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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

A Song.

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A S O N G.

I.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing
 My Winifreda, move thy fear,
 Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

II.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
 With pompous titles grace our blood,
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

III.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty
 No mighty treasures we possess,
 We'll find within our pittance plenty,
 And be content without excess.

IV.

Still shall each kind returning season,
 Sufficient for our wishes give,
 For we will live a life of reason,
 And that's the only life to live.

V.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,
 Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
 And all the great ones much shall wonder,
 How they admire such little folk.

S. 2

VI. Thro'

