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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

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A Letter to Corinna from a Captain in Country Quarters.

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A LETTER to CORINNA from a CAPTAIN
in Country Quarters.

MY earliest flame, to whom I owe
All that a captain needs to know ;
Dress, and quadrille, and air, and chat,
Lewd songs, loud laughter, and all that ;
Arts that have widows oft subdued,
And never fail'd to win a prude ;
Think, charmer, how I live forlorn
At quarters, from Corinna torn.
Not more distress the cornet feels
From gruel, and *Ward's* popish pills.
What shall I do now you're away,
To kill that only foe, the day ?
The landed 'squire, and dull freeholder,
Are sure no comrades for a soldier ;
To drink with parsons all day long,
Misaubin tells me wou'd be wrong :
Sober advice, and *Curl's Dutch whore*
I've read, 'till I can read no more.
At noon I rise, and strait alarm
A sempstress' shop, or country farm ;
Repuls'd, my next pursuit is a'ter
The parson's wife, or landlord's daughter :
At market oft for game I search,
Oft at assemblies, oft at church,

And

And plight my faith and gold to-boot ;
 Yet demme if a soul will do't —
 In short our credit's sunk so low,
 Since troops were kept o'foot for shew,
 She that for soldiers once run mad,
 Is turn'd republican, egad !
 And when I boast my feats, the shrew
 Asks who was slain the last review.
 Know then, that I and captain Trueman
 Resolve to keep a mis--in common :
 Not her, among the batter'd lasses,
 Such as our friend Toupét careffes,
 But her, a nymph of polish'd sence,
 Which pedants call impertinence ;
 Train'd up to laugh, and drink, and swear,
 And raily with the prettiest air —
 Amidst our frolicks and carouses
 How shall we pity wretched spouses !
 But where can this dear soul be found,
 In garret high, or under ground ?
 If so divine a fair there be,
 Charming Corinna, thou art she.
 But oh ! what motives can persuade
 Belles, to prefer a rural shade,
 In this gay month, when pleasures bloom,
 The park, the play—the drawing room—
 Lo ! birthnights upon birthnights tread,
 Term is begun, the lawyer fee'd ;

My friend the merchant, let me tell ye,
 Calls in his way to Farinelli;
 Add that my fatten gown and watch
 Some unfledg'd booby 'squire may catch,
 Who, charm'd with his delicious quarry,
 May first debauch me, and then marry;
 Never was season more besitting
 Sine conv——ns last were fitting.

And shall I leave dear Charing-cross,
 And let two boys my charms ingross?
 Leave play-house, temple, and the rummer?
 A country friend might serve in summer!

The town's your choice——yet, charming fair,
 Observe what ills attend you there.

Captains, that once admir'd your beauty,
 Are kept by quality on duty;

Cits, for attoning alms disbruse
 A tester——templars, something worse:
 My lord may take you to his bed,

But then he sends you back unpaid;
 And all you gain from generous cully,
 Must go to keep some Irish bully.

Pinchbeck demands the tweezer case,
 And *Monmouth-street* the gown and stays;
 More mischiefs yet come crowding on,
 Bridewell,—West Indies—and Sir John—
 Then oh! to lewdness bid adieu,
 And chastly live, confin'd to two.