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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Bird of Passage, 1749. By the Same.

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V.

Forgive me, fair reflected shade,
 That I suppress this flame :
 Who can pursue th' ideal maid,
 Bless'd in the real dame ?

VI.

Consult your mind, consult your glass,
 Each charm of sense and youth ;
 Then own, who changes is an ass,
 Nor wonder at my truth.

 The BIRD of PASSAGE, 1749.

By the Same.

I.

GROWN sick of crowds and noise,
 To peaceful rural joys
 Good Bellmont from the town retires.
 Miss Harriet seeks the shade,
 And looks *the country maid*,
 And artfully his taste admires.

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II.

Their sympathizing themes
 Of lawns, and shades, and streams,
 Were all they sung, and all they said,
 The music sweet he finds
 Of well-according minds,
 And loves the perfect *rural maid*.

III.

His honest pure desires
 Not fed by vicious fires,
 Suggest to speak his flame betimes :
 But, scarce his passion known,
 This *Passage-Bird* is flown
 To warmer air, and brighter climes,

IV.

From shades to crowded rooms,
 From flow'rs to dead perfumes—
 The *season* calls—she must away.
 'Tis then alone she lives,
 When she in riot gives
 To *routs* the night, to sleep the day,

V.

He follows her engag'd,
 And finds her deep engag'd
 At crafty *Crib* and brazen *Brag* :
 He hears her betting high,
 He sees her slur the die—
 He takes his boots, and mounts his nag.