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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Nature to Dr. Hoadly, On his Comedy of the Suspicious Husband.

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And every unexperienc'd breast
 There feel its own rude hints express'd,
 And, waken'd by the glowing scene,
 Unfold the worth that lurks within.

If possible, be perfect quite ;
 A few short rules will guide you right.
 Consult your own good sense in all,
 Be deaf to fashion's siddle call,
 Nor e'er descend from reason's laws
 To court what you command, applause.



N A T U R E to Dr. H O A D L Y,

On his Comedy of the SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

By the Same.

S L Y hypocrite ! was this your aim ?
 To borrow Pæon's sacred name,
 And lurk beneath his graver mien,
 To trace the secrets of my reign ?
 Did I for this applaud your zeal,
 And point out each minuter wheel,
 Which finely taught the next to roll,
 And made my works one perfect whole ?
 For who, but I, till you appear'd
 To model the dramatick herd,
 E'er bade to wond'ring ears and eyes,
 Such pleasing intricacies rise ?

Vol. II.

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Where



Where every part is nicely true,
 Yet touches still some master clue;
 Each riddle opening by degrees,
 'Till all unravels with such ease,
 That only those who will be blind
 Can feel one doubt perplex their mind.

Nor was't enough, you thought, to write,
 But you must impiously unite
 With GARRICK too, who long before
 Had stole my whole expressive pow'r.
 That changeful Proteus of the stage
 Usurps my mirth, my grief, my rage;
 And as his different parts incline,
 Gives joys or pains, sincere as mine.

Yet you shall find (howe'er elate
 You triumph in your former cheat)
 'Tis not so easy to escape
 In Nature's as in Pæon's shape.
 For every critick, great or small,
 Hates every thing that's natural.
 The beaux, and ladies too, can say,
 What does he mean? is this a play?
 We see such people every day.
 Nay more, to chafe, and teize your spleen,
 And teach you how to steal again,
 My very fools shall prove you're bit,
 And damn you for your want of wit.