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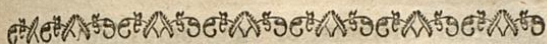
A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Cloe to Lysander.

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



CLOE to LYSANDER.

OF vagrant loves, and fickle flames
 Lyfander's Muse may tell,
 And sure such artless freedom claims
 His Cloe's best farewell.

Whene'er his heart becomes the theme
 We see his fancy shine ;
 But let not vain Lyfander dream
 That e'er that heart was mine.

Can he that fondly hopes to move,
 With caution chill his lay ?
 Can he who feels the power of love,
 Foretel that love's decay ?

Why teize believing nymphs in vain,
 Go seek some pathless vale,
 And listen to thy vocal strain
 Soft echoing down the dale.

While artless Cloe hence retir'd,
 Shall this sad maxim prove ;
 No bosom, once with love inspir'd,
 Could ever cease to love.



To the Memory of an agreeable LADY
bury'd in Marriage to a Person undeserv-
ing her.

’T WAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T’ anticipate a lesser ill
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions ;
Who don’t the lesser ills sustain
Of phyfic and physicians ?

Rather than lose his whole estate
He that but little wife is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

With numerous ills in single life
The batchelor’s attended ;
Such to avoid, he takes a wife——
And much the case is mended.

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a *monkey* here,
Before an *ape* below.

