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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

The Cave of Pope. A Prophecy.

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The Cave of Pope. A Prophecy.

By R——— D———.

WHEN dark oblivion in her ſable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds ſubmitting to the ſtroke
Of time, ſhall fall amongſt forgotten things:

Then (for the Muſe that diſtant day can ſee)
On Thames's bank the ſtranger ſhall arrive,
With curious wiſh thy ſacred grott to ſee,
Thy ſacred grott ſhall with thy name ſurvive.

Grateful poſterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin ſhall repair:
Some good old man, to each enquiring ſage
Pointing the place, ſhall cry, "The Bard liv'd there,

"Whoſe ſong was muſick to the liſtening ear,
"Yet taught audacious vice and folly, ſhame:
"Eaſy his manners, but his life ſevere;
"His word alone gave infamy or fame,

"Sequeſter'd from the fool and coxcomb-wit,
"Beneath this ſilent roof the Muſe he found;
"'Twas here he ſlept inſpir'd, or ſate and writ.
"Here with his friends the ſocial glaſs went round."

With

With aweful veneration ſhall they trace
  The ſteps which thou ſo long before haſt trod;
With reverend wonder view the ſolemn place,
  From whence thy genius ſoar'd to nature's God.

Then, ſome ſmall gem, or moſs, or ſhining ore,
  Departing, each ſhall pilfer, in fond hope
To pleaſe their friends on ev'ry diſtant ſhore,
  Boaſting a relick from the cave of POPE.

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