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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Repentance. By the Same.

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## III.

You, like rich metal hid in earth,  
 Each swain will dig to find;  
 But I expect no second birth,  
 For dross is left behind.



## REPENTANCE. By the Same.

## I.

ALL attendants apart  
 I examin'd my heart,  
 Last night when I lay'd me to rest.  
 And methinks I'm inclin'd  
 To a change of my mind,  
 For you know second thoughts are the best.

## II.

To retire from the crowd  
 And make ourselves good,  
 By avoiding of every temptation,  
 Is in truth to reveal  
 What we'd better conceal,  
 That our passions want some regulation.

## III.

It will much more redound  
 To our praise to be found  
 In a world so abounding with evil,  
 Unspotted and pure,  
 Tho' not so demure;  
 And to wage open war with the devil.