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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Answer to the foregoing Lines. By the late Lord Hervey.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1993

And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
 Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe,
 And since their tears in false submission drest
 Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast,
 O! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe;
 Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
 Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
 Like me——with passion founded on esteem.

Answer to the foregoing Lines.

By the late Lord HERVEY.

TOO well these lines that fatal truth declare,
 Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
 But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love,
 What can it hope, tho' mutual it shou'd prove?
 This little form is fair in vain for you,
 In vain for me thy honest heart is true;
 For wou'd'st thou fix dishonour on my name,
 And give me up to penitence and shame;
 Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
 And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life:
 Cou'd'st thou submit to wear the marriage chain,
 (Too sure a cure for all thy present pain)

No



No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
 His torch inverted, and his face in tears.
 Though ev'ry softer wish were amply crown'd,
 Love soon wou'd cease to smile where Fortune frown'd ;
 Then wou'd thy soul my fond consent deplore,
 And blame what it sollicit'd before ;
 Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
 And say I had undone thy blinded youth ;
 That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
 Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame ;
 To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
 That wou'd in senates or in courts have shin'd,
 Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
 Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
 You only mourn'd, and silently repin'd ;
 The jealous dæmons in my own fond breast
 Wou'd all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
 And all that sense must feel, tho' pity had suppress. }
 Yet added grief my apprehension fills
 (If there can be addition to those ills)
 When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 " 'Twas thy own deed, thy folly on thy head !
 Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth ;
 Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
 And say those virgins act a wiser part

Who hospitals and bedlams wou'd explore
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor ;
 Who legal prostitutes, for int'rest sake,
 Clodios and Timons to their bosoms take,
 And, if avenging heav'n permit increase,
 People the world with folly and disease.

Those, titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed,
 And the grave aunt and formal fire approve
 This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
 That poor degenerate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate by a virtuous choice
 From her great name's hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
 If I embark upon this summer sea,
 Where Flatt'ry smooths, and Pleasure gilds the way,
 Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive,
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive ;
 That commerce now in vain you recommend,
 I dread the latent lover in the friend ;
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
 And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
 Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.

Whilst