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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To Chloe. Written on my Birth-Day, 1734. By the Same.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1978**



T O C H L O E.

Written on my Birth-Day, 1734.

By the Same.

**T**HE minutes, the hours, the days, and the years,  
 That fill up the current of Time,  
 Neither flowing with hopes, neither ebbing with fears,  
 Unheeded roll'd on to my prime.

In infancy prattling, in youth full of play,  
 Still pleas'd with whatever was new,  
 I bid the old cripple fly swifter away,  
 To o'ertake some gay trifle in view.

But when CHLOE, with sweetness and sense in her look,  
 First taught me the lesson of love;  
 Then I counted each step the wing'd fugitive took,  
 And bad him more leisurely move.

Stop, run-away, stop; nor thy journey pursue,  
 For CHLOE has giv'n me her heart:  
 To enjoy it thy years will prove many too few,  
 If you make so much haste to depart.

Still,