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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

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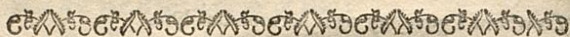
London, 1758

To My Lord

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Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
 With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
 Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
 But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,
 Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;
 Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
 And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
 Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
 And join the Patriot's to the Poet's praise.



To My LORD —————

In the Year 1730.

From WORCESTERSHIRE. By the Same.

*Strenua nos exercet Inertia : Navibus atque
 Quadrigis petimus bene Vivere : quod petis hic est ;
 Est Ulubris, Animus sit te non deficit æquus.*

HORACE.

FAV'RITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
 Pollio, by nature form'd in courts to shine,
 Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend
 To thy long absent and forgotten friend ;
 Who after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own native shore,

From

From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
 Beneath the shades of his paternal seat
 Has found that Happiness he sought in vain
 On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine ?

'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
 The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's stile ;
 At soft Italian sounds to melt away ;
 Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray ;
 That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
 Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
 In our own breasts the source of Pleasure lies
 Still open, and still flowing to the wise ;
 Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
 Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
 But in its proper chanel's gliding fair ;
 A common benefit, which all may share.
 Yet half mankind this easy Good disdain,
 Nor relish happiness unbought by pain ;
 False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain. }
 So idle, yet so restless are our minds,
 We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds,
 Through various toils to seek Content we roam,
 Which but with *thinking right* were our's at home.
 For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
 Can from the heart a settled grief erase ;
 Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
 Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.



The wretch by wild impatience driv'n to rove
 Vex'd with the pangs of ill-requited love,
 From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
 Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears,
 With equal pain each diff'rent clime he tries,
 And is himself that torment which he flies.

For how shou'd ills, that from our passions flow,
 Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Ruffia's snow ?
 Or how can aught but pow'rful Reason cure,
 What from unthinking Folly we endure ?
 Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
 His heart's uneasy discord to compose ;
 In gen'rous love of others good to find
 The sweetest pleasures of the social mind ;
 To bound his wishes in their proper sphere ;
 To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear.
 This was the wisdom ancient Sages taught,
 This was the sov'reign good they justly fought ;
 This to no place or climate is confin'd,
 But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that Courts to you deny
 The useful practice of Philosophy :
 Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
 Not always chose from Greatness to retire,
 But in the palace of Augustus knew
 The same unerring maxims to pursue,
 Which in the Sabine or the Velian shade
 His study and his happiness he made.