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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Song.

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## III.

If the some other youth commend,  
 Though I was once his fondest friend,  
 His instant enemy I prove ;  
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

## IV.

When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
 The clearest spring, or shadiest grove ;  
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

## V.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,  
 Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;  
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?



## S O N G.

Written in the Year 1733. By the Same.

## I.

**T**HE heavy hours are almost past  
 That part my Love and me,  
 My longing eyes may hope at last,  
 Their only wish to see.

II. But

## II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet  
 The man you've lost so long?  
 Will Love in all your pulses beat,  
 And tremble on your tongue?

## III.

Will you in ev'ry look declare  
 Your heart is still the same?  
 And heal each idly anxious care  
 Our fears in absence frame?

## IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
 When shortly we shall meet,  
 And try what yet remains between  
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

## V.

But if the dream that sooths my mind  
 Shall false and groundless prove;  
 If I am doom'd at length to find  
 You have forgot to love;

## VI.

All I of Venus ask, is this;  
 No more to let us join;  
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,  
 To Die and Think you mine.

DAMON