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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Song. To Sylvia. By D.G.

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Visual Library

Were no ſick blaſts to make that beauty leſs;
Shou'd you be what I think, what all confeſs:
'Tis but a narrow ſpace thoſe charms engage;
One iſland only, and not half an age!

S O N G.

To SYLVIA.

By D. G.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the paſſion void of art,
The pure, the conſtant flame.

Tho' ſighing ſwains their torments tell,
Their ſenſual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous ſhell,
But ſlight the inward gem.

Poſſeſſion cures the wounded heart,
Deſtroys the tranſient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets deſire.

By

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