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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Poet's Prayer.

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The POET'S PRAYER.

IF e'er in thy sight I found favour, Apollo,
 Defend me from all the disasters which follow :
 From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time,
 From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme :
 From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack-bibber,
 Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER :
 From servile 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 caref'd to be left in the lurch,
 The tool of a party, in state or in church :
 From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,
 And petulant bards who repeat their own works :
 From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,
 The sight of a Belle and the smell of a Beau :
 From busy 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 pension,
 The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an ensign :

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 jests 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 snares of young jilts, and the spite of old maids :
 From a saucy dull stage, and submitting to share
 In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r :
 From CURL and such Printers as wou'd ha' me curs'd
 To write second 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 lesser 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 sunk,
 To buy no new coat, and to line an old trunk :
 From 'squires, 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 strict league are
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