

Robert Luck, "The Dry Joke"

Description

ROBERT LUCK

"The Dry Joke"

God <i>Bacchus</i> well warm'd, With Beauty was charm'd; And <i>Cupid</i> 's bright Mother address. She cry'd, you are silly â I hate you â nor will I Be thus by a Toper carest.	5
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.	10
What <i>Bacchus</i> then spoke, She hop'd was in joke: And again Wine and Love wou'd agree. But he, as malicious As she was capricious, Her Error soon made her to see.	15
For Nymphs sweet as <i>May</i> , All met at a Play; Where each was as fine as a Queen. In each lovely Creature, Art yielded to Nature; Tho' deck'd all in Jewels are seen.	20
<i>Apollo</i> was there, To charm e'ery ear; But (what a mild Dove wou'd provoke.) The Beaus who appear'd on The Stage, slily lear'd on; And left the fair Circle to choke.	25 30

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