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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Love Songs, written between the Year 1737 and 1743. By the Same.

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LOVE SONGS, written between
the Year 1737 and 1743. By the Same.
SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.
Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold ;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?
How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?
How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress ;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.
Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG II. The LANDSKIP.

HOW pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day !
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers ?
Were ever flowers so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
 And all the landskip round!
 The river gliding down the dale!
 The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
 I speed to meet my dear,
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see:
 That verdant hill, and silver stream,
 Divide my love and me.

S O N G III.

YE gentle nymphs and generous dames,
 That rule o'er every British mind;
 Be sure ye soothe their amorous flames,
 Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
 In unremitting sighs away:
 To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
 And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 'twere a free-born swain,
 A British youth should vainly moan;
 Who scornful of a tyrant's chain,
 Submits to yours, and yours alone.



Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
 Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
 Who beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
 And boast the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV. The SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
 To Daphnè's window speed thy way;
 And there on quivering pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.
 And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song,
 Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely partial maid,
 What are his notes compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race with scorn;
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG V.

*Ab! ego non aliter tristis evincere morbos
 Optarim, quam te sic quoque velle patem.*

ON every tree, in every plain,
 I trace the jovial spring in vain!
 A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
 And fast my waning vigor flies.

Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree,
 That smile on others, smile on me ;
 Mine eyes from death shall court repose,
 Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring ?

Or what, the needless pride of spring ?

The cypress bough, that suits the bier,

Retains its verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair,

Might claim awhile my wonted care ;

My rural store some pleasure yield ;

So white a flock, so green a field !

My friends, that each in kindness vie,

Might well expect one parting sigh ;

Might well demand one tender tear ;

For when was Damon un sincere ?

But ere I ask once more to view

Yon setting sun his race renew,

Inform me, swains ; my friends, declare,

Will pitying Delia join the prayer ?

SONG VI. The Attribute of VENUS.

YES ; Fulvia is like Venus fair ;

Has all her bloom, and shape, and air :

But still, to perfect every grace,

She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore ;

And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,

An helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,

But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.