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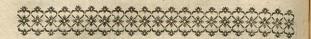
A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

An Address of the Statues at Stowe, to Lord Cobham, on his Return to his Gardens.

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[196]



An Address of the STATUES at STOWE, to Lord COBHAM, on his Return to his Gardens.

ROM every Muse and every art thy own,
Thy bow'rs our theatres, thy mind our throne;
Hail! to thy virtues manumiz'd from state;
Hail! to thy leifure to be wisely great.

Fetter'd by duties and to forms enflav'd,
How timely have thy years a remnant fav'd!
To tafte that freedom which thy fword maintain'd,
And lead in letter'd eafe, a life unpain'd:
So Scipio (Carthage fall'n) refign'd his plume,
And fmil'd at the forgetfulness of Rome.
O greatly bles'd! whose evening sweetest shines,
And, in unclouded slowness, calm declines!
While free reflection with reverted eye,
Wan'd from hot noon-tide and a troubled sky,
Divides life well: the largest part, long known
Thy country's claim; the last and best thy own.

Here while detach'd, thy felf-supported soul Resumes dominion and escapes controul; Moves with a grandeur, monarchs wish in vain, Above all sears, storms, dangers, hopes or pain;

A glance

[197]

A glance fometimes from thy fafe fummit throw,
And fee the dufty world look dim below:
Thro' the dark throng difcern huge flaves of pride
Should'ring unheeded Happiness aside;
Thwarted and push'd and lab'ring into name,
And dignify'd with all the dirt of fame;
Then with a smile superior, turn away,
And lop th' exub'rance of some straggling spray;
Wind thro' thy mazes to serene delight,
And from the bursting bubbles shade thy sight.

Yet where thou shin'st, like heav'n behind a cloud, Moving like light, all piercing, tho' not loud; The Muse shall sind thee in thy blest retreat, And breathe this honest wish at Cobham's feet: Fresh as thy lakes, may all thy pleasures slow! And breezy like thy groves, thy passions blow! Wide as thy fancy, be thy spreading praise! And long and lovely as thy walks, thy days.



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