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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

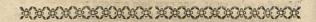
Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

Soliloquy Of a Beauty in the Country.

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T 16 7

May we beneath one common frone be laid, And the fame cyprefs both our afhes fhade. Perhaps fome friendly Mufe, in tender verfe, Shall deign our faithful paffion to rehearfe, And future ages with just envy mov'd, Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.



SOLILOQUY

Of a BEAUTY in the COUNTRY.

Written at ETON School. By the Same.

Was night; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd, With ev'ning chat and fober reading tir'd; There melancholy, penfive, and alone, She meditates on the forfaken town:

On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head, She figh'd, and thus in plaintive accents faid:

- " Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,
- " To move with negligence, to dress with care?
- "What worth have all the charms our pride can boaft,
- " If all in envious folitude are loft?
- " Where none admire, 'tis ufeless to excel;
- "Where none are Beaus, 'tis vain to be a Belle :

" Beauty,



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- " Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shewn;
- " Both most are valu'd where they best are known.
- With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art,
- "We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
- "The brutes, infensible, our pow'r defy:
- " To love exceeds a 'Squire's capacity.
- "The town, the court, is beauty's proper fphere;
- " That is our heav'n, and we are angels There:
- " In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
- " The court of Britain is the court of Love.
- " How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd,
- " How have my fparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
- " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to fee
- " The homage due to empire, paid to me!
- "When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone,
- " And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
- " When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
- " Less jealous in their pow'r, than in their love.
- " Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
- " Like flow'rs transplanted to a colder sky:
- " Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
- " The tyrant joy of hearing flaves complain.
- " In stupid indolence my life is spent,
- " Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
- " Unblest I wear my useless time away;
- " Sleep (wretched maid !) all night, and dream all day;
- " Go at fet hours to dinner and to prayer;
- " For dulness ever must be regular.

VOL. II.

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66 Now

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- " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
- " Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
- " Or in the garden breathe the country air,
- " Secure from meeting any Tempter there:
- " From books to work, from work to books I rove,
- " And am (alas!) at leifure to improve!-
- " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
- "Were eyes fo radiant only made to read?
- "These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
- " Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
- " Sure erring nature never could defign
- " To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
- " O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
- " Attend propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r:
- " Let me re-visit the dear town again :
- " Let me be feen !- cou'd I that wish obtain,
- " All other wishes my own pow'r would gain.



BLEN-