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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

An Epistle to Mr. Pope.

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That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
 Can pity frailties it could never feel ;
 That, when Misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
 What sect, what party, whether friend or foe ;
 That, fix'd on equal Virtue's temp'rate laws,
 Despises calumny, and shuns applaude ;
 That, to its own perfections singly blind,
 Would for another think this praise design'd.



An Epistle to Mr. P O P E.

From ROME, 1730. By the Same.

IMmortal bard ! for whom each Muse has wove
 The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove ;
 Preserv'd, our drooping genius to restore,
 When Addison and Congreve are no more ;
 After so many stars extinct in night
 The darken'd age's last remaining light !
 To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
 Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit ;
 For now no more these climes their influence boast,
 Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost ;
 From Tyrants, and from Priests the Muses fly,
 Daughters of Reason and of Liberty :

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Nor



Nor Baia now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
 Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincius rove ;
 To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
 And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
 So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays
 Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
 Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
 Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
 No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
 But mournful silence saddens all the grove.

Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
 Has felt the worst severity of fate :
 Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke,
 And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
 Not that her palaces to earth are thrown,
 Her cities desert, and her fields unfown ;
 But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
 That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled,
 That there the source of Science flows no more,
 Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shin'd,
 Born to instruct and to command mankind ;
 Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
 And Poets, who those Chiefs sublimely prais'd !
 Oft I the traces you have left explore,
 Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
 Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
 With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;

Those

Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise ;
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his Master bear :

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of Wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majestick from thy nobler bays ;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
Nor when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy Country's praise ;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her Palm beside the Olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;

