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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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May we beneath one common stone be laid,
 And the same cypress both our ashes shade.
 Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
 Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
 And future ages with just envy mov'd,
 Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd.



S O L I L O Q U Y

Of a BEAUTY in the COUNTRY.

Written at ETON School. By the Same.

'T WAS night; and FLAVIA to her room retir'd;
 With ev'ning chat and sober reading tir'd;
 There melancholy, pensive, and alone,
 She meditates on the forsaken town:
 On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
 She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:

“ 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 boast,
 “ If all in envious solitude are lost?
 “ Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
 “ Where none are Beaus, 'tis vain to be a Belle:

“ Beauty,

" 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, insensible, our pow'r defy :
 " To love exceeds a 'Squire's capacity.
 " The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere ;
 " 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 conscions heart with triumph glow'd,
 " How have my sparkling eyes their transport shew'd,
 " At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
 " 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 slaves 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 set hours to dinner and to prayer ;
 " For dulness ever must be regular.



- " Now with mamma at tedious whist I play ;
 " Now without scandal drink inspid 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 leisure to improve !—
 " Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead ?
 " Were eyes so 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 design
 " 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 seen !—cou'd I that wish obtain,
 " All other wishes my own pow'r would gain.

