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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Written at an Inn on a particular Occasion.

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Sate down and scribbled in a trice,
Just what you see — and you despise.

You who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along ;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay ;
Accept the verse, howe'er it flows,
From one, who is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green ! so fair !
Which many wish, and few must wear ?
Which one man's indolence can gain,
Another's vigils ne'er obtain ?
For what must *Sal* or *Poet* sue,
Ere they engage with *Ned* or you ?
For luck in verse ? for luck at Loo ?
Ah no ! 'tis Genius gives *you* fame,
And *Ned* thro' skill secures the game.

Written at an INN on a particular Occasion.

TO thee, fair Freedom ! I retire,
From flattery, feasting, dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in domes much higher
Than the low cot, or humble *inn*.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champain ;
For Freedom crowns it, at an *inn*.

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I fly

