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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Ceremonial. By the Same.

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Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam;  
 And taught by kind mamma at home;  
 Who gives him many a well-try'd rule,  
 With ways and means——to play the fool.  
 In sense the same, in stature higher,  
 He shines, ere long, a rural squire;  
 Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,  
 And bawls and drinks——but chiefly stares!  
 His tenants of superior sense  
 Carouse and laugh at his *expence*;  
 And sure the pastime I'm relating  
 Must prove as pleasant as *Bear-baiting*.

### The CEREMONIAL.

By the Same.

“SIR, will you please to walk before?”  
 No pray, Sir—you are next the door.  
 “Upon mine honour, I'll not stir!”  
 Sir, I'm at home; consider, Sir.  
 “Excuse me Sir, I'll not go first.”  
 Well, if I *must* be rude, I *must*;  
 But yet I wish I cou'd evade it;  
 'Tis strangely clownish——*be* persuaded, &c. &c.  
 ——Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!  
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.  
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding:  
 It flies, while you display your breeding;  
 Such breeding as one's granam preaches,  
 Or some old dancing-master teaches——