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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Epigrams from Martial. By the Same. To James Harris, Esq;

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I trust, by art and more polite address,
 You fairer advocates met more success;
 And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
 When *beauty* pleaded for such *general good*.

EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

By the Same.

To JAMES HARRIS, Esq;

MARTIAL, Book IV. Ep. 87.

Wou'dst thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
 By all be read, by all be lov'd,
 To learned Harris' curious eye,
 By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply :
 In him the perfect judge you'll find,
 In him the candid friend, and kind.
 If he repeats, if he approves,
 If he the laughing muscles moves,
 Thou nor the critic's sneer shal't mind,
 Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
 If he condemns, away you fly,
 And mount in paper kites the sky,
 Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lye.

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Book I.



Book I. Ep. 11.

Curmudgeon the rich widow courts,
 Nor lovely she, nor made for sports;
 'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
 That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book I. Ep. 14.

When Arria from her wounded side
 To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
 I feel not what I've done, she cried;
 What Pætus is to do — I feel.

Book III. Ep. 43.

Before a swan, behind a crow,
 Such powdering did I never know.
 Ah! cease your arts — death knows you're grey,
 And spite of all, will keep his day.

Book IV. Ep. 78.

With lace bedizen'd comes the man,
 And I must dine with lady Anne.
 A silver service loads the board,
 Of eatables a slender hoard.
 "Your pride, and not your victuals spare;
 "I came to dine, and not to stare.

Book VII. Ep. 75.

When dukes in town ask thee to dine,
 To rule their roast, and smack their wine;

Or take thee to their country-feat,
 To make their dogs, and bless their meat ;
 —, dream not on preferment soon,
 Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book VIII. Ep. 35.

Alike in temper and in life,
 A drunken husband, sottish wife,
 She a scold, a bully he, —
 The devil's in't, they don't agree.

Book XII. Ep. 23.

Your teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney,
 Was not an eye too to be had for money ?

Book XII. Ep. 30.

Ned is a sober fellow, they pretend —
 Such wou'd I have my coachman, not my friend.

Book XII. Ep. 103.

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and cloaths ;
 The price once pay'd, away the purchase goes :
 But she a better bargain proves, I'm told ;
 Still fold returns, and still is to be fold.

Book I. Ep. 40.

Is there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
 Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew ?

Is