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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

An Address to his Elbow-chair, new cloath'd. By the late Wm. Somerville,  
Esq; Author of the Chace.

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But hark! — the seas begin to roar,  
 The whistling winds assault my ear,  
 The low'ring storms around appear —  
 Fancy, bear me to the shore.  
 There in thy realms, bright goddess, deign,  
 Secure to fix thy votary's feet:  
 O give to follow oft' thy train:  
 Still with accustom'd lay thy power to greet;  
 To dwell with Peace, and sport with thee,  
 Fancy, ever fair and free.



An Address to his Elbow-chair, new cloath'd.

By the late W<sup>M</sup>. SOMERVILE, Esq; Author of the Chace.\*

**M**Y dear companion, and my faithful friend!  
 If Orpheus taught the listening oaks to bend;  
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,  
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall;  
 Why should'st not *thou* attend my humble lays,  
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise?

\* *Written towards the close of Mr. Somerville's life.*

True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau;  
 But what are trappings, and external show?  
 To real worth alone I make my court;  
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.

Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay;  
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;  
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;  
 Derided, shun'd; the lumber of my house!  
 Thy robe, how chang'd from what it was before!  
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore!  
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round;  
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground.  
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd;  
 I knew thy worth; my friend in rags I lov'd!  
 I lov'd thee, *more*; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd  
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.

With conscious shame, yet frankly, I confess,  
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.  
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd;  
 And every wayward appetite obey'd.  
 But sage experience taught me how to prize  
 Myself; and how, this world: she bade me rise  
 To nobler flights, regardless of a race  
 Of factious emmets; pointed where to place  
 My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure;  
 And, patiently, what heav'n has sent, endure:

From