

# SATYR

Upon *ALLAN RAMSAY*,

Occasioned upon a Report of his translating *HORACE*.

**D**----d brazen Face, how could you  
(hope  
To imitate *Horatian* Strain,

A Labour too refin'd for *Pope*,

A Task which puzzel'd *Prior's* Pen.

Brains blown to Foam, or sunk in Mud,

Make Works too airy, or too dull,

Then all thy *Medley* Lines, conclude

Have flow'd from a confused Skull.

None think it prudent Sense or Wit

To deviate from one's proper Road,

Since Nature made thee only fit,

For Wigs, and not for Verse by G--d:

But if in Spite of ev'ry Rule

Of Poetry and common Sense,

Thou wilt insist and play the Fool,

And plague us with thy Impudence:

Yet for the Sake of Heaven, at least,

One curst Impiety forbear;

Touch not the Ashes laid to rest;

Let *Horace* sleep, his Labours spare.

*poetry is fabulous loose & prophane  
for truth is must never be put out  
it is the natural growth of a christianized brain  
with out it is a sign of a christianized brain*