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

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

To Mrs. Bindon at Bath. By the Honourable Sir C.H. Williams.

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## To Mrs. BINDON at BATH.

By the Honourable Sir C. H. WILLIAMS.

POLLO of old on Britannia did smile, And Delphi forfook for the fake of this ifle, Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays, And in every wilderness planted his bays; Then Chaucer and Spenfer harmonious were heard, Then Shakespear, and Milton, and Waller appear'd, And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo were crown'd, As he fung in fuch firains as the God might have own'd; But now, fince the laurel is given of late To Cibber, to Eufden, to Shadwel and Tate, Apollo hath quitted the ifle he once lov'd, And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd; He vows and he fwears he'll inspire us no more, And has put out Pope's fires which he kindled before; And further he fays, men no longer shall boast A science their slight and ill treatment hath lost; But that women alone for the future shall write; And who can refift, when they doubly delight? And lest we shou'd doubt what he said to be true, Has begun by inspiring Saphira and You,