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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Nature and Fortune. To the Earl of Chesterfield.

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NATURE and FORTUNE.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

NATURE and FORTUNE blith and gay,
 To pass an hour or two,
 In frolick mood agreed to play
 At "What shall this man do?"

Come, I'll be judge then, FORTUNE cries,
 And therefore must be blind;
 Then whipt a napkin round her eyes,
 And ty'd it fast behind.

NATURE had now prepar'd her list
 Of names on scraps of leather,
 Which roll'd, she gave them each a twist,
 And hufled them together.

Thus mixt, whichever came to hand,
 She very surely drew;
 Then bade her sister give command,
 For what that man should do.

'Twould

'Twould almost burst one's sides to hear
 What strange commands she gave ;
 That C——R should the laurel wear,
 And C——E an army have.

At length when STANHOPE's name was come,
 Dame NATURE smil'd and cry'd,
 Now tell me, sifter, this man's doom,
 And what shall him betide ?

That man, said FORTUNE, shall be one
 Blest both by you and me :——
 Nay, then, quoth NATURE, let's have done ;
 Sifter, I'm sure you see.

