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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

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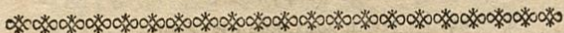
London, 1758

Elegy.

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There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
And chant thy loves, or woes around.

So may'st thou live securely blest,
And no rude storms disturb thy nest ;
No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,
Or cruel gun thy brood destroy ;
No want of shelter may'st thou know,
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow ;
No dearth of winter berries fear,
But haws and hips blush half the year.



E L E G Y.

I.

AH me ! that restless blifs so soon should flie !
Still as I think my yielding maid to gain,
And flatt'ring hope says all my joys are nigh,
Officious jealousy renews my pain.

II.

When cold suspense and torturing despair,
When pausing doubt, and anxious fear's no more,
Some idle falsehood haunts my list'ning ear,
And wakes my heart to all it felt before.

III.

One treads the mazes of the puzzled dance,
With easy step, and unaffected air,
False rapture feigns, or rolls a meaning glance,
To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

IV. Another

IV.

Another boasts a more substantial claim,
 For him fair Plenty fills her golden horn,
 A thousand flocks support his haughty flame,
 A thousand acres crown'd with waving corn.

V.

But I nor tread the mazes of the dance
 With easy step, and unaffected air,
 Nor rapture feign, nor roll a meaning glance,
 To catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

VI.

I boast not Fortune's more substantial claim,
 For me nor Plenty fills her golden horn,
 Nor wealthy flocks support my humble flame,
 Nor smiling acres crown'd with waving corn.

VII.

Say will thy gen'rous heart for these reject
 A tender passion, and a soul sincere?
 For tho' with me you have little to expect,
 Believe me, Sylvia, you have less to fear.

VIII.

Come, let us tread the flow'ry paths of peace,
 'Till Fate shall seal th' irrevocable doom;
 Then soar together to yon realms of bliss,
 And leave our mingled ashes in the tomb.

IX.

Perhaps some tender sympathetic breast,
 Who knows with Sorrow's elegance to moan,
 May search the charnel where our relics rest,
 And grave our mem'ry on the faithful stone.

X. " Tread