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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Cheat's Apology. By Mr. Ellis.

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For nobler ends ; to these return, tho' late,
 Return to these, and so avert thy fate.
 Think CLARA, think, (nor will that thought be vain)
 Thy slave, thy HARRY, doom'd to drag his chain
 Of love, ill-treated and abus'd, that he
 From more inglorious chains might rescue thee.
 Thy drooping health restor'd ; by his fond care,
 Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear ;
 Mov'd by his love, by his example taught,
 Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,
 With kind and gen'rous truth thy bosom warm,
 And thy fair mind, like thy fair person charm.
 To virtue thus, and to thyself restor'd,
 By all admir'd, by one alone ador'd,
 Be to thy HARRY ever kind and true,
 And live for him, who more than dies for you.

The CHEAT's APOLOGY.

By Mr. ELLIS.

'Tis my vocation, Hal!

SHAKESPEAR.

LOOK round the wide world each profession you'll find
 Hath something dishonest, which myst'ry they call ;
 Each knave points another, at home is stark blind,
 Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all :
 When tax'd with imposture the charge he'll evade,
 And like Falstaff pretend he but lives by his trade.

The

The hero ambitious (like Philip's great son,
 Who wept when he found no more mischief to do)
 Ne'er scruples a neighbouring realm to o'er-run,
 While slaughters and carnage his sabre imbrue.
 Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade,
 For conquest is glorious, and fighting his trade.

The statesman, who steers by wise Machiavel's rules,
 Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face;
 They're traps by him us'd to catch credulous fools,
 And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace;
 But policy calls it, reproach to evade,
 For flattery's his province, cajoling his trade.

The priest will instruct you this world to despise,
 With all its vain pomp, for a kingdom on high;
 While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize,
 And all his pursuits give his doctrine the lye;
 He'll plead you the gospel your charge to evade:
 The labourer's entitled to live by his trade.

The lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,
 Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,
 While black he by sophistry proves to be white,
 And falsehood and perjury lifts in his cause;
 With steady assurance all crime will evade:
 His client's his care, and he follows his trade.

The