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

**Dodsley, Robert**

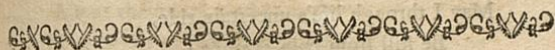
**London, 1758**

The Wish. By the Same.

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

Truth is my care, whose lovely face  
Shines brightest in the plainest dress.

At eve the torrent stopt it's course ;  
Stung with vexation and remorse,  
The dame laments her fruitless cost,  
Her hopes deceiv'd, her labour lost.  
Nor think that here her suff'rings end,  
Reproach and infamy attend :  
Surrounding boys, where-e'er she came,  
With insults loud divulge her shame ;  
And farmers stop her with demands  
Of recompence for damag'd lands.



## The W I S H.

By the Same.

**H**OW short is life's uncertain space !  
Alas ! how quickly done !  
How swift the wild precarious chace !  
And yet how difficult the race !  
How very hard to run !

Youth stops at first its wilful ears  
To Wisdom's prudent voice ;  
Till now arriv'd to riper years,  
Experienc'd age worn out with cares  
Repents its earlier choice.

What



What though its prospects now appear  
 So pleasing and refin'd ;  
 Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,  
 By turns the busy moments share,  
 And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat  
 With hopes of real blifs ;  
 Ye guardian pow'rs that rule my fate,  
 The only wish that I create,  
 Is all compriz'd in this.

May I through life's uncertain tide,  
 Be still from pain exempt ;  
 May all my wants be still supply'd,  
 My fate too low t' admit of pride,  
 And yet above contempt,

But should your Providence divine  
 A greater blifs intend ;  
 May all those blessings you design,  
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)  
 Be center'd in a friend,

