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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Mrs. Bindon's Answer. Sir Charles's Reply.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1957

Mrs. BINDON'S ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
 And elate by your praises attempted to write,
 I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
 And told him how many fine things you had said;
 He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
 Your wit, and not mine, by your writing you shew;
 And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
 He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain,
 When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
 That no woman alive can now boast I am kind:
 For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
 With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
 I thought it all joke, 'till by writing to you,
 I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too true.

Sir CHARLES'S REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile,
 Unhappily for you I know his stile;
 To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
 And while he dictated Orinda sung.

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