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To Dr. G---th, upon the Dispensary.

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**O**H that some Genius, whose Poetick Vein,  
 Like Mountague's, cou'd a just Piece sustain,  
 Would search the Græcian and the Latin Store,  
 And thence present thee with the purest Oar.  
 In lasting Numbers praise thy whole Design,  
 And Manly Beauty of each Nervous Line.  
 Show how your pointed Satyr's Sterling Wit  
 Do's only Knaves, or formal Blockheads hit.  
 Who're gravely Dull, insipidly Serene,  
 And carry all their Wisdom in their Mien.  
 Whom thus expos'd, thus strip'd of their Disguise,  
 None will again Admire, most will Despise.  
 Show in what Noble Verse Nassau you sing,  
 How such a Poet's worthy such a King.

When



*When Sommer's Charming Eloquence you Praise,  
How loftily your Tuneful Voice you raise!  
But my poor feeble Muse is as unfit  
To Praise, as Imitate what you have writ.  
Artists alone should venture to Commend  
What D—is can't Condemn, nor D—en Mend:  
What must, writ with that Fire and with that Ease,  
The Beaux, the Ladies, and the Criticks please.*

C. Boyle.

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To