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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

On a Message-Card in Verse, Sent by a Lady.

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—Far other office once his prime delight,
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night,

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,

To bid the insect tribes retire,

To guard thy walks and not invade—

O wherefore then provoke his ire?

Alas! with prayers, with tears his rage repel,
While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform

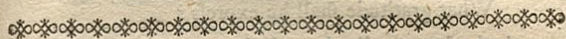
The fairest produce of the year;

Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm

Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,

“ Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain

“ Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign.”



On a MESSAGE-CARD in Verse,

Sent by a LADY.

By the Same.

HERMES, the gamester of the sky,
To share for once mankind's delights,
Slip'd down to earth, exceeding sly,
And bade his coachman drive to White's.
In form a beau; so light he trips,
You'd swear his wings were at his heels;
From glass to glass alert he skips,
And bows and prattles while he deals.

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In



In short, so well his part he play'd,
 The waiters took him for a peer ;
 And ev'n some great ones whisp'ring said
 He was no vulgar foreigner.
 Whate'er he was, he swept the board,
 Won every bett, and every game ;
 Strip'd even the Rooks, who stamp't and roar'd,
 And wonder'd how the devil it came !
 He wonder'd too, and thought it hard ;
 But found at last this great command
 Was owing to one fav'rite card,
 Which still brought luck into his hand.
 The four of spades ; whene'er he saw
 Its sable spots, he laugh'd at rules,
 Took odds beyond the gaming law,
 And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.
 But now, for now 'twas time to go,
 What gratitude shall he express ?
 And what peculiar boon bestow
 Upon the cause of his success ?
 Suppose, for something must be done,
 On Juno's self he cou'd prevail
 To pick the pips out, one by one,
 And stick them in her peacock's tail.
 Shou'd Pallas have it, was a doubt,
 To twist her filk, or range her pins ;
 Or should the Muses cut it out,
 For bridges to their violins.

To