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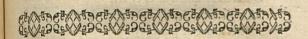
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## A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

Ode to Wisdom. By a Lady.

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



#### ODE to WISDOM.

By a LADY.

THE folitary bird of night
Thro' the thick shades now wings his slight,
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 folemn found,
Which midnight echoes wast around,
And fighing gales repeat.
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's aweful feat.

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

O PALLAS!

### [ 210 ]

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the fense, and mends the heart,
Bleft source of purer joys:
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize:

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

Not Fortune's gem, Ameition'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



### [ 211 ]

When FORTUNE drops her gay parade,
When PLEASURE's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's fneer, the stupid lye
Of ignorance and spite:
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest:
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's facred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties dress'd.

He bade Iliffus' tuneful fream
Convey thy philosophick theme
Of Perfect, Fair, and Good:
Attentive Athens caught the found,
And all her lift'ning sons around
In aweful filence stood:

0 2

Reclaim'd,



#### [ 212 ]

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 Poer's song,
The Patriot's free, unbias'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 fend her fure, 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 foul
To happiness and good.

Beneath