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2799 c. 34

T H E

Dean's Provocation

For WRITING the

Lady's Dressing-Room.

A

P O E M.



L O N D O N,

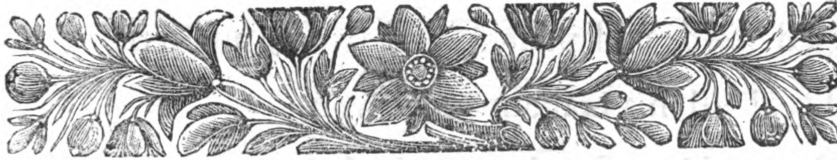
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B6 from Bernard



(3)



T H E

Dean's PROVOCATION

For WRITING the

D R E S S I N G - R O O M .

THE Doctor, in a clean starch'd Band,
A Golden Snuff-box in his Hand,
With Care his Diamond Ring displays,
And artful shows its various Rays ;
While grave, he stalks down—Street,
His dearest ——— to meet.

Long

Long had he waited for this Hour,
Nor gain'd Admittance to the Bow'r;
Had jok'd, and punn'd, and swore, and writ,
Try'd all his Gallantry and Wit;
Had told her oft what part he bore,
In OXFORD'S Schemes in Days of yore;
But Bawdy, Politicks, nor Satyr,
Could touch this dull hard-hearted Creature.

JENNY, her Maid, could taste a Rhyme,
And griev'd to see him lose his time,
Had kindly whisper'd in his Ear,
For twice two Pounds you enter here;
My Lady vows without that Sum,
It is in vain you write or come.

The destin'd Off'ring now he brought,
And in a Paradife of Thought;
With a low Bow approach'd the Dame,
Who smiling heard him preach his Flame.
His Gold she took (such Proofs as these
Convince most unbelieving Shees)
And in her Trunk rose up to lock it,
(Too wise to trust it in her Pocket)

And

And then return'd with blushing Grace,
 Expects the Doctor's warm Embrace.

And now this is the proper Place,
 When Morals stare me in the Face;
 And for the sake of fine Expression,
 I'm forc'd to make a small Digression.

Alas! for wretched Human-kind,
 With Wisdom mad, with Learning blind,
 The Ox thinks he's for Saddle fit,
 (As long ago Friend *Horace* writ;)
 And Men their Talents still mistaking,
 The Stutterer fancys his is speaking.

With Admiration oft we see,
 Hard Features heighten'd by Toupet;
 The Beau affects the Politician,
 Wit is the Citizen's Ambition;
 Poor P----- Philosophy displays on,
 With so much Rhyme and little Reason;
 But tho' he preaches ne'er so long,
 That *all is right*, his Head is wrong.
 None strive to know their proper Merit,
 But strain for Wisdom, Beauty, Spirit.

Nature to ev'ry thing alive,
 Points out the Path to shine or thrive,
 But Man, vain Man, who grasps the whole,
 Shows in all Heads a Touch of Fool ;
 Who lose the Praise that is their due,
 While they've th' Impossible in view.

[So have I seen the injudicious Heir,
 To add one Window, the whole Houfe impair.]

Instinct the Hound does better teach,
 Who never undertook to preach ;
 The frighted Hare from Dogs does run,
 But not attempts to bear a Gun——

Here many noble Thoughts occur,
 But I Prolixity abhor ;
 And will pursue th' instructive Tale,
 To show the Wise in some things fail.

The Rev'rend Lover, with surprisè,
 Peeps in her Bubbies and her Eyes,
 And kisses both---- and tries---- and tries----
 The Ev'ning in this hellish Play,
 Besides his Guineas thrown away ;

Provok'd

Provok'd the Priest to that degree,
 He swore, *The Fault is not in me.*
 Your damn'd Close-stool so near my Nose,
 Your dirty Smock, and stinking Toes,
 Would make a *Hercules* as tame,
 As any Beau that you can name.

The Nymph grown furious, roar'd, by G---d,
 The Blame lies all in Sixty odd ;
 And scornful, pointing to the Door,
 Sai'd, " *Fumbler see my Face no more.*
 With all my Heart, I'll go away,
 But nothing done, I'll nothing pay ;
 Give back the Money----how, cry'd she,
 Would you palm such a Cheat on me ?
 I've lock'd it in the Trunk stands there,
 Go break it open if you dare ;
 For poor four Pounds to roar and bellow,
 Why sure you want some new Prunella ?
 What if your Verses have not fold,
 Must therefore I return your Gold ?
 Perhaps you have no better Luck in
 The Knack of Rhyming than of -----

I won't give back one single **Crown**,
To wash your Band, or turn your **Gown**.

I'll be reveng'd you fawcy **Queen**,
(Replis the difappointed **Dean**)

I'll fo describe your *Dreffing-Room*,
The very *Irish* fhall not come;
She answer'd fhort, I'm glad you'll write,
You'll furnish Paper when I **Sh---e**.

F I N I S.





