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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Anacreontick. 1738. By the Same.

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ANACREONTICK, 1738.

By the Same.

'T WAS in a cool Aonian glade,
 The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
 Had sought refreshment from the shade ;
 And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
 The subtle traitor fast asleep ;
 And is it thine to snore profound,
 She said, yet leave the world to weep ?

But hush——from this auspicious hour,
 The world, I ween, may rest in peace ;
 And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
 Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw,
 And this thy vile artillery hide—
 When the Castalian fount she saw,
 And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid !
 Shall cause you soon to curse the day
 You dar'd the shafts of Love invade ;
 And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For, in a stream so wonderful clear,
 When angry Cupid searches round,
 Will not the radiant points appear ?
 Will not the furtive spoils be found ?

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