our church pale,
 If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail ;
 The bible, you boast, is a wild revelation,
 Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, whose rich stock of grace
 Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,
 Ah ! pity your soul, come, be of our sect,
 For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect ;
 As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,
 Being Christ's little flock ev'ry where spoke against.

Said