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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To Chlorinda. By the Same.

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

C. Since, my Strephon, you so kind are,  
 All pretensions to resign;  
 Trust Chlorinda.—You may find her  
 Less severe than you divine.

Strephon struck with joy beholds her,  
 Wou'd have spoke but knew not how;  
 But he look'd such things as told her  
 More than all his speech cou'd do.

TO CHLORINDA. By the Same.

SEE, Strephon, what unhappy fate  
 Does on thy fruitless passion wait,  
 Adding to flame fresh fuel:  
 Rather than thou should'it favour find,  
 The kindest soul on earth's unkind,  
 And the best nature cruel.

The goodness, which Chlorinda shews,  
 From mildness and good breeding flows,  
 But must not love be stil'd:  
 Or else 'tis such as mothers try,  
 When wearied with incessant cry,  
 They still a froward child.

She with a graceful mien and air,  
 Genteely civil, yet severe,  
 Bids thee all hopes give o'er.  
 Friendship she offers, pure and free;  
 And who, with such a friend as she,  
 Cou'd want, or wish for more?

