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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

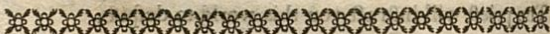
**London, 1758**

Song. By the Same.

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The sons of Machaon, who thirty for gold  
 The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,  
 Write largely the Pharmacop league to uphold,  
 While poverty's left to diseases a prey;  
 Are held in repute for their glittering parade:  
 Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,  
 No one of another can justly complain;  
 The coin he receives will pass current around,  
 And where he is coufen'd he coufens again:  
 But I, who for cheats this apology made,  
 Cheat myself by my rhyming, and starve by my trade.



S O N G. By the Same.

**A**S Chloe ply'd her needle's art,  
 A purple drop the spear  
 Made from her heedless finger start,  
 And from her eyes a tear.

Ah! might but Chloe by her smart  
 Be taught for mine to feel;  
 Mine caus'd by Cupid's piercing dart,  
 More sharp than pointed steel!

Then