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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To **** By Anthony Whistler, Esq;

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To * * * * *

By ANTHONY WHISTLER, Esq;

RESOLVE me, Strephon, what is this,
 I think you cannot guess amiss.
 'Tis the reverse of what you love.
 And all the men of sense approve.
 None of the *Nine* e'er gave it birth;
 The offspring first of foolish mirth,
 The nurs'ry's study, children's play,
 Inferiour far to *Namby's* lay.
 What vacant Folly first admir'd,
 And then with emulation fir'd,
 Gravely to imitate, aspir'd. }
 'Tis opposite to all good writing,
 In each defect of this delighting.
 Obscurity its charms displays,
 And inconsistency, its praise.
 No gleam of sense to wake the soul,
 While clouds of nonsense round it roll.
 No smooth description to delight;
 No fire the passions to excite;
 Not joke enough to shake the pit:
 A jest obscene wou'd here be wit.
 What train of thought, tho' e'er so mean,
 Of black-shoe-boy or cynder-quean,
 But far out-shines Sir Popping's mind
 While bent this secret charm to find!

The