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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

A Smile. By the Same.

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That England's topsy-turvy,
 Is clear from these mishaps, fir,
 Since traps, we may determine,
 Will no longer take our vermin;
 But vermin take our traps, fir,

Let fops, by rats infested,
 Then trust in *cats* to catch 'em;
 Lest they prove the utter bane
 Of our *studies*, where, 'tis plain,
 No mortal fits—to watch 'em.

A SIMILE. By the Same.

WHAT village but has often seen
 The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
 Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
 Of that grim brute, yclep'd a *Bear*;
 He from his dam, as wits agree,
 Receiv'd the curious form you see;
 Who with her plastick tongue alone
 Produc'd a visage like her own.
 By which they hint, in mystic fashion,
 The powerful force of education.

Perhaps yon rural tribe is viewing,
 E'en now, the strange exploits of *Bruin*;
 Who plays his antics, roars aloud,
 The wonder of a gaping crowd!
 So have I known an awkward lad,
 Whose birth has made a parish glad,

Forbid,