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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode to a Water Nymph. By Mr. Mason.

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Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
 Who gives to all whate'er to all is due; 235
 When parties mad fedition's garb put on,
 Snatches the highest praise,—and is of none :
 Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
 Unshaken points to Truth, as to his pole;
 Contemns alike what factions praise or blame; 240
 O'er rumour's narrow orbit soars to fame :
 Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
 Walks firm to virtue through the scoffs of fools;
 No minion flatters; gains no selfish end;
 His own--his king's--his country's--mankind's friend;—
 Him Virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay; 246
 And glory circles him with endless day.
 Such he who deep in VIRTUE roots his fame;
 And such thro' ages shall be LONSDALE's name.



ODE to a WATER NYMPH.

By Mr. MASON.

YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom PAN allows
 To tend this sweetly-solemn † Wood,
 To speed the shooting scions into boughs,
 And call the roseate blossoms from the bud;

† A seat near * * finely situated with a great command of
 water, but disposed in a very false taste, which gave occasion
 to this Ode.

But

But chief, thou NAID, wont so long to lead
This fluid crystal sparkling as it flows ;

Whither ah ! whither art thou fled ?

What shade is conscious to thy woes ?

Ah ! 'tis yon poplar's awful gloom ;

Poetick eyes can pierce the scene,

Can see thy drooping head, thy with'ring bloom,
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mein.

Well may'tt thou wear misfortune's fainting air,

Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow,

Devolve that length of careless hair,

And give yon azure veil to flow

Loose to the wind. For ah ! thy pain

The pitying Muse can well relate :

Ah ! let her, plaintive, pour the tend'rest strain,

To teach the Echoes thy disastrous fate.

'Twas where the alder's close-knit shade entwin'd

(What time the dog-star's fires intensely burn,)

In gentlest indolence reclin'd,

Befide your ever-trickling urn

You slept serene ; all free from fears,

No friendly dream foretold your harm,

When sudden, see ! the tyrant Art appears

To snatch the liquid treasures from thy arm.

Art, Gothick Art, has seiz'd thy darling vase,

That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,

For some soft story told with grace,

Amid th' associates of the wave ;

When

When in sequester'd coral vales,
 While worlds of waters roll'd above,
 The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
 Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.
 Ah! loss too justly mourn'd! for now the fiend
 Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high,
 And thence he bids its streams descend,
 With torturing regularity;
 From step to step with sullen sound
 The forc'd cascades indignant leap,
 Till pent they fill the basin's measur'd round,
 There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
 Lost is the vocal pebble's gurgling song,
 The rill soft-dripping from its rocky spring,
 No free meander winds along,
 Or curls, when Zephyr waves his wing,
 These charms, alas! are now no more—
 Fortune, oh! give me to redeem
 The ravish'd vase; oh! give me to restore
 Its pristine honours to this hapless stream!
 Then, Nymph, again, with all their native ease,
 Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
 Shall wildly warble, as they please,
 Their soft loquacious harmony.
 Where-e'er they vagrant chuse to rove,
 There will I lead, not force their way,
 Whether to gloom beneath the shady grove,
 Or in the mead reflect the sparkling ray.

Not



Not HAGLEY's various stream shall thine surpass,
 Tho' Nature, and her LYTTLETON ordain
 That there the NAID band shou'd grace
 With ev'ry wat'ry charm the plain ;
 That there the frequent rills shou'd roll,
 And health to ev'ry flow'r dispense,
 Free as their master pours from all his soul
 The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence ;
 Shou'd now glide sweetly plaintive thro' the vale
 In melting murmurs queruloufly flow ;
 Soft as that master's love-lorn tale,
 When LUCY calls forth all his woe :
 Shou'd now from steepy heights descend,
 Deep thund'ring the rough rocks among,
 Loud as the praise applauding senates lend,
 When England's cause inspires his glowing tongue.



MUSÆUS:

