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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Brewer's Coachman. By the Same.

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The eager bridegroom surfeits on her charms,
 And fills his belly, as he fills his arms.
 Justly may they condemn our foolish pride,
 Who only for the naked back provide ;
 And useless garments to the dunghill cast,
 Before they've through the hungry stomach pass'd ;
 Who well might purchase, had we their good sense,
 Both food and raiment at the same expence.

When will our wives and daughters be so good,
 Thus to convert their old cloaths into food ?

The BREWER'S Coachman.

By the Same.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd fellow,
 Wou'd a little too oft get a little too mellow.
 Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer——
 No better e'er fat in a box, to be sure.
 His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
 Took that care of their babes that he took of his horses.
 He had these — ay and fifty good qualities more,
 But the business of *tipling* cou'd ne'er be got o'er :
 So his master effectually mended the matter,
 By hiring a man, who drank nothing but water.
 Now, William, says he, you see the plain case ;
 Had you drunk as he does, you'd kept a good place.