

**Landesbibliothek Oldenburg**

**Digitalisierung von Drucken**

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

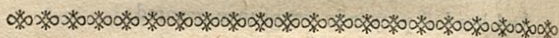
**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

On a Baby-Leaf, pluck'd from Virgil's Tomb, near Naples. 1736. By the  
Same.

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

Poor MYRTLE, frangely mortify'd,  
 Too late resumes her proper pride ;  
 Which heighten'd now by pique and spleen,  
 Paints her condition doubly mean.  
 She sour'd her mind, grew broken-hearted,  
 And soon this spiteful world departed ;  
 And now lies decently interr'd.  
 Near the old Yew in——church-yard,



On a BAY-LEAF, pluck'd from VIRGIL'S  
 Tomb, near Naples. 1736.

By the Same.

**B**OLD was the irreligious hand  
 That could all reverence withstand,  
 And sacrilegiously presume  
 To rob the poet's sacred tomb  
 Of so much honourable shade,  
 As this, so small a trophy, made ;  
 Could dare to pluck from VIRGIL'S brow  
 The honours Nature did bestow.  
<sup>a</sup> Sweetly the gentle goddess smil'd,  
 And listen'd to her favourite child ;  
 Whether in shepherd's cleanly weed  
 He dextly tun'd his oaten reed,

<sup>a</sup> *Pascua.*

And



And taught the vocal woods around  
 His Amaryllis to resound ;  
 b Or taught he in a graver strain  
 To cloath the field with waving grain ;  
 And in the marriage-folds to twine  
 The barren elm, and cluster'd vine ;  
 To yoke the lab'ring ox, to breed  
 To the known goal, the foaming steed ;  
 And sung the manners, rights, degrees,  
 And labours of the frugal bees ;

c Or whether with Æneas' name  
 He swell'd th' extended cheek of Fame,  
 And all his god-like labours sung,  
 Whence Rome's extended glories sprung ;

The goddesses smil'd, and own'd she knew  
 Th' original from whence he drew,  
 And grateful she, spontaneous gave  
 This living honour to his grave.

Hail, thou sweet shade, whose rev'renc'd name  
 Still foremost in the mouth of Fame,  
 Doth preferrence and value give,  
 And teach this little leaf to live :  
 Methinks secluded from that brow,  
 Where grateful Nature bad it grow,  
 This beauteous green should fade away,  
 And yield to iron-tooth'd decay ;  
 But VIRGIL's name forbids that crime,  
 And blunts the threat'ning scythe of Time.

b *Rura.*

c *Duces.*

To

