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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Verses to Camilla.

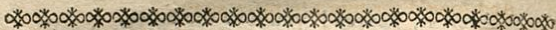
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XXIV.

In names there dwell no magick charms,
 The British virtues, British arms
 Unloos'd our fathers' band :
 Say, Greece and Rome ! if these shou'd fail,
 What names, what ancestors avail,
 To save a sinking land ?

XXV.

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
 Mankind shall boast one nation free,
 One monarch truly great :
 Whose title speaks a people's choice,
 Whose sovereign will a people's voice,
 Whose strength a prosp'rous state.



V E R S E S to CAMILLA.

By the Same.

WEARY'D with indolent repose,
 A life unmix'd with joys or woes ;
 Where all the lazy moments crept,
 And every passion sluggish slept ;
 I wish'd for love's inspiring pains,
 To rouse the loiterer in my veins.
 Th' officious power my call attends,
 He who uncall'd his succour lends ;

And with a smile of wanton spite,
 He gave Camilla to my sight.
 Her eyes their willing captive seize,
 Her look, her air, her manner please ;
 New beauties please, unseen before,
 Or seen, in her they please me more ;
 And soon, too soon, alas ! I find
 The virtues of a nobler kind.

Now chearful springs the morning ray,
 Now chearful sinks the closing day ;
 For every morn with her I walk'd,
 And every eve with her I talk'd ;
 With her I lik'd the vernal bloom,
 With her I lik'd the crowded room ;
 From her at night I went with pain,
 And long'd for morn to meet again.

How quick the smiling moments pass,
 Thro' varying fancy's mimick glass !
 While the gay scene is painted o'er,
 Where all was one wide blank before :
 And sweetly sooth'd th' enchanting dream,
 Till love inspir'd a bolder scheme.

Camilla, stung with grief and shame,
 Now marks, and shuns the guilty flame ;
 Fierce anger lighten'd in her face,
 Then cold reserve assum'd its place :
 And soon, the wretch's hardest fate,
 Contempt succeeds declining hate.

