

Landesbibliothek Oldenburg

Digitalisierung von Drucken

A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Answer. Candour.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-2008

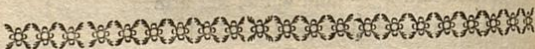
Yet faithful then the fir shall laſt —
 I ſmile, ſhe cry'd, but ah! I tremble,
 To think when my fair ſeaſon's paſt,
 Which Damon then will moſt reſemble.

A N S W E R.

TOO timorous maid! can time or chance
 A pure ingenuous flame controul?
 O lay aſide that tender glance,
 That melts my frame, that kills my ſoul!

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
 Frail origin of female ſway!
 My flame like other flames inspir'd,
 Might then like other flames decay:

But whiſt thy mind ſhall ſeem thus fair,
 Thy ſoul's unfading charms be ſeen;
 Thou may'ſt reſign that ſhape and air,
 Yet find thy ſwain — an ever-green.



C A N D O U R.

THE warmeſt friend, I ever prov'd,
 My bittereſt foe I ſee:
 The kindeſt maid I ever lov'd,
 Is falſe to love and me.

But