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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To Mr. Garrick.

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His heirs shall bleſs him, and look down with ſcorn  
 On vulgar pride from vaunted heroes ſprung ;  
 Lords of themſelves, thank heaven that they were born  
 Above the fordid miſer's glitt'ring dung,  
 Above the ſervile grandeur of a throne,  
 For they are nature's heirs, and all her works their own.



To Mr. GARRICK.

By the Same.

ON old PARNASSUS, t'other day,  
 The Muſes met to ſing and play ;  
 Apart from all the reſt were ſeen  
 The tragick and the comick queen,  
 Engag'd, perhaps, in deep debate  
 On RICH's, or on FLEETWOOD's fate.  
 When, on a ſudden, news was brought  
 That GARRICK had the patent got,  
 And both their ladyſhips again  
 Might now return to Drury-lane.  
 They bow'd, they ſimper'd, and agreed  
 They wiſh'd the project might ſucceed,  
 'Twas very poſſible, the caſe  
 Was likely too, and had a face—  
 A face ! THALIA titt'ring cry'd,  
 And cou'd her joy no longer hide ;

Why,

Why, sister, all the world must see  
 How much this makes for you and me :  
 No longer now shall we expose  
 Our unbought goods to empty rows,  
 Or meanly be oblig'd to court  
 From foreign aid a weak support ;  
 No more the poor polluted scene  
 Shall teem with births of Harlequin ;  
 Or vindicated stage shall feel  
 The insults of the dancer's heel.  
 Such idle trash we'll kindly spare  
 To operas now—they'll want them there,  
 For Sadler's-Wells, they say, this year  
 Has quite undone their engineer.  
 Pugh, you're a wag, the buskin'd prude  
 Reply'd, and fini'd ; besides 'tis rude  
 To laugh at foreigners, you know,  
 And triumph o'er a vanquish'd foe :  
 For my part, I shall be content  
 If things succeed as they are meant ;  
 And should not be displeas'd to find  
 Some changes of the tragick kind.  
 And say, THALIA, mayn't we hope  
 The stage will take a larger scope ?  
 Shall he whose all-expressive powers  
 Can reach the heights that SHAKESPEAR soars,  
 Descend to touch an humbler key  
 And tickle ears with poetry ;

Where



Where every tear is taught to flow  
 Thro' many a line's melodious woe,  
 And heart-felt pangs of deep distress  
 Are fritter'd into similes?  
 —O thou, whom nature taught the art  
 To pierce, to cleave, to tear the heart,  
 Whatever name delight thine ear,  
 OTHELLO, RICHARD, HAMLET, LEAR,  
 O undertake my just defence,  
 And banish all but nature hence!  
 See, to thy aid with streaming eyes  
 The fair afflicted \* CONSTANCE flies;  
 Now wild as winds in madness tears  
 Her heaving breasts, and scatter'd hairs;  
 Or low on earth disdains relief  
 With all the conscious pride of grief.  
 My PRITCHARD too in HAMLET's queen——  
 The goddess of the sportive vein  
 Here stop'd her short, and, with a sneer,  
 My PRITCHARD, if you please, my dear!  
 Her tragick merit I confess,  
 But surely mine's her proper dress;  
 Behold her there with native ease  
 And native spirit, born to please;  
 With all MARIA's charms engage,  
 Or MILWOOD's arts, or TOUCHWOOD's rage,  
 Thro' every foible trace the fair,  
 Or leave the town, and toilet's care

\* *Mrs. Cibber.*

To



To chaunt in forests unconfin'd  
The wilder notes of ROSALIND.

O thou, where-e'er thou fix thy praise,  
BRUTE, DRUGGER, FRIBBLE, RANGER, BAYS!  
O join with her in my behalf,  
And teach an audience when to laugh.  
So shall buffoons with shame repair  
To draw in fools at Smithfield fair,  
And real humour charm the age,  
Tho' † FALSTAFF should forsake the stage.

She spoke. MELPOMENE reply'd,  
And much was said on either side;  
And many a chief, and many a fair,  
Were mention'd to their credit there.  
But I'll not venture to display  
What goddeses think fit to say.  
However, GARRICK, this at least  
Appears by both a truth confess'd,  
That their whole fate for many a year  
But hangs on your paternal care.  
A nation's taste depends on you.  
—Perhaps a nation's virtue too.  
O think how glorious 'twere to raise  
A theatre to virtue's praise.  
Where no indignant blush might rise,  
Nor wit be taught to plead for vice:  
But every young attentive ear  
Imbibe the precepts, living there.

† *Mr. Quin, inimitable in that character, who was then leaving the stage.*

And