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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

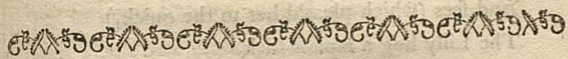
The Marriage of the Myrtle and the Yew. A Fable. To Della, about to marry  
beneath herself. 1744. By the same.

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Firm Faith attends with stedfast eye,  
 Intent on things above the sky,  
 To mortal ken unknown; and She,  
 Meek and seemly, kind and free,  
 Ever hoping, still believing,  
 Still forbearing, still forgiving,  
 Greatest of the heavenly Three.

AIR.

Britons, join the godlike train,  
 Learn, that all but Truth is vain,  
 And to her lyre attune your joy :  
 No gifts so pure as those she sings,  
 To praise the heav'nly-favour'd Boy.



The Marriage of the MYRTLE and the YEW.

A F A B L E.

To DELIA, about to marry beneath herself. 1744.

By the Same.

**A** Myrtle flourish'd 'mongst the flowers,  
 And happy pass'd her maiden hours :  
 The lovely Rose, the garden's queen,  
 Companion of this shrub was seen ;

The



The Lilly fair, the Violet blue,  
 The Eglantine beside her grew :  
 The Woodbine's arms did round her twine,  
 With the pale genteel Jessamine :  
 With her's the Tuberoſe mix'd her ſweet ;  
 The flow'rs were gracious, ſhe diſcreet.

The envious ſhrub with ſome regret,  
 Saw all her friends in wedlock met ;  
 Up the tall Elm the Woodbine ſwarms,  
 And twines her marriageable arms ;  
 A gorgeous bower the Jeſſ'mine choſe,  
 The glory of ſome ancient houſe ;  
 With joy ſhe views the ſhort-liv'd maid,  
 The Violet drooping in the ſhade ;  
 And fees (which pleas'd her to the quick,)  
 The Lilly hug a ſapleſs ſtick.

“ And muſt Myrtilla ſtill be ſeen

“ Pining in ſickneſs ever-green ?

“ Shall ſhe.”——

With that ſhe arm'd her brow,  
 Which once had conqueſts gain'd, but now——  
 Too old to chuſe, too proud to ſue,  
 Strikes ſtag to her good couſin Yew.

This Yew was fair, and large, and good,  
 Eſteem'd a pretty ſtick of wood ;  
 But never in the garden plac'd,  
 Or to be borne by nymphs of taſte  
 But in a wilderneſs, or waſte :

}  
 And

And cut and clip, what'er you do,  
 This pretty stick was still but Yew:  
 The pois'nous drops, the baleful shade  
 Struck each genteeler flower dead;  
 But Myrtle, being ever-green,  
 Thought Nature taught to wed her kin,  
 And careles of th' event, withdrew  
 From her old friends, and sought her Yew.

Behold the am'rous shrub transplanted,  
 And her last prayer in vengeance granted,  
 The bride and bridegroom cling together,  
 Enjoy the fair, and scorn foul weather.  
 Visits are pay'd: around are seen  
 The scrubbed race of ever-green,  
 Th' ill-natur'd Holly, ragged Box,  
 And Yew's own family in flocks:  
 But not a flow'r of scent or flavour  
 Would do the bride so great a favour,  
 But in contempt drew in their leaves,  
 And shrunk away, as Sensitives.  
 The blushing <sup>a</sup> Queen, with decent pride,  
 Turn'd, as she pass'd, her head aside;  
 The Lilly nice, was like to spue  
 To see MYRTILLA Mrs. YEW:  
 The Eglantine, a prude by nature,  
 Wou'd never go a-near the Creacher;  
 And the gay Woodbine gave a flaunt,  
 Nor answer'd her but with a taunt.

*The Rose.*

Poor

