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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Upon Riddles.

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And you, whose souls are held,  
 Like linnets, in a cage!  
 Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,  
 Attend, and imitate my strains:  
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,  
 What horrid wars ye wage!  
 Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,  
 Yet mean as I do when I fight  
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit  
 Of shepherd, or of fage!  
 'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,  
 Expresses all you have to say—  
 O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!



### Upon R I D D L E S.

**H**AVE you not known a small machine  
 Which brazen rings environ,  
 In many a country chimney seen,  
 Y-clep'd a tarring-iroin?

Its puzzling nature to display  
 Each idle clown may try, Sir,  
 Tho', when he has acquir'd the way,  
 He's not a jot the wiser.

'Tis