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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

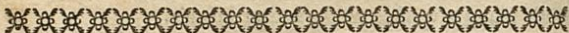
Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758

Ode to Health. By Mr. Duncombe, Fellow of Corpus Christi College,
Cambridge.

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While others check each ruder gale,
 Expell rough Boreas from the sky,
 Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
 Save such as softly pant, and panting die.
 Then, as thy swelling accents rise,
 Fair Fancy waking at the sound,
 Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,
 And waft her spirits to enchanted ground,
 To myrtle groves, Elyfian greens,
 'Mid which some fav'rite youth shall rove,
 Shall meet, shall lead her thro' the glitt'ring scenes,
 And all be music, extacy, and love.



ODE to HEALTH.

Non est vivere, sed valere, vita. MARTIAL.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE, Fellow of Corpus Christi College,
 CAMBRIDGE.

I.

HEALTH! to thee thy vot'ry owes
 All the blessings life bestows,
 All the sweets the summer yields,
 Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;
 By thee he tastes the calm delights
 Of studious days and peaceful nights:
 By thee his eye each scene with rapture views;
 The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire the Muse.

II. Does

II.

Does increase of wealth impart
 Transports to a bounteous heart ?
 Does the fire with smiles survey
 His prattling children round him play !
 Does love with mutual blushes streak
 The swain's and virgin's artless cheek ?
 From HEALTH these blushes, smiles and transports flow ;
 Wealth, children, love itself, to HEALTH their relish owe.

III.

Nymph ! with thee, at early Morn,
 Let me brush the waving corn ;
 And, at Noon-tide's sultry hour,
 O bear me to the wood-bine bow'r !
 When Evening lights her glow-worm, lead
 To yonder dew-enamel'd mead ;
 And let me range at Night those glimm'ring groves,
 Where Stillness ever sleeps, and Contemplation roves.

IV.

This my tributary lay,
 Grateful at thy shrine I pay,
 Who for sev'n whole years hast shed
 Thy balmy blessings o'er my head ;
 O ! let me still enamour'd view
 Those fragrant lips of rosy hue,
 Nor think there needs th' allay of sharp disease,
 To quicken thy repast, and give it pow'r to please.

V. Now

V.

Now by swiftest Zephyrs drawn,
 Urge thy chariot o'er the lawn ;
 In yon gloomy grotto laid,
 * PALEMÓN asks thy kindly aid ;
 If goodness can that aid engage,
 O hover round the virtuous sage :
 Nor let one sigh for his own suff'rings rise ;
 Each human suff'ring fills his sympathizing eyes.

VI.

Venus from Æneas' side
 With successful efforts try'd
 To extract th' envenom'd dart,
 That baffled wise Iapis' art,
 If thus, HYGEIA, thou couldst prove
 Propitious to the queen of love,
 Now on thy favour'd HEBERDEN bestow
 Thy choicest healing pow'rs, for Pallas asks them now.

VII.

What tho', banish'd from the fight,
 To the hero's troubled sight
 Ranks on ranks tumultuous rose
 Of flying friends and conqu'ring foes ;
 He only panted to obtain
 A laurel wreath for thousands slain ;
 On nobler views intent, the SAGE's mind
 Pants to delight, instruct, and humanise mankind.

* *Author of Clarissa.*

A V E R N A L