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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters. An Excuse for Inconstancy, 1737. By the Rev. Dr. Lisle.

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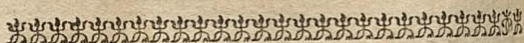
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
 And such a polish as disgraces Art;
 But Fate dispos'd them in this humble fort,
 And hid in desarts what wou'd charm a court.



VERSES occasioned by seeing a GROTTO
 built by Nine Sisters.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
 Nought but the builders can give more delight,
 In them the master-piece of Nature's shown,
 In this I see Art's master-piece in stone.
 O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd Art;
 She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

N. H.



AN EXCUSE FOR INCONSTANCY, 1737.

By the Rev. Dr. LISLE.

WHEN Phœbus's beams are withdrawn from our sight,
 We admire his fair sister, the regent of night;
 Tho' languid her beauty, tho' feeble her ray,
 Yet still she's akin to the God of the day.

When

When Susan, like Cynthia, has finish'd her reign,
 Then Charlotte, like Phœbus, shall shine out again.
 As Catholic bigots fall humble before
 The pictures of those whom in heart they adore,
 Which tho' known to be nothing but canvass and paint,
 Yet are said to enliven their zeal to the saint ;
 So to Susan I bow, charming Charlotte, for she
 Has just beauty enough to remind me of thee.
 Inconstant and faithless in love's the pretence
 On which you arraign me : pray hear my defence.
 Such censures as these to my credit redound ;
 I acknowledge, and thank a good appetite for't,
 When ven'son and claret are not to be found,
 I can make a good meal upon mutton and port.
 Tho' ^a Highclear's so fine that a prince wou'd not scorn it,
 Tho' nature and taste have combin'd to adorn it,
 Yet the artist that owns it wou'd think it severe,
 Were a law made to keep him there all round the year.
 How enrag'd wou'd the rector of ^b Boscoville look,
 If the king shou'd enjoin him to read but one book ;
 And how wou'd his audience their fortune bemoan,
 The gave 'em no sermons but what were his own.
 'Tis variety only makes appetite last,
 And by changing our dishes we quicken our taste.

^a *The seat of the honourable R. H ——— i.*

^b *Wotton, the author's parish in the isle of Wight.*

