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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

The Indifferent. From the Italian of Metastasio.

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No longer now a fierce desire  
 In anger marks its amorous fire,  
 And fiercer burns suppress'd,  
 I blush not when thy name I hear,  
 I meet thee suddenly, and fear  
 No fluttering in my breast.

In dreams I ev'ry trifle see,  
 Yet very rarely dream of thee;  
 I wake, nor think about thee:  
 When absent I ne'er wish thee near,  
 And when thou'rt present I nor fear  
 Nor pray to be without thee.

I think, hear, talk about thy charms,  
 Nor stoop the head, nor fold the arms;  
 Nay ev'n my wrongs fit easy,  
 And when my favour'd rival's near  
 And eyes me with insulting leer,  
 His triumphs never teaze me.

Put on thy looks of cold disdain,  
 Or speak respectful, 'tis in vain,  
 Nor frowns nor smiles can move.  
 Those lips no more have words that bind,  
 Those eyes no more have light to find  
 The path that leads to love.

Seasons,



Seasons, which wont to take their dye  
 Of foul or fair from CLOE's eye,  
 Now their own livery wear.  
 This place I hate, and that I love,  
 The fen's a fen, the grove's a grove,  
 If absent thou, or there.

Judge if I speak like one sincere,  
 Still I confess your face is fair,  
 But so are twenty faces ;  
 And if plain truth will not offend,  
 You've now some features I could mend,  
 Which once appear'd all graces.

Nay more, I own, when from my heart  
 I strove to tug the fatal dart,  
 It cut my heart in sunder :  
 But to relieve a constant pain,  
 And to retrieve one's self again,  
 What would one not go-under ?

The fluttering bird in viscous snare  
 Entangled, willingly will spare  
 For liberty a feather ;  
 In time again the feather grows,  
 And wise by danger made, he knows  
 To shun the snare for ever.

But



But still I hear you smiling say,  
 'Tis sign you've flung your chains away,  
 You take such pains to shew 'em.  
 Why, CLOE, there's a fond delight  
 Our former dangers to recite,  
 And let our neighbours know 'em.

After the thunder of the wars,  
 The veteran thus displays his scars,  
 And tells you of his pains ;  
 The galley-slave, enslav'd no more,  
 Shews you the shackles which he wore,  
 And where their mark remains.

I talk, 'cause talking gives delight,  
 I please myself not CLOE by't,  
 Nor care if she believe ;  
 And when myself she deigns to name,  
 Whether she praise my song or blame,  
 I neither joy nor grieve.

For me I quit a fickle fair,  
 CLOE has lost a heart sincere,  
 Who first should sing *Te deum* ?  
 You'll never find so true a swain ;  
 But women full as false and vain,  
 By dozens one may see 'em.

