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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To a Lady, in answer to a Letterwrote in a very fine Hand. By the Same.

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And makes the warbling nightingale her choice,
 Before the thrills of FARINELLI'S voice;
 Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,
 To comforts, balls, assemblies, and quadrille:
 Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd, than gilded chariots fees,
 For groves the play-houfe quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one hour
 With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r!



To a LADY, in answer to a LETTER WROTE
 in a very fine Hand.

By the Same.

WHilst well-wrote lines our wond'ring eyes command,
 The beauteous work of CHLOE'S artful hand,
 Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd
 Th' exactest image of the lovely maid;
 Such is her wit, and such her form divine,
 This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,
 That, like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the fable currents stain
 In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain!
 Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow
 Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow;

Thus

Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck
 The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck:
 See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms
 Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,
 The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,
 By her fair hand and flowing pen impress'd,
 At ev'ry touch more animated grows,
 And with new life and new ideas glows;
 Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,
 And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty love no longer boast his darts,
 That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts,
 CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too:
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,
 From pole to pole you send your great commands,
 To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes;
 So those, who from the sword in battle run,
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,
 But these are charms no ages can devour;
 These, far superior to the brightest face,
 Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space.
 When that fair form, which thousands now adore,
 By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,
 These lovely lines shall future ages view,
 And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

