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

**Dodsley, Robert**

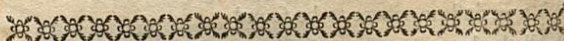
**London, 1758**

On Lord Cobham's Gardens. By the Same.

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

Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,  
 They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly:  
 Because, tho' station'd on th' important watch,  
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless centinel,  
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.  
 And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,  
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
 For ev'ry fugitive: and when thou thus  
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
 Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit!

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;  
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.  
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious  
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fortune.  
 Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but like  
 The good old patriarch upon record,  
 Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee.



### On Lord COBHAM'S Gardens.

By the Same.

**I**T puzzles much the sages' brains,  
 Where Eden stood of yore;  
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,  
 Some say, it is no more.

But