



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Song

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-59887)

THE ADVICE:

A SONG.

I.

THE business of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure;
 And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
 Oh! for love we're all ready, you cry—Very true;
 Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
 Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
 And dips in the amorous transport his dart,
 'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate,
 Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
 And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
 Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
 Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
 That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
 To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
 In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
 Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

S O N G.

I.

WHAT a rout do you make for a single poor kiss!
 I seiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it:
 May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think 'twas amiss!
 But for me, I thank dear Cytherea, who sent it.

Vol. IV.

E e e

II. You

II.

You may pout, and look prettily cross; but I pray,
 What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
 If you will put temptation so pat in one's way,
 Saints, resist if ye can; but for me, I'm too weak.

III.

But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end;
 Nor will I by force what you gave not, retain:
 By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend—
 If you say that I stole it, why take it again.

TO LOVE.

The Idea suggested by the second Sonnet of PETRARCH.

I.

OH! 'tis no triumph to subdue
 A heart so apt to yield as mine:
 And mighty conquerors like you
 Should higher feats, O Love! design.

II.

No nymph, if moderately fair,
 But sets my glowing breast on flame:
 An eye can fill me with despair;
 A neck—with what I dare not name.

III.

Then why before my ravish'd sight
 Present Clorinda's angel-form?
 Oh! steel my bosom for the fight,
 Or the cold maid with passion warm.

I

IV. A