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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Songs. By the Same.

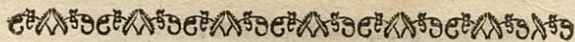
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Yes there, my friend! forlorn and sad,
 I grave your Thomfon's name;
 And there, his lyre; which fate forbad
 To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
 Dark themes of hopeles woe;
 And, faster than the dropping fount,
 I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn, green,
 Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
 And Spring will there again be seen,
 To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
 Once more, His social hour;
 Ah Spring! thou never canst repair
 This loss, to Damon's bow'r.



S O N G S.

By the Same.

I.

IN a vale fring'd with woodland, where grottos abound,
 And rivulets murmur, and echoes resound,
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care;
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

As

As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I fung ;
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue :
 But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I should wish, unawares, that my Daphne might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd ;
 Allusions to none but the nymph I ador'd :
 And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah ! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
 I still must my Daphne's fair image renew :
 The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

II. DAPHNE'S VIsIT.

YE birds ! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love :
 My Daphne with your notes detain :
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs ! before her footsteps rise ;
 Display at once your brightest dyes ;
 That she your opening charms may see :
 Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flow'r,
 And shed its odours round my bow'r :
 Or never more, O gentle wind,
 Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.



Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur soothe my fair:
 Or oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine furrounds,
 May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom;
 Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

III. The ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
 How bright beneath the bush it glows;
 How safely there it lurks conceal'd;
 How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
 A blast descends from eastern skies,
 And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair! your charms divine;
 And check the fond desire to shine
 Where fame's transporting rays allure,
 While here more happy, more secure,

The breath of some neglected maid
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade:
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
 As, to the rose, an eastern wind,

The nymph reply'd, " You first, my swain,
 " Confine your sonnets to the plain ;
 " One envious tongue alike difarms,
 " You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

" What is, unheard, the tuneful thrill ?

" Or what, unknown, the poet's skill ?

" What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,

" Or what the rose's blush, unseñ ?

IV. Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

A DIE U, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine ;

And, as your dazled eye-balls roll,

Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,

Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,

But limpid stream and shady tree

Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,

See yonder does my Daphne rove :

With pride her foot-steps I pursue,

And bid your frantick joys adieu.



The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire :
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

V. Imitated from the FRENCH.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd ;
 But short was her sway for so lowly a maid !
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run ;
 In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun !
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the plains ;
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains ;
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove !
 How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my love !
 Be still tho', my heart ; thine emotion give o'er ;
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs !
 Then breathless with ardor my fair-one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd !
 But be still, my fond heart ! this emotion give o'er ;
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.