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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Verses to a Friend.

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

## VERSES to a FRIEND.

HAVE you not seen, my gentle squire,  
The humours of your kitchin fire?

Says *Ned* to *Sal*—I lead a spade;

Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—

Play something—any thing—but play—

'Tis but to pass the time away.

Pho! how she stands—biting her nails——

As tho' she play'd for half her vails——

Sorting her cards, haggling and picking——

We play for nothing, do us, chicken?

That card will do—blood! never doubt it——

'Tis not worth while to *think*, about it.

*Sal* thought and thought, and miss'd her aim;

And *Ned*, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 'tis wond'rous true,

That verse is but a game at *Loo*.

While many a bard, that shews so clearly

He writes for his amusement merely,

Is known to study, fret, and toil,

And play for nothing all the while;

Or praise at most (for wreaths of yore

Ne'er signify'd a farthing more:)

Till having vainly toil'd to gain it,

He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Thro' fragrant scenes the trifler roves,

And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves;

Vol, V.

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Where



Where with strange heats his bosom glows,  
 And mystic flames the God bestows.  
 You, who none other flame require  
 Than a good blazing parlour fire,  
 Write verses—to defy the scorers,  
 In cake houses, and chimney corners.

*Sal* found her deep-laid schemes were vain;  
 The cards are cut—come deal again—  
 No good comes on it when one lingers—  
 I'll play the card comes next my fingers—  
 Fortune could never let *Ned* loo her,  
 When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now, who wins?—Why, still the same—  
 For *Sal* has lost another game.

I've done, she mutter'd—I was saying,  
 It did not *arguffy* my playing.  
 Some folks will win they cannot chuse;  
 But think or not think—some must lose.  
 I may have won a game, or so—  
 But then it was an age ago—  
 It ne'er will be my lot again—  
 I won it of a baby then—  
 Give me an ace of trumps, and see,  
 Our *Ned* will beat me with a three.  
 'Tis all by luck that things are carry'd—  
 He'll suffer for it when he's marry'd.  
 Thus *Sal*, with tears in either eye,  
 While victor *Ned* fate tittering by.  
 Thus I, long envying your success,  
 And bent to write, and study less,