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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Play-Thing chang'd.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2008

He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye;
 And that's a conquest little better
 Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
 Perhaps our deaths may better shew it;
 'Tis ten to one but penury
 Ends both the spider and the poet.

The PLAY-THING chang'd.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
 Syren-like, first caught my fancy;
 Wit and humour next take place,
 And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
 With airs most languishing and dying;
 Calls me false ungrateful swain,
 And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with refifless art,
 Always humorous, gay, and witty;
 Has talk'd herself into my heart,
 And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah Kitty! Love, a wanton boy,
 Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,
 Still longing for the newest toy,
 Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle.