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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

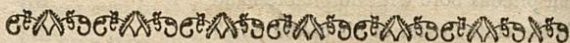
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

On Bathing. A Sonnet. By the Same.

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Or Evening drove to fold her woolly train ;
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the Buskin's stately strain ;
 Yet now no more thy slopes of wood and corn
 Nor prospects charm, since He far-distant strays
 With whom I trac'd their sweets each eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull fair Gallia's bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recall those happier days.



On BATHING.

A SONNET.

By the Same.

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
 Fair HEALTH, a Dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Rejoyc'd to rove 'mid the bleak sylvan scene,
 On airy uplands caught the fragrant gale,
 And ere fresh morn the low-couch'd lark did hail
 Watching the found of earliest horn was seen.
 But since gay Summer, thron'd in chariot sheen,
 Is come to scorch each primrose-sprinkled dale,