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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

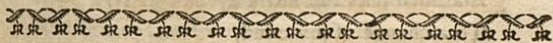
Miss Soper's Answer to a Lady, who invited her to retire into a monastic
Life at St. Cross, near Winchester.

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At least you might stay for my offer,
 Not snatch like old maids in despair,
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffer,
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

II.

You might leave me to guesse by your blushing,
 And not speak the matter so plain ;
 'Tis ours to pursue and be pushing,
 'Tis yours to affect a disdain.
 That you're in a pityful taking,
 By all your sweet ogles I see ;
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking
 Indeed is too mellow for me.



MISS SOPER'S Answer to a Lady, who invited her to
 retire into a monastic Life at St. CROSS, near
 WINCHESTER.

I.

IN vain, mistaken maid, you'd fly
 To desert and to shade ;
 But since you call, for once I'll try
 How well your vows are made.

II.

To noise and cares let's bid adieu,
 And solitude commend ;
 But how the world will envy you,
 And pity me your friend.

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III. You,

