# **Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

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## A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

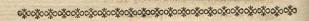
Ode. Written 1739. By the Same.

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#### [ 34 ]

Too foon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the Muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart;
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell ye Pierian quire;
For who will now your altars throng?
From Love we learn to swell the lyre;
And Echo asks no sweeter song.



#### O D E. Written 1739.

By the Same.

Urit Spes animi credula mutui.

Hor,

That love usury's aid alone,

That love usury'd his airy throne,

His boasted power display'd:

Tis kindness that secures his aim,

Tis hope that feeds the kindling slame,

Which beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
'Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
To prove the charmer kind—

Tho?

#### [ 35 ]

Tho' wit might gild the tempting snare,
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By Envy's self admir'd;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every grace adorn,
What every Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He fcorn'd the pangs of wild defire,
Which love-fick fwains endure:
Refolv'd to brave the keenest dart;
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from love,
Experience hourly shows!
Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the Fair-one's eyes;
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his state;
'Till led by fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wise—too late.
As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With towering hopes supply'd;
So heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their Deity's designs;
Then took the field—and dy'd.

