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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

On Barclay's Apology for the Quakers. By the Same.

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Said a jolly church parson devoted to ease,  
 While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,  
 If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;  
 The first is in error, the last a deceiver:  
 That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,  
 And surely *in medio tutissimus ibi*.

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,  
 Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,  
 Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,  
 Tho' about ways and means they may all disagree;  
 Then prithee be wise, go the quakers by-way,  
 'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.



### On BARCLAY'S Apology for the Quakers.

By the Same.

**T**H<sup>E</sup>SE sheets primæval doctrines yield,  
 Where revelation is reveal'd:  
 Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,  
 Systems lethargick to the head  
 They purge, and yield a diet thin,  
 That turns to gospel-chyle within.  
 Truth sublimate may here be seen  
 Extracted from the parts terrene.  
 In these is shewn, how men obtain  
 What of Prometheus poets feign:

To

To scripture plainness dress is brought,  
 And speech, apparel to the thought.  
 They hiss from instinct at red coats,  
 And war, whose work is cutting throats,  
 Forbid, and press the law of love :  
 Breathing the spirit of the dove :  
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,  
 As manufactur'd by the priest,  
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay  
 For stuff, which never mends the way,  
 And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,  
 And frank the gospel for our use :  
 They sable standing armies break ;  
 But the militia useful make :  
 Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,  
 Taught by these rules as well as they,  
 Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,  
 Bid us to follow what we feel.  
 The world can't hear the small still voice,  
 Such is its baffle and its noise ;  
 Reason the proclamation reads,  
 But not one riot passion heeds.  
 Wealth, honour, power the graces are,  
 Which here below our homage share :  
 They, if one votary they find  
 To mistress more divine inclin'd,  
 In truth's pursuit to cause delay  
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O heav'n, in some retreat  
 There let the serious death-watch beat,  
 There let me self in silence shun,  
 To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,  
 When fast the senses doors are shut ;  
 For so divine and pure a guest  
 The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation ! air serene !  
 From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen !  
 Pure mount of thought ! thrice holy ground,  
 Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,  
 And meets exulting, virgin Truth ;  
 Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,  
 Impulses ruffle thro' the mind ;  
 Here shines that light with glowing face,  
 The fuse divine, that kindles grace ;  
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,  
 Till darkness be by dying past,  
 And then goes out at end of night,  
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me ! the heats and colds of life,  
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,  
 Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,  
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,  
 And raise despair, my lamp can last,  
 Plac'd where they drive the furious blast.

Falſe

False eloquence, big empty sound,  
 Like showers, that rush upon the ground,  
 Little beneath the surface goes,  
 All streams along and muddy flows.  
 This sinks, and swells the buried grain,  
 And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,  
 Exerts persuasion's winning force,  
 And nervates so the good design,  
 That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive!  
 Like you I think, but cannot live,  
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,  
 That, from dependence life exempt,  
 And constitution fram'd so strong,  
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong.  
 Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,  
 I live by pulling off the hat,  
 Compell'd by station every hour  
 To bow to images of power,  
 And, in life's busy scenes immers'd,  
 See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,  
 And make ten thousand truths give way,  
 While I your scheme with pleasure trace,  
 Draws near, and stares me in the face.  
 Consider well your state, she cries,  
 Like others kneel, that you may rise;

Hold

Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,  
 To which preferment is annex'd,  
 Nor madly prove, where all depends,  
 Idolatry upon your friends.  
 See, how you like my rueful face,  
 Such you must wear, if out of place.  
 Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse  
 Without one farthing out at use.  
 They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,  
 With faith so founded on a rock,  
 May give a rich invention ease,  
 And construe scripture, how they please.

The honour'd prophet, that of old  
 Us'd heav'n's high counsels to unfold,  
 Did, more than courier angels, greet  
 The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

