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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

A Prayer to Venus in her Temple at Stowe.

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[60]

II.

In ev'ry word a magic fpell I found
Of pow'r to charm each bufy thought to reft,
Though ev'ry word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond defire still throbbing in my breast.

III.

So to his hoarded gold the mifer steals, And loses ev'ry forrow at the fight; Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels Entire contentment, or secure delight.

IV

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid, Cou'dst thou forget thy heart was ever mine, Fear not thy letters shou'd the change upbraid: My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

V.

Not one kind word shall in my pow'r remain
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart shou'd still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A Prayer to Venus in her Temple at Stowe.

To the Same.

AIR VENUS, whose delightful shrine surveys
Its front reslected in the silver lake,
These humble off'rings, which thy servant pays,
Fresh slowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. If