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**A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands**

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

To Sir Godfrey Kneller at his Country Seat. By the Same.

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T O

Sir GODFREY KNELLER at his COUNTRY SEAT.

By the Same.

**T**O Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,  
 Thou, KNELLER, tak'ft thy summer flights in vain,  
 In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours  
 To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers;  
 To court thy pencil early at thy gates,  
 Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits;  
 The boastful Muse of others fame so sure,  
 Implores thy aid to make her own secure;  
 The great, the fair, and (if ought nobler be,  
 Ought more belov'd) the Arts solicit thee.

How can't thou hope to fly the world, in vain  
 From Europe sever'd by the circling main:  
 Sought by the kings of every distant land,  
 And every heroe worthy of thy hand.  
 Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd  
 He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd;  
 That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place  
 Amidst her masters of the Lombard race.

See

See on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,  
 Her failing arts, forlorn Hesperia mourns ;  
 While Britain wins each garland from her brow,  
 Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,  
 (Nor mean the task) each breathing bust explore,  
 Line after line with painful patience trace,  
 This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace ;  
 Vain care of parts ; if, impotent of soul,  
 Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,  
 Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,  
 And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.  
 Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,  
 (The kindest mistress and the surest guide)  
 To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,  
 And place the fairest in the fairest light ;  
 Ere yet the pencil tries her nicer toils,  
 Or on thy palette lie the blended oyls,  
 Thy careless chalk has half atchiev'd thy art,  
 And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind, that grasps the whole is rarely found,  
 Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound ;  
 Few like thy genius, at proportion aim,  
 All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life. O since the glorious rage  
 That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubstid'd by age ;  
 Tho' wealth nor fame now touch thy fated mind,  
 Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind ;

