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

**Dodsley, Robert**

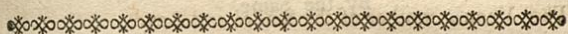
**London, 1758**

A Sonnet, written at W de in the Absence of. By the Same.

**urn:nbn:de:gbv:45:1-1993**

Than all her wileſs revels happier far ;  
 Theſe deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail !  
 From thee began, auſpicious maid, my ſong,  
 With thee ſhall end : for thou art fairer far  
 Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's moſſy grot ;  
 To loftier rapture thou canſt wake the thought,  
 Than all the fabling Poet's boaſted pow'rs.  
 Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,  
 Once, in his ev'ning-walk a Druid found,  
 Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;  
 And piteous bore with hoſpitable hand  
 To the cloſe ſhelter of his oaken bow'r.  
 There ſoon the ſage admiring mark'd the dawn  
 Of ſolemn muſing in your penſive thought ;  
 For when a ſmiling babe, you lov'd to lie  
 Oft deeply liſt'ning to the rapid roar  
 Of wood-hung Meinai, ſtream of Druids old,  
 That lav'd his hallow'd haunt with daſhing wave.



A SONNET; written at W——, DE  
 in the Abſence of ——.

By the Same.

W——DE, thy beechen ſlopes with waving grain  
 Border'd, thine azure views of wood and lawn,  
 Whilom could charm, or when the joyous Dawn  
 Gan Night's dun robe with ſluſhing purple ſtain,

Or