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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

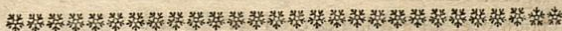
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

An Epigram. By the Same.

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For thee, sustain the cruel shock
 Of caustic Franks, and cicatrizing Rock :
 Happy ! if Hermes' timely care,
 The searching deity of here and there,
 Can soften the venereal doom,
 And keep awhile pale beauty from the tomb.
 But languid ! lifeless ! cold, and bare,
 Gone ev'ry tooth, and fallen ev'ry hair,
 A prey to grief, remorse, disease, —
 Ah ! Paphian Venus, faithless as the seas !
 Fir'd by thy spells, and magic charms,
 We guiltless virgins glow'd at soft alarms
 Embark'd with youth, and airy smiles,
 The graces, playful loves, and wanton wiles ;
 On pleasure's wave we loos'd the sails,
 Alas ! too credulous of flatt'ring gales ;
 For lo ! the heav'ns with clouds are spread,
 The graces, loves, with youth are fled,
 And leave the ship, an easy prize,
 Unrigg'd and leaky to th' inclement skies.



AN EPIGRAM.

By the same.

I Dropt a thing in verse, without a name ;
I I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame :
 The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
 But ne'er enquir'd ; so left it to the beadle.