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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Epigram. By the Same.

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Oracular vapours give prophecy birth,  
 As Plutarch reports, springing out of the earth.  
 Whether this was the cause, or however inspir'd,  
 Our sage gave a sentence will be ever admir'd.  
 'Twas this—I pronounce that good ale is good *meat*,  
 For I find, I have no inclination to eat:  
 That good ale is good *cloth*, you may honestly boast,  
 For i' faith! I'm as blithe and as warm as a toast:  
 But to call it good *drink*—is a lye, I'll be sworn,  
 For I ne'er was so *dry* since the hour I was born.  
 The *cloth*, cries a punster who chanc'd to come by,  
 Must be a good *drap*, if it kept you so *dry*.



## E P I G R A M,

By the Same.

**I**T blew an hard storm, and in utmost confusion  
 The failors all hurried to get absolution;  
 Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd,  
 Were transfer'd, as they thought, from themselves to the  
 To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion, [priest;  
 They tofs'd the poor parson soufe into the ocean.

ANOTHER.