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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

Captain Cupid. By the Same.

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Captain CUPID.

By the Same.

RST, in Cythera's facred shade, When Venus clasp'd the god of war, The laughing loves around them play'd, One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors Cupid led,
The shining baldric grac'd his breast,
The mighty helmet o'er his head
Nodded its formidable crest.

Hence oft', to win fome stubborn maid,
Still does the wanton God assume
The martial air, the gay cockade,
The sword, the shoulder-knot and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
Refolv'd her conquests to maintain;
His fruitless art each poet try'd:
Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain.

Till Cupid came, a captain bold:
Of trenches and of palifadoes
He talk'd; and many a tale he told
Of battles, and of ambuscadoes.

