A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert

London, 1758
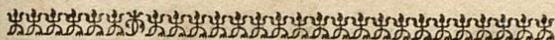
Ode on Ambition. By the Same.

How oft' his godſhip had been drunk ;
What melting maids he had undone ;
How oft' by night had ſtorm'd a punk,
Or bravely beat a ſaucy dun.

He ſwore, drank, whor'd, ſung, danc'd with ſpirit,
And o'er each pleaſing topic ran.
Till Phyllis ſigh'd, and own'd his merit,
The Captain's ſure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verſe let Phœbus doat,
Ye ſhepherds, leave your pipes to Pan,
Nor verſe nor pipe will Phyllis note.
The Captain is the charming man.

ODE on Ambition.

By the Same.

THE mariner, when firſt he ſails,
While his bold oars the ſparkling ſurface ſweep,
With new delight, tranſported hails
The blue expanded ſkies, and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearleſs aim,
Pleas'd with the gorgeous ſcene of wealth and power,
In the gay morn of early fame,
Nor thinks of evening ſtorm, and gloomy hour.

Life's

Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wish, and fan the youthful fire.
    But woes unknown those charms conceal,
And fair illusions cheat our fierce desire.

    There Envy shows her sullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate.
    There Malice stabs, with rage serene ;
In deadly silence, treacherous Friendships wait.

    High on a mountain's lofty brow,
'Mid clouds and storms, has Glory fix'd her seat ;
    Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow,
The lightnings blast it, and the tempests beat.

    Within the sun-gilt vale beneath,
More moderate Hope with sweet Contentment dwells,
    While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells.

    To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his share,
    Man quits the path by heaven design'd,
To search for bliss among the thorns of care.

    Our native powers we scorn to know ;
With stedfast error still the wrong pursue ;
    Instruct our forward ills to grow ;
While sad successes but our pain renew.