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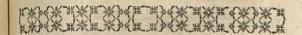
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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

The Poet's Prayer.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1978



The POET'S PRAYER.

TFe'er in thy fight I found favour, Apollo, Defend me from all the difasters which follow: From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time. From the drudges in profe, and the triflers in rhyme: From the patch-work and toils of the royal fack-bibber, Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER: From fervile attendance on men in high places, Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and graces: From long dedications to patrons unworthy, Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee; From being carefs'd to be left in the lurch, The tool of a party, in state or in church: From dull thinking blockheads, as fober as Turks, And petulant bards who repeat their own works: From all the gay things of a drawing-room show, The fight of a Belle and the fmell of a Beau: From bufy back-biters, and tatlers and carpers, And scurvy acquaintance of fidlers and sharpers: From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures, The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors: From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a penfion, The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an ensign:

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From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing, Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting: From the constant good fare of another man's board, My lady's broad hints, and the jefts of my lord: From hearing old chymists prelecting de oleo, And reading of Dutch commentators in folio: From waiting, like GAY, whole years at White-hall: From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of small: From very fine ladies with very fine incomes, Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trincums: From the pranks of ridottoes and court-masquerades, The fnares of young iilts, and the fpite of old maids: From a faucy dull flage, and fubmitting to fhare In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r: From Curl and fuch Printers as wou'd ha' me curs'd To write fecond parts, let who will write the first: From all pious patriots, who would to their best, Put on a new tax, and take off an old test: From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law, And the great rogues, who keep all the leffer in awe: From a poor country cure, that living interment, With a wife and no prospect of any preferment: From scribbling for hire, when my credit is funk, To buy no new coat, and to line an old trunk: From 'fquires, who divert us with jokes at their tables Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables: From the nobles and commons, who bound in firich league are To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to Heidegger: