

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Rape of the Trap, a Ballad; written at College, 1736. By the Same.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1957

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
 Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
 And from her zone, the nymph may find,
 'Tis Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
 Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
 Or bid her breathe in living stone,
 Shall take their forms from you alone.

The Rape of the TRAP, a BALLAD; written
 at College, 1736. By the Same.

T WAS in a land of learning,
 The Muse's favourite station,
 Such pranks, of late,
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As gave them consternation!

All in a college-study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense, in an hour,
 Than I could write—in twenty.

His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended;
 And, when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,
 And maps lay all in flutter ;
 A river or a sea
 Was to him a dish of tea,
 And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havoc, spoil, and rapine,
 With grief my Muse rehearſes ;
 How freely he would dine
 On ſome bulky ſchool-divine,
 And for deſert—eat verſes.

He ſpar'd not ev'n herſics,
 On which we poets pride us :
 And would make no more
 Of *King Arthurs*, by the ſcore,
 Than——all the world beſide does.

But if the deſperate potion,
 Might chance to over-doſe him ;
 To check its rage,
 He took a page
 Of logic, to compoſe him.

A trap, in haſte and anger,
 Was bought, you need not doubt on't ;
 And ſuch was the gin,
 Were a lion once in,
 He could not, I think, get out on't.

With

With cheefe, not books, 'twas baited ;
 The fact, I'll not bely it ;
 Since none, I tell ye that,
 Whether scholar, or rat,
 Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, fir,
 Why should I sing — or either ?
 Since the rat, with mickle pride,
 All their fophistry defy'd ;
 And dragg'd them away together,

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
 Thro' a fracture in the flooring ;
 Which, tho' so trim
 It now may seem,
 Had then a doz'n, or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages ;
 (Nor think I mean to wrong ye)
 Had the rat, who thus did seize on
 The trap, less claim to reason,
 Than many a sage among ye ?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
 Were vermin of condition ;
 But the rat, who chiefly learn'd
 What rats alone concern'd,
 Was the deeper politician,

That