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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Song.

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

Ev'n o'er your cold, and ever-sacred urn,  
His constant flame 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.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
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