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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Shepherd's Farewell to his Love. Being the same Ode.

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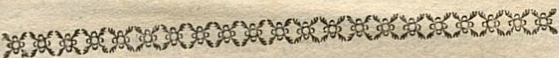
XII.

In kind indulgence to a heart,
Engag'd in so severe a part,

This sweet revenge I write :
Rail, weep, be woman all, for I
Lull'd in indifference, defy
Your fondness or your spite.

XIII.

A frail false maid I loſt, but you
A man, fond, generous, and true ;
Which fortune is the worſt ?
Try all love's mighty empire round,
A faithful lover's ſeldom found ;
A jilt's a common curſe,



The SHEPHERD'S FAREWEL to his LOVE.

Being the ſame O D E.

Translated by Mr. RODERICK.

PHŒBE, thank thy falſe heart, it has fix'd my reſoſe,
The gods have had pity at length on my woes ;
I feel it, I feel my ſoul looſe from its chain,
And at laſt freedom comes, often dream'd of in vain.



The flame is burn'd out, and each passion at rest,
 Under which love disguis'd still might lurk in my breast;
 No more, when thou'rt nam'd, the warm blushes arise,
 No more flutters my heart, when I meet with your eyes,

In my sleep now no longer thy image I see,
 Nor the first of my thoughts, when I wake, is of thee;
 When from thee, no more of thy absence I plain,
 When with thee, I feel neither pleasure nor pain.

My heart without fondness can muse on thy charms,
 My past pains I recount, yet no passion alarms;
 Discompos'd I'm no longer, when tow'rd me you move,
 And at ease with my rival, I talk of my love.

Whether haughty thy frown, whether gentle thy strain,
 In vain thy proud looks, thy fond speeches in vain;
 Thy false tongue to beguile me no more has the art,
 No more thy keen eye knows the way to my heart.

Whether pensive or chearful, no longer to you
 For this are my thanks, or for that my blame due:
 The gay prospect now pleases, though you are away,
 And your presence no more can make dreariness gay.

Believe me, I still can allow that thou'rt fair,
 But not that no fair-one can with thee compare;

And

And though beauteous I own thee, yet still in thy face
I can now spy a fault, which I once thought a grace.

When first the fix'd arrow I pluck'd from my heart,
Oh, methought I shou'd die! so severe was the smart:
But from pow'r so oppressive to set myself clear,
Torments greater than dying with patience I'd bear.

When lim'd the poor bird thus with eagerness strains,
Nor regrets the lost plume, so his freedom he gains;
The loss of his plumage small time will restore,
And once try'd the false twig, it can cheat him no more.

The old flame, never flatter yourself to believe,
While it dwells on my tongue, in my heart still must live;
Our dangers, when past, with delight we repeat,
What in suffering was pain, to remembrance is sweet.

'Tis thus when the soldier returns from the wars,
He fights o'er his old battles, and vaunts of his scars:
With pleasure the captive his liberty gain'd
The fetters thus shows, which once held him enchain'd,

Thus I talk, and I still will talk on while I may,
Nor heed I, though you disbelieve what I say:
I ask not that Phœbe my talk should approve,
Let her too, if she can, talk at ease of my love,

