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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

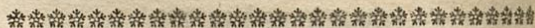
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Letter from Marseilles to my Sifters at Crux-Easton, May 1735. By the
Same.

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There ev'ry dear girl her bright genius displays,
 In a thousand fine whimsies a thousand fine ways.
 O how charming the walks to my fancy appear!
 What a number of temples and grottos are here!
 My soul was transported to such an extreme,
 That I leap'd up in raptures,—when lo! 'twas a dream;
 Then vexing I chid the impertinent day
 For driving so sweet a delusion away.
 Thus spectres arise, as by nurse-maids we're told,
 And hie to the place where they buried their gold:
 There hov'ring around until morning remain;
 Then sadly return to their torments again.



LETTER from MARSEILLES to my Sisters
 at CRUX-EASTON, MAY 1735.

By the Same.

SCENE, *the study at Crux-Easton. Molly and Fanny
 are sitting at work; enter to them Harriot in a passion.*

HARRIOT.

LORD! sister, here's the butcher come,
 And not one word from brother Tom;
 The punctual spark, that made his boast
 He'd write by ev'ry other post!

That

That ever I was so absurd
 To take a man upon his word !
 Quoth Frances, Child, I wonder much
 You cou'd expect him to keep touch ;
 'Tis so, my dear, with all mankind ;
 When out of sight you're out of mind.
 Think you he'd to his sisters write ?
 Was ever girl so unpolite !
 Some fair Italian stands possess'd,
 And reigns sole mistress in his breast ;
 To her he dedicates his time,
 And fawns in prose, or sighs in rhyme ;
 She'll give him tokens of her love,
 Perhaps not easy to remove ;
 Such as will make him large amends
 For loss of sisters, and of friends.

Cries Harriot, when he comes to France,
 I hope in God he'll learn to dance,
 And leave his awkward habits there,
 I'm sure he has enough to spare.

O cou'd he leave his faults, faith Fanny,
 And bring the good alone, if any,
 Poor brother Tom, he'd grow so light,
 The wind might rob us of him quite !
 Of habits he may well get clear ;
 Ill humours are the faults I fear,
 For in my life I ne'er saw yet
 A creature half so passionate.

Good



Good heav'ns ! how did he rave and tear,
 On my not going you know where ;
 I scarcely yet have got my dread off :
 I thought he'd bite my sifter's head off.
 'Tween him and Jenny what a clatter
 About a fig, a mighty matter !
 I cou'd recount a thousand more,
 But scandal's what I most abhor.

Molly, who long had patient fate,
 And heard in silence all their chat,
 Observing how they spoke with rancour,
 Took up my cause, for which I thank her.
 What eloquence was then display'd,
 The charming things that Molly said,
 Perhaps it suits not me to tell ;
 But faith ! she spoke extremely well.
 She first, with much ado, put on
 A prudish face, then thus begun.

Heyday ! quoth she, you let your tongue
 Run on most strangely, right or wrong ;
 'Tis what I never can connive at ;
 Besides, consider whom you drive at,
 A person of establish'd credit,
 Nobody better, tho' I said it,
 In all that's good, so tried and known,
 Why, girls, he's quite a proverb grown,
 His worth no mortal dares dispute :
 Then he's your brother too to boot.

At this she made a moment's pause,
 Then with a sigh resum'd the cause.
 Alas! my dears, you little know
 A sailor's toil, a trav'ler's woe;
 Perhaps this very hour he strays
 A lonely wretch thro' desert ways;
 Or shipwreck'd on a foreign strand,
 He falls beneath some ruffian's hand;
 Or on the naked rock he lies,
 And pinch'd by famine wastes and dies.
 Can you this hated brother see
 Floating, the sport of wind and sea?
 Can you his feeble accents hear,
 Tho' but in thought, nor drop a tear?
 He faintly strives, his hopes are fled,
 The billows booming o'er his head;
 He mounts upon the waves again,
 He calls on us, but calls in vain;
 To death preserves his friendship true,
 And mutters out a kind adieu.
 See, now he rises to our sight,
 Now sinks in everlasting night.

Here Fanny's colour rose and fell,
 And Harriot's throat began to swell;
 One sidled to the window quite,
 Pretending some unusual fight,
 The other left the room outright;
 While Molly laugh'd, her ends obtain'd,
 To think how artfully she feign'd.

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