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

**Dodsley, Robert**

**London, 1758**

Epistle to Pollio, from the Hills of Howth in Ireland.

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And shou'd fallacious art display  
 O'er titled dross a golden ray,  
 Still baser thro' detecting years,  
 The speckled counterfeit appears.

But when from proof, fair issuing forth,  
 The ore asserts its native worth ;  
 Then, sov'reign bard, 'tis justly thine  
 To stamp the well attested coin ;  
 And consecrated with thy name,  
 To treasure in the stores of Fame.

EPISTLE to POLLIO, from the  
 Hills of HOWTH in IRELAND.

By the Same.

**P**OLLIO! would'st thou condescend  
 Here to see thy humble friend,  
 Far from doctors, potions, pills,  
 Drinking health on native hills ;  
 Thou the precious draught may'st share,  
 Lucy shall the bowl prepare.  
 From the brouſing goat it flows,  
 From each balmy shrub that grows ;

Hence

Hence the kidling's wanton fire,  
 Hence the nerves that brace his fire.  
 Vigorous, buxom, young and gay,  
 Thou like them shalt love and play.

What, tho' far from silver Thames,  
 Stately piles, and courtly dames ?  
 Here we boast a purer flood,  
 Joys that stream from sprightly blood ;  
 Here is simple beauty seen,  
 Fair, and cloath'd like beauty's queen :  
 Nature's hands the garbs compose,  
 From the lilly and the rose.  
 Or, if charm'd with richer dies,  
 Fancy every robe supplies.  
 Shou'd perchance some high-born fair,  
 Absent, claim thy tender care ;  
 Here enraptur'd shalt thou trace,  
 S ——'s shape and R ——'s face ;  
 While the waking-dream shall pay,  
 Many a wishing, hopeles day.  
 Domes with gold and toil unbought,  
 Rise by magick pow'r of thought,  
 Where by artiff's hand undrawn,  
 Slopes the vale, and spreads the lawn ;  
 As if sportive nature meant,  
 Here to mock the works of Kent.

Come, and with thee bring along  
 Jocund tale, and witty song,

Sense



Sense to teach, and words to move,  
 Arts that please, adorn, improve;  
 And, to gild the glorious scene,  
 Conscience spotless and serene.

Poor with all a H——t's store,  
 Lives the man who pines for more.  
 Wretched he who doom'd to roam,  
 Never can be blest at home;  
 Nor retire within his mind,  
 From th' ungrateful and unkind.  
 Happy they whom crowds befriend,  
 Curs'd who on the crowd depend;  
 On the great one's peevish fit,  
 On the coxcomb's spurious wit;  
 Ever sentenc'd to bemoan  
 Others failings in their own.

If, like them, rejecting ease,  
 Hills and health no longer please;  
 Quick descend!—Thou may'st resort  
 To the viceroy's splendid court.  
 There, indignant, shalt thou see  
 Cringing slaves, who might be free,  
 Brib'd with titles, hope, or gain,  
 Tye their country's shameful chain;  
 Or, inspir'd by heav'n's good cause,  
 Waste the land with holy laws:  
 While the gleanings of their power,  
 Lawyers, lordlings, priests devour.

