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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Ode. By the Same.

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## O D E.

By the Same.

## I.

**I**F rightly tuneful bards decide,  
 If it be fix'd in love's decrees,  
 That beauty ought not to be tried  
 But by its native power to please,  
 Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,  
 What fair can Amoret excell ?

## II.

Behold that bright unfullied smile,  
 And wisdom speaking in her mien :  
 Yet (she so artless all the while,  
 So little studious to be seen)  
 We nought but instant gladness know,  
 Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

## III.

But neither music, nor the powers  
 Of youth and mirth and frolick cheer,  
 Add half that sunshine to the hours,  
 Or make life's prospect half so clear,  
 As memory brings it to the eye  
 From scenes where Amoret was by.

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IV. Yet

## IV.

Yet not a satirist could there  
 Or fault or indiscretion find ;  
 Nor any prouder sage declare  
 One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,  
 Whose form with lovelier colours glow  
 Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

## V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part :  
 This gives the most unbounded sway :  
 This shall enchant the subject heart  
 When rose and lily fade away ;  
 And She be still, in spite of time,  
 Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

