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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

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Plain Truth. By Henry Fielding, Esq;

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P L A I N T R U T H.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

AS Bathian Venus t'other day
 Invited all the Gods to tea,
 Her maids of honour, the mis Grace,
 Attending duely in their places,
 Their godships gave a loose to mirth,
 As we at Butt'ring's here on earth.

Minerva in her usual way
 Raillied the daughter of the sea.
 Madam, said she, your lov'd resort,
 The city where you hold your court,
 Is lately fallen from its duty,
 And triumphs more in wit than beauty ;
 For here, she cried ; see here a poem —
 'Tis Dalston's ; you, Apollo, know him.
 Little persuasion sure invites
 Pallas to read what Dalston writes :
 Nay, I have heard that in Parnassus
 For truth a current whisper passes,
 That Dalston sometimes has been known
 To publish her words as his own.

Minerva

Minerva read, and every God
 Approv'd — Jove gave the critic nod:
 Apollo and the sacred Nine
 Were charm'd, and smil'd at ev'ry line ;
 And Mars, who little understood,
 Swore, d——n him, if it was not good.
 Venus alone sat all the while
 Silent, nor deign'd a single smile.
 All were surpriz'd : some thought her stupid :
 Not so her confident 'squire Cupid ;
 For well the little rogue discern'd
 At what his mother was concern'd,
 Yet not a word the urchin said,
 But hid in Hebe's lap his head.
 At length the rising choler broke
 From Venus' lips, — and thus she spoke.

That poetry so cram'd with wit,
 Minerva, shou'd your palate hit,
 I wonder not, nor that some prudes
 (For such there are above the clouds)
 Shou'd wish the prize of beauty torn
 From her they view with envious scorn.
 Me poets never please, but when
 Justice and truth direct their pen.
 This Dalton — formerly I've known him ;
 Henceforth for ever I disown him ;
 For Homer's wit shall I despise
 In him who writes with Homer's eyes.

A poem



A poem on the fairest fair
 At Bath, and Betty's name not there !
 Hath not this poet seen those glances
 In which my wicked urchin dances ?
 Nor that dear dimple, where he treats
 Himself with all Arabia's sweets ;
 In whose soft down while he reposes
 In vain the lillies bloom, or roses,
 To tempt him from a sweeter bed
 Of fairer white or livelier red ?
 Hath he not seen, when some kind gale
 Has blown aside the cambric veil,
 That seat of paradise, where Jove
 Might pamper his almighty love ?
 Our milky way less fair does shew :
 There summer's seen 'twixt hills of snow.
 From her lov'd voice whene'er she speaks,
 What softness in each accent breaks !
 And when her dimpled smiles arise,
 What sweetness sparkles in her eyes !
 Can I then bear, enrag'd she said,
 Slights offer'd to my fav'rite maid,
 The nymph, whom I decreed to be
 The representative of me ?

The Goddess ceas'd—the Gods all bow'd,
 Nor one the wicked bard avow'd,
 Who, while in beauty's praise he writ,
 Dar'd Beauty's Goddess to omit :

For