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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Nancy of the Vale. A Ballad. By the Same.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1957



NANCY of the VALE.

A BALLAD.

*Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hybla!
Candidior cygnis, hederâ formosior albâ!*

By the Same.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray:
And flocks reviving felt no more
The sultry heats of day:

When from an hazle's artless bower
Soft-warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the *scene*, he blest the *hour*,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

“ Let fops with sickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And fadden every grove:

But

But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's dale !
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the Vale.

'Twas from Avona's banks the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naid of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide ;
 Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
 And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom ;
 Her eye, all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
 So taper, strait, and fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding Vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found ;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.

Vol. V.

B

That

That Nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a Nymph so sweet !
 Or Fortune to her secret cell
 Conduct my wandering feet !

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline :
 " Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 " As I will prove to mine.

" 'Tis Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
 " Has won my right good will ;
 " To him I gave my plighted vow,
 " With him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego ;
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.