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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Beau of the Virtuoso; alluding to a Proposal for the Publication of a Set Butterflies. By the Same.

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O for some rude tumultuous fellow,  
 Half crazy, or at least half-mellow,  
 To come behind you, unawares,  
 And fairly push you both down stairs!  
 But *Death's* at hand—Let me advise ye,  
 Go forward, friends—or *he'll* surprize ye.

The Beau to the Virtuofos; alluding to a Proposal  
 for the Publication of a Set of BUTTERFLIES.

By the Same.

HAIL curious wights, to whom so fair  
 The form of mortal flies is!  
 Who deem those grubs beyond compare,  
 Which *common* sense despises.

Whether your prey, in gardens found,  
 Be urg'd thro' walks and allies;  
 Whether o'er hill, morafs or mound,  
 You make more d esperate fallies;

Amid the fury of the chace,  
 No rocks could e'er retard you;  
 Blest, if a fly repay the race,  
 Or painted wing reward you.

'Twas thus \* Camilla, o'er the plain,  
 Pursu'd the glittering stranger;  
 Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,  
 And knew nor fear nor danger.

\* See *Virgil*.

'Tis



'Tis you dispense the fav'rite meat  
 To nature's filmy people ;  
 Know what conserves they chuse to eat,  
 And what *liqueurs*, to tipple.

'Tis you protect their pregnant hour ;  
 And when the birth's at hand,

Exerting your obsteric pow'r,  
 Prevent a mothlefs land.

Yet oh ! my friends ! howe'er your view  
 Above gros objects rises ;  
 Whate'er refinements you pursue,  
 Hear what a beau advises.

A beau, that, weigh'd with your's, must prize  
 Domitian's idle passion ;

Who fought the *death* of teasing flies  
 And not their *propagation*.

Let \*\*\*\*\*'s eyes more deeply warm,  
 Nor foolishly determine

To flight fair Nature's loveliest form,  
 And sigh for Nature's vermin.

And speak with *some* respect of beaux ;  
 No more, as triflers, treat 'em :

'Tis better learn to save one's cloaths,  
 Than cherish moths that eat 'em.

VERSES