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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

Song.

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[331]



SONG.

W HEN Fanny blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd fight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love:

What

