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

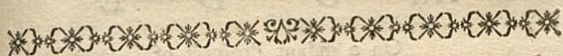
**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Je ne scai Quoi. A Song.

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

To Venus should the prize be given,  
 Superior beauty's just reward,  
 And 'gainst the next great rout in heaven  
 Be sent her for a message card.  
 Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit!  
 Your goddesses are arrant farces;  
 Go, carry it to Mrs. ———  
 And bid her fill it full of verses.



The *Je ne sçai Quoi*. A S O N G.

By the Same.

I.

**Y**ES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
 And CÆLIA has undone me;  
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how  
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

II.

'Tis not her face which love creates,  
 For there no graces revel;  
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates  
 Have rather been uncivil.

III.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common;  
 And all her sense is only chat,  
 Like any other woman.

Her