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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To Polly Laurence, quitting the Pump. Bath, January 1756.

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So when three thousand years have wan'd away,
 And POPE is said t' have liv'd when GEORGE bore sway,
 Millions shall lend the King the Poet's fame,
 And blefs implicit the *supported* name.

To POLLY LAURENCE, quitting the Pump.

B A T H, January 1756.

S P I T E of beauty, air, and grace,
 With honour hast thou run thy race!
 In *sunshine* well thy part thou'ft play'd——
 Now, sweet Polly, seek the *shade*.

The prudent general, tho' beat,
 Reaps honour from a *good retreat*;
 But nobler thou, thy thousands kill'd,
 With *flying colours* leav'ft the field.

Let not retirement give thee spleen,
 Thy *sex's longing*——to be seen:
 But teach the vicious and the vain,
 Their pleasure's but refining pain.

Teach the gay by thy retreat,
 Eternal *giggle* is not *wit*;
 And the formal fool advife,
Prudery cannot make her *wife*.

Take with thee to thy private state
 Th' applauses of the *good* and *great*;
 The best reward below allow'd
 Of a conduct *great* and *good*.