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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Price of an Equipage.

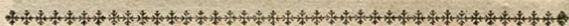
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I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,  
 I fly from Falshood's specious grin;  
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
 And chuse my lodgings at an *inn*.

Here, waiter! take my fordid ore,  
 Which lacqueys else might hope to win;  
 It buys what courts have not in store,  
 It buys me Freedom, at an *inn*.

And now once more I shape my way  
 Thro' rain or shine, thro' thick or thin,  
 Secure to meet, at close of day,  
 With kind reception—at an *inn*.

Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,  
 Where'er his various tour has been,  
 May sigh to think how oft he found  
 His warmest welcome—at an *inn*.



### The PRICE of an EQUIPAGE.

*Servum si potes, Ole, non habere*  
*Et regem potes, Ole, non habere.*

MAR.

ASK'D a friend, amidst the throng,  
 Whose coach it was that trail'd along:  
 "The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?"  
 "That with the footmen stuck behind."  
 O Sir, says he, what ha'n't ye seen it?  
 'Tis Timon's coach, and Timon in it.