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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

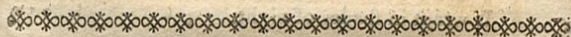
Song. Written in Winter 1745. By the Same.

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And while, to please some courtly fair,
 He one dull tune with labour learns,
 A well-gilt cage remote from air,
 And faded plumes, is all he earns !

Go, hapless captive ! still repeat
 The sounds which nature never taught ;
 Go, listening fair ! and call them sweet,
 Because you know them dearly bought.

Unenvy'd both ! go hear and sing
 Your study'd musick o'er and o'er ;
 Whilst I attend th' inviting spring,
 In fields where birds unfetter'd soar.



S O N G.

Written in Winter 1745.

By the Same.

I.

THE sun, his gladfome beams withdrawn,
 The hills all white with snow,
 Leave me dejected and forlorn !
 Who can describe my woe ?

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But

But not the sun's warm beams could chear,
 Nor hills, tho' e'er so green,
 Unless my Damon should appear,
 To beautify the scene.

II.

The frozen brooks, and pathless vales,
 Disjoin my love and me !
 The pining bird his fate bewails
 On yonder leafless tree !
 But what to me are birds or brooks,
 Or any joy that's near ?
 Heavy the lute, and dull the books,
 While Damon is not here !

III.

The Laplander, who, half the year,
 Is wrapt in shades of night,
 Mourns not, like me, his winter drear ;
 Nor wishes more for light.
 But what were light without my love,
 Or objects e'er so fine ?
 The flowery meadow, field, or grove,
 If Damon be not mine ?

IV.

Each moment, from my dear away,
 Is a long age of pain ;
 Fly swift, ye hours, be calm the day,
 That brings my love again !

O haste