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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

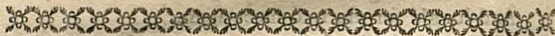
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

To Clarissa.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1908

No more my presence now she flies,
 She sees me with unheeding eyes ;
 Sees me with various passion burn,
 Enrag'd depart, submiss' return ;
 Return with flattering hopes to find
 Soft pity move her gentler mind.
 But ah ! her looks were still the same,
 Unmark'd I went, unmark'd I came ;
 Unmark'd were all my hopes and fears,
 While Strephon whispers in her ears.
 O Jealousy ! distracting guest !
 Fly to some happy lover's breast ;
 Fitly with joy thou minglest care,
 But why inhabit with despair ?



TO CLARISSA.

By the Same.

TWAS when the friendly shade of night
 Suspends the busy cares of light,
 And on the various world bestows
 Or sprightly joy, or calm repose,
 With gen'rous wine the glass was crown'd,
 And mirth, and talk, and toasts went round.
 Clarissa came to bless the feast,
 Clarissa dearly welcome guest.

Not

Not such the look'd as when by day
 She blazes in the diamond's ray ;
 And adding to each gem a grace,
 Give's India's wealth the second place.
 But soft reclin'd in careless ease,
 More pleasing, less intent to please.
 Loose flow'd her hair in wanton pride,
 Her robe unbound, her zone unty'd ;
 Half bare to view her milk-white breast,
 A slender veil scarce shades the rest :
 Her eye with sparkling lustre glows,
 And wit in sweetest accent flows.

Now sooth'd the angel's voice I hear,
 And drink in love at either ear ;
 Now stung with wilder rapture gaze,
 While our eyes meet with blended rays ;
 And kindling in th' infectious flame,
 I feel what words want pow'r to name.

Awaking from the silent trance,
 Cautious I steal a broken glance ;
 In clam'rous mirth each pang disguise,
 And laughter swell with bursting sighs ;
 For Envy, pallid fiend, was there,
 And Jealousy with watchful care.

Now ends the feast, each guest retires,
 And with them, all my soul desires,
 Clarissa goes.—Ah ! cruel fate !
 She goes with her ill-fort'd mate :



Sullen and slow he moves along,
 And heavy hums a drowsy song.
 O ! drowsy may the monster lye,
 And instant slumbers seal his eye !
 So shalt thou, best belov'd, escape
 The horrors of a legal rape.

Or, shou'd the brutish instinct goad,
 And thou must bear th' unwelcome load ;
 If struggle, pray'r, pretence be vain,
 To shun what tyrant-laws ordain ;
 Ah sparing deal out scanty dues,
 And keep whate'er thou can'st refuse !
 Ah ! give no bounding pulse to beat,
 No cheek to glow with genial heat !
 No breast to heave in am'rous play,
 No limbs to twine, no hands to stray ;
 But sluggish press the joyless bed,
 And lye in cold indiff'rence dead :
 Nor let the blasting spoiler sip
 The fragrance of thy balmy lip !
 To share with him the lover's part,
 Were rank adultery of the heart.

But if, in chafter love's despite,
 Warm nature catch the known delight ;
 While fierce desires tumultuous rise,
 And rapture melts thy closing eyes ;
 Ah ! be those joys for me design'd,
 And let me rush upon thy mind !

To me the burning kifs impart,
 On me impreſs the humid dart,
 For me unlock the neſtar'd ſtore,
 Then ſigh, and dream the tranſport o'er!

Thus with her lov'd idea fraught,
 Deluſive fancy charms my thought;
 And joining in the flatt'ring cheat,
 Willing I hug the dear deceit;
 From fiction real bliſs receive,
 And all I fondly wiſh believe;
 Nor envy to a huſband's arms,
 The dull fruition of her charms.

But when, regardleſs of my truth,
 She ſmiles on ſome more favour'd youth;
 And while he whiſpers in her ears,
 With more than wonted pleaſure hears;
 My jealous thought his voice ſupplies,
 And reads perdition in her eyes.
 Then torn with envy, love, and hate,
 I wiſh her with her wedded mate.

