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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

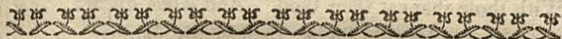
London, 1758

The Dying Indian. By the Same.

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He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd;
Plunderers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice!
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay.



The Dying I N D I A N.

By the Same.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
In double poison—I shall soon arrive
At the blest island, where no tigers spring
On heedless hunters; where anana's bloom
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
Nor thundering torrents whirl the light canoe

Down

Down to the sea ; where my forefathers feast
 Daily on hearts of Spaniards!——O my son,
 I feel the venom busy in my breast,
 Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
 Of that bold christian who first dar'd deflour
 The virgins of the sun ; and, dire to tell !
 Robb'd Vitzipultzi's statue of its gems !
 I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,
 And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
 And tore his carcass from the earth, and left it
 A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
 With sacred secrecy : if e'er returns
 Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods
 Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
 Cherish her age. Tell her I ne'er have worship'd
 With those that eat their God. And when disease
 Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
 With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
 Like christian cowards, in a life of pain.
 I go ! great COPAC beckons me ! farewell !

