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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

The Dying Kid. By the Same.

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[36]

The DYING KID.

By the Same od ilw a ridle I II

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi Prima sugit— Vires.

That wit might gild the tempting faare,

TEAR bedews my Delia's eye, brook off To think you playful kid must die; From crystal spring, and slowery mead, barde st Must, in his prime of life, recede! Erewhile, in sportive circles round She faw him wheel, and frisk, and bound; From rock to rock pursue his way, of head woll And, on the fearful margin, play. Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell. She faw him climb my ruffic cell; man your no Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright, And feem all ravish'd at the fight. She tells, with what delight he flood, To trace his features in the flood: Then skip'd aloof with quaint amaze: And then drew near, again to gaze, on shall old She tells me, how with eager freed He flew, to hear my vocal reed; do or labour aA And how, with critic face profound, And fledfast ear, devour'd the found.

siH So heroes, taught by doublind furthers.

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His every frolic, light as air,
Deferves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid muft die.
But knows my Delia, timely wife,
How foon this blamelefs are flies?
While violence and craft fucceed;
Unfair defign, and ruthlefs deed!
Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah foon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bow'rs might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flow'rets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.
Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain!
Then mourn not the decrees of fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly slies!

C 3

LOVE