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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

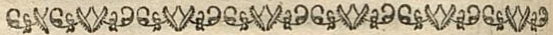
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To the Rev. Mr. J.S. 1731. By J.H.

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Time flies—the work and pleasure's great ;
 Begin, before it grows too late,
 Where the *plays* stand the *statutes* lodge ;
 And dance not, 'till you dance a judge ;
 Then, tho' you are not half so taper,
My Lord, you'll cut a higher caper.



To the Rev. Mr. J. S. 1731.

By J. H.

S I R,

PROMISES are different cases
 At various times, in various places,
 In crowded street of Arlington,
 Where slaves of hope to levées run,
 A promise signifies no more,
 Than in the chamber of a whore.
 And when the good deceiv'd Sir *Francis*
 With *madam* up from Yorkshire dances,
 To claim the great man's promise given
 Some six years since, or (some say) seven ;
 No one can blame that curious writer,
 That says, they'll both return the lighter,
 But can we hence affirm that no miss
 Of all the sex can keep a promise ?

Or

Or say, from what our courtier speaks,
That all men's faiths are wafer-cakes?
That courts make rogues is my belief,
As 'tis the mill that makes the thief.
But 'cause one limb is none o' th' best,
Shall I for that cut off the rest?

Sure it may be with safety said,
A parson's promise duely made
Beneath a prelate's holy roof,
Must stand 'gainst all assaults a proof.
Yet he, who thinks the church mistaken,
May find himself in time mistaken.
I know the man, and grieve to say't,
Who so did fail—and that was S——
And can we then no more depend on
Our good forgetful friend at Findon,
Than on a courtier promifeful,
Or a whore's oath to cheat her cull?
Can S—— no better promise keep?
If that were true—I e'en shou'd weep.

In Sarum's town when last we met,
I told you 'mongst much other prate,
That my design was to withdraw,
And leave the craggy paths of law:
And as the skilful pilot steers
Wide of the dreadful rocks he fears,
And in the safer ocean rides,
Nor fears his vessel's bulging sides;

So

So I from Coke's and Croke's reports,
 And special pleadings of the courts,
 Had veer'd about to bury dead,
 And 'gainst a pulpit run my head.
 Didst thou not promise then and there,
 (But promises are china-ware)
 Didst thou not promise, as I spoke,
 That you'd ere long your Muse invoke,
 And cloath'd in strong harmonious line,
 Send counsel to the young divine?
 Where of thy word then is the troth,
 Which I thought good as any oath?
 Or where that strong harmonious line,
 Bless'd by each sister of the Nine?

That whore we spake of i' th' beginning,
 Hath some excuse to make for finning:
 Her tongue and tail are taught deceit
 From her not knowing where to eat.
 The courtier too hath some excuse
 To think word-breaking small abuse:
 And 'midst the hurry, noise, and bustle,
 Of crowds, that at his levée jostle,
 No man can be in such a taking
 To see a little promise-breaking.

But what indulgence, what excuse
 Can plead for thee, or for thy Muse?
 For thee, on whom the sisters wait
 Pleas'd with the talk impos'd by S——;

Whom