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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To the Same. On her pleading want of Time.

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II.

If less my love exceeds all other love,
 Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
 Far from my breast each soothing hope remove,
 And there let sad despair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my soul is fill'd with her alone,
 Nor other wish, nor other object knows,
 Oh ! make her, Goddess, make her all my own,
 And give my trembling heart secure repose.

IV.

No watchful spies I ask to guard her charms,
 No walls of brass, no steel-defended door ;
 Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's surest fort, and I will doubt no more.



To the Same.

On her pleading want of TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
 For Lucy sigh'd with matchless truth,
 Ev'n when he sigh'd in rhyme ;
 The lovely maid his flame return'd,
 And wou'd with equal warmth have burn'd,
 But that she had not Time,

II.—Oft

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In secret shades his fair to meet

Beneath th' accustom'd lyme;
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not Time.

IV.

“ It was not thus, inconstant maid,
“ You acted once (the shepherd said)
“ When love was in its prime :
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not Time.

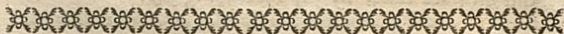
IV.

How can you act so cold a part ?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart;
If Love be not a crime. ———
We soon must part for months, for years—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not Time.



To the Same.

YOUR shape, your lips, your eyes are still the same,
 Still the bright object of my constant flame;
 But where is now the tender glance, that stole
 With gentle sweetness my enchanted soul?
 Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
 Each melting charm that love alone inspires,
 These, these are lost; and I behold no more
 The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
 Yet still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
 I ought, but dare not try to love you less;
 Weakly I grieve, unpity'd I complain;
 But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
 For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
 Were far more blest, when you like me cou'd love.



To the Same.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before,
 I say to my heart, " Be at rest, and believe
 That whom once she has chosen she never will leave.

II. But