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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To Lady Hy. By Mr. de Voltaire. On Sir Robert Walpole's Birth-day, August the 26th. By the Honourable Mr. Dton.

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

She chuses that delightful cave beneath  
 The crystal treasures of meek Isis' stream ;  
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,  
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,  
 Binding her dewy locks with fedy wreath  
 She fits amid the quire of Naiads trim.



To Lady H—Y. By Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

**H**—Y would you know the passion  
 You have kindled in my breast,  
 Trifling is the inclination  
 That by words can be express'd.

In my silence see the lover,  
 True love is by silence known ;  
 In my eyes you'll best discover  
 All the power of your own.



On Sir ROBERT WALPOLE'S Birth-day,  
 AUGUST the 26th.

By the Honourable Mr. D—TON.

**A**LL hail, auspicious day, whose wish'd return  
 Bids every breast with grateful ardor burn,

While