

Robert Luck, "The Dry Joke"

Description

ROBERT LUCK

"The Dry Joke"

God *Bacchus* well warmed,
With Beauty was charmed;
And *Cupid*'s bright Mother address.
She cried, you are silly â
I hate you â nor will I
Be thus by a Toper cared.

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Thus slighted the God,
With an angry Nod,
Said, Adieu to you, Madam â in vain
You'll try to allure me:
Your Pride shall secure me,
From Courting coy Beauty again.

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What *Bacchus* then spoke,
She hoped was in joke:
And again Wine and Love would agree.
But he, as malicious
As she was capricious,
Her Error soon made her to see.

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For Nymphs sweet as *May*,
All met at a Play;
Where each was as fine as a Queen.
In each lovely Creature,
Art yielded to Nature;
Though decked all in Jewels are seen.

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Apollo was there,
To charm every ear;
But (what a mild Dove would provoke.)
The Beaus who appeared on
The Stage, silly learned on;
And left the fair Circle to choke.

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Now *Venus* in vain,
Does to *Bacchus* complain,
That Beauty was dying with thirst.
The God reply'd, smiling,
Her Coyness reviling 35
Why did you provoke me then first?

O ye Ladies, beware,
Be as kind as you are fair;
Nor requite your fond Slaves with disdain.
A Lover defeated, 40
With vengeance is hated;
And Mischief still runs in his Brain.

Edited by Ivan Li