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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

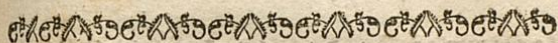
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

On Mr. ***, Schoolmaster at ***. By the Same.

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So pagan priests first form and dress the wood,
 Then prostrate fall before the senseless God.
 But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear :
 I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear.
 I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes ; undress,
 And shew thee in thy native ugliness.
 Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin
 The seat of wanton Cupids long has been :
 Ye fires, go out—ye wanton Cupids, fly—
 Of ev'ry beam disarm her haggard eye :
 'Tis I recal ye ; my known voice obey—
 And naught of beauty but the falsehood stay.



On Mr. * * * *, Schoolmaster at * * * .

By the Same.

BEHOLD the lordly pedant in his school,
 How stern his brow, how absolute his rule !
 The trembling boys start at his awful nod ;
 Jove's sceptre is less dreaded than his rod.
 See him at home before the sovereign dame,
 How fawning, how obsequious, and how tame !
 Prosper, bright amazon, to thee 'tis given,
 Like Juno, to rule him who rules the heaven.