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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

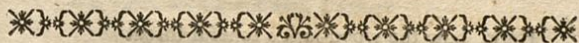
Ode to a Young Lady, Somewhat too sollicitous about her Manner of
Expression. By the Same.

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Would indulgent heav'n had granted
 Me some rural damfel's part!
 All the empire I had wanted
 Then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
 Free from fetters, might I rove:
 Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
 Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rusticks had been more forgiving;
 Partial to my virgin bloom:
 None had envy'd me when living;
 None had triumph'd o'er my tomb.



ODE to a Young Lady,

Somewhat too sollicitous about her Manner
 of Expression.

By the Same.

SURVEY, my fair! that lucid stream
 Adown the smiling valley stray;
 Would art attempt, or fancy dream,
 To regulate its winding way?

So

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
 In loose dishevel'd ringlets flow :
 Not all thy art, not all thy care
 Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
 With native plants enamel'd o'er ;
 Say, can the painter's utmost skill
 Instruct one flow'r to please us more ?

As vain it were, with artful dye,
 To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose ;
 And oh may Laura, ere she try,
 With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark, how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
 Can every study'd grace excel ;
 Let art constrain the rambling note,
 And will she, Laura, please so well ?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
 By no pedantic laws confin'd !
 For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
 So Laura's words be not unkind.

VERSES