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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode to Wisdom. By a Lady.

urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1978



ODE to WISDOM.

By a L A D Y.

THE solitary bird of night
 Thro' the thick shades now wings his flight,
 And quits his time-shook tow'r;
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophick gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And fighting gales repeat.
 Fav'rite of PALLAS ! I attend,
 And faithful to thy summons, bend
 At WISDOM's awful feat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
 Where no false shews of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray.
 Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
 Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
 As in the beam of day.

Vol. III,

O

O PALLAS !



O PALLAS! queen of ev'ry art,
 That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
 Blest source of purer joys :
 In every form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental fight
 With pleasure and surprize :

At thy unspotted shrine I bow ;
 Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires :
 But taught by thy unerring rules,
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspires.

Not FORTUNE's gem, AMBITION's plume,
 Nor CYTHEREA's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my pray'r :
 Let AV'RICE, VANITY, and PRIDE,
 Those envy'd glitt'ring toys, divide
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thoughts refin'd :
 For Wealth, the smiles of glad Content ;
 For Pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er the mind.

When FORTUNE drops her gay parade,
 When PLEASURE'S tranfient rofes fade,
 And wither in the tomb;
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
 Thy ever-verdant laurels rife
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the ftupid lye
 Of ignorance and fpite :
 Alike contemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undifcerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noife and ftrife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I reft :
 Purfue thee to the peaceful groves,
 Where PLATO'S facred fpirit roves,
 In all thy beauties drefs'd.

He bade Iliffus' tuneful fream
 Convey thy philofophick theme
 Of Perfect, Fair, and Good :
 Attentive Athens caught the found,
 And all her lift'ning fons around
 In awful filence flood :

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
 Confess'd the potent voice of TRUTH,
 And felt its just controul:
 The Passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
 And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
 O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the POET's song,
 The PATRIOT's free, unbiass'd tongue,
 The HERO's gen'rous strife;
 Thine are Retirement's silent joys,
 And all the sweet engaging ties
 Of still domestick life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,
 To the supreme all-perfect Mind
 My thoughts direct their flight:
 Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
 From thee deriv'd, eternal source
 Of intellectual light.

O send her sure, her steady ray,
 To regulate my doubtful way,
 Thro' life's perplexing road:
 The mists of error to controul,
 And thro' its gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good.