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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

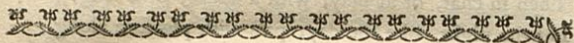
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Verses written in a Lady's Sherlock upon Death.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1969

Too happy rival, dwell not there
 To rack my heart with jealous care,
 But quit the blest abode, tho' loth,
 And quickly passing, ease us both.



V E R S E S written in a L A D Y'S
 S H E R L O C K upon Death.

Mistaken fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving ;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master ;
 Then let us only study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blest, be blest
 With mutual inclination ;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.

S O N G.