# **Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

#### Digitalisierung von Drucken

## A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

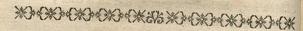
Song.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1908

#### [ 46 ]

Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-facred urn, His constant slame shall unextinguish'd burn.

Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve, And form your heart to all the arts of Love; The task were harder to secure my own Against the pow'r of those already known; For well you twist the secret chains that bind With gentle force the captivated mind, Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ, Each flatt'ring hope, and each alluring joy; I own your genius, and from you receive The rules of Pleasing, which to you I give.



## S O N G.

Written in the Year 1732. By the Same.

I.

HEN Delia on the plain appears, Aw'd by a thousand tender sears, I wou'd approach, but dare not move; Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear No other voice but her's can hear, No other wit but her's approve; Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

III. If