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# **The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl Of Orford**

In Five Volumes

**Walpole, Horace**

**London, 1798**

To Love

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

## 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

## IV.

A vanquish'd wretch can fall no lower;  
 Defenceless foes no hero braves:  
 In arms Clorinda dares your power;  
 Subdue her—and make both your slaves.

## TO LADY C—. 1778.

WITH eyes black as flocs, and a beautiful nose,  
 And with lips that would make folly charming,  
 Shall Chloe be taught by the bright god of thought  
 To make all those arrows more harming?

Shall the Muses combine to aid her to shine  
 Against time half her beauties efface?  
 No: we ne'er can be free, slaves for life we shall be  
 If the Muses succeed to the Graces.